

presents

Amanda McIlravy, soprano  
In a Graduate Recital

assisted by:  
*Natia Shioshvili, piano*

In partial fulfillment of the requirement  
for the Master of Music degree in Vocal Performance  
From the Studio of Dr. Suzanne Hendrix-Case

*Poème d'avril*

- I. Prelude: Une rose frileuse (récitation)
- II. Sonnet matinal
- III. Voici que les grands lys
- VI. Que l'heure est donc brève
- VII. Sur la source elle se pencha
- VIII. Complainte

Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

Too Few the Mornings Be

- 2. If All the Griefs I Am to Have
- 4. This Is My Letter to the World
- 10. Estranged from Beauty
- 11. Will There Really Be a Morning?

Ricky Ian Gordon  
(b. 1956)

**Intermission**

Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not  
From *Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis*

Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

*Les soirées musicales*

- I. La Promessa
- II. Il Rimprovero
- V. L'Invito
- VI. La Pastorella delle Alpi

Gioachino Rossini  
(1885-1960)

Una donna quindici anni  
From *Così fan tutte, ossia La scuola degli amanti*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-91)

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Davis Hall, at 8 P.M.

Monday, December 4, 2023

## *Poème d'avril*

### **I. Prélude**

Armand Silvestre

Une rose frileuse, au cœur noyé de pluie,  
Sur un rameau tremblant vient de s'épanouir,  
Et je me sens repris  
de la douce folie  
De faire des chansons et de me souvenir.

Les amours trépassés qui dormaient dans  
mon âme,  
Doux Lazare sur qui j'ai tant versé de pleurs,  
Soulèvent, en riant, leur suaire de fleurs,  
Et demandent le nom de ma nouvelle dame.

Ma Mignonne aux yeux bleus, mets ta robe  
et fuyons,  
Sous les bois remplis d'ombre et de  
mélancolie,  
Chercher le doux remède à la douce folie.  
Le soleil m'a blessé de ses premiers rayons !

### **II. Sonnet matinal**

Armand Silvestre

Les étoiles effarouchées  
Viennent de s'envoler des cieux :  
J'en sais deux qui se sont cachées,  
Mignonne, dans vos jolis yeux,

A l'ombre de vos cils soyeux  
Et sous vos paupières penchées :  
Attendez! -- mes baisers joyeux  
Les auront bientôt dénichées !

Vous feignez de dormir encor :  
Éveillez-vous, mon doux trésor !  
L'aube pleure sous les feuillées,

Le ciel désert est plein d'ennui.  
-- Ouvrez les yeux et rendez-lui  
Les deux étoiles envolées !

## *Poem of April*

### **I. Prelude: A Timid Rose (recitation)**

© Peter Low 2002

A delicate rose, with its heart full of rain,  
has just opened on a trembling stem,  
and I am gripped again by the sweet  
madness  
of making songs and remembering!

The dead loves that lay dormant in my soul  
Sweet Lazaruses on whom I've shed many  
tears  
laughingly lift up their shroud of flowers  
and ask the name of my new lady.

Oh blue-eyed darling, put your dress on, let's  
run  
away through the shady woods  
of melancholy  
to seek the sweet remedy for sweet madness.  
The sun has wounded me with its first rays!

### **II. Morning Sonnet**

© Peter Low 2002

The frightened stars  
have just flown from the sky.  
And I know two of them which hid,  
darling, in your pretty eyes,

Shaded by your silky eyebrows  
under your lowered lids.  
Wait! my joyful kisses  
will soon have ferreted them out!

You pretend to be still asleep.  
Wake up, my treasure, my sweet!  
The dawn is weeping under the leaves.

The empty sky is full of boredom.  
Oh, open your eyes and restore to it  
those two stars that flew away!

### III. Voici que les grans lys

Armand Silvestre

Voici que les grans lys ont vêtu leur  
blancheur  
Sur les gazons tremblants l'aube étend sa  
fraîcheur!  
C'est le printemps! c'est le matin!  
Double jeunesse.

Ma mie, en s'éveillant, m'a dit : « Le beau  
soleil!  
Le temps est donc venu que tout charme  
renaisse.  
Partout des chants! Partout des fleurs!  
Double réveil!

Mais le tièdeur de l'air la rendant moins  
farouche,  
Je me penchai vers elle et je posai ma  
bouche  
Sur son front et sur ses cheveux!  
Double trésor!

### VI. Que l'heure est donc brève

Armand Silvestre

Que l'heure est donc brève,  
Qu'on passe en aimant!  
C'est moins qu'un moment,  
Un peu plus qu'un rêve.

Le temps nous enlève  
Notre enchantement.  
Que l'heure est donc brève,  
Qu'on passe en aimant!

Sous le flot dormant  
Soupirait la grève;  
M'aimais-tu vraiment?  
Fût-ce seulement  
Un peu plus qu'un rêve?  
Que l'heure est donc brève,  
Qu'on passe en aimant!

### III. Now the Large Lilies

© Peter Low 2002

Now the large lilies have dressed in  
white,  
and dawn spreads her freshness on the  
quivering lawn.  
It is spring! It is morning!  
Double youth!

My darling, as she awoke, said: "What  
beautiful sunshine!  
The time has come when all charms are  
reborn.  
Songs everywhere! Flowers everywhere!  
Double awakening!

Since the warmth of the air was making her  
less coy,  
I leant over her and I placed my  
lips  
on her forehead and her hair!  
Double treasure!

### VI. How Brief is the Hour

© Peter Low 2002

How brief is the hour  
that we spend in loving!  
it's less than a moment,  
a little longer than a dream.

Time takes away from us  
all our enchantments.  
How brief is the hour  
that we spend in loving!

Under the sleeping waves  
the beach kept on sighing;  
Did you really love me?  
Did you, if only for  
a little longer than a dream?  
How brief is the hour  
that we spend in loving!

## VII. Sur la source

Armand Silvestre

Sur la source elle se pencha;  
La source doubla son image,  
Et ce fut un charmant mirage,  
Qu'un peu de vent effaroucha.

Sous les grands bois elle chanta :  
L'oiseau doubla son chant sauvage,  
Et ce fut un charmant ramage,  
Que le vent lointain emporta.

Quand j'effleurai son doux visage,  
Sa bouche ma bouche doubla.  
Le vent peut balayer la plage,  
Mignonne, que me fait l'orage?  
Ton baiser reste toujours là!

## VIII. Complainte

Armand Silvestre

Nous nous sommes aimés trois jours;  
Trois jours elle me fut fidèle.  
Trois jours! La constance éternelle  
Et les éternelles amours!

*Je pars! Adieu, ma chère âme,  
Garde bien mon souvenir!  
Quoi! sitôt partir, ma Dame!  
Ne devez-vous revenir?*

*Si, je reviendrai peut-être;  
Si, bien sûr je reviendrai.  
Va m'attendre à la fenêtre;  
De plus loin te reverrai.*

J'attendis à la fenêtre  
Le retour tant espéré,  
Mais, ni bien sûr, ni peut-être,  
Ni jamais la reverrai!

Bien fol qui croit quand sa Dame  
Lui jure de revenir.  
Je meurs! Adieu, ma chère âme!  
J'ai gardé ton souvenir.

## VII. Over the Pool She Leaned

© Peter Low 2002

Over the pool she leaned;  
the pool mirrored her form -  
it was a charming mirage,  
which a gust of wind scared away.

Under the tall trees she sang;  
a bird echoed her wild song -  
it was a charming warbling,  
which the wind carried off into the distance.

When I stroked her sweet face,  
her mouth mimicked my mouth.  
- Oh the wind may sweep the beach, darling,  
but what do I care about the storm?  
Your kiss stays forever!

## VIII. Complaint

© Peter Low 2002

We were lovers for three days.  
For three days she was faithful.  
Three days: that's eternal constancy,  
eternal love!

*I'm off! Good-bye, my dear;  
Remember me well!  
What? Leaving so soon, madam?  
Won't you be returning?*

*Yes, perhaps I will.  
Yes, of course I'll be back.  
Wait for me at the window;  
I'll see you from a distance.*

I waited at the window  
for her hoped-for return.  
But neither "of course" nor "perhaps"  
nor ever will I see her again!

When a woman swears she'll return,  
only a foolish man believes her.  
I'm dying! Good-bye, my dear!  
Yes, I've remembered you!

**Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not**  
Unknown

Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not,  
Ängstlichs Sehnen, Furcht und Tod  
Nagen mein beklemmtes Herz,  
Ich empfinde Jammer, Schmerz.

*Les soirées musicales*

**I. La Promessa**  
Pietro Metastasio

Ch'io mai vi possa  
Lasciar d'amare,  
No, nol credete,  
Pupille care;  
Nè men per gioco  
V'ingannerò.

Voi foste e siete  
Le mie faville,  
E voi sarete,  
Care pupille,  
Il mio bel foco  
Sin ch'io vivrò.

**II. Il Rimprovero**  
Pietro Metastasio

Mi lagnerò tacendo  
Della mia sorte, amara, ah!  
Ma ch'io non t'ami, o cara,  
Non lo sperar da me.

Crudel, perchè fin'ora  
Farmi penar così?  
Crudel! Non lo sperar da me.

**V. L'Invito**  
Conte Carlo Pepoli

Vieni, o Ruggiero,  
La tua Eloisa  
Da te divisa  
Non puo restar:

**Sighs, Tears, Despair, Anguish**  
© Michael P Rosewall 2023

Sighs, tears, despair, anguish,  
Anxious longing, fear and Death  
Eat away at my constricted heart;  
I feel misery, pain.

*Musical Evenings*

**I. The Promise**  
© Christie Turnage Turner

That I will ever be able  
to stop loving you  
No, don't believe it,  
dear eyes!  
Not even to joke  
would I deceive you about this.

You alone  
are my sparks,  
and you will be,  
dear eyes,  
my beautiful fire  
as long as I live, ah!

**II. The Reproach**  
© 2003 Johann Gaitzsch

In silence I will complain  
About my bitter fate, ah!  
But not to love you, dear,  
do not hope to obtain that from me.

Cruel one, why do you still  
Let me suffer like this?  
You are cruel! Do not wish it upon me.

**V. The Invitation**  
© 2003 Johann Gaitzsch

Come, Ruggiero,  
Your Eloisa  
Cannot stay  
Separated from you:

Alle mie lacrime  
Già rispondevi,  
Vieni, ricevi  
Il mio pregar.

Vieni, o bell'angelo,  
Vien, mio diletto,  
Sovra il mio petto  
Vieni a posar!  
Senti se palpita,  
Se amor t'invita,  
Vieni, mia vita,  
Vieni, fammi spirar!

### **VI. La Pastorella dell'Alpi**

Conte Carlo Pepoli

Son bella pastorella,  
Che scende ogni mattino  
Ed offre un cestellino  
Di fresche frutta e fior.

Chi viene al primo albore  
Avrà vezzose rose  
E poma rugiadose,  
Venite al moi gairdin,  
Ahu, ahu...

Chi del notturno orrore  
Smari la buona via,  
Alla capanna mia  
Ritrovera il cammin.

Venite o passagiero,  
La pastorella è qua,  
Ma il fior del suo pensiero  
Ad uno solo darà!  
Ahu, ahu...

### **Una donna quindici anni**

Lorenzo da Ponte

Una donna a quindici anni  
Dèe saper ogni gran moda,  
Dove il diavolo ha la coda,  
Cosa è bene e mal cos'è.

You've already  
Responded to my tears,  
Come and grant  
My request.

Come, beautiful angel,  
Come, my delight,  
Here on my bosom  
Come to rest!  
Feel my throbbing heart,  
When love invites you,  
Come my life, come,  
Make me die!

### **VI. The Shepherdess of the Alps**

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I'm the pretty shepherdess  
Coming down every morning  
I offer a little basket  
With fresh fruit and flowers.

Whoever comes at dawn  
Will have some pretty roses  
And dew sprinkled apples  
Come all to my garden  
Ahu, ahu ...

Whoever in night's frightness  
Loses his way  
At my little hut  
Will find his path again.

Come, o traveler  
The shepherdess is here  
But her tenderest thoughts  
Address to one alone!  
Ahu, ahu...

### **A Woman of Fifteen Years**

Translation by Naomi Gurt Lind

A woman of 15 years  
Must know all the good methods,  
Where the devil keeps his tail,  
What's good and what's bad.

Dèe saper le maliziette  
Che innamorano gli amanti,  
Finger riso, finger pianti,  
Inventar i bei perché.

Dèe in un momento  
Dar retta a cento;  
Colle pupille  
Parlar con mille;  
Dar speme a tutti,  
Sien belli o brutti;  
Saper nascondersi  
Senza confondersi;  
Senza arrossire  
Saper mentire;  
E, qual regina  
Dall'alto soglio,  
Col «posso e voglio»  
Farsi ubbidir.

*fra sé*

Par ch'abbian gusto  
Di tal dottrina.  
Viva Despina  
Che sa servir!

Dèe in un momento  
Dar retta a cento;  
Colle pupille  
Parlar con mille;  
Dar speme a tutti,  
Sien belli o brutti;  
Saper nascondersi  
Senza confondersi;  
Senza arrossire  
Saper mentire;  
E, qual regina  
Dall'alto soglio,  
Col «posso e voglio»  
Farsi ubbidir.

*fra sé*

Par ch'abbian gusto  
Di tal dottrina.  
Viva Despina  
Che sa servir!

She must know the little malices  
That enamour lovers:  
To feign laughter, to feign tears,  
And invent good reasons.

She must pay attention  
To a hundred at a time  
Speak through her eyes  
With a thousand  
Give hope to all,  
Be they handsome or ugly,  
Know how to obfuscate  
Without getting confused  
And know how to lie  
Without blushing.  
And this queen  
From her high throne  
With, "I can," and "I want"  
Can make them obey.

*aside*

It seems they like  
This doctrine,  
Long live Despina,  
Who knows how to serve!

She must pay attention  
To a hundred at a time  
Speak through her eyes  
With a thousand  
Give hope to all,  
Be they handsome or ugly,  
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