

presents

Emma Hawkinson, Contralto
In a Senior Recital

assisted by:
Natia Shioshvili, piano
Kathi Angeroth, viola

In partial fulfillment of the requirement for the BM degree in Vocal Performance
From the studios of Dr. Jean McDonald and Prof. Jeffrey Brich

“Priva son, d’ogni conforto” from *Giulio Cesare*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Sappische Ode
Botschaft

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

from *Le Bestiare*

Le dromadaire
La chèvre du Thibet
La sauterelle
Le dauphin
L’ecrevisse
La carpe

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Ce doux petit visage
Montparnasse

Intermission

from *Sea Pictures*, Op. 37
Sea Slumber Song
In Haven
Where Corals Lie

Edward Elgar
(1857-1984)

from *Zwei Gesänge*, Op. 91
Gestillte Sehnsucht
Geistliches Wiegenlied

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Program Translations

Priva son, d'ogni conforto

Text by Nicola Francesco Haym

Priva son, d'ogni conforto
E pur speme di morire
Per me misera non v'e
Il mio cor, da pene assorto
E gia stanco, di soffrire
E morir, si nega me

Priva son, d'ogni conforto

Translation by Jessica M. MacMurray

I am deprived of all consolation
Yet for me, wretched one,
There is no hope of death
My heart, consumed with sorrow,
Is already weary of suffering
Yet death denies itself of me

Sapphische Ode

Text by Hans Schmidt

Rosen brach ich nachts mir am dunklen Hage,
Süsser hauchten duft sie als je am Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten Äste
Tau der mich nässte
Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie berückte,
Die ich nachts vom Strauch deiner Lippen pflückte;
Doch auch dir, bewegt im Gemüt gleich jenen,
Tauten die Tränen.

I gathered roses from the dark hedge by night

Translation by Richard Stokes

I gathered roses from the dark hedge by night,
The fragrance they breathed was sweeter than by day;
But when I moved the branches, they showered
Me with dew
And the fragrant kisses thrilled me as never before,
When I gathered them from your rosebush lips by night;
But you too, moved in your heart like those roses,
Shed the dew of tears.

Botschaft

Text by Georg Friedrich Daumer

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe,
Sprich: „Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;

A Message

Translation by Richard Stokes

Blow breeze, gently and sweetly
About the cheek of my beloved,
Play softly with her tresses,
Make no haste to fly away!
Then if she should chance to ask
How things are with wretched me,
Say: „His sorrow's been unending
How condition most grave;

Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn.‘

Montparnasse

Text by Guillaume Apollinaire

Ô porte de l’hôtel avec deux plantes vertes
Vertes qui jamais
Ne porteront de fleurs
Où sont mes fruits? Où mes planté-je?

Ô porte de l’hôtel un ange est devant toi
Distribuant des prospectus
On n’a jamais si bien défendu la vertu
Donnez-moi pour toujours
Une chambre à la semaine
Ange barbu vous êtes en réalité
Un poète lyrique d’Allemagne
Qui voulez connaître Paris
Vous connaissez de son pavé
Ces raies sur lesquelles
Il ne faut pas que l’on marche
Et vous rêvez
D’aller passer votre Dimanche à Garches

Il fait un peu lourd et vos cheveux sont longs
Ô bon petit poète un peu bête et trop blond

Vos yeux ressemblent tant
À ces deux grands ballons
Qui s’en vont dans l’air pur
À l’aventure

Ce doux petit visage

Text by Paul Éluard

Rien que ce doux petit visage
Rien que ce doux petit oiseau
Sur la jetée lointaine où les enfants faiblissent
A la sortie de l’hiver
Quand les nuages commencent à brûler
Comme toujours
Quand l’air frais se colore

But now he can hope
To revel in life once more,
For you, fair one, think of him.‘

Montparnasse

Translation by Richard Stokes

O hotel door with two green plants
Greenery which never
Shall bear any flowers
Where are my fruits? Where did I plant
myself?

O hotel door an angel stands before you
Distributing leaflets
Virtue has never been so well defended
Give me for ever
A room by the week
Bearded angel you are in reality
A lyric poet from Germany
Who wants to get to know Paris
You know its pavements
Cracks where
You must not step
And you dream
Of spending your Sunday at Garches

It is somewhat sultry and your hair is long
O good little poet rather stupid and too
blond
Your eyes so resemble
Those two big balloons
Which float away in the pure air
Randomly

This sweet little face

Translation by Lorna Anderson

Nothing but this sweet little face
Nothing but this sweet little bird
On the distant jetty where the children wane
At the end of winter
When the clouds begin to burn
As always
When the fresh air is tinged with colour

Rien que cette jeunesse qui fuit
Devant la vie

Nothing but this youth that flies in
The face of life

Sea Slumber Song

Text by Roden Noel

Sea birds are asleep,
The world forgets to weep,
Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song
On the shadowy sand
Of this elfin land;
“I, the Mother mild,
Hush thee, oh my child,
Forget the voices wild!

Isles in elfin light
Dream, the rocks and caves
Lulled by whispering waves,
Veil their marbles bright.
Foam glimmers faintly white
Upon the shelly sand
Of this elfin land;

Sea-sound, like violins,
To slumber woos and wins,
I murmur my soft slumber-song,
Leave woes, and wails, and sins.

Ocean’s shadowy might
Breathes good night,
Good night...

Where Corals Lie

Text by Richard Garnett

The deeps have music soft and low
When winds awake the airy spry,
It lures me, lures me on to go
And see the land where corals lie.
The land, the land, where corals lie.

By mount and mead by lawn and rill,

In Haven

Text by Caroline Alice Elgar

Closely let me hold thy hand,
Storms are sweeping sea and land;
Love alone will stand.

Closely cling, for waves beat fast,
Foam-flakes cloud the hurrying blast;
Love alone will last.

Kiss my lips and softly say;
“Joy sea-swept may fade today;
Love alone will stay.”

When night is deep, and moon is high,
That music seeks and finds me still,
And tells me where the corals lie.
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,
Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,
But far the rapid fancies fly
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,
And all the land where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
Thy smile is like a morning sky,
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie.
The land, the land, where corals lie.

Gestillte Sehnsucht

Text by Friedrich Rückert

In goldnen Abendschein getaucht,
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!
In leise Stimmen der Vögelein hauchet
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?
Beim lispeln der Winder, der Vögelein,
Ihr sehnenenden Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr ein?

Ach, wenn nicht meht in goldne Fernen
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt
Nicht merhan ewig fernem Sternen
Mit sehndem Blick mein Auge weilt;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

Geistliches Wiegenlied

Text by Emanuel Geibel

Assuaged longing

Translation by Richard Stokes

Bathed in golden evening light.
How solemnly the forests stand!
The evening winds mingle softly
With the soft voices of the birds.
What do the winds, the birds whisper?
They whisper the world to sleep.

But you, my desires, ever stirring
In my heart without respite!
You, my longing, that agitates my breast –
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
The winds and the birds whisper,
But when will you, yearning desires,
slumber?

Ah! When my spirit no longer hastens
On wings of dream into golden distances,
When my eyes no longer dwell yearningly
On eternally remote stars;
Then shall the winds, the birds whisper
My life – and my longing – to sleep.

A sacred cradle-song

Translation by Richard Stokes

Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil'gen Engel,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

You who hover
Around these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
Im Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute
So zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget
Euch leis' und lind;
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

You palms of Bethlehem
In the raging wind,
Why do you bluster
So angrily today!
O roar not so!
Be still, lean
Calmly and gently over us;
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Der Himmelsknabe
Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd er ward
Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm
Leise gesänftigt
Die Qual zerrint,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

The heavenly babe
Suffers distress,
Oh, how weary He has grown
With sorrows of this world.
Ah, now that in sleep
His pains
Are gently eased,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Grimmige Kälte
Sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck' ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein kind.

Fierce cold
Blows down on us,
With what shall I cover
My little child's limbs
O all you angels,
Who wing your way
On the winds,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.