

Der Blumenstrauss (The Nosegay)

She strays in the flower garden, surveying the gaudy scene,
While all the wee flowers are waiting, and gazing on her, their queen.
“And are ye the heralds of Springtide, foretelling the ever new,
Then bear me a message of Springtide to him who loves me true.”
Lightly the flowers entwining, how deftly her fingers toil:
She hands them to one who nears her, avoiding his gaze the while.
What flowers and hues betoken, divine it, oh, ask it not,
When spring so sweetly hath spoken in looks with love are fraught.

Neue Liebe (New Love)

In the moonlit wood I lately saw the elfin riders bounding,
All their tiny bells a tinkling, all their merry horns a sounding.
Every tiny, snowwhite charger, golden antlers proudly tossing,
Twas like a flight of swans the silent forest crossing.
With a nod and smile in passing, now the Fairy Queen rode by me,
Does it mean, my love shall prosper?
Can it be, that death is nigh me?

SHARISSE GERMAIN is a voice student of Dr. Barbara Brooks and Dr. Catherine Verrilli
and is performing this recital in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance degree.

JESSICA WAGNER is a voice student of Dr. Hugh Givens and is
performing this recital in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance degree.

ST. CLOUD STATE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

PRESENTS A JOINT

JUNIOR RECITAL

Featuring

SHARISSE
GERMAIN, SOPRANO

And

JESSICA
WAGNER, SOPRANO

JAMES DENNIHAN, PIANIST
COURTNEY ATHMAN, PIANIST

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13TH, 2009
4:30 PM

RUTH GANT RECITAL HALL, PERFORMING ARTS CENTER
ST. CLOUD STATE UNIVERSITY

Program

Selections from **Soirees Musicales** Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
1. La Promessa
5. L'Invito

SHARISSE GERMAIN

Chanson d'Avril
L'Heure exquise
Les Roses d'Ispahan Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Poldowski (1880-1932)
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

JESSICA WAGNER

Serenade
Les Berceaux Charles Gounod (1818-1893)
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

SHARISSE GERMAIN

Tell Me, Oh Blue, Blue Sky
Songs for Leontyne Vittorio Giannini (1903-1966)
Lee Hoiby (b. 1926)
The Doe
Winter Song

JESSICA WAGNER

Selections from the twelve **Emily Dickinson Poems**
1. Nature, The Gentlest Mother Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
3. Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
5. Heart, we will forget him

SHARISSE GERMAIN

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth
from *Messiah* G. F. Handel (1685-1759)

JESSICA WAGNER

Ganymed
Die Mainacht
Vergebliches Standchen Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

SHARISSE GERMAIN

Venetianisches Gondellied
Der Blumenstrauss
Neue Liebe Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

JESSICA WAGNER

Vergebliches Standchen

He: Good evening, my treasure,
good evening, sweet girl!
I come from love of you,
Ah, open the door, open the door for me!

She: My door is locked,
and I won't let you in:
My mother has advised me well!
If you came in, it would all be over for me!

He: The night is so cold,
and the wind so icy
that my heart will freeze,
and my love will be extinguished!
Open for me, sweet girl!

She: If your love starts dying,
then let it be extinguished!
If it keeps dying,
go home to bed, and rest!
Good night, my boy!

Venetianisches Gondellied

When through the Piazzetta night breathes the cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta, I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded, its own Ev'ning Star.
In garb then resembling some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling, 'our bark, love is near.'
Now, while there hover those clouds near the moon,
Twill waft thee safe over yon silent lagoon.

Ganymed

How in the morning light you glow around me, beloved Spring!
With love's thousand-fold bliss,
to my heart presses the eternal warmth
of sacred feelings and endless beauty!

Would that I could clasp you in these arms!

Ah, at your breast I lie and languish,
and your flowers and your grass press themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning thirst of my breast, lovely morning wind!
The nightingale calls lovingly to me from the misty vale.

I am coming, I am coming! But whither? To where?

Upwards I strive, upwards!
The clouds float downwards, the clouds bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me! In your lap upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom, all-loving Father!

Die Mainacht

When the silvery moon beams through the shrubs
And over the lawn scatters its slumbering light,
And the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly through the woods.

I guess you're happy, fluting nightingale,
For your wife lives in one nest with you,
Giving her singing spouse
A thousand faithful kisses.

Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves
Coo their delight to me;
But I turn away seeking darker shadows,
And a lonely tear flows.

When, o smiling image that like dawn
Shines through my soul, shall I find you on earth?
And the lonely tear flows trembling,
Burning, down my cheek.

Translations

La Promessa

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!

L'invito

Come Ruggiero, your Eloisa
Cannot stay separated from you:
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!

Chanson d'Avril (Song of April)

Arise! Spring is born! Over there, over the valleys, wavers a rosy web!
Everything feels a thrill in the garden, everything sings and your window
Like a cheerful glance, is filled with sunshine!
Near the lilacs in violet clusters, near the lilacs,
Flies and butterflies are buzzing at the same time,
And the wild lily of the valley, shaking its little bells,
Has awakened love slumbering in the woods!
Since April has sown its white daisies,
Discard your heavy coat and your chilly muff,
Birds already are calling you, and your sisters, the periwinkles,
Will smile at you in the grass when they see your blue eyes!
Come, let us go! In the morning the water of the spring is clearer;
Arise! Come, let us go!
Let us not wait for the day's burning heat;
I want to steep my feet in the humid dew,
And talk to you of love under the blossoming pear trees!

L'Heure exquisite (Exquisite Hour)

The white moon shines in the forest,
from every branch comes forth a voice,
Under the foliage, oh beloved!
The pond reflects, a deep mirror,
the silhouette of the dark willow,
Where the wind is weeping.
Let us dream, this is the hour!
A vast and tender calm seems to descend from the firmament
Which the orb clads in rainbow colors;
This is the exquisite hour.

Les Roses d'Ispahan (The Roses of Ispahan)

The roses of Ispahan in their mossy sheath,
The jasmines of Mossul, the orange blossoms,
Have a fragrance less fresh, have a scent less sweet,
Oh pale Leilah, than your soft breath!
Your lips are of coral and your light laughter
Sounds lovelier than the rippling water.
Lovelier than the gay wind that rocks the orange tree,
Lovelier than the bird singing on the rim of its mossy nest.
Oh Leilah! Ever since on light wings
All kisses have fled from your lips so sweet,
There is no more fragrance in the pale orange tree,
Nor celestial aroma in the roses in their moss.
Oh! That your young love, this light butterfly
Would come back to my heart, on wings quick and gentle,
And that it would again perfume the orange blossoms,
And the roses of Ispahan in their mossy sheath.

Serenade

When you sing in the evening cradled in my arms,
can you hear my thoughts softly answering you?
Your sweet song recalls to me
the happiest days I've known.
Sing, sing, my pretty one, sing on forever!

When you laugh, love blossoms on your lips,
and at once cruel suspicion vanishes.
Ah, faithful laughter shows a heart without guile.
Laugh, laugh, my pretty one, laugh on forever!
When you sleep calm and pure beneath my gaze,
in the shadow,
your breathing murmurs harmonious words.

Your lovely body is revealed without veil or finery.
Sleep, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep on forever!

Les Berceaux

Along the quay, the great ships,
that ride the swell in silence,
take no notice of the cradles.
that the hands of the women rock.

But the day of farewells will come,
when the women must weep,
and curious men are tempted
towards the horizons that lure them!

And that day the great ships,
sailing away from the diminishing port,
feel their bulk held back
by the spirits of the distant cradles.