

SENIOR RECITAL

GRETA LARGET, *soprano*
MING HU, *piano*

SUNDAY, APRIL 11, 2021 at 11:30 AM

RECITAL HALL

*** Please hold all applause until the conclusion of the recital ***

PROGRAM

Feldeinsamkeit	Charles Ives (1874-1954)
Nebbie	Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)
Lydia	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
What More Can I Say?	William Finn (b. 1952)
Smiling	Alanis Morissette and Michael Farrell (b. 1974) and (b. 19XX)
Can't Take My Eyes Off Of You	Bob Crewe and Bob Gaudio (1930-2014) and (b. 1942)
Let Me Be Your Star	Marc Shaiman (Lyrics with Scott Wittman) (b. 1959) and (b. 1954)
Will You Love Me Tomorrow?	Gerry Goffin and Carole King (1939-2014) and (b. 1942)

This program is being presented by Greta Larget as an optional Senior Recital.

Translations:

Feldeinsamkeit:

Poem by Hermann Allmers

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn Unterlaß,
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben.
Die schönen weißen Wolken ziehn dahin
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille Träume;
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Räume.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000)

Alone in fields:

Poem by Hermann Allmers

I rest at peace in tall green grass
And gaze steadily aloft,
Surrounded by unceasing crickets,
Wondrously interwoven with blue sky.
The lovely white clouds go drifting by
Through the deep blue, like lovely silent dreams;
I feel as if I have long been dead,
Drifting happily with them through eternal space

Nebbie:

Poem by Ada Negri

Soffro, lontan lontano
Le nebbie sonnolente
Salgono dal tacente
Piano.

Alto gracchiando, i corvi,
Fidati all'ali nere,
Traversan le brughiere
Torvi.

Dell'aere ai morsi crudi
Gli addolorati tronchi
Offron, pregando, i bronchi nudi.
Come ho freddo!

Son sola;
Pel grigio ciel sospinto
Un gemito destinto
Vola;

E mi ripete: Vieni;
È buia la vallata.
O triste, o disamata
Vieni! Vieni!

Mists:

Poem by Ada Negri

I suffer. Far, far away
the sleeping mists
rise from the silent
plain.

Shrilling cawing, the crows,
trusting their black wings
cross the heath
grimly.

To the raw weathering of the air
the sorrowful tree trunks
offer, praying, their bare branches,
How cold am I!

I am alone;
driven through the gray sky
a wail of extinction
flies;

And repeats to me: come,
the valley is dark.
Oh sad, oh unloved one,
Come! Come!

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Lydia:

Poem by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

Lydia sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
[Que le lait,] roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur tes lèvres en fleur.

Un lys cache répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

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Lydia:

Poem by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparkling
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!