

5
Florida Atlantic University
Department of Music

Presents a

Junior Voice Recital

Katharine A. Yarbrough, soprano

with

Sumpun Lertsintupun, piano

April 19, 2010
6:45 pm
University Theater

FAU
DOROTHY F. SCHMIDT
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS
Florida Atlantic University

8
0

Program

I

Come and Trip It
(from L'Allegro)

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Bel piacere

(from *Agrippina*)

Poppaea has used her trickery to save her lover Otho from the wrath of the emperor Claudius. The two lovers rejoice and sing separate arias to express their everlasting love.

Tis great pleasure to enjoy. To enjoy a faithful love! This
brings contentment to the heart. Splendor is not
measured by beauty, if it does not come from a faithful
heart.

Qual vita è questa mai...Che fiero momento Christoph Glück
(from *Orfeo ed Euridice*) (1714-1787)

Orfeo has traveled to the underworld, Hades, to save his lover Euridice from eternal death on the condition that he does not look at her or speak to her. This confuses Euridice into thinking that Orfeo no longer loves her and she begins to proclaim she would rather die than go back to Earth.

Recitative

What life is this now which I am about to lead? And
what fatal, terrible secret does Orpheus hide from me?

Why does he weep and grieve? Ah, I am as yet
unaccustomed to the sorrows suffered by the living!
Beneath so great a blow my constancy fails, the light
fades before my eyes; my breath, locked in my bosom,
becomes labored. I tremble; I sway and feel my heart
wildly beating with anguish and terror.

Aria

Oh bitter moment! Oh cruel fate! To pass from death to
such sorrow!

II

Ganymed

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

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!

Mandoline

Gabriel Faurè
(1845-1924)

The givers of serenades and the lovely women who
listen exchange insipid words under the singing
branches. There is Thyrsis and Amyntas and there's the
eternal Clytander, and there's Damis who, for many a
heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse. Their
short silk coats, their long dresses with trains, their
elegance, their joy and their soft blue shadows, whirl
around in the ecstasy of a pink and grey moon, and the
mandolin prattles among the shivers from the breeze.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Reynaldo Hahn
(1875-1947)

My verses would flee, sweet and frail, to your garden so
fair, if my verses had wings, like a bird. They would fly,
like sparks, to your smiling heart, if my verses had
wings, like the mind. Pure and faithful, to your side
they'd hasten night and day, if my verses had wings, like
love!

[Translations from The Lied and Art Song Page, recmusic.org]

Del cabello mas sutil

Fernando Obradors
(1897-1945)

Of the hair most delicate that you have in your braids, I
have to make a chain to bring you to my side. A jug in
your house, darling, I would like to be to kiss you on the
mouth when you went to drink.

[Translation from G. Schirmer, Inc.]

III

Settings of Folk Songs

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

I will give my love an apple

(England)

At the mid hour of night

(Moore's Irish Melodies)

Sail on, sail on

(Moore's Irish Melodies)

Love in the Dictionary

Celcius Dougherty
(1902-1986)

This recital given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music in Vocal
Performance degree from the studio of Mrs. Stacie Lee Rossow