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## Elective Recital: A Night of Stories

Molly Ferguson

Margot Wegman

Lucas Hickman

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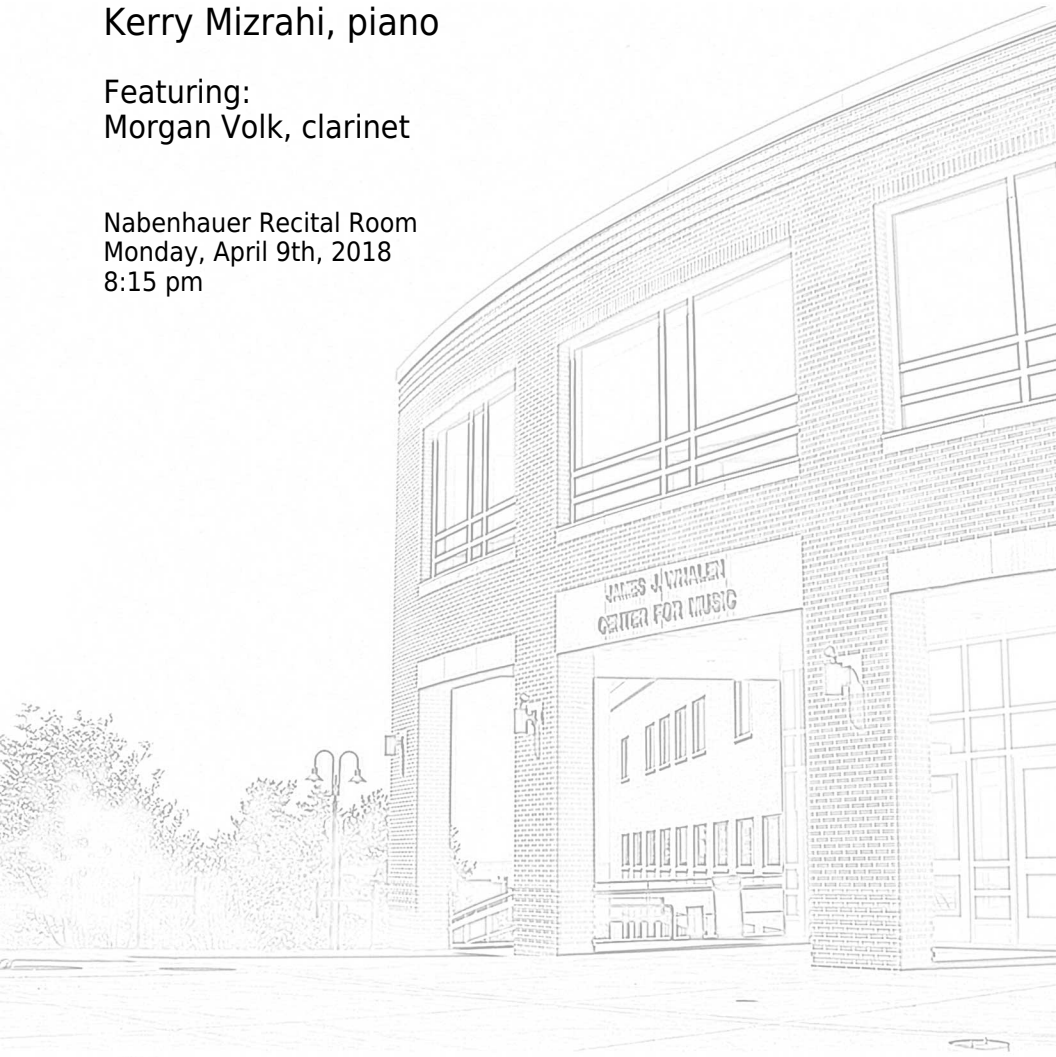
# **A Night of Stories** ***Sophomore Elective Recital***

Molly Ferguson, soprano  
Margot Wegman, mezzo-soprano  
Lucas Hickman, tenor

Kerry Mizrahi, piano

Featuring:  
Morgan Volk, clarinet

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Monday, April 9th, 2018  
8:15 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Alma del core Antonio Caldara  
(1670-1736)  
Me voglio fa' 'na casa Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)  
La fioraia fiorentina Gioachino Rossini  
(1792-1868)

*Margot Wegman, Molly Ferguson, Lucas Hickman*

I'll sail upon the Dog Star Henry Purcell  
(1659-1695)  
O come, o come, my dearest Thomas Arne  
(1710-1778)

*Lucas Hickman*

Im Frühling Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)  
Liebst du um Schönheit Clara Schumann  
(1819-1896)  
The Salley Gardens Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

*Margot Wegman*

Gretchen am Spinnrade Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)  
Das Veilchen Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)  
Do not go, my love Richard Hageman  
(1881-1966)

*Molly Ferguson*

Der Kuss Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)  
Das Fischermädchen Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

*Lucas Hickman*

Après un rêve	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Le Colibri	Amedee-Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
Les Filles de Cadix	Leo Delibes (1836-1891)
<i>Margot Wegman, Molly Ferguson</i>	
L'ultima Canzone	Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Vanne, o rosa fortunata	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Love Went A-Riding	Frank Bridge (1879-1941)
<i>Lucas Hickman, Molly Ferguson</i>	
For you, there is no song	Leslie Adams (b. 1932)
Una furtiva lagrima	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
<i>Margot Wegman, Lucas Hickman</i>	
A Blackbird Singing	Michael Head (1900-1976)
Ah! Fuggi il traditor	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
<i>Lucas Hickman, Molly Ferguson</i>	
The Year's at the Spring	Amy Beach (1867-1944)
Parto, ma tu ben mio	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
<i>Molly Ferguson, Margot Wegman Morgan Volk, clarinet</i>	
Soave sia il vento	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
<i>Molly Ferguson, Margot Wegman, Lucas Hickman</i>	

# Translations

## Alma Del Core

Alma del core,  
Spirto dell'alma,  
Sempre costante t'adorerò!  
Sarò contento Nel mio tormento  
Se quel bel labbro baciare potrò

Soul of my heart,  
Spirit of my soul,  
Always contently will I adore you!  
I will be contented In my torment  
If only I could kiss that beautiful lip

## Me voglio fa' 'na casa

Me voglio fa 'na casa miez' 'o mare  
Fravecata de penne de pavune,  
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

I want to build a house surrounded by  
the sea  
made of the feathers of a peacock.  
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

D'oro e d'argiento li scaline fare  
E de prete preziose li barcune,  
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

Of gold and silver I will make the stairs  
and of precious stones, the balconies.  
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

Quanno Nennella mia se va a facciare  
Ognuno dice "mò sponta lu sole",  
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

When my Nennalla leans out  
everyone will say, here comes the sun.  
Tralla la le la, tra la la la.

## La Fioraia Fiorentina

I più bei fior comprate,  
fanciulli, amanti e spose:  
son fresche le mie rose,  
non spiran che l'amor.  
Ahime! Soccorso implora  
mia madre, poveretta  
e da me sola aspetta  
del pan e non dell'or.

The most beautiful flowers [you can]  
buy,  
children, lovers, and newlyweds:  
my roses are fresh,  
[they] don't die like love [does].  
Alas! Help, implores  
my mother, poor little [thing]  
and from me she hopes only  
for bread and not for gold.

## Im Frühling

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang,  
Der Himmel ist so klar,  
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Thal,  
Wo ich bey'm ersten Frühlingsstrahl  
Einst, ach, so glücklich war;

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging  
So traulich und so nah,  
Und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell  
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell,  
Und sie im Himmel sah.

Es wandeln nur sich Will' und Wahn,  
Es wechseln Lust und Streit;  
Vorüber fliehet der Liebe Glück,  
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,  
Die Lieb' und ach, das Leid!

O wär' ich doch das Vöglein nur  
Dort an dem Wiesenhang,  
Dann blieb' ich auf den Zweigen hier  
Und säng' ein süßes Lied von ihr  
Den ganzen Sommer lang.

Quietly I sit on the hill's slope.  
The sky is so clear;  
a breeze plays in the green valley  
where I was at Spring's first sunbeam  
once - ah, I was so happy;

Where I walked at her side,  
So intimate and so close,  
and deep in the dark rocky spring  
was the beautiful sky, blue and bright;  
and I saw her in the sky.

The only things that change are will and  
illusion:  
Joys and quarrels alternate,  
the happiness of love flies past  
and only the love remains -  
The love and, ah, the sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a little bird,  
there on the meadow's slope --  
then I would remain here on these  
branches  
and sing a sweet song about her  
the whole summer long.

## Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,  
o nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Sonne,  
sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,  
o nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe den Frühling,  
der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,  
o nicht mich liebe.  
Liebe di Meerfrau,  
sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,  
o ja, mich liebe!  
Liebe mich immer,  
dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for beauty,  
oh, do not love me!  
Love the sun,  
she had golden hair!

If you love for youth,  
oh, do not love me!  
Love the spring,  
it is young every year!

If you love for treasure,  
oh, do not love me!  
Love the mermaid,  
she had many clear pearls!

If you love for love,  
oh yes, do love me!  
love me ever,  
I'll love you evermore!

## Gretchen Am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer;  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

Where I do not have him,  
That is the grave,  
The whole world  
Is bitter to me.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

My poor head  
Is crazy to me,  
My poor mind  
Is torn apart.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer;  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus.

For him only, I look  
Out the window  
Only for him do I go  
Out of the house.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

His tall walk,  
His noble figure,  
His mouth's smile,  
His eyes' power,

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberflus,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach sein Kuss!

And his mouth's  
Magic flow,  
His handclasp,  
and ah! his kiss!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy, I  
will find it never  
and never more.

Mein Busen drängt  
Sich nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft ich fassen  
Und halten ihn!

My bosom urges itself  
toward him.  
Ah, might I grasp  
And hold him!

Und küssen ihn  
So wie ich wollt',  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt'!

And kiss him,  
As I would wish,  
At his kisses  
I should die!

## Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,  
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.  
Da kam eine junge Schäferin  
Mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem Sinn  
Daher, daher,  
Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ah! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur  
Die schönste Blume der Natur,  
Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,  
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt  
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!

Ach nur, ach nur  
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam  
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,  
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.  
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:  
Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch  
Durch sie, durch sie,  
Zu ihren Füßen doch.

A little violet stood upon the meadow,  
Lowly, humble, and unknown;  
It was a dear little violet.  
There came a young shepherdess  
With a light step and a merry spirit  
Along, along,  
Along the meadow, and sang.

Ah! thinks the violet, if I only were  
The most beautiful flower in nature,  
Ah, only for a little while,  
Until the darling had picked me  
And pressed me to her bosom until I  
became faint,  
Ah only, ah only  
A quarter of an hour long!

Alas! but alas! the maiden came  
And paid no heed to the little violet,  
She trampled the poor violet.  
It drooped and died and yet rejoiced:  
And if I must die, yet I die  
Through her, through her,  
Yet I die at her feet.

## Derr Kuss

Ich war bei Chloen ganz allein,  
Und küssen wollt' ich sie.  
Jedoch sie sprach, sie würde schrein,  
Es sei vergebne Müh!

Ich wagt' es doch und küßte sie,  
Trotz ihrer Gegenwehr.  
Und schrie sie nicht?  
Jawohl, sie schrie  
Doch lange hinterher.

I was alone with Chloe,  
and wanted to kiss her;  
but she said that she would scream,  
it would be a futile attempt.

Yet I dared, and kissed her,  
despite her resistance.  
And did she not scream?  
Oh yes, she did;  
but not until long afterward.

## Das Fischermädchen

Du schönes Fischermädchen,  
Triebe den Kahn an's Land;  
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,  
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg' an mein Herz dein Köpfchen,  
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr,  
Vertrau'st du dich doch sorglos  
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

You beautiful fishermaid,  
Pull your boat toward shore;  
Come to me and sit down,  
We will speak of love, hand in hand.

Lay your little head on my heart,  
And do not be too frightened;  
Indeed, you trust yourself fearlessly  
Daily to the wild sea!



Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,  
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Fluth,  
Und manche schöne Perle  
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

My heart is just like the sea,  
Having storms and ebb and flow,  
And many beautiful pearls  
Rest in its depths.

### Après un rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton  
image  
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure  
et sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par  
l'aurore;

In a slumber which held your image  
spellbound  
I dreamt of happiness, passionate  
mirage,  
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure  
and sonorous,  
You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs  
nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines  
entrevues,

You called me and I left the earth  
To run away with you towards the light,  
The skies opened their clouds for us,  
Unknown splendours, divine flashes  
glimpsed,

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes  
mensonges,  
Reviens, reviens radieuse,  
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

Alas! Alas! sad awakening from dreams  
I call you, O night, give me back your  
lies,  
Return, return radiant,  
Return, O mysterious night.

### Le Colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,  
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,  
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,  
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans  
l'air.

The hummingbird, the green prince of  
the heights,  
feeling the dew and seeing the sun's  
clear light  
shining into his nest of woven grass,  
shoots up in the air like a gleaming dart.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,  
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,  
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines  
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide  
éclair.

Hurriedly he flies to the nearby marsh  
where the waves of bamboo rustle and  
bend,  
and the red hibiscus with the heavenly  
scent  
opens to show its moist and glistening  
heart.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,  
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,  
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Down to the flower he flies, alights from  
above,  
and from the rosy cup drinks so much  
love  
that he dies, not knowing if he could  
drink it dry.

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,  
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,  
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

Even so, my darling, on your pure lips  
my soul and senses would have wished  
to die  
on contact with that first full-fragrant  
kiss.

## Les Filles de Cadix

Nous venions de voir le taureau,  
Trois garçons, trois fillettes.  
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,  
Et nous dansions un boléro  
Au son des castagnettes :  
«Dites-moi, voisin,  
Si j'ai bonne mine,  
Et si ma basquine  
Va bien, ce matin.  
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?"  
Ah ! ah !  
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela.»

We just saw the bull,  
Three boys, three little girls  
On the lawn it was a beautiful day,  
And we were dancing a bolero  
To the sound of castanets;  
"Tell me, neighbor,  
If I look well,  
And if my bodice  
Goes well, this morning,  
Do you find my waist slim?  
Ah! Ah!  
The girls of Cadix rather like that."

Et nous dansions un boléro,  
Au pied de la colline.  
Sur le chemin passaient Diégo,  
Qui pour tout bien n'a qu'un manteau  
Et qu'une mandoline :  
«La belle aux doux yeux,  
Veux-tu qu'à l'église  
Demain te conduise  
Un amant jaloux ?  
Jaloux ! jaloux ! quelle sottise !  
Ah ! ah !  
Les filles de Cadix craignent ce défaut  
là!»

And we were dancing a bolero,  
At the foot of the hill.  
On the road Diego was passing,  
Who quite truly had only a coat  
And a mandolin:  
"Beauty with the gentle eyes,  
Do you want  
A jealous lover  
To lead you to the church tomorrow  
Jealous! Jealous! What foolishness!  
Ah! Ah!  
The girls of Cadix fear that fault!"

## L'ultima Canzone

M'han detto che domani  
Nina vi fate sposa,  
Ed io vi canto ancor la serenata.  
Là nei deserti piani  
Là, ne la valle ombrosa,  
Oh quante volte a voi l'ho ricantata!

They told me that tomorrow  
Nina, you will be a bride.  
yet still I sing my serenade to you!  
Up on the barren plateau,  
down in the shady valley,  
Oh, how often I have sung it to you!

Foglia di rosa  
O fiore d'amaranto  
Se ti fai sposa  
Io ti sto sempre accanto.

O petal of rose,  
O flower of amaranth, t  
hough you marry,  
I shall be always near.

Domani avrete intorno  
Feste sorrisi e fiori

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded by  
celebration,  
smiles and flowers,

Nè penserete ai nostri vecchi amori.  
Ma sempre notte e giorno  
Piena di passione  
Verrà gemendo a voi la mia canzone.

and will not spare a thought for our past  
love;  
yet always, by day and by night,  
with passionate moan  
my song will sigh to you.

Foglia di menta,  
O fiore di granato,  
Nina, rammenta,  
I baci che t'ho dato

O sprig of mint,  
O flower of pomegranate,  
Nina, remember  
the kisses I gave you!

### **Vanne o Rosa Fortunata**

Vanne, o rosa fortunata,  
a posar di Nice in petto  
ed ognun sarà costretto  
la tua sorte invidiar.

Go, fortunate rose,  
to rest at Nice's breast  
and all will be forced  
to envy your fate.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io  
transformarmi un sol momento;  
non avria più bel contento  
questo core a sospirar.

Oh, if I could change myself into you,  
but for a moment,  
my heart would long  
for no greater happiness.

Ma tu inchini dispettosa,  
bella rosa impallidita,  
la tua fronte scolorita  
dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

But you bow your head with spite,  
fair faded rose,  
your brow loses all colour  
from disdain and pain.

Bella rosa, è destinata  
ad entrambi un'ugual sorte;  
là trovar dobbiam la morte,  
tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

Lovely rose, it is destined,  
that we meet the same fate:  
we shall both meet death there,  
you from envy and I of love.

### **Una Furtiva Lagrima From L'elisir D'amore**

Una furtiva lagrima  
negli occhi suoi spuntò:  
Quelle festose giovani  
invidiar sembrò.  
Che più cercando io vo?  
Che più cercando io vo?  
M'ama! Sì, m'ama,  
Lo vedo.

A single furtive tear  
from her eye did spring:  
as if she envied all the youths  
that laughingly passed her by.  
What more searching need I do?  
What more searching need I do?  
She loves me! Yes, she loves me,  
I see it.

Un solo instante i palpiti  
del suo bel cor sentir!  
I miei sospir, confondere  
per poco a' suoi sospir!  
I palpiti, i palpiti sentir,

For just an instant the beating of her  
beautiful heart I could feel!  
As if my sighs were hers,  
and her sighs were mine!  
The beating, the beating of her heart I  
could feel,  
to merge my sighs with hers... Heavens!

confondere i miei coi suoi sospir...

Cielo! Si può morir!

Di più non chiedo, non chiedo.

Ah, cielo! Si può! Si, può morir!

Yes, I could die! I could ask for nothing more, nothing more.

Oh, heavens! Yes, I could, I could die!

I could ask for nothing more, nothing more.

Yes, I could die! Yes, I could die of love.

### **Ah! Fuggi Il Traditor from Don Giovanni**

Ah, fuggi il traditor!

Non lo lasciar più dir!

Il labbro è mentitor,  
fallace il ciglio.

Da' miei tormenti impara

A creder a quel cor,

E nasca il tuo timor

Dal mio periglio.

Ah! The traitor flees!

Don't let him speak another word!

His lips lie,

His eyes betray.

Learn from my torments/trials

Not to believe in the heart

And let your fear be born

From my dangerous situation.

### **Parto, ma tu ben mio From La Clemenza di Tito**

Parto, ma tu ben mio,

Meco ritorna in pace;

Saro qual piu ti piace;

Quel che vorrai faro.

I go, but, my dearest,

make peace again with me.

I will be what you would most

have me be, do whatever you wish.

Guardami, e tutto oblio,

E a vendicarti io volo;

A questo sguardo dolo

Da me si pensera.

Ah qual poter, oh Dei!

Donaste alla belta.

Look at me, and I will forget all

and fly to avenge you;

I will think only

of that glance at me.

Ah, ye gods, what power

you have given beauty!

### **Soave sia il vento From Così Fan Tutte**

Soave sia il vento,

Tranquilla sia l'onda,

Ed ogni elemento

Benigno risponda

Ai nostri/vostri desir.

Gentle be the breeze,

Calm be the waves,

And every element

Smile in favour

On their wish.