

Fall 11-16-2013

Marshall University Music Department Presents a Senior Recital, Sarah Riddle

Sarah Riddle
Marshall University

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SCHOOL of MUSIC and
THEATRE
presents

Sarah Riddle

Senior Recital

With Collaborative Pianist

Mark Smith

Saturday, November 16, 2013
Smith Music Recital Hall
8:00 p.m.

This program is presented by the College of Fine Arts through the School of Music and Theatre with the support of student activity funds.

For more information about this or other music events, please call (304) 696-3117, or view our website at www.marshall.edu/cofa/music.

Program

Exsultate Jubilate Exsultate Jubilate Alleluia	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Breit über mein Haupt Die Nacht	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Fiançailles pour rire I. La Dame d'André V. Violon VI. Fleurs	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Six Elizabethan Songs I. Spring III. Winter IV. Dirge V. Diaphenia	Dominick Argento (b. 1927)
Der Hölle Rache From <i>Die Zauberflöte</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

This program is presented with kind support from the Marshall University College of Fine Arts and School of Music and Theatre.



Sarah Riddle is a student in the voice studio of Dr. David Castleberry.

Exsultate, Jubilate

Exsultate, jubilate,
 O vos animae beatae.
 Dulcia cantica canendo
 Cantui vestro respondendo,
 Psallant aethera cum me.

Exsult, rejoice,
 O happy souls.
 And with sweet music
 Let the heavens resound,
 Answering your song with me.

Breit' über mein Haupt

Breit' über mein Haupt
 Dein schwarzes Haar,
 Neig' zu mir dein Angesicht,
 Da strömt in die Seele
 So hell und klar
 Mir deiner Augen Licht.

Spread over my head
 Your black hair,
 Bring your face closer to me,
 There streams into my soul
 So brightly and clearly
 The light of your eyes.

Ich will nicht dröben
 Der Sonne Pracht,
 Noch der Sterne
 Leuchtenden Kranz,
 Ich will nur deiner
 Locken Nacht,
 Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

I do not wish
 for the Sun's splendor above,
 Nor for the radiant
 wreath of the stars,
 I want only your
 dark raven locks,
 And your bright glance.

Die Nacht (The Night)

Aus dem Walde
 Tritt die Nacht,
 Aus den Bäumen
 Schleicht sie leise,
 Schaut sich um
 in weitem Kreise,
 Nun gib acht.

Out of the forrest
 Comes the night.
 Out of the trees
 she creeps quietly,
 She overlooks
 all around,
 Now beware.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
 Alle Blumen,
 Alle farben löscht sie aus,
 Und stiehlt die Garben
 Weg vom feld;

All the lights of the world,
 All the flowers,
 All the colors she extinguishes,
 She steals the sheaves,
 From the field;

Alles nimmt sie , was nur hold,
 Nimmt das Silber
 Weg des stroms

She takes everything that is dear,
 Steals the silver
 from the streams,

Nimmt vom Kupferdach
 Des Doms,
 Weg das Gold

Steals the copper dome
 of the cathedral
 She takes its gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Stauch,
 Rücke näher, See! an Seele;
 O die Nacht, mir bangt,
 Sie stehle dich mir auch.

Plundered are the flowers,
 Draw closer, soul to soul;
 Oh night, I'm afraid,
 Will steal you too from me.

Fiançailles Pour Rire (Engagements for Laughter)**La Dame d'André (Andre's Wife)**

André ne connais pas la dame
 Qu'il prend au jour d'hui par la main.
 Atelle un cœur à lende mains,
 Et pour le soir atelle une âme?

André does not know the woman
 He takes by the hand today.
 Has she a heart for tomorrow,
 And for the evening, a soul?

Au retour d'un bal campagnard
 S'en allait-elle en robe vague,
 Chercher dans les meules la bague
 Des fiançailles du hasard?

Returning from a country ball
 Did she leave in a flowing dress,
 Looking in a haystack,
 For the engagement ring?

Atelle eu puer, la nuit venue,
 Guetteée par les ombres d'hier,
 Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver
 Entrait par la grand avenue?

Was she afraid when night came,
 Watched by yesterday's shadows,
 In her garden, when winter
 Entered the grand avenue?

Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,
 Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche.
 Pâliratelle aux feuilles blanches
 De son album des temps meilleurs?

He had loved her for her color,
 For her good Sunday humor.
 Will she grow white leaves
 Of her album of better times?

Violon

Couple amoureux
Aux accents méconnus,
Le violon et son jouer me plaisent.
Ah! J'aime ces gemissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
A l'heure où les Lois se taise,
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
S'offre à l'amour
comme un fruit inconnu.

Loving couple
with unknown accents,
The violin and player please me.
Ah! I like this groaning
Pulling on cord's of discomfort.
The cord on the hangman's rope
When the law has fallen silent,
the heart, in form of a strawberry
Offers itself to love
like a fruit unknown.

Fleurs

Fleurs promises,
Fleurs tenues dan tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des
Parentheses d'en pas,
Qui t'appotait
Ces Fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du
Sable des mers?

Flowers promised,
Flowers held in your arms,
Flowers come out of
Digression of step,
Who brought you
These flowers of winter
Sprinkled with sand
Of the seas?

Sable de tes baisers,
Fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre
Et dans la cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes

Sand of your kisses,
Flowers of love faded
Beautiful eyes of ashes
Are in the fire place
Heart entwined with complaint
Burns with its saintly images

Fleurs promises,
Fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Qui t'apportait
Ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du
Sable des mers.

Flowers promised,
Flowers held in your arms,
Who brought you
These flowers of winter
Sprinkled with sand
Of the seas.

Six Elizabethan Songs

Spring

Spring, the sweet spring,
is the years pleasant king:
Then blooms each thing,
Then maids dance in a ring,

The fields breathe sweet,
The daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet,
Old wives a sunning sit,

Cold doth not sting,
The pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug jug, pu-we,
To-wit-a-wool

In every street,
These tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug jug, pu-we,
To-wit-a-wool!
Spring! The sweet spring!

The palm and may
Make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play,
The shepherd pipes all day,
And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug jug, pu-we, To-wit-a-wool

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;

When blood is nipt
And ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-who! Tu-whit! Tu-who!
A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;

When roasted crabs
Hiss in the bowl
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-who! Tu-whit! Tu-who!
A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Dirge

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypres let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there!

Diaphenia

Diaphenia like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams;
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

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If you would like to support the Department of Music through a donation and assist with student scholarships, academic travel for students and ensembles, or general support of the department please contact:

Melanie Griffis, Director of Development

College of Fine Arts
SH 161/304-696-3686
griffism@marshall.edu