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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

Program

Exsultate Jubilate
Alleluia

Breit über mein Haupt
Die Nacht

Fiançailles pour rire
I. La Dame d'André
V. Violon
VI. Fleurs

Six Elizabethan Songs
I. Spring
III. Winter
IV. Dirge
V. Diaphenia

Der Hölle Rache
From Die Zauberflöte

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Richard Strauss
Francis Poulenc
Dominick Argento

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

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.

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.

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.

Nimmt vom Kupferdach
Des Dorns,
Weg das Gold

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

Die Nacht (The Night)
Out of the forest
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 steht 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,
Violon
Couple amoureux
Aux accents méconnus,
Le violon et son joueur 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.

Six Elizabethan Songs
Spring
Spring, the sweet spring,
is the years pleasant king:
Then blooms each thing,
Then maid's dance in a ring,

Cold doth not sting,
The pretty birds do sing,
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-whoo! Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!
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-whoo! Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!
A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot

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

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'apporat
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.

Flowers promised,
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.

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.
Dirge

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypresses 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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