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Alumnae Benefit Recital

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Alumnae Benefit Recital

Carla Ogden, soprano
Mark Salters, piano

Salmon Recital Hall
October 12, 1996
8:00 pm

Program

Exsultate, jubilate, Motet K. 165	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Heidenröslein	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Die Forelle	
Leid der Mignon	
Ganymed	

Intermission

Dans les Ruines d'une Abbaye	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Au Bord de l'Eau	
Mandoline	
“Green Finch and Linnet Bird” from <u>Sweeney Todd</u>	Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)
“The Black Swan” from <u>The Medium</u>	Gian Carlo Menotti (b. 1911)
“Fair Robin I Love” from <u>Tartuffe</u>	Kirke Mechem (b. 1925)

Exsultate, jubilate

Exult, rejoice,
O happy souls
And with sweet music
Let the heavens resound,
Making answer, with me, to your song.
The lovely day glows bright,
Now clouds and storms have fled,
And a sudden calm has arisen for the just.
Everywhere dark night held sway before.
But now, at last, rise up and rejoice,
Ye who are not feared,
And happy in the blessed dawn
With full hand make offering
 of garlands and lilies.
And Thou, O Crown of Virgins,
Grant us peace,
And assuage the passions
That touch our hearts.
Alleluia.

Little Rose on the Heath

A lad saw a little rose growing.
Little red rose on the heath;
It was as young and fair as the morning.
He ran quickly to have a close look at it,
And gazed at it with delight.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose.
Little rose on the heath.

The lad said: "I will pick you,
Little rose on the heath!"
The little rose said: "I will prick you,
So that you will always remember me,
And I won't suffer you to pick me."

And the cruel lad picked
The little rose on the heath;
The little rose defended itself,
But its wails and sighs were of no avail,
It had to suffer just the same.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Little rose on the heath.

The Trout

In a limpid brooklet,
Merrily speeding,
A playful trout
Shot past like an arrow.
I stood on the bank,
Watching with happy ease
The lively little fish
Swimming in the clear brook.

A fisherman with his rod
Was standing there on the bank,
Cold-bloodedly watching
The fish dart to and fro . . .
“So long as the water remains clear,”
I thought, “He will not
Catch that trout
With his rod.”

But at last the thief
Could wait no more.
With guile he made the water muddy
And, ere I could guess it,
His rod jerked,
The fish was floundering on it,
And my blood boiled
As I saw the betrayed one.

Mignon's Song

Only he who knows what yearning is
Knows how I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all happiness.
I look up into the sky
Towards yonder side.
Alas! He who knows and loves me
Is far away.
I grow dizzy.
I am inwardly inflamed.
Only he who know what yearning is
Knows how I suffer!

Ganymede

How in the morning radiance
You glow around me,
Spring, beloved!
With the thousandfold joy of love,
My heart is enveloped
By the blissful sensation
of your eternal warmth.
O, infinite beauty!

That I might clasp you
In my arms!

Ah, on your bosom
I lie, languishing,
And your flowers, your grass
Press against my heart.
You cool the burning
Thirst of my bosom.
Lovely morning breeze!
While the nightingale calls
To me tenderly from the misty vale.

I come, I come,
Whither, ah! whither?

Upwards, upwards I am driven!
The clouds float
Downwards; the clouds
Bend down towards my yearning love.
To me, to me!
In your lap
Upwards!
Embracing and embraced.
Upwards to thy bosom,
All-loving father!

Note: Ganymede in Greek mythology was a beautiful youth who was brought to Olympus either by the eagle of Zeus, or by Zeus himself in the form of an eagle, or by the gods generally (the legends vary) to serve as a cup-bearer there. In Goethe's poem he symbolizes "the mystical experience of ecstasy or direct union with the Deity." (Humphrey Trevelyan, *Goethe and the Greeks*, p. 75)

Dans Les Ruines d'une abbaye

Alone, those two, charmed, singing, how they love each other,
How they gather the spring that God sows,
What sparkling laughter in these shadows,
Once crowded with pale faces, with sad hearts.
They are quite newly wed.
They cry to each other the charming varying cries.
Joy's fresh echoes, mingling with the wind that trembles,
Turn the dark convent into a friendly place
They strip the jasmine of its petals on the tombstone
Where the abbess joins her hands in prayer.
They seek each other, they pursue each other, they see
Your dawn come up, love, in the sight of the old cloister.
They go away, billing; they adore each other,
They kiss at every moment, and then once more
Under the pillars, the arches, and the marbles . . .
That is the story of the birds in the trees.

Au bord de l'eau

To sit together on the bank of the stream that passes,
To see it pass;
Together, when a cloud floats in space,
To see it float;
When a cottage chimney is smoking on the horizon,
To see it smoke;
If nearby a flower spreads its fragrance,
To absorb its scent;
To hear at the foot of the willow, where water murmurs,
The water murmurs,
Not to notice, while this dream lasts,
The passage of time,
But to feel deep passion
Only to adore each other;
Not to care at all about the world's quarrels,
To ignore them,
And alone, together, facing all that grows weary.
Not to grow weary;
To be in love while all passes away,
Never to change!

Mandoline

The serenading swans
And the lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.
There is Tircis and there is Aminta
And the eternal Clitander,
And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies
Fashions many tender verses.
Their short silken vests,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their gaiety
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray.
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the trembling of the breeze.

SWEENEY TODD

1979

music and libretto by Stephen Sondheim

Green Finch and Linnet Bird

from Act I

setting: London, the present; Judge Turpin's house

character: Johanna

There was a nice young barber with a little daughter and a silly, pretty wife who took the fancy of a judge. The judge arranged for the barber to be transported on a trumped up charge and inveigled the pure, silly woman to a masked ball at his house. Here she was raped and her child taken from her. The woman killed herself and the barber was never seen again, but the judge still keeps the child, Johanna, as he has for 15 years. From the uppermost window of Judge Turpin's house, young lovely Johanna sings to the birdseller's caged creatures.

THE MEDIUM

1946

music and libretto by Gian Carlo Menotti

The Black Swan

from Act I

setting: the outskirts of a large city, the present (1940's); the parlor of Madame Flora's flat

character: Monica

Baba, also known as Madame Flora, is a down-on-her-luck alcoholic who pretends to be a spiritualist. In the midst of a séance she throws her customers out when she herself feels an unexplained presence in the room. She sinks into a fitful stupor as her daughter, Monica, cradles her in her arms, trying to comfort her with this haunting lullaby.

TARTUFFE

1980

music and libretto by Kirke Mechem (after the play by Molière)

Fair Robin I love

from Act I

setting: Paris, the 17th century; the house of Orgon, a wealthy aristocrat

character: Dorine

Dorine, the saucy maid to Orgon's daughter, Mariane, sings a song to her mistress, attempting to educate her on the lighter side of romance. The words of the aria are from John Dryden's *Amphitryon* (1690); the name "Robin" was "Iris" in the original poem.