

UNIVERSITY OF
CENTRAL MISSOURI.

SCHOOL OF

VISUAL AND PERFORMING ARTS

AN ALL-STEINWAY SCHOOL

UCM Music Presents

SENIOR RECITAL

Hart Recital Hall

Sunday, October 10, 2021

3:00 p.m.

Charlsee Swisher, soprano

Denise Robinson, piano

In consideration of the performers, other audience members, and the live recording of this concert, please silence all devices before the performance. Parents are expected to be responsible for their children's behavior.

Ch'io mai vi possa

from *Siroe, re di Persia* HWV 24 (1728)

G. F. Handel (1685-1759)

Nevicata

Stornellatrice

Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)

L'invitation au voyage

Spleen

Ouvre ton coeur

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Fünf Lieder op. 106 (1888)

Ständchen

Auf dem See

Es hing der Reif im Lindenbaum.

Meine Lieder

Ein Wanderer

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

"Were You Not to Ko-Ko Plighted"

from *The Mikado: or, The Town of Titipu* (1885)

W. S. Gilbert (1836-1911)

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

Andre Williams, tenor

So in Love

from *Kiss Me Kate* (1948)

Exit Music: for a film

Flowers

from *Hadestown* (2016)

Cole Porter (1891-1964)

Radiohead

Anais Mitchell (b. 1981)

This recital given in partial completion of a BM in Vocal Performance degree.

Charlsee Swisher is a student of Dr. Jacob Sentgeorge

Charlsee Swisher, soprano
Senior Recital Translations

Ch'io mai vi possa - Pietro Trapassi

Ch'io mai vi possa
 Lasciar d'amare,
 Non lo credete,
 Pupille care;
 Nè men per gioco
 V'ingannerò.

Voi foste e siete
 Le mie faville,
 E voi sarete,
 Care pupille,
 Il mio bel foco
 Fin ch'io vivrò.

Nevicata - Ada Negri

Sui campi e sulle strade
 Silenziosa e lieve,
 Volteggiando, la neve
 Cade.
 Danza la falda bianca
 Ne l'ampio ciel scherzosa,
 Poi sul terren si posa
 Stanca.
 In mille immote forme
 Sui tetti e sui camini,
 Sui cippi e nei giardini
 Dorme.
 Tutto dintorno è pace:
 Chiuso in oblio profondo,
 Indifferente il mondo
 Tace...
 Ma ne la calma immensa
 Torna ai ricordi il core,
 E ad un sopito amore
 Pensa.

That I will ever be able
 to stop loving you
 No, don't believe it,
 dear eyes!
 Not even to joke
 Would I deceive you about this

You alone
 are my sparks,
 and you will be,
 dear eyes,
 my beautiful fire as long as I live, ah!

On the fields and in the streets
 Silent and light,
 Twirling, the snow
 Falls.
 The white snowflake dances
 In the wide sky jokingly,
 And then settles on the ground
 Tired.
 In a thousand motionless shapes
 On rooftops and on paths,
 On headstones and in gardens
 It sleeps.
 Everything around is peaceful:
 Closed in profound oblivion,
 The indifferent world
 Is quiet...
 But in the immense calm
 The heart turns to memories,
 And reminisces about
 A faded love.

Stornellatrice - Carlo Zangarini

Che mi giova cantar:

"Fior di betulla:

Vorrei tu fossi il sole ed io la stella,

E andar pel cielo e non pensare a nulla!"

Quando poi l'eco mi risponde: nulla?

Che mi vale cantar:

"Fiore dei fiori:

Tu sei l'amore mio díoggi e di ieri:

Tu sei l'amore mio che mai non muori!"

Quando poi l'eco mi risponde: muori?

What use is it to sing:

"O, flower of the silver birch: I wish you were the sun and I a star. Wandering through the skies, thinking of nothing."

If then the echo replies to me: nothing?

What is it worth to me to sing:

"Flower of all flowers:

You are my love for both today and yesterday.

You are my love who will never die!"

If the echo replies to me: die?

L'invitation au voyage - Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur,

Songe à la douceur

D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble! Aimer à loisir,

Aimer et mourir, Au pays qui te ressemble !

Les soleils mouillés. De ces ciels brouillés

Pour mon esprit ont les charmes

Si mystérieux. De tes traîtres yeux

Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,

Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux , Dormir ces vaisseaux

Dont l'humeur est vagabonde ;

C'est pour assouvir, Ton moindre désir

Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants, Revêtent les champs,

Les canaux, la ville entière,

D'hyacinthe et d'or ; Le monde s'endort

Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,

Luxe, calme et volupté.

My child, my sister,

think of the sweetness

of going there to live together!

To love at leisure, to love and to die

in a country that is the image of you!

The misty suns of those changeable skies

have for me the same mysterious charm

as your fickle eyes shining through their tears.

There, all is harmony and beauty, luxury, calm and delight.

See how those ships, nomads by nature, are slumbering in the canals.

To gratify your every desire

they have come from the ends of the earth.

The westering suns clothe the fields,

the canals, and the town

with reddish-orange and gold.

The world falls asleep, bathed in warm light.

There, all is harmony and beauty, luxury, calm and delight.

Spleen - Paul Verlaine

Il pleure dans mon cœur
 Comme il pleut sur la ville ;
 Quelle est cette langueur
 Qui pénètre mon cœur ?
 Ô bruit doux de la pluie,
 Par terre et sur les toits!
 Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
 Ô le chant de la pluie !
 Il pleure sans raison
 Dans mon cœur qui s'écoeure.
 Quoi! nulle trahison ? ...
 Mon deuil est sans raison.
 C'est bien la pire peine,
 De ne savoir pourquoi
 Sans amour et sans haine
 Mon cœur a tant de peine!

Ouvre Ton Coeur - Louis Delatre

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
 L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
 Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?
 Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.
 Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme,
 Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.
 Je veux reprendre mon âme,
 Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

Standchen - Franz Kugler

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
 So recht für verliebte Leut';
 Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
 Sonst Stille weit und breit.
 Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
 Da stehn der Studenten drei,
 Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither,
 Und singen und spielen dabei.
 Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
 Sacht in den Traum hinein,

sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
 und lispelt: Vergiß nicht mein!

In my heart it weeps
 as it rains on the town.
 What languor seeps
 into my heart that weeps?
 O sweet falling rain,
 over earth and over roofs!
 For a heart in weary pain,
 O song of the rain!
 It rains without cause
 in this numb, cold heart.
 What -- no treason or loss?
 This grief is without cause.
 It is truly the worst pain
 when, without knowing why,
 without love and without hate,
 my heart is filled with pain.

The daisy has closed its petals,
 The shadow has closed its eyes for the day.
 Beauty, will you speak with me?
 Open your heart to my love.
 Open your heart, o young angel, to my flame
 So that a dream may enchant your sleep.
 I wish to reclaim my soul,
 As a flower turns to the sun!

The moon hangs over the mountain,
 So fitting for love-struck people.
 In the garden trickles a fountain;
 Otherwise, it is still far and wide.
 Near the wall, in shadows,
 there stand the students three:
 with flute and fiddle and zither,
 they sing and play there.
 The sounds waft up to the loveliest of women,
 gently entering her dreams.

She gazes on her blond beloved and whispers:
"Forget me not!"

Auf Dem See - Christian Reinhold

An dies Schifflin schmiege,
Holder See, dich sacht!
Frommer Liebe Wiege,
Nimm sie wohl in Acht!
Deine Wellen rauschen;
Rede nicht so laut!
Laß mich ihr nur lauschen,
Die mir viel vertraut!
Deine Wellen zittern,
Von der Sonne Glut;
Ob sies heimlich wittern,
Wie die Liebe tut?
Weit und weiter immer
Rück den Strand hinaus!
Aus dem Himmel nimmer
Laß uns steigen aus!
Fern von Menschenreden
Und von Menschensinn,
Als ein schwimmend Eden
Trag dies Schifflin hin!

Nestle up to this little boat,
lovely lake, gently!
Cradle of holy love,
Take good care of it!
Your waves are roaring;
do not speak so loudly!
Just let me listen to her,
who is confiding so much to me!
Your waves tremble
from the heat of the sun,
could it be they secretly sense
how love works?
Farther and farther,
draw us away from the shore!
From this heaven
never let me descend!
Far from human speech and human thoughts,
like a floating Eden, carry this little boat away!

Es hing der Reif - Klaus Groth

Es hing der Reif im Lindenbaum,
Wodurch das Licht wie Silber floß;
Ich sah dein Haus, wie hell im Traum
Ein blitzend Feenschloß.
Und offen stand das Fenster dein,
Ich konnte dir ins Zimmer sehn --
Da tratst du in den Sonnenschein,
Du dunkelste der Feen!
Ich bebt, in seligem Genuß,
So frühlings warm und wunderbar:
Da merkt ich gleich an deinem Gruß,
Daß Frost und Winter war.

Dew-frost was hanging in the linden tree
boughs, through which the light streamed like
silver.
I saw your house, as brightly as in a dream,
a sparkling fairy castle.
And your window stood open --I could even see
you in your room; then you stepped into the
sunshine
You: darkest of fairies!
I shivered with blissful pleasure, so spring-warm
and wonderful: but then I realized from your
greeting, that it was actually a frosty winter.

Meine Leider - Adolf Frey

Wenn mein Herz beginnt zu klingen
 Und den Tönen löst die Schwingen,
 Schweben vor mir her und wieder
 Bleiche Wonnen, unvergessen
 Und die Schatten von Zypressen -
 Dunkel klingen meine Lieder!

As my heart begins to resound
 And loosens the wings of the tones
 here and there hover
 pale delights, unforgotten
 and the shadows of cypresses.
 Deeply resound my songs!

Ein Wanderer - Christian Reinhold

Hier, wo sich die Straßen scheiden,
 Wo nun gehn die Wege hin?
 Meiner ist der Weg der Leiden,
 Deß ich immer sicher bin.
 Wanderer, die des Weges gehen,
 Fragen freundlich, wohinaus?
 Keiner wird mich doch verstehen,
 Sag' ich ihm, wo ich zu Haus.
 Reiche Erde, arme Erde,
 Hast du keinen Raum für mich?
 Wo ich einst begraben werde,
 An der Stelle lieb' ich dich.

Here, where the roads diverge,
 where now do the paths go?
 Mine is the path of sorrows -
 of that I am always certain.
 Travelers who take this path
 ask with friendliness: where are you going?
 None will understand me
 if I tell him where I live.
 Rich earth, poor earth,
 Have you no room for me?
 Where I will someday be buried,
 That is the place I will love.