

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS

SHAWNETTE SULKER

Voice Recital

RAVEN TIFFANY MEYERS

Piano



MONDAY, MAY 30, 1994

8:17 p.m.

GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

Program

"How Beautiful are the Feet"
(Aria from the Messiah, No. 38)

HANDEL

Joseph Bloom, piano

"Quando Corpus"
(from Stabat Mater I - No. 13)
for soprano and contralto

PERGOLESI

Kristin DiSpaltro, contralto
Marianne Finckel, piano

"Die Meer" - Op. 20. No. 3

BRAHMS

Raven Tiffany Meyers, contralto
Marianne Finckel, piano

1 Movement from the Italian Concerto

BACH

Allegro

Raven Tiffany Meyers, piano

"Poème d'un Jour", Op. 21

FAURÉ

- 1) Rencontre
- 2) Toujours
- 3) Adieu

Marianne Finckel, piano

Prelude No. 15, op. 28 in Db Major
"Raindrop"

CHOPIN

Raven Tiffany Meyers, piano

"O mio babbino caro"
(from Gianni Schicchi Lauretta's aria)

PUCCINI

"Deh vieni non tardar", No. 27
(from Le Nozze di Figaro,
Susanna's recitative and aria)

MOZART

Marianne Finckel, piano

"Una voce poco fa"
(from Il Barbiere di Siviglia
Cavatina No. 7 Rosina's aria)

ROSSINI

Elizabeth Wright, piano

"Impromptu"

Raven Tiffany Meyers, piano
Shawnette Sulker, piano

Text

Quando Corpus

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria

When this body dies
Make that the spirit bestows
glorious paradise

Die Meere - Brahms

Alle Winde Schlaffen auf dem Spiegel der Flut:
Kühle Schatten des Abends decken die Müden zu
Luna hängt sich Schleier über ihr Gesicht
schwebt in dämmernden Träumen über die Wasser hin
Alles, alles stille auf dem weiten Meer!
nur mein Herz will nimmer mit zur Ruhe gehn
In der Liebe Fluten Treibt es her und hin
wo die Stürme nicht ruhen bis der Nachen sinkt,
wo die Stürme nicht ruhen bis der Nachen sinkt.

All the winds are sleeping on the mirror of the tides
Cool shadows of the evening cover the weary
The Moon hangs a veil over her face,
hovers in twilight-like dreams over the water
All is still over the wide sea
Only my heart will never find rest
Love's tide pulls me here and there
so that the storm will not rest until the vessel sinks.

O Mio Babbino Caro - Puccini
Lauretta

Oh! mio babbino caro,
mi piace, è bello, bello;

vo' andare in Porta Rossa
a comperar l'anello!
Si, si, ci voglio andare!
E se L'amassi indarno,

andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
ma per buttar mi in Arno!

Mi struggo e mi tormento!
Oh Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà...

Deh vieni non tardar - Mozart
Susanna's Recitative and Aria

Giunse alfin il momento
Che godrò senza affanno

In braccio all'idol mio; timide cure,

Uscite dal mio petto,
A turbar non venite il mio diletto.

Oh come par che all'amoroso foco

L'amenità del loco,
La terra e il ciel risponda!
Come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Oh, dear daddy,
I like him, he's so
handsome;

I want to go to Porta Rossa
to buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I do want to go!
And if I were to love him in
vain,

I'd to to the Ponte Vecchio
and throw myself in the
Arno!

I fret and suffer torments!
Oh, God, I wish I could die!
Daddy, have pity, have pity!

At last comes the moment
When, without reserve, I
can rejoice

In my lover's arms: timid
scruples,
Hence from my heart,
And do not come to trouble
my delight.

Oh how the spirit of this
place,
The earth and the sky, seem
To echo the fire of love!
How the night furthers my
stealth!

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella,
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella,

Finchè non splende in ciel notturna
face
Finchè l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo
tace.

Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza
l'aura,
Che col dolce sussurro il cor ristauro.

Come, do not delay, oh bliss,
Come where love calls thee
to joy,

While night's torch does not
shine in the sky,
While the air is still dark
and the world quiet.

Here murmurs the stream,
here sports the breeze,
Which refreshes the heart
with its sweet whispers.

Una Voce Poco Fa --Rossini
Rosina's aria

Una voce poco fa
qui nel cor mi risuonò;
il mio cor ferito è già,

e Lindoro fu che il piagò.

Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò.
Il tutor ricuserà,
io l'ingegno aguzzerò.
Alla fin s'accheterà
e contenta io resterò...
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà, ecc.

Io sono docile, son rispettosa,
sono obbediente, dolce, amorosa:
mi lascio reggere, mi fo guidar. Ma...

Ma se mi toccano dov'è il mio debole,

sarò una vipera, sarò,
e cento trappole
prima di cedere farò giocar.
E cento trappole, ecc.
Io sono docile, sono obbediente,
mi lascio reggere, ecc.

A voice just now
echoed here in my heart,
and my heart is wounded
already;
Lindoro it was who inflicted
the wound.

Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I shall win.
My guardian will object;
I'll sharpen my wits.
In the end he'll be pacified
and I shall be satisfied...
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine,
etc.

I'm docile, I'm respectful,
I'm obedient, gentle, loving;
I let myself be ruled and
guided. But...

But if you touch on my little
weakness,

I'll be a very viper
and a hundred tricks
I'll play before I'll yield.
And a hundred tricks, etc.
I'm docile, I'm obedient,
I let myself be ruled, etc.

Shawnette's "thank you s":

I would like to thank Barbara Ann Martin for her invaluable knowledge and support, Willie for her time and care, Peter for listening, Liz (Happy Birthday) for her involvement, Joe for always playing, Kristin for her voice, Raven for allowing me to be crazy, Jen for helping me through... Lara, you crazy girl, Sue J. and Susie R, the Jennings queens for all their help, Reinhard for translating, the Music Division for its support, Spring for blossoming and Music (whatever that may be) for existing.

Raven's "thank you s":

Thank you to everyone she said, especially to Peter for helping to keep my feet on the ground, Liz for dealing with my inconsistencies, and Shawnette for being insane with me.