

Megan Hull
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2024
Student of Carole Haber

with
J. J. Penna, piano

Sunday, April 21, 2024
12:00 noon
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Exsultate, jubilate, K. 165
Allegro: Exsultate, jubilate
Recitativo: Fulget amica dies
Larghetto: Tu virginum corona
Allegro: Alleluia

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Quatre mélodies
Pantomime
Clair de lune
Pierrot
Apparition

Intermission

Samuel Barber
(1910–1981)

Four Songs, op. 13
A Nun Takes the Veil
The Secrets of the Old
Sure on this shining night
Nocturne

Nuvoletta, op. 25

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

from *Sechs Lieder, op. 68*
Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden
Säusle, liebe Myrte
Als mir ein Lied erklang

*Thank you, Ms. Haber, for everything
you have taught and shared with me these past eight years;
and thank you JJ for your wonderful guidance.
You have both helped me grow so much as a musician and a person.*

*Thank you to my family
for your constant support and for always going the extra mile for me.*

Exsultate, jubilate

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

*Fulget amica dies,
Iam fugere et nubila et procellae;
Exorta est justis
Inexpectata quies.
Undique obscura regnabat nox,
Surgite tandem laeti
Qui timuistis adhuc,
Et jucundi aurorae fortunatae
Frondes dextera plena et lilia date.*

*Tu virginum corona,
Tu nobis pacem dona,
Tu consolare affectus,
Unde suspirat cor.*

Alleluia

Pantomime

*Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.*

*Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.*

*Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.*

*Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un coeur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son coeur des voix.*

Paul Verlaine

Rejoice, be joyful

Rejoice, be joyful,
Oh you blessed souls,
Singing sweet songs,
In response to your singing
Let the heavens dance with me.

A friendly day shines
Already, the clouds and tempest flee;
He arose justly
Into expectant calm,
All around darkness had reigned;
Now, at last rise happily,
Those who were afraid before,
And meet this joyous dawn
Bringing garlands of lilies in your right hand.

You, crown of the virgin,
Grant us peace,
Comfort the feelings,
which sigh from the heart.

Alleluia

Translation by Megan Hull

Pantomime

Pierrot, who is no Clitandre,
Gulps down a bottle without delay
And, being practical, starts on a pie.

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue,
Sheds an unnoticed tear
For his disinherited nephew.

That rogue of a Harlequin schemes
How to abduct Colombine
And pirouettes four times.

Colombine dreams, amazed
To sense a heart in the breeze
And hear voices in her heart.

Clair de lune

*Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.*

*Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,*

*Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.*

Paul Verlaine

Pierrot

*Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,
Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple.*

*Une fillette au souple casaquin
En vain l'agace de son œil coquin;
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureau
Jette un regard de son œil en coulisse
À son ami Jean Gaspard Deburau.*

Théodore de Banville

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor key
of conquering love and life's favours,
they do not seem to believe in their fortune
and their song mingles with the light of the
moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in the trees
and the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
tall and svelte amid marble statues.

Pierrot

Good old Pierrot, watched by the crowd,
Having done with Harlequin's wedding,
Drifts dreamily along the boulevard of the
Temple.

A girl in a flowing blouse
Vainly leads him on with her teasing eyes;
And meanwhile, mysterious and sleek,
Cherishing him above all else,
The white moon with horns like a bull
Ogles her friend
Jean Gaspard Deburau.

Apparition

*La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.
—C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse*

*Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.*

J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,

*Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue*

Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de claret

Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté

*Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.*

Stéphane Mallarmé

A Nun Takes the Veil (Heaven-Haven)

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Apparition

The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim,
dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy
flowers, drew from dying violets
white sobs that glided over the corollas' blue.
—It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My dreaming, glad to torment me,
grew skilfully drunk on the perfumed
sadness

that—without regret or bitter after-taste—
the harvest of a Dream leaves in the reaper's
heart.

And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old
paving stones,

when with sun-flecked hair, in the street
and in the evening, you appeared laughing
before me

and I thought I glimpsed the fairy with her
cap of light

who long ago crossed my lovely spoilt child's
slumbers,

always allowing from her half-closed hands
white bouquets of scented flowers to snow.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of A
French Song Companion (Oxford University
Press), provided via Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.org).*

The Secrets of the Old

I have old women's secrets now
That had those of the young;
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song

Though Margery is stricken dumb
If thrown in Madge's way
We three make up a solitude;
For none alive today
Can know the stories that we know
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most
Of all that are gone
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down

William Butler Yeats

Sure on this shining night

Sure on this shining night
Of star made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

James Agee

Nocturne

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,
Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow,
Northward flames Orion's horn,
Westward th' Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

Frederic Prokosch

Nuvoletta

Nuvoletta in her lightdress, spunn of sisteen shimmers,
was looking down on them, leaning over the bannistars and listening all she childishly could.
She was alone. All her nubied companions were asleeping with the squir'ls.
She tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught her.
She tossed her sfumastelliacious hair like "la princesse de la Petite Bretagne"
and she rounded her mignons arms like Missis CornwallisWest
and she smiled over herself like the image of a pose of a daughter of the Emperour of Irelande
and she sighed after herself as were she born to bride with Tristis Tristor Tristissimus.
But, sweet madonine, she might fair as well have carried her daisy's worth to Florida. . . .

Oh, how it was duusk! From Vallee Maraia to Grasyaplainia, dormimust echo!
A dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk that the tears of night began to fall,
first by ones and twos, then by threes and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens,
for the fired ones were wecking, as we weep now with them.
"O! O! O! Par la pluie! . . ."

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life
and she made up all her myriadsof drifting minds in one.
She cancelled all her engauzements. She climbed over the bannistars;
she gave a childy cloudy cry: "Nuée! Nuée!"
A lightdress fluttered
She was gone.

James Joyce

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden

*Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,
Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht.*

*Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Tränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun im Garten seh.*

*Das wollte ich dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
Da fing es an zu sprechen:
"Ach, tue mir nicht weh!*

*"Sei freundlich im Herzen,
Betracht dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!"*

*Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
Im Garten ganz allein,
So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.*

*Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,
Und kann nicht anders sein.*

Säusle, liebe Myrthe

*„Säusle, liebe Myrthe!
Wie still ist's in der Welt,
Der Mond, der Sternenhirte
Auf klarem Himmelsfeld,
Treibt schon die Wolkenschafe
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,
Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,
Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!*

I meant to make you a posy

*I meant to make you a posy,
But dark night then came,
There were no flowers to be found,
Or I'd have brought you some.*

*Tears then flowed down my cheeks
Into the clover,
And now I saw a flower
That had sprung up in the garden.*

*I meant to pick it for you
There in the dark clover,
When it started to speak:
'Ah, do no hurt me!*

*Be kind in your heart,
Consider you own suffering,
And do not make me die
In torment before my time!*

*And had it not spoken these words,
All alone in the garden,
I'd have picked it for you,
But now that cannot be.*

*My sweetheart stayed away,
I am utterly alone.
Sadness dwells in loving,
And cannot be otherwise.*

Rustle, dear myrtle

*'Rustle, dear myrtle!
How silent the world is,
The moon, that shepherd of the stars,
In the bright Elysian fields,
Already drives the herd of clouds
To the spring of light,
Sleep, my friend, ah sleep,
Till I am with you again!*

„Säusle, liebe Myrthe!
Und träum im Sternenschein,
Die Turteltaube girrte
Auch ihre Brut schon ein.
Still ziehn die Wolkenschafe
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,
Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,
Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!

„Hörst du, wie die Brunnen rauschen?
Hörst du, wie die Grille zirpt?
Stille, stille, laß uns lauschen,
Selig, wer in Träumen stirbt;
Selig, wen die Wolken wiegen,
Wenn der Mond ein Schlaflied singt;
O! wie selig kann der fliegen,
Den der Traum den Flügel schwingt,
Dass an blauer Himmelsdecke
Sterne er wie Blumen pflückt;
Schlaf, träume, flieg', ich wecke
Bald dich auf und bin beglückt!“

Als mir dein Lied erklang

Dein Lied erklang! Ich habe es gehört
Wie durch die Rosen es zum Monde zog,
Den Schmetterling, der bunt im Frühling flog
Hast du zur frommen Biene dir bekehrt;
Zur Rose ist mein Drang
Seit mir dein Lied erklang!

Dein Lied erklang! Die Nachtigallen klagen,
Ach, meiner Ruhe süßes Schwanenlied
Dem Mond, der lauschend von dem Himmel sieht,
Den Sternen und den Rosen muß ich's klagen,
Wohin sie sich nun schwang,
Der dieses Lied erklang!

'Rustle, dear myrtle!
And dream in the starlight,
The turtledove has already cooed
Her brood to sleep.
Quietly the herd of clouds travel
To the spring of light,
Sleep, my friend, ah sleep,
Till I am with you again!

'Do you hear the fountains murmur?
Do you hear the cricket chirping?
Hush, hush, let us listen,
Happy is he who dies while dreaming;
Happy he who is cradled by clouds,
While the moon sings a lullaby;
Ah, how happily he can fly,
Who takes flight in dreams,
So that from heaven's blue vault
He gathers stars as though they were flowers;
Sleep, dream, fly, I shall wake
You soon and be made happy!

Your song rang out!

Your song rang out! I heard it
Soaring through roses to the moon,
The butterfly, flying brightly in Spring,
You have turned into a virtuous bee;
I yearn for the rose
Since your song rang out!

Your song rang out! The nightingales
complain—
Ah! sweet swansong of my peace—
To the moon, who listens and looks down
from heaven,
And I must complain to the stars and the
roses,
To where she flew,
She for whom this song was sung!

*Dein Lied erklang! Es war kein Ton vergebens,
Der ganze Frühling, der von Liebe haucht,
Hat, als du sangest, nieder sich getaucht
Im sehnsuchtsvollen Strome meines Lebens,
Im Sonnenuntergang,
Als mir dein Lied erklang!*

Clemens Brentano

Your song rang out! No note was in vain,
The entire Spring, breathing love,
Has, while you sang, immersed itself
In the passionate stream of my life,
At sunset,
As your song rang out!

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of A Book
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