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Senior Recital:Megan Poulos, Mezzo-Soprano/Piano

Megan Poulos Mezz-Soprano/Piano
Illinois State University

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Music Department
Illinois State University

Senior Recital

Megan Poulos

Mezzo-Soprano / Piano

Joyce Landess, *Piano*



This recital is in partial fulfillment of the
graduation requirements for the degree of
Bachelor of Music in Performance

The one hundred and sixty-first program of the 1997-98 season

St. John's Lutheran Church
Saturday Evening
May 2, 1998
5:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

from *Orfeo ed Euridice*
Che faro seza Euridice

Christoph W. Gluck
(1714-1787)

from *Partenope*
Furibondo spira il vento

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Gretchen am Spinnrade
Lied der Mignon

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

from *Lakmé*
The Flower Duet

Amanda Vick, *Soprano*

Léo Delibes
(1836-1891)

Intermission

from *Werther*
Va! Laisse couler mes larmes

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

from *Carmen*
Habanera

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*
Una voce poco fa

Giacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

from *Twelve Préludes, Book I*
Danseuses de Delphes

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

from *Two Nocturnes, Op.55*
Andante

Megan Poulos, *Piano*

Frédéric Chopin
(1810-1849)

Translations

Che Faro senza Euridice

Lied Der Mignon

What will I do without my Euridice
Where will I go without my beloved?
What will I do? Where will I go?
What will I do without my beloved?
Euridice! Oh God! Answer!
I am still your faithful one.
Ah, no more help, no more hope for me
comes forth,
from Earth, nor from Heaven.

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

Furibondo spira il vento

The wind blows furiously
And is stirring heaven and earth.
That is the sensation I feel in my soul
Perturbed by my sorrow.

The Flower Duet

Gretchen am Spinnrade

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.
In his absence, I feel as if dead
And the whole world is turned to gall.

To the deep retreat, where the jasmine sweet
With the roses entwining,
On the bank so bright, where the morn
laughs at light

My poor head is distracted,
My poor mind is shattered,
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

Come hand in hand reclining.
Gently still we'll glide
Where the flowing tide, tempts now in its
pride, to ride,
And breast the quiv'ring waters,
Free as their merry daughters
Come gain we the steep, Where the waters
sleep
And sweet birds sing.

For him alone I look out of the window,
For him alone I go out of the house.
His lofty carriage, his noble form,
The smile of his lips, the power of his
glance.

To the deep retreat, of the jasmine sweet,
Come! Hand in us reclining!
But a strange fear o'er my soul a spell
throweth.
That robes me in the night.
When my father alone to their crust city
goeth,

And the magic flow of his speech,
The clasp of his hand, and oh! His kiss!
My peace is gone my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

I tremble with fright.
Then that he bide in great Ganesa's power,
Thither we'll wend where the swans make
their bower.

My bosom yearns towards him,
Oh, might I grasp and hold him!
And kiss him all I could,
And on his kisses I would pass away!

And snowlike, where they glad our view,
There will we pluck the lotus blue.
Ah! Yes where snowlike their charms we
may view.

Va! Laisse couler mes larmes

The rising tears that are not shed
To our souls again returning
Flow down unending, without pity
And beat on the heart, till it break.
Too faint for effort and over burdened.
The heart be numbed, can fight no more:
It is too deep for aught to fill;
It is too frail; and falls a dying.
Falls a dying.

Habenera

Love is a rebellious bird
that no one can tame;
and is truly in vain
that one call him,
if it suits him to refuse!
Nothing helps-threat nor entreaty
The one man speaks well,
the others keep quiet
its the other
whom I prefer
he hasn't said anything
but he pleases me.

Love-
Love is a Bohemian child
he has never known law.
If you don't love me
I love you
but if I love you
watch out for yourself.

The bird that you thought to catch
flapped his wings and flew away-
you may wait for it
when you don't wait anymore
there it is!

All around you
quickly it comes, goes away
then comes back again.

When you think you have hold of it
it evades you.
It has hold of you.

Una voce poco fa.

You alone have won my heart
With your song not long ago.
As I heard you from afar
Love was born
I seemed to know.
Yes, Lindoro dear,
you are mine,
it shall be so!
Though my tutor will object.
That's no more than I expect.
I'll rely on wit and ruse,
Do exactly as I choose.
Yes, Lindoro dear, you are
You are mine
it shall be so!

I am so well behaved,
So easy going,
Always obedient,
Cheerful and knowing,
To guide and manage me is never hard.
But, if you cross my will,
That's another thing,
Then I can have a vipers sting!
A hundred traps I lay,
Until I have my way,
Be on your guard!
A thousand tricks I play,
until I have my way,
be on your guard!