

WUSTL **MUSIC**

Saturday, April 2, 2022 - 3:00 P.M.  
Pillsbury Theatre, 560 Music Center



# Meredith Levin, Senior Violin and Voice Recital

Sarah Johnson, piano

# Program

- Partita for Violin No. 2 in D minor (BWV 1004)  
IV. *Gigue*  
Meredith Levin, violin  
Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685 - 1750)
- "Intorno all'idol mio" from *Oronthea* (1656)  
Marco Antonio Cesti  
(1620 - 1669)
- "Non so piu cosa son"  
from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1786)  
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756 - 1791)
- Il mio bel foco*  
att. Francesco Bartolomeo Conti  
(1681/2 - 1732)
- Sonntag*  
Johannes Brahms  
(1833 - 1897)
- Gretchen am Spinnrade*  
Meredith Levin, soprano  
Sarah Johnson, piano  
Franz Schubert  
(1797 - 1828)
- The Lark Ascending*  
Meredith Levin, violin  
Sarah Johnson, piano  
Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872 - 1958)
- "Meadowlark" from *The Baker's Wife* (1989)  
Stephen Schwartz  
(b. 1948)
- Vocalise*  
Meredith Levin, soprano and violin  
Sarah Johnson, piano  
Sergei Rachmaninoff  
(1873 - 1943)

# Texts & Translations

## **Intorno all'idol mio**

Intorno all'idol mio spirate pur, spirate,  
Aure, Aure soavi e grate,  
E nelle guancie elette  
Baciatelo per me,  
Cortesi, cortesi aurette!

Al mio ben, che riposa  
Su l'ali della quiete,  
Grati, grati sogni assistete  
E il mio racchiuso ardore  
Svelate gli per me,  
O larve, o larve d'amore!

Text by Giacinto Andrea Cicognini; translation by Katherine McGuire

Around my idol, breathe, merely breathe,  
Winds sweet and gracious,  
And on the favored cheeks  
Kiss him for me,  
courtly breezes!

In my love, who rests  
On the wings of peace  
Pleasant dreams provoke.  
And my hidden ardor  
Reveal to him for me  
O spirits of love.

## **Non so piu cosa son**

Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio,  
Or di foco, ora sono di ghiaccio,  
Ogni donna cangiar di colore,  
Ogni donna mi fa palpitar.

Solo ai nomi d'amor, di diletto,  
Mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto,  
E a parlare mi sforza d'amore  
Un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.

Parlo d'amore vegliando,  
Parlo d'amor sognando,  
All'acqua, all'ombra, ai monti,  
Ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,  
All'eco, all'aria, ai venti,  
Che il suon de'vani accenti  
Portano via con se.  
E se non ho chi m'oda,  
Parlo d'amor con me!

Text and translation by Lorenzo Da Ponte

I do not know anymore what I am, what I'm doing,  
One moment I'm burning, the next moment I'm made of ice,  
Every woman changes my color,  
Every woman makes me tremble.

At the very mention of love, of delight,  
I am greatly troubled, my heart stirs within my chest,  
It compels me to speak of love  
A desire I can not explain.

I speak of love while I'm awake,  
I speak of love while I'm dreaming,  
Water, shade, mountains,  
Flowers, grass, fountains,  
echo, air, and the winds,  
The sounds of my hopeless words  
are taken away with them.  
And if I do not have anyone to hear me  
I speak of love to myself!

### **Il mio bel foco**

Il mio bel foco,  
O lontano o vicino  
Ch'esser poss'io,  
Senza cangiar mai tempore  
Per voi, care pupille,  
Arderà sempre.  
Per voi, care pupille,

Quella fiamma che m'accende  
Piace tanto all'alma mia,  
Che giammai s'estinguerà.  
E se il fato a voi mi rende,  
Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,  
Altra luce ella non vuole  
Nè voler giammai potrà.

Translation by Bertram Kottman

### **Sonntag**

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche  
Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n,  
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag  
Wohl vor der Türe steh'n:  
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,  
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,  
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!

So will mir doch die ganze Woche  
Das Lachen nicht vergeh'n,  
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag  
Wohl in die Kirche geh'n:  
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,  
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,  
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!

Text by Johann Ludwig Uhland; translation by Emily Ezust

### **Gretchen am Spinnrade**

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer;  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

My fire of love,  
however far or near  
I might be,  
never changing,  
for you, dear eyes,  
will always be burning  
for you, dear eyes.

That flame which kindled me  
is so pleased with my soul  
that it never dies.  
And if fate entrusts me to you,  
lovely rays of my beloved sun,  
my soul will never be able  
to long for any other light.

This whole week, I have not  
Seen my delicate sweetheart.  
I saw her on Sunday,  
Standing in front of the door:  
That thousand-times beautiful girl,  
That thousand-times beautiful heart,  
Would, God, I were with her today!

This whole week, my laughing  
Has not ceased;  
I saw her on Sunday,  
Going to church:  
That thousand-times beautiful girl,  
That thousand-times beautiful heart,  
Would, God, I were with her today!

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

Where I do not have him,  
That is the grave,  
The whole world  
Is bitter to me.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus.  
Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt,  
Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluß,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach sein Kuß!

Mein Busen drängt  
Sich nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft ich fassen  
Und halten ihn!  
Und küssen ihn  
So wie ich wollt',  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt'!

My poor head  
Is crazy to me,  
My poor mind  
Is torn apart.

For him only, I look  
Out the window  
Only for him do I go  
Out of the house.  
His tall walk,  
His noble figure,  
His mouth's smile,  
His eyes' power,  
And his mouth's  
Magic flow,  
His handclasp,  
and ah! his kiss!

My bosom urges itself  
toward him.  
Ah, might I grasp  
And hold him!  
And kiss him,  
As I would wish,  
At his kisses  
I should die!

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe; translation by Lynn Thompson

### ***The Lark Ascending***

He rises and begins to round,  
He drops the silver chain of sound,  
Of many links without a break,  
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake.

For singing till his heaven fills,  
'Tis love of earth that he instils,  
And ever winging up and up,  
Our valley is his golden cup  
And he the wine which overflows  
to lift us with him as he goes.

Till lost on his aerial rings  
In light, and then the fancy sings.

Text by George Meredith

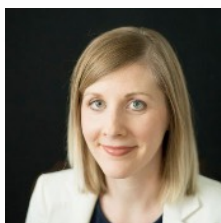
# Biographies



**Meredith Levin** is a senior double majoring in English Literature with a Creating Writing concentration and Music, and minoring in Linguistics. They began studying viola at age seven, deciding to make the switch to violin around age eleven. They first joined their school choir in the third grade and began private voice lessons at age sixteen. As a vocalist Meredith has sung on stage at the Metropolitan Opera House and Jazz at Lincoln Center, and as a violinist they have performed with various orchestras, as well as pit orchestras for stage musicals, including a professional production of *35MM: A Musical Exhibition* in which they doubled as the violist.

Besides those two main instruments, Meredith regularly sings and plays guitar at their synagogue Friday night services, and in high school served as a songleader for the Southern Tropical Region of the North American Federation of Temple Youth. Additionally, Meredith was fortunate to learn to play sarangi and traditional music while in Nepal.

At Washington University, Meredith plays in the Symphony Orchestra and chamber groups, and often performs at voice masterclasses. They study violin with Amy Greenhalgh and voice with Tamara Campbell. Meredith has also been involved with the student theater group *Cast n Crew*, most recently serving as Musical Director for *The Addams Family*. Meredith also enjoys reading, writing, figure skating, and going on hikes. Meredith hopes eventually to go to graduate school for English or Music, while always keeping music a big part of their life.



**Dr. Sarah Johnson**, a native of St. Louis, is a dedicated teacher and performer. She holds bachelor's and master's degrees from University of Central Missouri in piano pedagogy and performance, and a Doctor of Musical Arts degree from Louisiana State University in performance and collaborative piano. Dr. Johnson's primary focus for performance and research is twentieth century music, from French Impressionism to Tin Pan Alley and modern ragtime. Her doctoral dissertation focused on

Dana Suesse, a female American composer from Tin Pan Alley and contemporary of Gershwin. In addition to performances of Shostakovich and Ravel with symphonies and orchestras in Missouri and Illinois, she performed George Gershwin's *Concerto in F* with the Louisiana State University Symphony.

Dr. Johnson taught as a guest lecturer at Southeastern Louisiana University in Hammond, and at Southern University and A&M College in Baton Rouge, and she maintains a thriving private piano studio where she teaches students of all ages and walks of life.

# Thank You

It feels as though I've been preparing for this recital my entire life, so there are plenty of thank-you's to go around. Thank you so much to Amy and Tammy for your huge support this last year, as well as the many teachers, coaches, and mentors I've been privileged to have over the years. Thank you to Sarah Johnson for teaching me piano and agreeing to accompany me, tacitly agreeing to see much more of me than you must have anticipated. Thank you to Dr. Snarrenberg, all of my music theory and history professors, and the entire faculty and staff of WashU's music department for making this day possible. Extra special thanks again for Amy Greenhalgh for encouraging me to pursue the music major and helping me grow in confidence as a violinist and overall performer. And, of course, thank you to my parents and family for getting me started and always supporting all of my musical endeavors. I know those first few years of violin practice were rough.

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