

Meher Arora, senior recital, voice

Mary Noel Prince, teacher
Sandra Geary, piano

Program

Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion!

George Frideric Händel
(1685 - 1759)

Let the bright Seraphim

George Frideric Händel

In uomini, in soldati

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756 - 1791)

Poème d'un Jour, Op. 21

I. Rencontre

II. Toujours

III. Adieu

Gabriel Fauré
(1845 - 1924)

Intermission

Elfenlied

Hugo Wolfe
(1860 - 1903)

Morgen!

Richard Strauss
(1864 - 1949)

Matthew Sullivan, violin

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Franz Schubert
(1797 - 1828)

Píseň Rusalky O Měsíčku

Antonín Dvořák
(1841 - 1904)

In uomini, in soldati

In uomini, in soldati, sperare fedelta?
Non vi fate sentir, per carita!
Di pasta simile son tutti quanti,
Le fronde mobili, l'aure incostanti
Han piu degli uomini stabilita!
Mentite lagrime, fallaci sguardi
Voci ingannevoli, vezzi bugiardi
Son le primarie lor qualita!
In noi non amano che il lor diletto,
Poi ci dispregiano, neganci affetto,
Ne val da barbari chieder pieta!
Paghiam o femmine, d'ugual moneta
Questa malefica razza indiscreta.
Amiam per comodo, per vanita!

In men, in soldiers

In men, in soldiers, you hope for loyalty?
Do not be heard, even for charity!
Cut from the same cloth, every one of them,
The leaves, furniture, and fickle breezes
are more stable than men!
False tears, deceptive looks,
Misleading voices, charming lies
Are their primary qualities!
In that we dislike their pleasure,
Then they despise us, and deny us affection,
It is futile to ask the barbarians for pity!
Let us females, pay them back with equal money
This evil indiscreet race.
Let's love for convenience, for vanity!

Poème d'un Jour

I. Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment,
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?

Ô passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher.

Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te connaître bien.

II. Toujours

Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots
Et quand les vents sont en démente,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Poem of the Day

I. Meeting

I was sad and pensive when I met you,
Today I feel less my persistent pain;
O tell me, could you be the long hoped-for woman,
And the ideal dream pursued in vain?

O passer-by with gentle eyes, could you be the friend
To restore the lonely poet's happiness,
And will you shine on my steadfast soul
Like native sky on an exiled heart?

Your timid sadness, like my own,
Loves to watch the sun set on the sea!
Such boundless space awakes your rapture,
And your fair soul prizes the evenings' charm.

A mysterious and gentle sympathy
Already binds me to you like a living bond,
And my soul quivers, overcome by love,
And my heart, without knowing you well, adores you.

II. Forever

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you for ever
And to go my way alone,
Forgetting whom I loved!

Rather ask the stars
To fall into infinity,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its light!

Ask the boundless sea
To drain its mighty waves,
And the raging winds
To calm their dismal sobbing!

But do not expect my soul
To tear itself from bitter sorrow,
Nor to shed its passion
As springtime sheds its flowers!

III. Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées, fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves, nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs, nos cœurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle, cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours sont courts!

Et je dis en quittant vos charmes, sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu, Adieu!

Elfenlied

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief:
"Elfe!"
Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde schlief –
Wohl um die Elfe –
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall,
Oder Silpelit hätt ihm gerufen.
Reibt sich der Elf die Augen aus,
Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus,
Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan,
Und humpelt also tippe tapp
Durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,
Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
Da sitzt der Glühwurm, Licht an Licht.
Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
Die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,
Und treibens in dem Saale;
Da guck ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!"
– Pfui, stösst den Kopf an harten Stein!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?
Gukuk! Gukuk!

II. Farewell

How swiftly all things die, the rose in bloom,
And the cool dappled mantle of the meadows;
Long-drawn sighs, loved ones, all smoke!

In this fickle world we see our dreams
Change more swiftly than waves on the shore,
Our hearts change more swiftly than frosted flowers!

To you I thought I would be faithful, cruel one,
But alas! the longest loves are short!

And I say, taking leave of your charms, without tears,
Almost at the moment of my avowal, Farewell!

Elf-song

The village watch cried out at night:
"Eleven!"
A very small elf was asleep in the wood-
Just at eleven –
And thinks the nightingale was calling
Him by name from the valley,
Or Silpelit had sent for him.
The elf rubs his eyes,
Steps from his snail-shell home,
Looking like a drunken man,
Not having slept his fill,
And hobbles down, tippety tap,
Through the hazels to the valley,
Slips right up against the wall,
Where the glow-worm sits, shining bright.
"What are those bright windows?
There must be a wedding inside:
The little folk are sitting at the feast
And skipping round the ballroom;
I'll take a little peek inside!"
Shame! he hits his head on hard stone!
Elf, don't you think you've had enough?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Morgen!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen ...

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.

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

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

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Tomorrow!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones, again,
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...

And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on us ...

Gretchen at the spinning-wheel

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave;
The whole world
Is turned to gall.

My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Shattered.

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss.
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

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

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'!

His proud bearing
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
Of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
And hold him,

And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish!

Píseň Rusalky O Měsíčku

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,
světlo tvé daleko vidí,
po světě bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,
řekni mi, řekni, kde je můj milý!

Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mě.

Zasvit' mu do daleka, zasvit' mu,
řekni mu, řekni, kdo tu naň čeká!

O mně-li duše lidská sní,
af se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

Měsíčku, nezhasni!

Rusalka's Song to the Moon

Moon high and deep in the sky
Your light travels far,
You travel around the wide world,
and see into people's homes.

Moon, stand still a little while
and tell me where is my dear.

Tell him, silvery moon,
that I am embracing him.
For at last momentarily
Let him recall dreaming of me.

Illuminate him from far away
and tell him, tell him who is waiting for him.

If his human soul is really dreaming of me,
may the memory awaken him!
Moon, don't disappear, don't disappear!

Moon, don't disappear!

Biography



Meher is a graduating senior with a major in Biochemistry on the Pre-Med Track and a minor in music. She has been singing for 16 years. At WashU, she is a voice student, sings in Concert Choir, and is a member of More Fools than Wise A Cappella for which she previously was a Music Director. Outside of singing, Meher is passionate about teaching and mentoring students as a Chemistry Peer Leader and also is President of WashU's PreHealth Professional Honors Society, Alpha Epsilon Delta. Though Meher hopes to attend medical school and become a physician one day, she hopes that singing will continue to be a part of her life as it holds a very special place in her heart.

Thank you

Meher would like to thank her voice teacher, Noel, for taking her on and working with her over the last two years. Meher is immensely grateful for all her support throughout their time together and this recital would not have been possible without Noel's dedication to teaching her. Meher would also like to thank Sandra Geary for taking the time out of her schedule to accompany for this recital and appreciates her beautiful piano playing! Finally, Meher would like to thank her parents for always encouraging her to sing over the last 16 years, as well as thank the audience for coming today and showing their support.

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