

SKIDMORE

C O L L E G E

The Music Department Presents

Eternal Waves of Love and Sorrow A Senior Voice Recital

Naomi Wagner, soprano

with

Carol Ann Elze, piano

Saturday, March 28th, 2026, 7:00 PM

Helen Filene Ladd Recital Hall

Arthur Zankel Music Center

Recital Program

Deidamia

George Frideric Handel

“M’ai resa infelice”

(1685-1759)

Jordan Azzinaro, Reader

Notre Amour

Gabriel Fauré

(1845-1924)

Romance

Claude Debussy

(1862-1918)

Clairières dans le ciel

Lili Boulanger

I. Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie

(1893-1918)

Ken Caron-Quinn, Sydney Mann, Jordan Azzinaro; Readers

Sechs Lieder, Op. 68

Richard Strauss

III. Säusle, liebe Myrte!

(1864-1949)

V. Amor

Ken Caron-Quinn, Sydney Mann; Readers

INTERMISSION

Try Me, Good King Libby Larsen
II. Anne Boleyn (b. 1950)
Hermit Songs Samuel Barber
X. The Desire for Hermitage (1910-1981)

Six Romances Sergei Rachmaninoff
IV. Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne (1873-1943)
Songs of a Fairytale Princess Karol Szymanowski
V. Pieśń o fali (1882-1937)
Na chovni Lesya Dychko
(b. 1939)

Jordan Azzinaro, Ken-Caron Quinn, Sydney Mann; Readers

Nine Maury Yeston
“Unusual Way” (b. 1945)
The Music Man Meredith Willson
“Till There Was You” (1902-1984)

Texts and Translations

Deidamia

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

“M’ai resa infelice”

Text by Paolo Rolli (1687-1765)

Che piu giova celarlo,
Estremo è il male.
Portate lunge dal mio guardo
Queste ministre di furor
Spoglie funeste!
Oh giorno, a me fatale!
Perduta pace mia!

It is more useful to conceal,
The extreme evil.
You bring far from my sight
These ministers of fury
Spoils disastrous!
Oh fatal day for me!
My peace is lost!

Che conforto? Ah, spietato!
Tu la mortale mia sciagura porti;
E tu poi mi conforti!

What comfort? Merciless one!
You bring my mortal misfortune;
And you then comfort me!

M’hai resa infelice:
Che vanto n’avrai?
Oppressi, dirai,
Un’alma fedel.

You have made me unhappy;
What value will you have of it?
I have oppressed, you will say,
A faithful soul.

Le vele se darai
De’ flutti al seno infido,
Sconvolga orribil vento
L’instabil elemento,
E innanzi al patrio lido
Sommergati, crudel!

If you set your sails toward the
Treacherous bosom of the billows,
May the horrible winds disturb
The unstable element,
And before your native shore
Drown you, cruel man!

- *Translated by Bard Suverkrop*

Notre Amour

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Text by Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)

Notre amour est chose légère,
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
Notre amour est chose légère.

Our love is a thing light
Like the perfumes that the winds
Take from the tips of the ferns
So that one breathes while dreaming.
Our love is a thing light.

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
Notre amour est chose charmante.

Our love is a thing charming
Like the songs of the morning
Where no regret is mourned,
Quivering with uncertain hopes.
Our love is a thing charming.

Notre amour est chose sacrée,
Comme le mystère des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
Notre amour est chose sacrée.

Our love is a thing sacred,
Like the mysteries of the woods
Where an unknown soul trembles,
Where the silence has a voice.
Our love is a thing sacred.

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Our love is a thing infinite,
Like the paths of the sunset
Where the sea, joined with the sky,
Falls asleep beneath the setting suns.

Notre amour est chose éternelle,
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur,
Notre amour est chose éternelle.

Our love is a thing eternal,
Like all that a victorious God
Has touched by the fire of his wings,
Like all that comes from the heart;
Our love is a thing eternal.

- *Translated by Bard Suverkrop*

Romance

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Text by Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,	The soul vanishing and suffering,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante	The soul sweet, the soul fragrant
Des lis divins que j'ai cueillis	I've gathered from the divine lilies
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,	In the garden of your thought,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,	Where the winds have chased it,
Cette âme adorable des lis?	This adorable soul of lilies?
N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste	Is there not a perfume which remains
De la suavité céleste	Of the heavenly sweetness
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais	Of the days when you enveloped
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,	Me with a supernatural vapor,
Faite d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,	Made of hope, of faithful love,
De béatitude et de paix?...	Of blessedness and of peace?...

- *Translated by John Paton*

Clairières dans le ciel

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

I. Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie

Text by Francis Jammes (1868-1938)

Elle était descendue au bas	She had descended to the bottom
De la prairie et,	Of the meadow and,
Comme la prairie était toute fleurie	As the meadow was all flowering
De plantes dont la tige	With plants whose stems
Aime à pousser dans l'eau,	Like to grow in the water,
Ces plantes inondées	I picked these
Je les avais cueillies.	Drenched plants.

Bientôt, s'étant mouillée,	Soon, having gotten drenched,
Elle gagna le haut de cette	She reached the top of that
Prairie-là qui était toute fleurie.	meadow Which was all flowering.

Elle riait et s'ébrouait	She laughed and shook herself
Avec la grâce dégingandée qu'ont	With the lanky grace of
Les jeunes filles trop grandes.	Girls who are too tall.
Elle avait le regard	She had the look
Qu'ont les fleurs de lavande.	Of the lavender flowers.

- *Translated by Bard Suverkrop*

Sechs Lieder, Op. 68

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

III. Säusle, liebe Myrte!

Text by Clemens Brentano (1778-1842)

Säusle, liebe Myrthe!
Wie still ists 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.

Säusle, liebe Myrthe
Und träum im Sternenschein,
Die Turteltaube girrte
Auch ihre Brut schon ein,
Still ziehn die Wolkenschafe
Zum Born des Lichtes hin.

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!

Rustle, lovely Myrtle!
How quiet it is in the world,
The moon, the shepherd of the stars
On clear heavenly fields
Already drives the herd of clouds
To the spring of light.
Sleep, my friend, o sleep,
Till I am with you again.

Rustle, lovely Myrtle
And dream in the starlight,
The turtledove has already cooed
Her brood to sleep,
Quietly the herd of clouds travels
To the spring of light.

Do you hear
How the fountains murmur?
Do you hear how the cricket chirps?
Quietly, quietly, let us listen,
Blissful, who dies while dreaming!
Blissful, whom the clouds rock,
While the moon sings a lullaby!
O, how happily he can fly,
Who takes wing in dreams,
That on heaven's blue sky
He plucks the stars like flowers;
Sleep, dream, fly, I shall
Wake you up soon and be blessed.

- *Translated by Richard Stokes*

Sechs Lieder, Op. 68

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

V. Amor

Text by Clemens Brentano (1778-1842)

An dem Feuer saß das Kind
Amor, Amor und war blind;
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fächelt
In die Flammen er und lächelt,
Fächelt, lächelt, schlaues Kind!

The child sat by the fire
Cupid, Cupid, and he was blind;
With his little wings he fans
The flames and he smiles,
Fans and smiles, the crafty child!

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!
Amor, Amor läuft geschwind!
“O, wie ihn die Glut durchpeinet!”
Flügelschlagend laut er weinet;
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt
Hilfeschreiend das schlaue Kind.

Alas, the child has burnt his wing,
Cupid, Cupid runs quickly!
“Ah, how the flames hurt him!”
Beating his wings, he loudly weeps;
He runs into the shepherdess’s lap,
Crying for help, the sly child.

Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,
Amor, Amor böse und blind.
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,
Hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet.
Sieh, die Flamme wächst geschwinde.
Hüt dich vor dem schlaunen Kind!
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind!

And the shepherdess helps the child,
Cupid, Cupid naughty and blind.
Shepherdess look, your heart’s on fire.
You don’t recognize the rascal.
See, the flame is quickly growing.
Beware of the mischievous child!
Fans and smiles, the sly child!

- *Translated by Richard Stokes*

INTERMISSION

Try Me, Good King

Libby Larsen (b. 1950)

II. Anne Boleyn

Text from a letter from Anne Boleyn to King Henry VIII

Letters from King Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn

Anne Boleyn's execution speech, 1536

Try me, good king, let me have a lawful trial and let not my enemies sit as my accusers and judges, let me receive an open trial for my truth shall fear no open shame. Never a prince had a wife more loyal in all duty, in all true affection, than you have found in Anne Boleyn. You have chosen me from low estate to be your wife and companion. Do you not remember the words of your own true hand?

'My own darling, I would you were in my arms for I think it long since I kissed you, my mistress and my friend.'

Try me, good king. If ever I have found favor in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn has been pleasing to your ears, then let me obtain this request and my innocence shall be known and cleared.

Good Christian people, I come hither to die and by the law I am judged to die. I pray God save the King. I hear the executioner's good, and my neck is so little.

Hermit Songs

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

X. The Desire for Hermitage

Text by an anonymous Irish monk

Written between the 8th and 13th centuries

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;
Beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
Feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
In a lovely little corner among tombs
Far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world, alone I shall go from it.

Six Romances

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

IV. Ne poy, krasavitsa, pri mne

Text by Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837)

Не пой, красавица, при мне
Ты песен Грузии печальной:
Напоминают мне оне
Другую жизнь и берег дальний.

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
Your sad songs of Georgia;
They remind me
Of that other life and distant shore.

Увы! напоминают мне
Твои жестокие напевы
И степь, и ночь — и при луне
Черты далёкой, бедной девы.

Alas, they remind me,
Your cruel melodies,
Of the steppe, the night, and moonlit
Features of a poor, distant maiden!

Я призрак милый, роковой,
Тебя увидев, забываю;
Но ты поёшь — и предо мной
Его я вновь воображаю.

That sweet and fateful apparition
I forget when you appear;
But you sing, and before me
I picture that image anew.

- *Translated by Anton Besspalov
and Rianne Stam*

Songs of a Fairytale Princess Karol Szymanowski (1882-1937)

V. Pieśń o fali

Text by Zofia Szymanowska (1925-1870)

Ah, chciałabym srebrną być falą,	I would like to be a silver wave
Co burt twej łodzi całuje.	Which kisses the sides of your boat.
Na harfie rozwianych grzyw	On the harp of wind-blown crests
Tęskne śpiewałabym pieśni.	I would sing mournful songs.

A gdyby gniewne wichry	And if angry gales crashed
Twą łódź rozbiły o skałę,	Your boat on a rock,
Na mej piersi białej,	On my white breast
Ukołysałabym cię	I would rock you
Na wieczny sen!	To eternal sleep!

- *Translated by Urszula Tempska*

Text by Lesya Ukrainka (1871-1913)

На човні нас було тільки двоє, Хвилі скрізь коло нас коливались, І такі ми самотні обое Серед того простору здавались.	On a boat there were only two of us, The waves rocked all around us, And we both seemed so lonely In the vast open space.
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Я дивилась на тебе, мій брате, Що гадала не вимовлю зроду, Чим було тоді серце багате Поховала я в тихую воду.	I looked at you, my brother, What I had in mind I could never put into words, Everything that my heart Was abundant with then I buried it all into the quiet waters.
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Може хвиля тобі розказала Все, що думала я в тую мить? Ні, вона те глибоко сховала... Хай же там моя думонька спить!	Maybe the wave had told you All I thought about at that moment? No, she hid it all even deeper... So let my heart sleep there!
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Думка спить, І серденько спочило, Я дивлюсь на обличчя твоє, Тихе море спокою навчило Невгамовне серце моє...	Ah... the thought is sleeping And the heart is in slumber, I am looking at your face, The quiet sea has brought peace To my restless heart.
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- *Translated by Irina Petrik*

Nine

Maury Yeston (b. 1945)

“Unusual Way”

Text by Maury Yeston (b. 1945)

In a very unusual way one time I needed you
In a very unusual way you were my friend
Maybe it lasted a day maybe it lasted an hour
But somehow it will never end

In a very unusual way I think I'm in love with you
In a very unusual way I want to cry
Something inside me goes weak, something inside me surrenders
And you're the reason why, you're the reason why

You don't know what you do to me, you don't have clue
You can't tell what it's like to be me looking at you
It scares me so that I can hardly speak

In a very unusual way I owe what I am to you
Though at times it appears I won't stay I never go
Special to me in my life since the first day that I met you
How could I ever forget you once you had touched my soul?
In a very unusual way you've made me whole.

The Music Man

Meredith Willson (1902-1984)

“Till There Was You”

Text by Meredith Willson (1902-1984)

There were bells on the hill, but I never heard them ringing.
No, I never heard them at all, 'til there was you.
There were birds in the sky, but I never saw them winging.
No, I never saw them at all, 'til there was you.

And there was music, and there were wonderful roses,
They tell me, in sweet fragrant meadows of dawn and dew.
There was love, all around, but I never heard it singing.
No, I never heard it at all, 'til there was you.

Biography

Naomi Wagner (soprano) is a senior music and theater double major and Filene Music Scholar at Skidmore College. While studying voice with Dr. Sylvia Stoner-Hawkins, they have appeared in the “Voices of Ukraine” Concert (soloist), *Die Fledermaus* (Orlofsky), Richard Einhorn’s *Bell* (Young Mabel), *The Turn of the Screw* (u/s Flora), and in concerts with Skidmore Chorus, Vocal Chamber Ensemble, and Musical Theater Opera Workshop. Additional credits include *Il matrimonio segreto Act I* (Elisetta, Perform Opera in Italy), *As You Like It* (Amiens, Co-Sound Design, Skidmore Theater), *I’m Gonna Marry You Tobey Maguire* (Poster, Paparazzi, Tobey’s Manager, Skidmore Theater), *Beauty and the Beast* (Belle, Portola Valley Theater Conservatory), and *The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee* (Olive Ostrovsky, Palo Alto High School). They recently had the wonderful opportunity to perform as a soloist with the Skidmore Orchestra and perform in a recital with the Young Musicians Forum at the Schenectady County Public Library. In April, you can also hear them singing the soprano solo in Mozart’s *Requiem in D minor* with Skidmore Chorus and in the “Voices of Freedom and Unity” Concert with Musical Theater Opera Workshop. After Skidmore, they plan to continue developing their skills as a classical vocalist in graduate school. They aspire to have a career in music where they can make meaningful connections with artists and audiences through performance and storytelling.

Collaborators

Carol Ann Elze (piano)

Jordan Azzinaro (reader)

Ken Caron-Quinn (reader)

Sydney Mann (reader)

Acknowledgements

I want to thank all of the incredible people who have supported me in my personal and artistic journeys at Skidmore and beyond.

First, this recital would not have been possible in any way without my wonderful voice teacher Dr. Sylvia Stoner-Hawkins. Your nurturing mentorship over the past four years has helped me grow immensely. I also want to thank my collaborative pianist, the spectacular Carol Ann Elze. You have tremendously pushed and encouraged me as a musician in our time working together while preparing challenging repertoire with such grace and enthusiasm. Additionally, a big special thanks to my lovely readers Jordan, Ken, and Syd whose beautiful poetic interpretations of my non-English pieces bring to life the texts in new ways, giving all of us greater understanding of their meanings. A huge thank you as well to Vicki Tremper, Teresa Rockwell, Frank Moscowitz, Gavin Perrine, and everyone here at Zankel who played a role in the production of this performance.

Next, I would like to thank all of the incredible faculty at Skidmore within the music and theater departments. I have learned so much as a double major, and am so grateful for all of the people who have encouraged me in my growth. Further, I'm thankful for my peers and supporters, especially my wonderful housemates Katie, Maggie, and Jordan for being a constant source of laughter ("excuse the mess...the children are making memories") and putting up with my occasional practice session at home.

Lastly, I want to give a heartfelt thank you to my community of friends and family in California: Mom and Dad for believing in me and supporting my dreams, Kieran for bravely enduring the hours spent listening to musicals in the car on road trips growing up, Jacob for always being in my corner and brightening my day, Erin McOmber for over a decade of mentorship and encouragement, my cousins, Grandma Sally, and Grandpa for listening from afar, and last but certainly not least, Grandma Yvonne for all of the singing we've done together over the years. You've taught me just how powerful music can be and inspired me to keep performing – thank you to music for giving us such a beautiful way to connect.

Thank you for being here and listening. I appreciate all of you.

Upcoming Events

Senior Piano Recital: Daniel Huh
Sunday, March 29, 4:00pm

Senior Voice Recital: Grace Radonis
Sunday, March 29, 7:00pm

Senior Voice Recital:
Emma Bedard and Abigail Scifres
Saturday, April 4, 12:00pm

Voices of Freedom and Unity
Friday, April 10, 7:00pm

Senior Voice Recital: Julia Henslee
Saturday, April 11, 11:00am
in Wilson Chapel

Skidmore in Concert:
Brass & Woodwind Ensembles
Saturday, April 11, 2:00pm
in Wilson Chapel

Senior Voice Recital: Will Harmon
Saturday, April 11, 4:00pm

Senior Voice Recital: Grace
Higginbotham
Saturday, April 11, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert:
Young Kim & Skidmore Pianists
Sunday, April 12, 3:00pm

21st Annual Skidmore
String Festival w/Pacifica Quartet
Saturday, April 18, 7:30pm

21st Annual Skidmore String Festival
w/Pacifica Quartet & Skidmore
Sunday, April 19, 2:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Chorus
Tuesday, April 21, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert:
Big Band + Cuban Music Ensemble
Friday, April 24, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert:
Small Jazz Ensembles + Guitar
Saturday, April 25, 12:00pm

Senior Violin Recital: Sruti
Ramaswamy,
Aili Teittinen-Gordon,
and Kari Flowers
Saturday, April 25, 4:00pm

Senior Violin Recital:
Marlowe Jacques
Saturday, April 25, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Concert Band
Sunday, April 26, 1:00pm