

5-2-2014

Elective Recital: Maegan Pollard, soprano

Maegan Pollard

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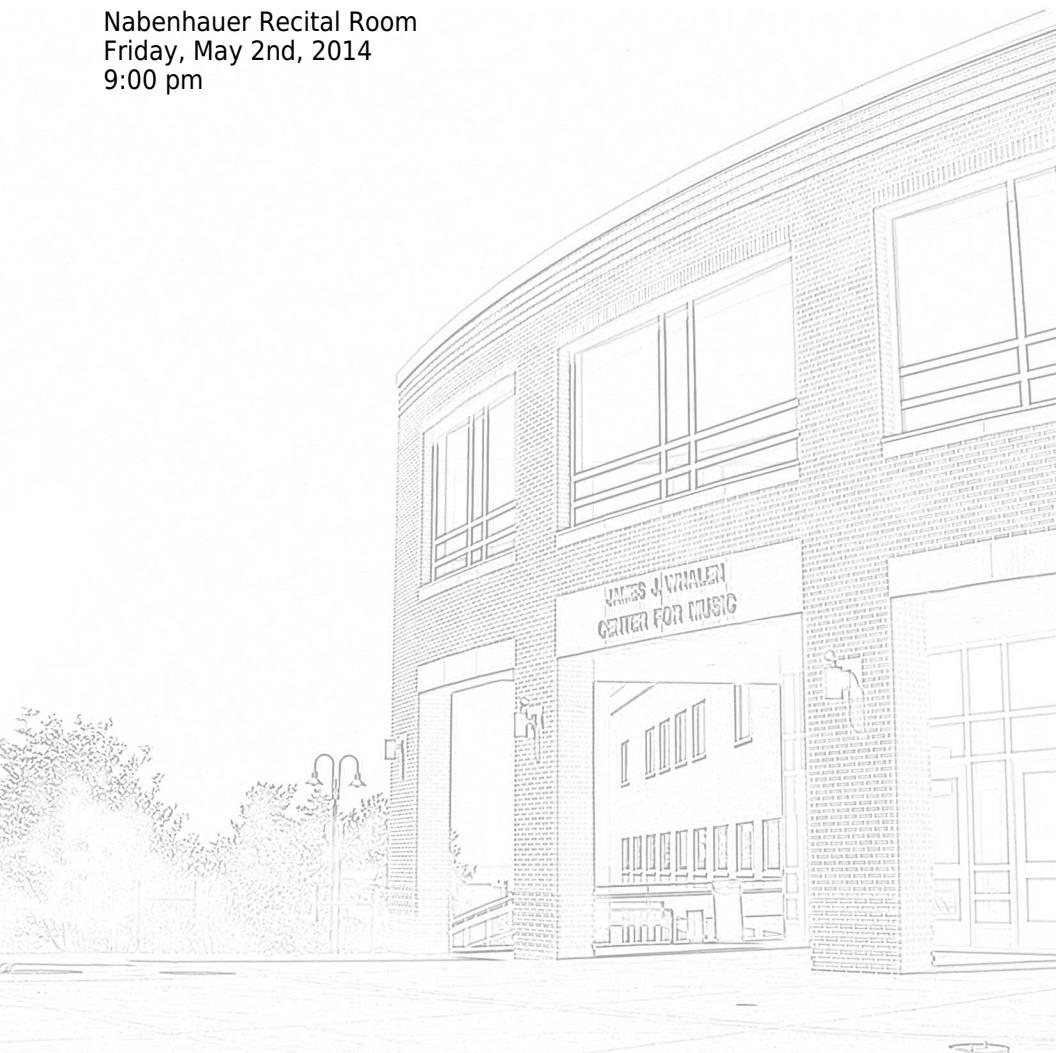
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Elective Recital:
Maegan Pollard, soprano

Blaise Bryski

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Friday, May 2nd, 2014
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Et Exultavit
Ei! Wie schmeckt der Coffee süße

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Air Champêtre
Hôtel
Voyage à Paris

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Quando m'en vo

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Intermission

Zaïde

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Vanilla Ice Cream
from *She Loves Me*
How are Things in Glocca Morra
from *Finian's Rainbow*
I Could Have Danced All Night
from *My Fair Lady*

Jerry Bock
(1928-2010)
Burton Lane
(1912-1997)
Frederick Loewe
(1901-1988)

Translations

Et Exultavit

Et exultavit spiritus meus
in Deo salutari meo.

Coffee Cantata

Ei! wie schmeckt der Coffee
süße,
Lieblicher als tausend küße,

Milder als Muskatenvien.
Coffee muß ich haben
Und wenn jemand mich
willaben
Ach, so schenk mir Coffee
ein!

Air Champêtre

Belle source, belle source,

je veux me rappeler sans
cesse
qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié.

Ravi, j'ai contemplé ton
visage,
ô déesse.
Perdu, sous la mou, sous la
mousse
à moitié.
Que n'est il demeuré, cet ami

que je pleure, ô nymphe
à ton culte attaché.
Pour se mêler encore, au
souffle qui t'effleure

et répondre à ton flot caché

Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une

And Has Rejoiced

And has rejoiced my spirit
in God my savior.

Coffee Cantata

Ah! How good tastes the
coffee sweet,
Dearer than one thousand
kisses,
Milder than muskatel wine.
Coffee I must have
And will not someone

Ah, just pour me out some
coffee!

A Country Song

Beautiful spring, beautiful
spring,
I want to remember without
ceasing
of one day, guided by
friendship.
Delighted, I contemplated
your face,
oh goddess.
Lost, in the moss, below the
moss
hidden away.
That he has not remained,
this friend for
whom I cry, o nymph
to your cult I am attached.
For mingling himself again,
of the breeze that
caresses you
and responds to your hidden
waters.

Hotel

My room has the form of a

cage,
le soleil passe son bras par la
fenêtre.
Mais moi, qui veux fumer,

pour faire des mirages,
j'allume au feu du jour:
ma cigarette.
Je ne veux pas travailler.
Je veux fumer.

Voyage à Paris

Ah, la charmante chose,
Quitter un pay morose,
pour Paris! Paris joli!
Qu'un jour du créer l'Amour!
Ah! La charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose pour
Paris.
Paris, joli...
Ah! Quitter un pays morose
Charmante chose.

Quando me'n vo
Quando m'en vo,
Quando m'en vo soletta per
la via
La gente sosta e mira.
E la bellezza mia, tutta
ricerca in me,
Ricerca in me da capo a piè.

Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
sottil
Che da gliocchi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa

Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio
tutta m'aggira!
Felice mi fa!

cage,
The sun passes his arms by
the window.
But me, who wants to smoke,

for making mirages,
I light up the fire of the day:
my cigarette.
I do not want to work.
I want to smoke.

Voyage to Paris

Ah, the charming thing,
To leave a morose country
For Paris! Pretty Paris!
To create one day of love!
Ah! The charming thing
To leave a morose country
for Paris.
Pretty Paris...
Ah! To leave a morose
country,
Is a charming thing.

Quando me'n vo
When I walk,
When I walk alone down the
street
The people stop and stare.
And my beauty is found in all
of me,
Found from my head to my
feet.

I savor the subtle longing
That oozes from your eyes
And the charming manner in
which you comprehend

My hidden beauty.
So, the scent of desire
is all around me!
It makes me happy!

E tu che sai che me mori e ti
struggi

Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben: le angoscie tue non
le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

Zaïde

Ma ville, ma belle ville, c'est
Grenade, au frais jardin.

C'est le Palais d'Aladin,
Qui vaut Cordoue et Seville.

Tous ses balcons sont
ouverts,
Tous ses bassins diaphanes.

Toute la cour des sultanes

S'y tient sous les myrthes
verts.

Ainsi, près de Zoraïde, a sa
voix donnant l'essor,
Chantait la jeune Zaïde, le
pied dans ses mules d'or.

La reine lui dit, "Ma fille, d'ou
viens tu donc?"

"Je n'en sais rien."

"N'as tu donc pas de
famille?"

"Votre amour est tout mon
bien.

Ô ma reine, j'ai pour père, ce
soleil plein de douceur.

La sierra c'est ma mere, et
les étoiles mes sœurs."

And do you know who
remembers me and
struggles

To shy away from me?
I know this well: the anguish
you don't want to say
makes you feel you want to
die!

Zaïde

My city, my beautiful city, it
is Granada, of the cool
garden.

It is the Palace of Aladin,
Worth more than Cordoba
and Seville.

All of the balconies are open,

All of the fountains are
gossamer.

The whole court of the
sultans

Is held beneath green myrtle.

Thus near Zoraïde, one once
heard her grand voice
Singing: the young Zaïde, her
feet clad in gold sandals.

The queen said to her, "My
girl, where do you come
from?"

"I know nothing."

"Have you no family?"

"Your love is enough for me.

Oh my queen, I have for a
father the sun, full of
sweetness.

The desert is my mother, and
the stars are my sisters."

Cependant sur la colline,
Zaïde à la nuit pleurait:

“Hélas, je suis orpheline; de
moi qui se chargerait?”

Un cavalier vit la belle, la prit
sur la selle d’or;

Grenade, hélas! est loin
d’elle, mais Zaïde y rêve
encore.”

However, on the hillside,
Zaïde was crying into the
night:

“Alas, I am an orphan
maiden; will no one take
care of me?”

A knight found the beauty,
and took her on his
golden saddle;

Granada, alas! is far from
her, but Zaïde dreams of
it still.