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Senior Recital: Kelly Timko, soprano

Kelly Timko

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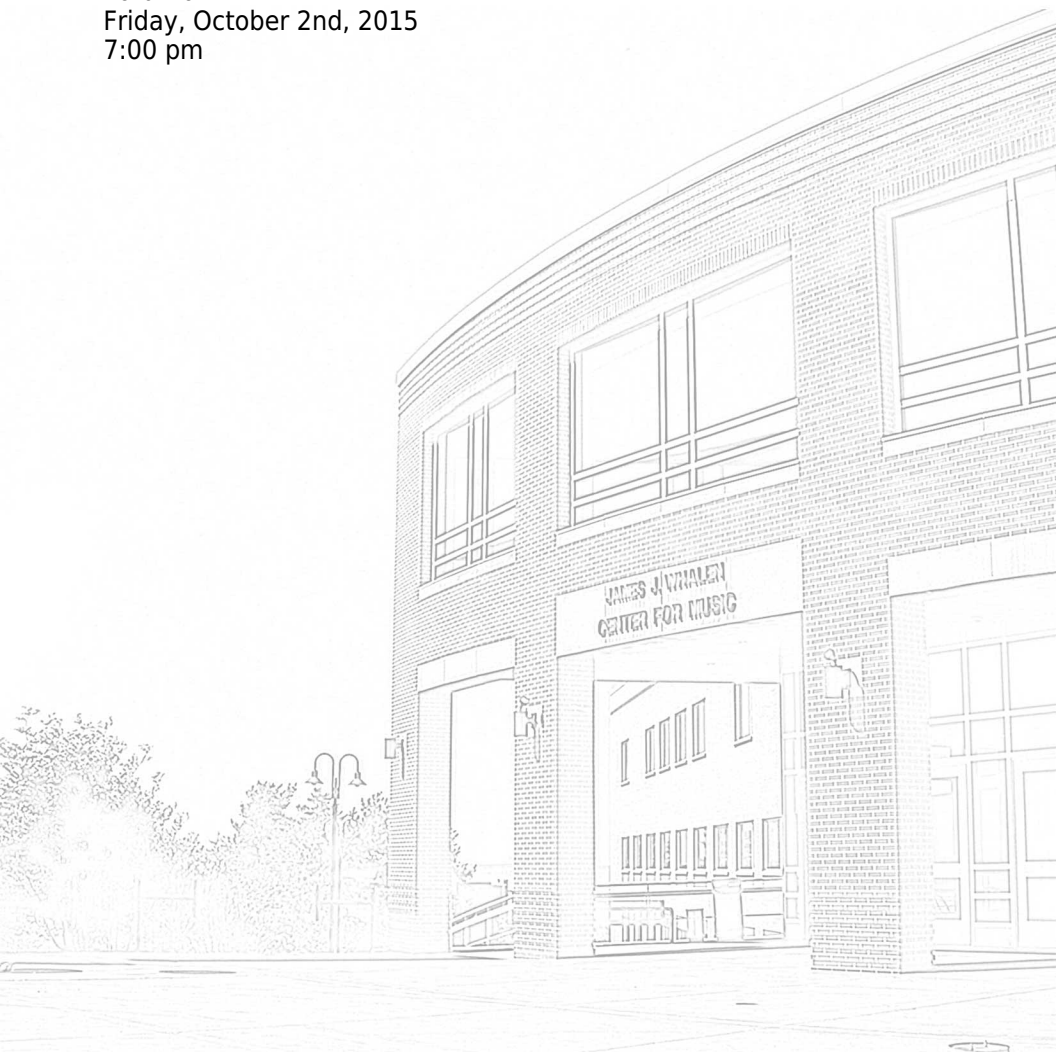
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1915: The Woman Left at Home
Senior Recital:
Kelly Timko, soprano

Alexander Greenberg, collaborative piano

Ford Hall
Friday, October 2nd, 2015
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

1915: The Woman Left at Home

Happiness:

Juni	Amy Beach (1867-1944)
Paysage Sentimental	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Il Bacio	Luigi Arditi (1822-1903)

Self-Doubt and Confidence:

Oh! Had I Jubal's Lyre from <i>Joshua</i>	G.F Handel (1685-1759)
La Zingara	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Lust:

C'est l'extase	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Ouvre ton Coeur	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Animal Passion	Jake Heggle (b. 1961)

Intermission

Love:

Ah Love! But a Day	Amy Beach (1867-1994)
A Te	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
L'Orgia	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Anger:

Als Luise die Briefe	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Donal Oge	Libby Larsen (b. 1950)

Grief, Death, and Loss:

In der Fremde	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
C	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Bleuet	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Morire?	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Joy:

Joy	Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)
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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Kelly Timko is from the studio of Marc Webster.

Translations

Juni

O junitage im Sonnenschein, Im flutenden wolkenlosen! Bunt blumige Wiesen unt blühender wein! Und inden Gärten, land aus, land ein,	Oh June days in the sunshine, in the sun flooding cloudless days! Colorfully flowering meadows and flowering wine! And in the garden, country out, country in,
Herzkirschen und Rosen! Herzkirschen und rosen, und blühend am Hang Resedaduftende reben! Die Nächte so weich und tie tage so lang! So heiter die Stirnen, so hell der Gesang! So wonnig das Leben! Die geissblattlauben voll heimlichem Schall, Voll leisem flüsterndem Kosen. Und jeder lufthauch ein duftesschwall,	Heart-ease and roses! Heart-ease and roses, and blooming on the slope, mignonette fragrant vines! The night is soft, and the days so long! So beaming the brow, so bright the song! So blissful the life! The honeysuckle filled with a secret sound, filled with soft whispering caresses. And every breath of air a fragrant torrent
Und überall Segen und überall, Herzkirschen und rosen!	And everywhere blessing and everywhere, Heart-ease and roses!

Paysage Sentimental

Le ciel d'hiver, si doux, si triste, si dormant, Où le soleil errait parmi de vapeurs blanche, Etait pareil au doux, au profond sentiment Qui nous rendait heureux mélancoliquement Par cet après midi de baisers sous les branches. Branches mortes qu'au cun souffle ne remuait Branches noires avec quel que feuille fanée Ah! que ta bouches s'est à ma bouche donée Plus tendrement encor dans ce grand bois muet Et dans cette langueur de la mort de l'année La mort de tout sinon de toi que j'aimetant Et sinon du bonheur dont mon âme est comblée Bonheur qui dort au fond de cette âme isolée Mystérieux, paisible et frais comme	The winter sky, so sweet, so sad, so slumberous, Where the sun wandered among the white mists, Was similar to the gnetle, the deep feeling Which made us happy, but melancholy On that afternoon of kisses beneath the branches. Dead branches by any breath of air not stirred Dark branches with some withered leaves Ah! How your mouth gives itself to mine More tenderly even in the large silent woods And in that langour of the year's death The death of everything except you who I love so much And except the happiness from which overflows my heart Happiness which sleeps in the depths of this lonely soul Mysterious, peaceful and cool like the
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l'étang
Qui pâliſſait au fond de la pâle vallée.

pond
Which grew pale in the depths of the
pale valley.

Il Bacio

Sulle labbra se potessi dolce un bacio ti
darei
Tutte ti direi le dolcezze dall'amor!
Sempre assisa te d'appresso, mille
gaudi ti direi!
Ed i palpiti unirei che rispondono al mio
cor.
Gemme e perle non desir, non son vaga
d'altro affetto.
Un tuo sguardo è il mio diletto,
Un tuo bacio è il mio tesor.
Ah! Vieni! ah vien! più non tardare!
Nell'ebbrezza d'un ampleso ch'io viva
sol d'amor!

If I could only give you a kiss on your
lips,
it would tell you all the delights of love!
Always seated near you, a thousand
joys I would say.
The throbbing I would hear answer back
to my heart.
Gems and pearls I do not desire, nor
other's affections.
One glance is my delight,
one of your kisses is my treasure.
Ah! Come! Do not delay!
Let us enjoy love's life-giving
intoxication.

La Zingara

La zingara! Fra l'erbe cosparse di roride
gelo,
Coverta del solo gran manto del cielo,
Mia madre esultando la vita mi diè.
Fanciulla, sui grepi le capre emulai,
Per ville e cittadi, cresciuta, danzai,
Le dame lor palme distesero a me.
Io loro predissi le cose non note,
Ne feci dolenti, ne feci beate,
Segreti conobbi, di sdegno d'amor.
Un giorno la mano mi porse un donzello;
Mai visto non fummi garzone più bella;
Oh! S'ei nella destra leggessimi il cor!

The gypsy girl! On grass sprinkled with
frozen dew,
Covered only by the large mantle of the
sky,
My mother rejoicing the life she gave
me!
A young girl emulated the goats on the
cliffs,
Through towns and cities, I grew up, I
danced,
The ladies extended their palms to me.
I would predict for them things
unnoticed,
Some I made sad, some I made happy,
Secrets I knew of anger, of love.
One day, a page offered his hand to me;
I had never seen such an attractive,
handsome boy;
If only he would read my heart from my
right hand!

C'est l'extase

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse.
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises.
C'est vers les ramures grises,
Le choeur des petites voix.
O, le frêle et frais murmure
Ce la gazouille et susure
Ce la ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire.

It is the languorous ecstasy,
It is the amorous fatigue.
It is all the tremors of the forest
Amid the embrace of the breezes.
It is around the gray branches,
The choir of little voices.
Oh, the frail and fresh murmuring
That twittering and whispering
That resembles the soft cry
That the ruffled grass expired.

Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
encette plainte dormante.
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Parce tiède soir tout bas.

You might say, under the swirling water
It was the muffled sound of the rolling
pebbles.

This soul which mourns
in the lament dormant.
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, say, and yours
from which exhales the humble anthem
on this warm evening very softly.

Ouvre ton Coeur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.

Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?
Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.
Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à ma
flamme,
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.

Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

The daisy has closed its petals,
The shadow has closed its eyes for the
day.

Beauty, will you speak with me?
Open your heart to my love.
Open your heart, o young angel, to my
flame
So that a dream may enchant your
sleep.

I wish to reclaim my soul,
As a flower turns to the sun!

A Te

Oh! Quant'io t'amo!
In me forte e il desio!
Forte e il desio di farti palpitar

Di stringerti al cuor mio.
Da te così lontano
Io soffro, io soffro assai
Ne pace io trovo mai
Perche troppo e l'amor.
O mia vittoria, o mio tesoro
O bene mio, o mio sol pensiero
E dammi un bacio e il mondo intiero
E mi farai tutto obliar
O mio vittoria, o mio tesoro sara
E dammi un bacio e il mondo intiero
E mi farai tosto obbliar

Oh! How very much I love you!
How strong is the desire in me!
How strong is the desire to fill you with
excitement

To hold you tightly to my heart.
When I am faraway from you
I suffer, I suffer so much
Nor do I ever find peace
Because my love for you is so strong.
Oh my victory, oh my darling
My beloved, my one and only thought
Give me a kiss and that will make me
Forget the whole world around me.
Oh my victory, you will be my treasure
Give me a kiss and that will make me
Quickly forget the whole world.

L'orgia

Amiamo, cantiamo, le donne e i liquor,
Gradita è la vita fra Baccho ed Amor!

Se amore ho nel core, ho il vin nella
testa,
Che gioia, che festa, che amabile ardor!

Amando, scherzando, trincando liquor,

Let's love, let's sing to women and wine,
Life is pleasant between Bacchus and
Cupid!

If I have love in my heart, I have wine in
my head,

What a joy, what a party, what sweet
passion!

Loving, joking, drinking liquor,

M'avvampo, mi scampo, da noie e dolor!

Cantiam gradita è la vita fra Bacco ed
Amor!

Danziamo, cantiamo, alziamo il bicchier,

Ridiam, sfidiam i tristi pensier.

Cantiam, ridiam...

Regina divina la madre d'Amor,

Giuliva rinnova ogni cor.

Balzante, spumante con vivo bolor

È il vino divino del mondo signor

Già ballo, tra ballo, che odor, che vapor!

Si beva, ri beva, con sacro furor.

Evviva evviva le donne e il liquor

la vita è compita fra Bacco ed Amor.

I burn, I escape from boredom and
sorrow!

Let's sing life is pleasant between
Bacchus and Cupid!

Let's dance, let's sing, let's raise the
glass,

Let's laugh, let's challenge the sad
thoughts.

Let's sing, let's laugh...

Queen divine, mother of love,

With joy renew every heart

Leaping, sparkling, with life bubbling
over,

And divine wine the lord of the world.

Already I-dance, I-stagger, what
fragrance and aroma!

One drinks, drinks again, with holy
frenzy.

Hurray hurray for women and liquor

Life is pleasant between Bacchus and
Cupid!

In der Fremde

Aus der heimat hinter den blitzten rot,

Da kommen die volken her.

Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,

Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach, wie bald kommt die stille
zeit,

Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir

Rauscht die schöne waldeinsamkeit,

Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

From the homeland behind the lightning
rod,

There come the clouds here.

But father and mother are long dead

And no one knows me there anymore.

How soon, oh, how soon comes the
quiet time,

Then I also rest, and over me

Rustles the beautiful forest solitude,

And no one will know me here anymore.

Als Luise die Briefe

Erzuegt von heisser phantasie,

In einer schwärmerischen stunde

Zur welt gebrachte, geht zu grunde!

Ihr kinder der melancholie!

Ihr danket flammen euer sein;

Ich gep' euch nun den flammer wieder,

Und all die schwärmerischen lieder;

Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und balt, ihr lieben,

Ist keine spur von euch mehr hier;

Doch ach! der Mann, der euch
geschrieben,

Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

Created from a passionate fantasy,

In a rapturous hour

brought into the world, go to the
ground!

You children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your existence;

I give you now back to the flames,

And all the rapturous songs;

For alas! he sang them not to me alone.

You burn now, and soon, dear ones,

There will be no trace of you here
anymore;

Yet ah! the Man, who wrote you,

Will still perhaps burn for a long time in
me.

C

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé.
C'est là que tout a commencé.
Une chanson des temps passés
Parle d'un chevalier blessé
D'une rose sur la chaussée
Et d'un corsage délacé.
Du chateau d'un duc insensé
Et des cygnes dans les fossés.
De la prairie où vient danser
Une éternelle fiancée.
Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé
Le long lai des gloires fausées.
La Loire emporte mes pensées
Avec les voitures versées
Et les armes désamorçées
Et les larmes mal effacées.
O ma France, ô ma délaissées!
J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé.

I have crossed the bridge of Cé.
It was there that it all began.
A song of times past
Speaks of a knight wounded
Of a rose upon the road
And of a bodice unlaced.
Of a castle of an insane Duke
And of swans in the moat.
Of the meadow where will dance
An eternal fiancé.
And I drank like an ice-milk
The long lay of false glories.
The Loire carries off my thoughts
Along with cars overturned
And the weapons defused
And the tears badly erased.
Oh my France, oh my abandoned on!
I have crossed the bridge of Cé.

Bleuet

Jeune homme du vingt ans
Qui as vu des choses si affreuses,
Que pensestu des hommes
de ton enfance?
Tu connais la bravoure et la ruse,
Tu as vu la mort en face
Plus de cent fois.
Tu ne sais pas
Ce que c'est que la vie.
Transmet ton intrépidité
A ceux qui viendront après toi.
Jeune homme, tu es joyeux,
Ta mémoire est ensanglantée,
Ton âme et rouge aussi de joie.
Tu as absorbé la vie
De ceux qui sont morts près de toi.
Tu as de la décision.
Il est dix sept heures
Et tu saurais mourir,
Si non mieux que tes aînés,
Du moins plus pieusement,
Car tu connais mieux la mort que la vie.

O douceur d'autre fois,
Lenteur immémoriale!

Young man of twenty years
Who has seen such horrible things,
What do you think about the men
from your childhood?
You know bravery and cunning,
You have seen death
More than one hundred times.
You do not know
what it is, that is life.
Pass on your boldness
To those who come after you.
Young man, you are joyful,
But your memory is bloody,
Your soul is stained red with joy.
You absorb the life
Of those who have died beside you.
You are decisive.
It is five o'clock in the afternoon
And you know how to die,
If not better than your elders,
At least more piously,
Because you know death better than
life.
Oh sweetness of the past,
The memorial slowness!

Morire?

Morire? E chi la sa qual è la vita?
Questa che s'apre luminosa e schietta,
ai fascini, agli amori, alle speranze,

To die? And who knows what is life?
Is it this one that opens, shining and
pure,
to the charms, the loves, the hopes,

o quella che in rinunce s'è assopita?

È la semplicità timida e queta
che si tramanda come ammonimento,
come un segreto di virtù segreta
perché ognuno raggiunga la sua meta,
o non piuttosto il vivo balenare
di sogni nuovi sovra sogni stanchi,
e la pace travolta e l'inesausta

fede d'averne per desiderare?

Ecco io non lo so. Ma voi che siete
all'altra sponda sulla riva immensa
ove fiorisce il fiore della vita,
son certo lo saprete.

or is it the one that dozed off in
renunciations?

Is it the bashful and calm simplicity
that is handed down as a warning,
like a secret of a secret life
so that everyone can reach his goal,
or rather the lively flash
of new dreams over old dreams,
and the overwhelmed peace and the
inexhaustible

faith you need to have in order to
desire?

There, I don't know. But you who are
on the other side, on the vast shore
where the flower of life blossoms -
I am sure you know.