

12-8-2013

Elective Recital: Helen Moley, soprano

Helen Morley

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Elective Recital: Helen Morley, soprano

Kamila Swerdloff, piano

featuring

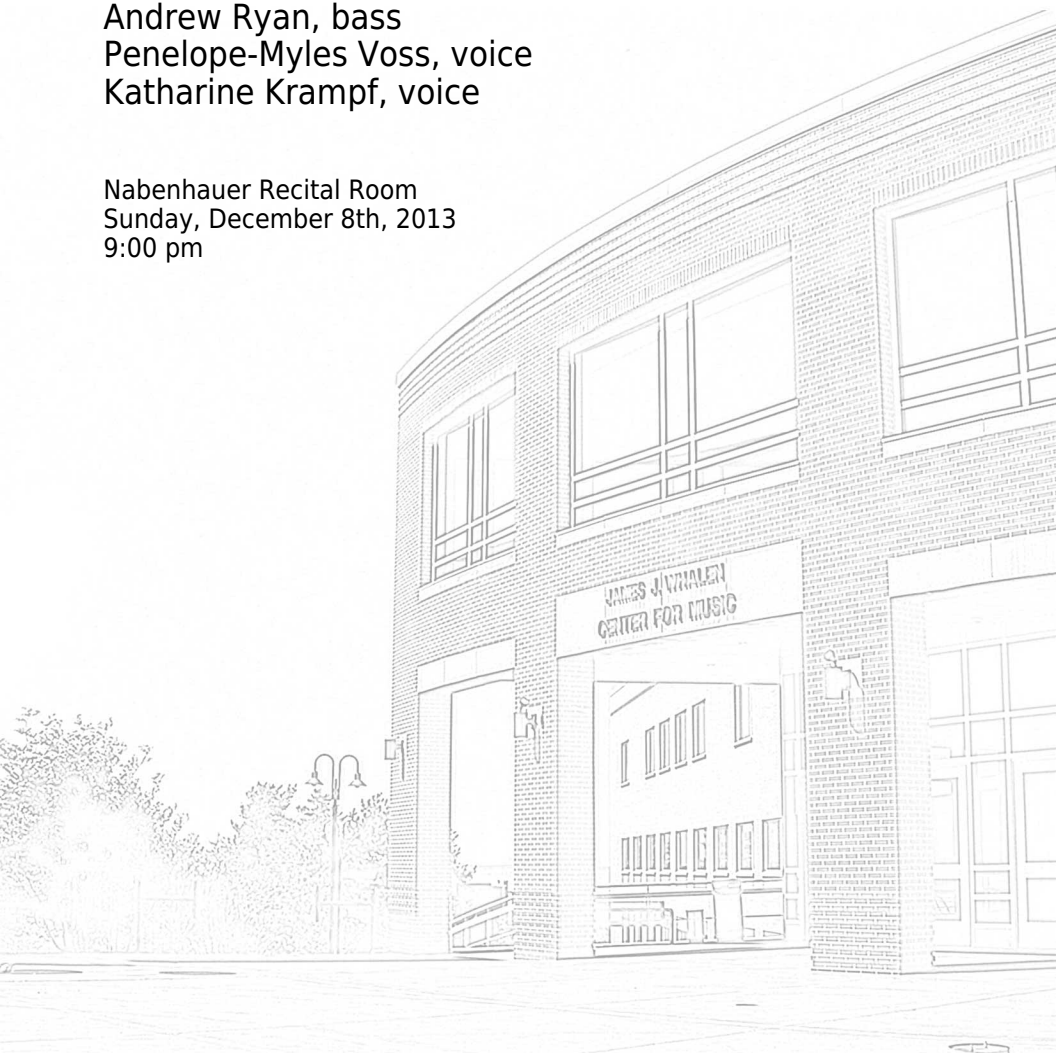
Terence Marciano, guitar

Andrew Ryan, bass

Penelope-Myles Voss, voice

Katharine Krampf, voice

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Sunday, December 8th, 2013
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Für Musik	Robert Franz 1815-1892
Rastlose Liebe	Franz Schubert 1797-1828
Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?	Gustav Mahler 1860-1911

Good Morning	John Duke
I can't be talkin' of love	1899-1984
February Twilight	
Lobster Quadrille	

Intermission

Ouvre tes yeux bleus	Jules Massenet 1842-1912
Beau Soir	Claude Debussy
Nuit étoilée	1862-1918

Just Do You	India Arie
Moved By You	b. 1975
Break the Shell	

Translations

Für Musik

Nun die Schatten dunkeln,
Stern an Stern erwacht:
Welch ein Hauch der Sehnsucht
Flutet durch die Nacht!

Durch das Meer der Träume
Steuert ohne Ruh',
Steuert meine Seele
Deiner Seele zu.

Die sich dir ergeben,
Nimm sie ganz dahin!
Ach, du weißt, daß nimmer
Ich mein eigen bin,
Mein eigen bin.

Rastlose Liebe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden
Möcht ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.

Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaffet das Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich fliehen?

For Music

Now the shadows darken,
Star after star awakes.
What a breath of longing
Floods through the night!

Through the sea of dreams
Steering without rest,
Steering my soul
Towards your soul.

To you it surrenders,
Take it there completely!
Ah, you know that no longer
I am my own,
Am my own.

Restless Love

Against the snow, against the
rain,
Against the opposing wind,
In the mist of the ravines,
Through the fog's fragrance,
Always onwards! Always
onwards!
Without rest and peace!

I would rather
Fight through suffering,
Than so many joys
Of life endure.

All the inclining
Of heart to heart,
Ah, how curiously
It creates pain!

What, shall I flee?

Wälderwärts ziehen?
Alles, alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!

To the forest go?
All, all in vain!
Crown of life,
Happiness without peace,
That is love!

**Wer hat dies Liedlein
erdacht?**

**Who Devised this Little
Song?**

Dort oben am Berg in dem
hohen Haus!
Da gucket ein fein's lieb's Mädel
heraus!
Es ist nicht dort daheime!
Es ist des Wirt's sein
Töchterlein!
Es wohnt auf grüner Haide!

Up there on the mountain, in
the tall house,
A dear, pretty girl peeps out!

She does not live there;
She is the innkeeper's daughter

And lives on the green heath!

Mein Herzle is' wund!
Komm', Schätzle, mach's
g'sund!
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die hab'n mich verwund't!

My heart is wounded!
Come, sweetheart, make it well!

Your dark brown little eyes,
They have wounded me!

Dein rosiger Mund macht
Herzen gesund,
Macht Jugend verständig,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund, ja
gesund.

Your rosy mouth makes hearts
sound,
Makes the youth wise,
Makes the dead live,
Makes the sick healthy, yes
healthy.

Wer hat den das schön schöne
Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns über's
Wasser gebracht!
Zwei graue und eine weiße!
Und wer das Liedlein nicht
singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen! Ja!

Who devised this pretty little
song?
Three geese have brought it
over the water!
Two grey ones and one white
one!
And whoever cannot sing this
little song,
They will whistle it for him. Yes!

Ouvre tes yeux bleus

Lui

Ouvre tes yeux bleus, ma
mignonne:
Voici le jour!
Déjà la fauvette fredonne
Un chant d'amour.
L'aurore épanuit la rose:
Viens avec moi
Cueillir la marguerite éclore.
Réveille-toi! Réveille-toi!
Ouvre tes yeux bleus, ma
mignonne:
Voici le jour! ...

Elle

A quoi bon contempler la terre

Et sa beauté?
L'amour est un plus doux
mystère
Qu'un jour d'été;
C'est un moi que l'oiseau
module
Un chant vainqueur,
Et le grand soleil qui nous brûle
Est dans mon cœur!

Beau Soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les
rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur
les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux
semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé.

Un conseil de goûter le charme
d'être au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et
que le soir est beau.
Car nous en allons comme s'en

Open Your Blue Eyes

Him

Open your blue eyes, my
darling:
Here is the day!
Already the warbler hums
A song of love.
The dawn is opening the rose:
Come with me
To pick the blossoming daisy.
Wake up! Wake up!
Open your blue eyes, my
darling:
Here is the day! ...

She

Of what use is it to contemplate
the earth
And its beauty?
Love is a sweeter mystery
Than a summer day;
It is in me that the bird sings

A triumphant song,
And the great sun which burns
Is in my heart!

Beautiful Evening

When, in the setting sun, the
streams are rosy
And when a warm breeze floats
over the fields of grain,
A counsel to be happy seems to
emanate from all things
And rise toward the troubled
heart.

An advice to enjoy the pleasure
of being on earth,
While one is young and the
evening is beautiful.
For we shall go as this wave

va cette onde,
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.

goes,
It, to the sea; we, to the grave.

Nuit d'étoiles

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie vient
éclorre
au fond de mon coeur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les
cieux;
Cettes rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

Night of Stars

Night of stars, beneath your
veils,
Under your breezes and your
fragrances,
Sad lyre that sighs,
I dream of love long past.

The serene melancholy now
blooms
in the depth of my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Trembling in the forest of
dreams.

Night of stars ...

Once again I see at our fountain
How your gaze is blue as the
skies;
This rose, it is your breath,
And these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars ...