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4-17-2016

# Senior Recital: Laura K. McCauley, soprano

Laura K. McCauley

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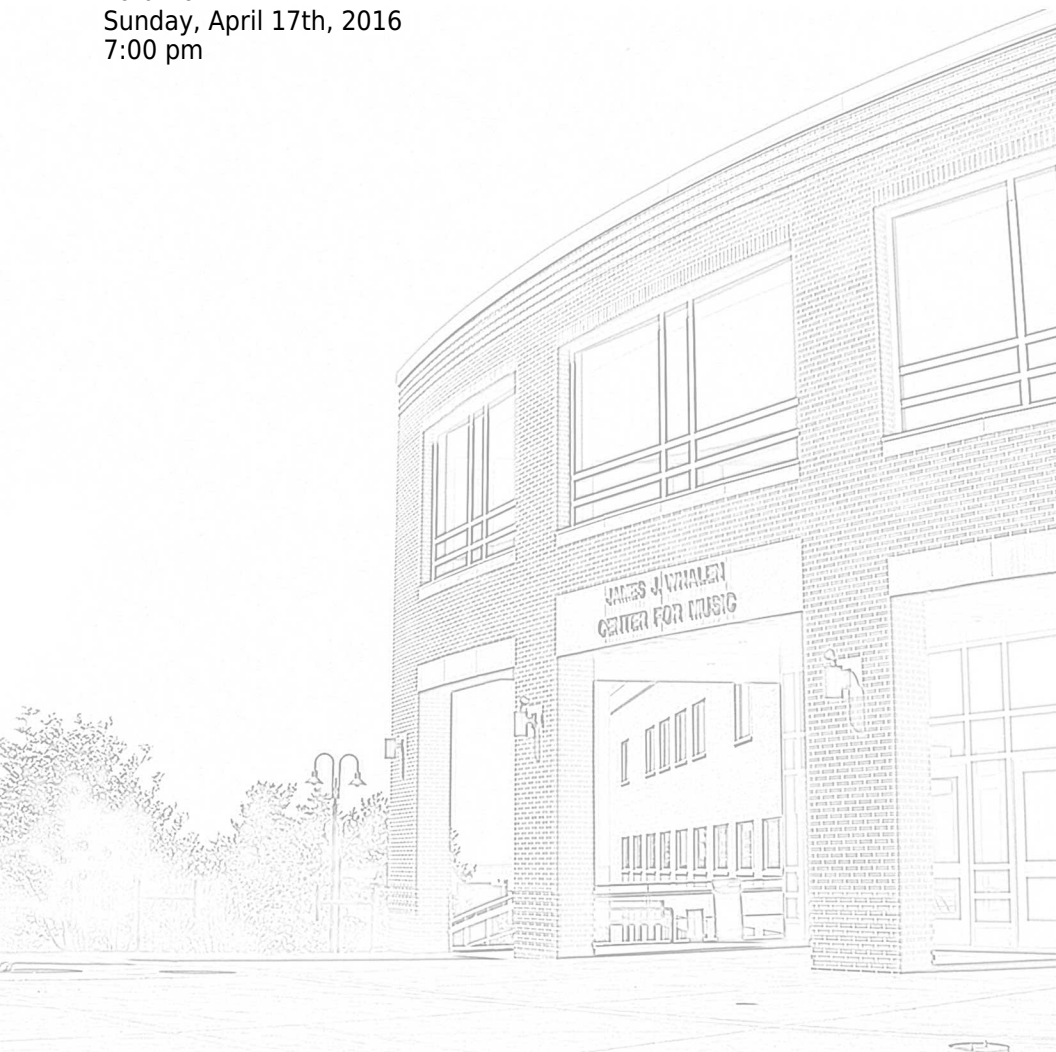
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**Senior Recital:  
It's All in the Text**  
Laura K. McCauley, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Ford Hall  
Sunday, April 17th, 2016  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Newer Every Day: Songs for Kiri  
I. Silence  
II. I'm Nobody! Who are you?  
III. Fame

Jake Heggie  
(b. 1961)  
Text: Emily Dickinson

Drei Lieder der Ophelia  
Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb vor  
andern nun  
Guten Morgen,'s ist Sankt Valentinstag  
Sei trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)  
Text: Shakespeare's "Hamlet"

"Myself I Shall Adore"  
from *Semele*

George Fredric Handel  
(1685-1795)  
Text: Greek Mythology

## Intermission

"Depuis le jour"  
from *Louise*

Gustave Charpentier  
(1850-1956)  
Text: Libretto by composer with  
contrib. from Saint-Pol-Roux

Canti Della Lontananza  
Gli Amanti Impossibili  
Mattinata di Neve  
Il Settimo Bicchiere di Vino  
Lo Spettro  
Dorme Pegaso

Words and Music by Gian Carlo  
Menotti  
(1911-2007)

Newer Every Day: Songs for Kiri  
IV. That I did always love  
V. Goodnight

Jake Heggie  
(b. 1961)  
Text: Emily Dickinson

## Translations

### Wei erkenn ich mein Treulieb vor andern nun

Wie erkenn ich mein treulieb  
Vor andern nun?  
An dem muschelhut und Stab  
Und den Sandalschuh'n.  
Er ist tot und lange hin.  
Tot und hin, Fraülein!  
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras.  
Ihm zu Fuss ein Stein. Oho.

How should I your true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.  
He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.

Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiss wie  
schnee,  
Viel liebe Blumen tauern.  
Sie gehn zu Grabe nass,  
O weh! vor Liebesschauern.

White his shroud as the mountain  
snow,  
Larded with sweet flowers;  
Which bewept to the grave did go,  
With true-love showers.

### Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag

Guten Morgen, s'ist Sankt  
Valentinstag  
So früh vor Sonnenschein.  
Ich junge Maid am Fenstersclag  
Will Euer Valentin sein.  
Der junge Mann tut Hosen an.

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day.

Tät auf die Kammertür.  
Liess ein die Maid, die als Maid  
Ging nimmermehr herfür.

All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine;  
Then up he rose, and donn'd his  
clothes,  
And dupp'd the chamber door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.

Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas!  
Ein unverschämt Geschlecht!  
Ein junger Mann tut's wenn er kann,

By Gis and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame!  
Young men will do't. if they come to  
't,

Fürwahr, das ist nich recht.  
Sie sprach: Eh Ihr gescherzt mit  
mir,

By Cock they are to blame.  
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

Verspracht Ihr mich zu frein.  
Ich Brächt's auch nicht beim  
Sonnenlicht,  
Wärst du nicht kommen herein.

You promised me to wed!  
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
An' thou hadst not come to my bed.

## Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß,

Leider, ach leider, den Liebsten!  
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes  
Schoss-

Fahr wohl, fahr wohl, meine Taube.  
Mein junger frisher Hansel ist's,  
Der mir gefällt-

Und kommt er nimmermehr?

Er ist tot, o weh!

In dein Todbett geh.

Er kommt dir nimmermehr.

Sein Bart war weiss wie Schnee,

Sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu.

Er ist hin, er ist hin,

Kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:

Mit seiner Seele Ruh

Und mit allen Christenseelen!

Darum bet ich! Gott sei mit euch!

They bore him barefac'd on the  
bier:

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;  
And in his grave rained many a  
tear;

Fare you well, my dove!

For bonny sweet Robin

Is all my joy.

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed.

He will never come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All Flaxen was his poll;

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan,

God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls!

I pray God. God be wi' ye!

## Depuis le jour

Depuis le jour où je me suis  
donnée,

toute fleurie semble ma destinée.

Je crois rêver sous un ciel de féerie,

l'âme encore grisée de ton premier  
baiser!

Quelle belle vie!

Mon rêve n'était pas un rêve!

Ah! je suis heureuse!

L'amour étend sur moi ses ailes!

Au jardin de mon coeur  
chante une joie nouvelle!

Tout vibre,

tout se réjouit de mon triomphe!

Autour de moi tout est sourire,

lumière et joie!

Et je tremble délicieusement

Au souvenir charmant

Du premier jour

D'amour!

Since the day I gave myself

my destiny seems all flower-strewn

I think I'm dreaming under a fairy  
sky

my soul still intoxicated by your  
first kiss!

What a beautiful life!

My dream wasn't a dream!

Oh! I'm so happy!

Love is spreading its wings over  
me!

In the garden of my heart  
sings a new joy!

Everything is vibrant

everything rejoices at my triumph!

All around me everything is smiling  
light and joy!

And I'm trembling delightfully  
from the charming memory  
of the first day  
of love!

Quelle belle vie!  
Ah! je suis heureuse! trop  
heureuse...  
Et je tremble délicieusement  
Au souvenir charmant  
Du premier jour  
D'amour!

What a beautiful life!  
Oh! I'm so happy! ...utterly happy!  
  
And I'm trembling delightfully  
from the charming memory  
of the first day  
of love!

### **Gli Amanti Impossibili**

La terra non ha vele,  
e non ha case il mare.  
Io ti cerco, tu attendi fedele.

Dove mai ti protró ritrovare?

Tu hai costruito la tua casa in  
mare  
e io ho varato la mia nave in terra.  
Sui volubili flutti la tua dimora erra.

La mia nave issa vele e non può  
navigare.

Ships' sails are never seen on land,  
nor houses on the sea.  
I look for you, and faithfully you  
wait.

Wherever Shall I find you now?

You've built your house on water;

I've launched my ship on land.  
Your dwelling drifts along the  
changing waves.

My ship is rigged but cannot sail.

### **Mattinata Di Neve**

S'accende faticosamente il sole  
dietro mille pergamene,

e il mondo s'è allontanato di mille  
passi.

Il cielo opaco esplose lentamente  
bianchi crisantemi sulle mie  
finestre.

Anche il dolore per la tua  
lontananza

giace sepolto sotto immobili  
pensieri.

The sun glows wearily  
behind a thousand strips of  
parchment;

the world has slipped a thousand  
miles away.

Against my window, the leaden sky  
bursts slowly into white  
chrysanthemums.

Even the pain of your absence  
causes

lies buried deep beneath unshifting  
thoughts.

## Il Settimo Bicchiere Di Vino

Il lago la luna si sono capovolti.	The lake and the moon have turned head-over-heels.
Io fisso un orologio e non so perchè.	I stare at the clock, but without knowing why.
La lampada è un castello, la tenda è una colomba.	The lamp is a castle, the curtain a dove,
Alfine sono giunto, ma dove non so.	and I've finally arrived, but I cannot say where.
Il letto è una bara, il tavolo eè una tomba;	The bed is a coffin, the table a tomb;
ma bada se pianogo, non piango per te.	but mind- If I'm crying, I'm not crying for you.
La voce eè di un altro, le mani non son mie,	It's the voice of another, these hands are not mine.
cammino sul vento, precipito nel mar.	I'm walking on wind, hurtling down the sea.
La luna s'è infranta, il tappeto è un labirinto.	The moon lies in pieces, the carpet's a maze.
La via del ritorno non trovo più.	I no longer can find the way back.

## Lo Spettro

Piú non so chi tu sia.	I no longer know you.
Non rammento ne viso, nè gesto, nè voce.	Face, voice and gesture evade recollection.
Sei un spettro veloce che smorza il sorriso.	You're a fleeting specter whose single glance bedims my smile.
Più non so se ti amai.	I no longer know if it was you I loved.
Invano la mente ricerca il ricordo preciso di ciò che fu vero.	In vain the mind seeks out the clear-cut memory of what was true.
Sei un nulla struggente che rode il pensiero.	You're a formless wraith, gnawing at the edges of my thoughts.

## Dorme Pegaso

Topi da gli occhi di vetro fanni di nel mio painoforte.	Glass-eyed mice have made a nest in my piano.
Dorme Pegaso malato sotto il coperchio tetro.	Beneath the somber lid lies sickly Pegasus, asleep.
Io conto le ore importe nel cerchio delle note, e scaccio la morte.	I mark the untolled hours in a round of notes, driving death away.