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Senior Recital: Meghan Kelly, soprano

Meghan Kelly

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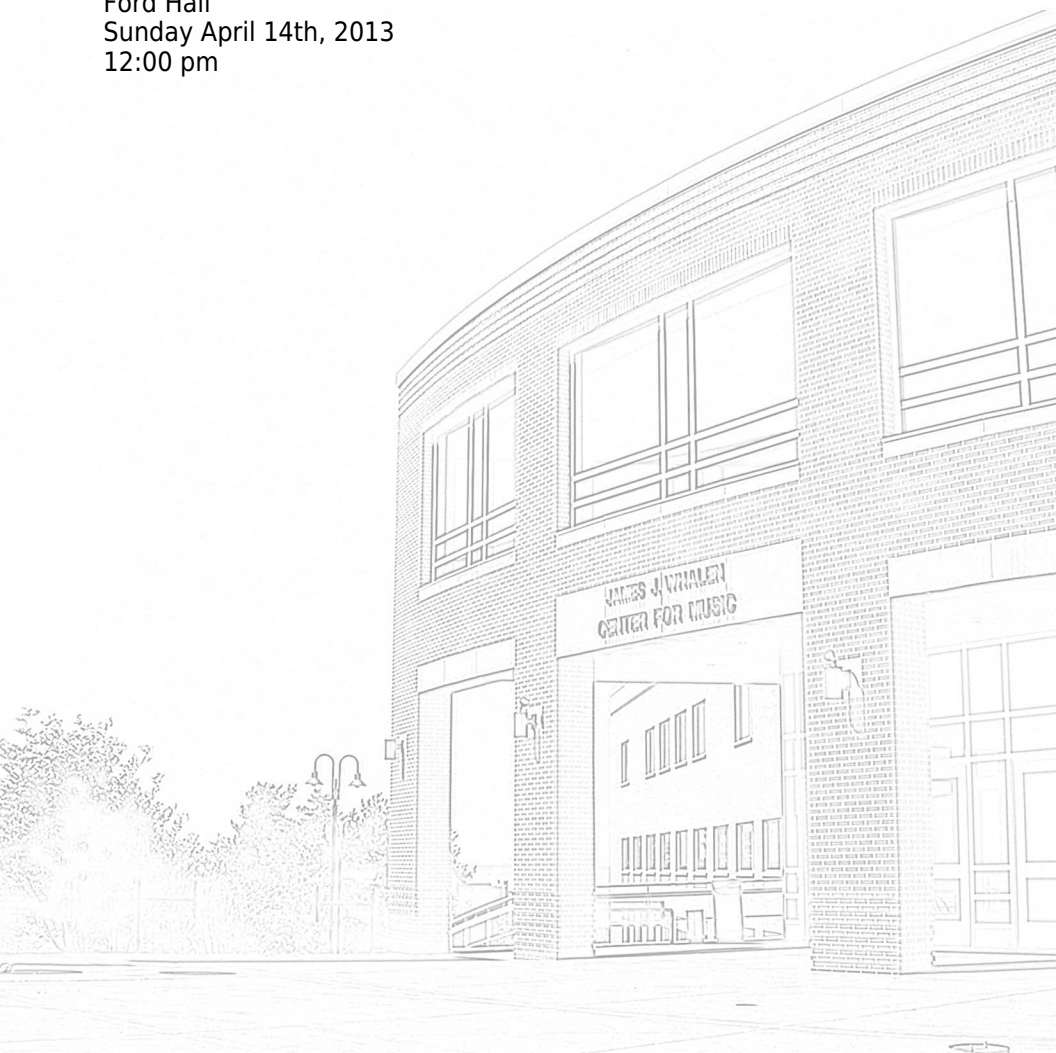
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Senior Recital:

Meghan Kelly, soprano

Kerry Mizrahi, piano
Emily Frederick, violin

Ford Hall
Sunday April 14th, 2013
12:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

First I'll Try Love
from Honey and Rue

André Previn
(b. 1929)

Sei Ariette
Malinconia, Nifa gentile
Vanne, o rosa fortunata
Bella Nice, che d'amore
Almen se non poss'io
Per pietá, bell'idol mio
Ma rendi pur contento

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Op. 27
No. 4 Morgen
No. 1 Ruhe Meine Seele
No. 2 Cäcilie

Richard Strauss
(1864-1939)

Intermission

Dans la Nuit
Infidélité
L'enamourée
Le Printemps

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

Three Dickinson Songs
As Imperceptibly as Grief
Will There Really be a Morning?
Good Morning, Midnight

André Previn
(b. 1929)

I Want Magic
from A Streetcar Named Desire

André Previn
(b. 1929)

Translations

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile, la vita
mia consacro a te; i tuoi
piaceri chi tiene a vile, ai
piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
m'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,
né mai quel fonte co' desir
miei, né mai quel monte
trapasserò.

Melancholy, gentle nymph, I devote
my life to you. One who
despises your pleasures is not
born to true pleasures.

I asked the gods for fountains and
hills; They heard me at last; I
will live satisfied even though,
with my desires, I never go
beyond that fountain and
mountain

Vanne, o rosa fortunata

Vanne, o rosa fortunata, a posar di
Nice in petto ed ognun sarà
costretto la tua sorte invidiar.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io
transformarmi un sol momento;
non avria più bel contento
questo core a sospirar.

Ma tu inchini dispettosa, bella rosa
impallidita, la tua fronte
scolorita dallo sdegno e dal
dolor.

Bella rosa, è destinata ad entrambi
un'ugual sorte; là trovar
dobbiam la morte, tu d'invidia
ed io d'amor.

Go, oh fortunate rose, to rest at
Nice's breast and everyone will
be compelled to envy your
fate.

Oh, if I could transform myself into
you for a moment, no greater
joy would my heart have but
to sigh.

But you bow scornfully, beautiful
fading rose, your face colorless
from anger and sorrow.

Beautiful rose, it is destined, that
we meet the same fate: we
shall find death there, you of
envy and I of love.

Bella Nice, che d'amore

Bella Nice, che d'amore desti il
fremito e il desir, Bella Nice,
del mio core dolce speme e
sol sospir,

Ahi! verrà, né sì lontano, forse a me
quel giorno è già, che di
morte l'empia mano il mio
stame troncherà.

Quando in grembo al feral nido
peso, ah! misero, io sarò, deh,
rammenta quanto fido questo
cor ognor t'amò.

Sul mio cenere tacente se tu spargi
allora un fior, Bella Nice, men
dolente dell'avel mi fia l'orror.

Non ti chiedo che di pianto venga
l'urna mia a bagnar, se sperar
potess'io tanto, vorrei subito
spirar.

Beautiful Nice, your love caused
tembling and desire, ah!
Beautiful Nice, in my heart
sweet hopes a single sigh,

Ah! It will come, not far, maybe for
me that day is already here,
when death's pitiless hand will
shorten my life.

When I am in the womb of this fatal
nest, ah! miserable I will be,
recall how faithful this heart
continues to love you.

On my silent ashes if you scatter
then a flower, beautiful Nice,
less painful the horror of the
tomb will be to me.

I do not ask that with your tears
you would bathe my tomb, if I
would even hope for this much
I would like soon to die.

Almen se non poss'io

Almen se non poss'io seguir l'amato
bene, affetti del cor mio,
seguitelo per me.

Già sempre a lui vicino raccolti
amor vi tiene e insolito
cammino questo per voi non è.

At least if I cannot follow my well
beloved, affections of my heart
follow close to him for me.

Already you are always near him for
love holds you there and this
is not unusual for you to be
with him.

Per pietá, bell'idol mio

Per pietà, bell'idol mio, non mi dir
ch'io sono ingrato; infelice e
sventurato abbastanza il Ciel mi
fa.

Se fedele a te son io, se mi struggo
ai tuoi bei lumi, sallo amor, lo
sanno i Numi il mio core, il
tuo lo sa.

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol,
don't tell me that I am
ungrateful; unhappy and unlucky
enough has heaven made me.

If I am faithful to you, if I'm
consumed by your bright eyes,
Love knows, the gods know,
my heart and your heart know.

Ma rendi pur contento

Ma rendi pur contento della mia
bella il core, e ti perdono,
amore, se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento più degli
affanni miei, perché più vivo in
lei di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Only make happy the heart of my
beautiful, And I will forgive
you, Love if my own heart is
not glad.

Her sighs I fear more than my own
sighs, because I live more in
her than I live in myself.

Morgen! Tomorrow

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder
scheinen, und auf dem Wege,
den ich gehen werde, wird
uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder
einen inmitten dieser
sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen, werden wir still
und langsam niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die
Augen schauen, und auf uns
sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen...

And tomorrow the sun will shine
again, and on the path I will
walk, it will unite us again,
the happy ones, upon this
sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, the wide shore
with blue waves, we will
descend quietly and slowly; we
will look silently into each
other's gaze and upon us will
fall the silence of happiness

Ruhe meine Seele Rest my soul

Nicht ein Lüftchen regt sich leise,
sanft entschlummert ruht der
Hain; durch der Blätter dunkle
Hülle stiehlt sich lichter
Sonnenschein.

Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele, deine
Stürme gingen wild, hast getobt
und hast gezittert, wie die
Brandung, wenn sie schwillt!

Diese Zeiten sind gewaltig, bringen
Herz und Hirn in Not - ruhe,
ruhe, meine Seele, und vergiß,
was dich bedroht!

Not a breeze is stirring lightly, the
wood lies slumbering gently;
through the dark cover of
leaves steals bright sunshine.

Rest, rest, my soul, your storms
have gone wild, you have
raged and have trembled like
the surf when it breaks!

These times are powerful, bringing
torment to heart and mind;
rest, rest, my soul, and forget
what is threatening you!

Cäcilie Cecilia

Wenn du es wüßtest, was träumen
heißt von brennenden Küssen,
von Wandern und Ruhen mit
der Geliebten, Aug in Auge,
und kosend und plaudernd,
wenn du es wüßtest, du
neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüßtest, was bangen
heißt in einsamen Nächten,
umschauert vom Sturm, da
niemand tröstet Milden Mundes
die kampfmüde Seele, wenn du
es wüßtest, du kämst zu mir.

Wenn du es wüßtest, was leben
heißt, umhaucht von der
Gottheit Welterschaffendem Atem,
zu schweben empor,
lichtgetragen, zu seligen Höhen,
wenn du es wüßtest, du
lebtest mit mir!

If you only knew what it's like to
dream of burning kisses, of
wandering and resting with
one's beloved, eye turned to
eye, and cuddling and chatting
- if you only knew, you would
incline your heart to me!

If you only knew what it's like to
feel dread on lonely nights,
surrounded by a raging storm,
while no one comforts with a
mild voice your struggle-weary
soul - if you only knew, you
would come to me.

If you only knew what it's like to
live, surrounded by God's
world-creating breath, to float
up, carried by the light, to
blessed heights - if you only
knew, then you would live with
me!

Dans la nuit In the night

Quand je viendrai m'asseoir dans le vent, dans la nuit, Au bout du rocher solitaire,

Quand je n'entendrai plus, en t'écoutant, le bruit Que fait mon cœur sur cette terre, Ne te contente pas, Océan, de jeter Sur mon visage un peu d'écume!

D'un coup de lame alors il te faut m'emporter Pour dormir dans ton amertume!

When I come and sit in the wind, in the night, at the edge of the solitary rock,

when I no longer hear, listening to you, the sound my heart makes on this earth, do not be satisfied, ocean, to toss on my face a little foam!

With the swipe of a wave you must then carry me away to sleep in your bitterness!

Infidélité Infidelity

Voici l'orme qui balance son ombre sur le sentier: Voici le jeune églantier, le bois où dort le silence. Le banc de pierre où le soir nous aimions à nous asseoir.

Voici la voûte embaumée D'ébéniers et de lilas, Où, lorsque nous étions las, Ensemble, ma bien aimée!

Sous des guirlandes de fleurs, nous laissions fuir les chaleurs. L'air est pur, le gazon doux... Rien n'a donc changé que vous.

Here is an elm that sways its shadow on the path: Here is the young wild rose, the woods where silence sleeps; the stone bench where, at evening, we would love to sit.

Here is the fragrant canopy of ebony and lilac trees, where, when we were tired, together, my beloved!

Beneath garlands of flowers, we would let the heat waft by! The air is pure, soft the grass ... Nothing has changed but you.

L'énamourée The enamored

Ils se disent, ma colombe, Que tu rêves, morte encore, Sous la pierre d'une tombe:

Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore tu t'éveilles ranimée, Ô pensive bien-aimée!

Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles, dans la brise qui murmure, je caresse tes longs voiles, ta mouvante chevelure, et tes ailes demi-closes qui voltigent sur les roses.

Ô délices! je respire tes divines tresses blondes; ta voix pure, cette lyre, suit la vague sur les ondes, et, suave, les effleure, Comme un cygne qui se pleure!

If they say, my dove, that you dream while still dead beneath the headstone of a grave:

but you awaken, revived, for the soul that adores you, oh pensive beloved!

Through the sleepless nights with stars, in the murmuring breeze, I caress your long veils, your flowing hair and your half-closed wings which flutter among the roses.

Oh delights! I breathe your divine blonde tresses! Your pure voice, a kind of lyre, follows the swell of the waters and touches them gently, suavely, like a lamenting swan!

Le Printemps Spring

Te voilà, rire du Printemps! Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent. Les amantes, qui te chérissent délivrent leurs cheveux flottants.

Sous les rayons d'or éclatants les anciens lierres se flétrissent. Te voilà, rire du Printemps! Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent. Couchons-nous au bord des étangs, que nos maux amers se guérissent!

Mille espoirs fabuleux nourrissent nos coeurs émus et palpitants. Te voilà, rire du Printemps!

You are here, laughter of spring! The sprays of lilacs are blooming. The lovers, who you cherish loosen their flowing hair.

Beneath the beams of glistening gold the ancient ivy withers. You are here, laughter of Spring! The sprays of lilacs are blooming. Let us lie beside the ponds, that our bitter wounds may heal!

A thousand fantastic hopes nourish our hearts touched and beating. You are here, laughter of spring!

Upcoming Events

April

- 14 - Ford - 4:00pm - Lincoln Center Preview Concert (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 15 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble
- 16 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 17 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Opera Workshop
- 17 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 18 - Hockett - 9:00pm - Piano Ensemble
- 22 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Woodwind Chamber Ensemble
- 22 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab; Will Tiberio, director
- 23 - Ford - 7:00pm - Sinfonietta (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 23 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Flute Choir
- 24 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Recital: Nathan Hess, piano
- 25 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Piano/String Ensembles
- 25 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Improv Ensemble
- 26 - Ford - 8:15pm - Women's Chorale (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 26 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Guitar Ensembles
- 27 - Ford - 1:00pm - Campus Band and Campus Jazz Ensemble (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 27 - Ford - 8:15pm - Choir and Madrigals
- 28 - Ford - 4:00pm - Chamber Orchestra/Chorus
- 29 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab; Greg Evans, director
- 30 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano/Vocal Duos
- 30 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble