

3-5-2017

## Joint Recital: Chistine De Nobile, soprano & Kelly Meehan, soprano

Christine De Nobile

Kelly Meehan

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### Recommended Citation

De Nobile, Christine and Meehan, Kelly, "Joint Recital: Chistine De Nobile, soprano & Kelly Meehan, soprano" (2017). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1906.

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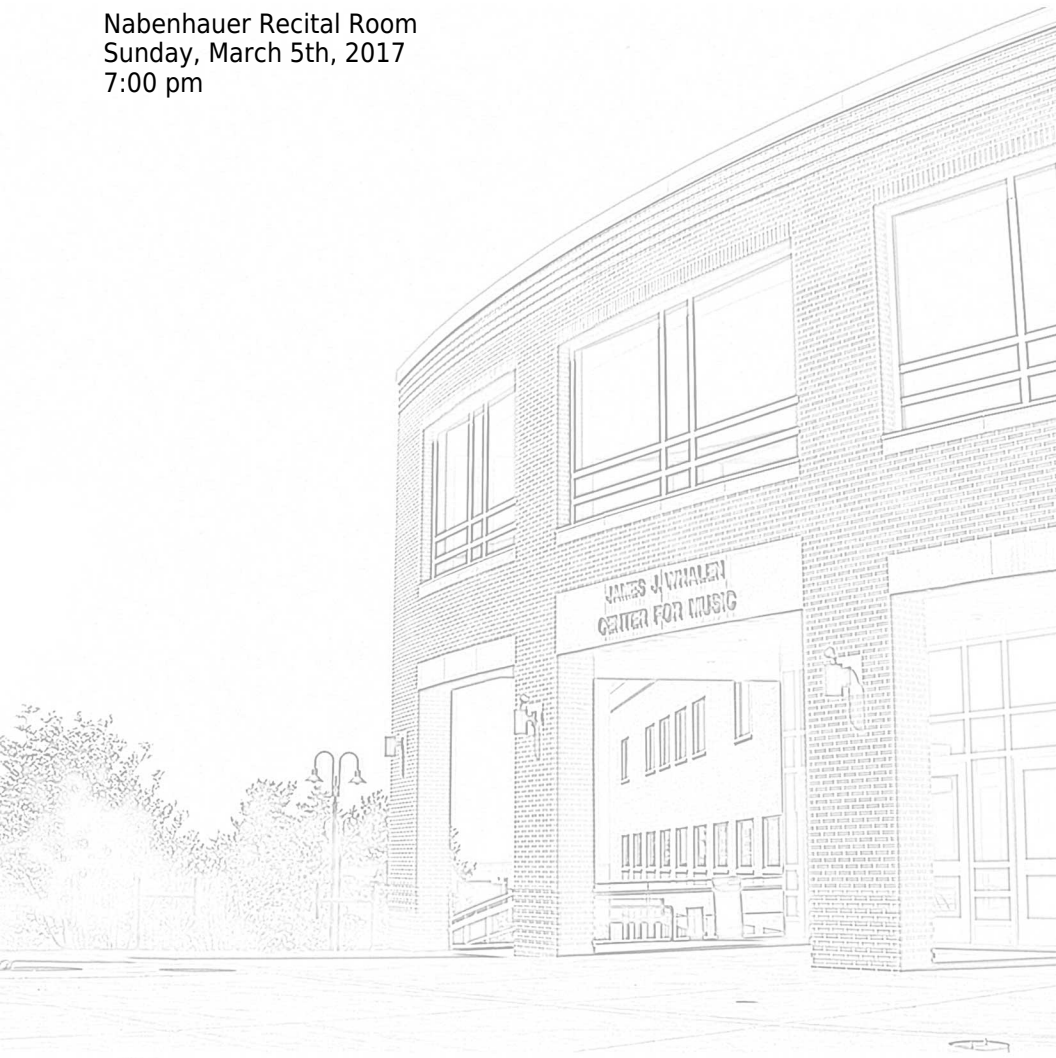
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## **Joint Recital:**

Christine De Nobile, soprano  
Kelly Meehan, soprano

Mary Ann Miller, piano  
James Lorusso, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Sunday, March 5th, 2017  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

"Saper vorreste" from <i>Un ballo in maschera</i>	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
"Villanelle" from <i>Les nuits d'été</i>	Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)
"Die Männer sind méchant" from <i>4 Refrainlieder</i>	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques <i>Chanson de la mariée.</i> <i>Là-bas, vers l'église</i> <i>Quel galant m'est comparable</i> <i>Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques</i> <i>Tout gai!</i>	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

## Intermission

I Carry Your Heart	John Duke (1899-1984)
I Can't Be Talkin' of Love	
Do Not Go My Love	Richard Hageman (1881-1966)
"Will He Like Me?" from <i>She Loves Me</i>	Jerry Bock (1928-2010)
Bli-Blip	Duke Ellington (1899-1974)
"Let's Call the Whole Thing Off" from <i>Shall We Dance</i>	George Gershwin (1898-1937)

## Translations

### Saper vorreste

Saper vorreste di che si veste, Quando l'è cosa ch' ei vuol nascosa. Oscar lo sa, ma nol dirà. Tra là là là là, là là là là.	You would like to know what he's wearing, when it's the very thing that he wants concealed. Oscar knows, but he won't tell. Tra la la la la, la la la la.
Pieno d'amor mi balza il cor, Ma pur discreto s' erba il segreto. Nol rapirà grado o beltà. Tra là là là là, I à là là là.	Full of love my heary throbs, but still discreet it keeps the secret. Neither rank nor beauty will seize it. Tra la la la la, la la la la.

### Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle, Quand auront disparu les froids, Tous le deux nous iront, ma belle, Pour cueillir le muguet au bois. Sous nos pieds égranant les perles Que l'on voit au matin trembler, Nous irons écouter les merles, Nous irons écouter les merles Siffler.	When the new season ventures here, When it drives away the cold wind, Into the woods we shall go, dear, There lilies of the valley to find. Where, underfoot, dew shines like pearls Seen shimmering in the morning sun, We'll listen to the whistling blackbirds, We'll listen to the whistling blackbirds' New Song.
Le printemps est venu, ma belle, C'est le mois des amants béné; Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,	The springtime has come, by darling, 'Tis the month that all lovers have blest; And the bird, his satin winds preening,

Dit des vers au rebord du  
nid.  
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc  
de mousse  
Pour parler de nos beaux  
amours,  
Et dis-moi de ta voix si  
douce,  
"Toujours!"

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos  
courses,  
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,  
Et le daim, au miroir des  
sources,  
Admirant son grand bois  
penché!  
Puis chez nous, tout heureux,  
tout aises,  
En paniers enlaçant nos  
doigts,  
Revenons, rapportons des  
fraises  
Des bois!

Sings verses perched on his  
nest.  
Oh! Come sit on the bank so  
mossy,  
We'll speak of our sweet  
loves all day,  
And you'll whisper to me so  
softly,  
"Always!"

We'll trod far off the  
footpath, wandering  
And rightening the hare from  
his form,  
And a deer, at the mirror-like  
spring  
Admiring his great branching  
horns.  
Then, home again, all sound,  
all merry,  
Bringing baskets, our fingers  
entwined,  
Returning with fresh  
strawberries,  
gown wild!

### **Die Männer sind méchant**

Du sagtest mir es, Mutter:  
Er ist ein Springinsfeld!  
Ich würd' es dir nicht  
glauben,  
Bis ich mich krank gequält!  
Ja, ja, nun ist er's wirklich;  
Ich hatt' ihn nur verkannt!  
Du sagtest mir's, o Mutter:  
"Die Männer sind méchant!"

You told me, mother  
He is an irresponsible young  
man!  
I wouldn't believe you,  
Until I had made myself sick  
with torment!  
Yes, now I know him for what  
he is;  
I had him just misjudged!  
You told me it, oh mother:  
"The men are  
bad/nasty/villains!"

Vor'm Dorf im Busch, als  
gestern  
Die stille Dämm' rung sank,  
Da rauscht' es: "Guten  
Abend!"  
Da rauscht' es: "Schönen  
Dank!"  
Ich schlich hinzu, ich horchte;  
Ich stand wie festgebannt:  
Er war's mit einer Andern -  
"Die Männer sind méchant!"

Outside the village in the  
grove, as yesterday  
The quiet twilight sank,  
I heard a whisper: "Good  
evening!"  
I heard a whisper: "Many  
thanks!"  
I crept up, I listened;  
I stood as if transfixed:  
He was with another girl -  
"The men are  
bad/nasty/villains!"

O Mutter, welche Qualen!  
Es muß heraus, es muß! -  
Es blieb nicht bloß beim  
Rauschen,  
Es blieb nicht bloß beim  
Gruß!  
Vom Gruße kam's zum  
Küsse,  
Vom Kuß zum Druck der  
Hand,  
Vom Druck, ach liebe Mutter!  
-  
"Die Männer sind méchant!"

Oh mother, what torments!  
It must come out, it must! -  
It didn't stop at whispering,  
It didn't stop at greeting!  
From greeting when to  
kissing,  
From kissing to holding  
hands,  
From holding hands, ah dear  
mother! -  
"The men are  
bad/nasty/villains!"

## **Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques**

### ***Chanson de la mariée.***

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi,  
perdrix mignonne,  
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.  
  
Trois grains de beauté, mon  
cœur en est brûlé!  
  
Vois le ruban d'or que je  
t'apporte,  
Pour le nouer autour de tes  
cheveux.

Awake, awake, my darling  
partridge,  
Open to the morning your  
wings.  
  
Three beauty marks; my  
heart is on fire!  
  
See the ribbon of gold that I  
bring  
To tie round your hair.

Si tu veux, ma belle, viens  
nous marier!  
Dans nos deux familles, tous  
sont alliés!

If you want, my beauty, we  
shall marry!  
In our two families, everyone  
is related!

***Là-bas, vers l'église***

Là-bas, vers l'église,  
ers l'église Ayio Sidéro,  
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,  
L'église Ayio Costannino,

Yonder, by the church,  
By the church of Ayio Sidero,  
The church, o blessed Virgin,  
The church of Ayio  
Costannino,

Se sont réunis,  
Rassemblés en nombre infini,  
  
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,  
  
Du monde tous les plus  
braves!

There are gathered,  
Assembled in numbers  
infinite,  
The world's, o blessed Virgin,  
  
All the world's most decent  
folk!

***Quel galant m'est  
comparable***

Quel galant m'est  
comparable,  
D'entre ceux qu'on voit  
passer?  
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

What gallant compares with  
me,  
Among those one sees  
passing by?  
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,  
pistolets et sabre aigu...  
  
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

See, hanging on my belt,  
My pistols and my curved  
sword.  
And it is you whom I love!

***Chanson des cueilleuses  
de lentisques***

Ô joie de mon âme,  
Joie de mon coeur,  
Trésor qui m'est si cher;

O joy of my soul,  
joy of my heart,  
treasure which is so dear to

Joie de l'âme et du cœur,  
Toi que j'aime ardemment,  
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

Ô lorsque tu parais,  
Ange si doux  
Devant nos yeux,  
Comme un bel ange blond,  
Sous le clair soleil,  
Hélas! tous nos pauvres  
cœurs soupirent!

***Tout gai!***

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!  
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;  
  
Belle jambe, la vaisselle  
danse,  
Tra la la la la...

me,  
joy of my soul and heart,  
you whom I love ardently,  
you are more handsome than  
an angel.

O when you appear,  
angel so sweet,  
Before our eyes,  
Like a fine, blond angel,  
under the bright sun,  
Alas! all of our poor hearts  
sigh!

Everyone is joyous, joyous!  
Beautiful legs, *tireli* , which  
dance,  
Beautiful legs; even the  
dishes are dancing!  
Tra la la, la la la!