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Junior Recital: Taylor Braggins, soprano

Taylor Braggins

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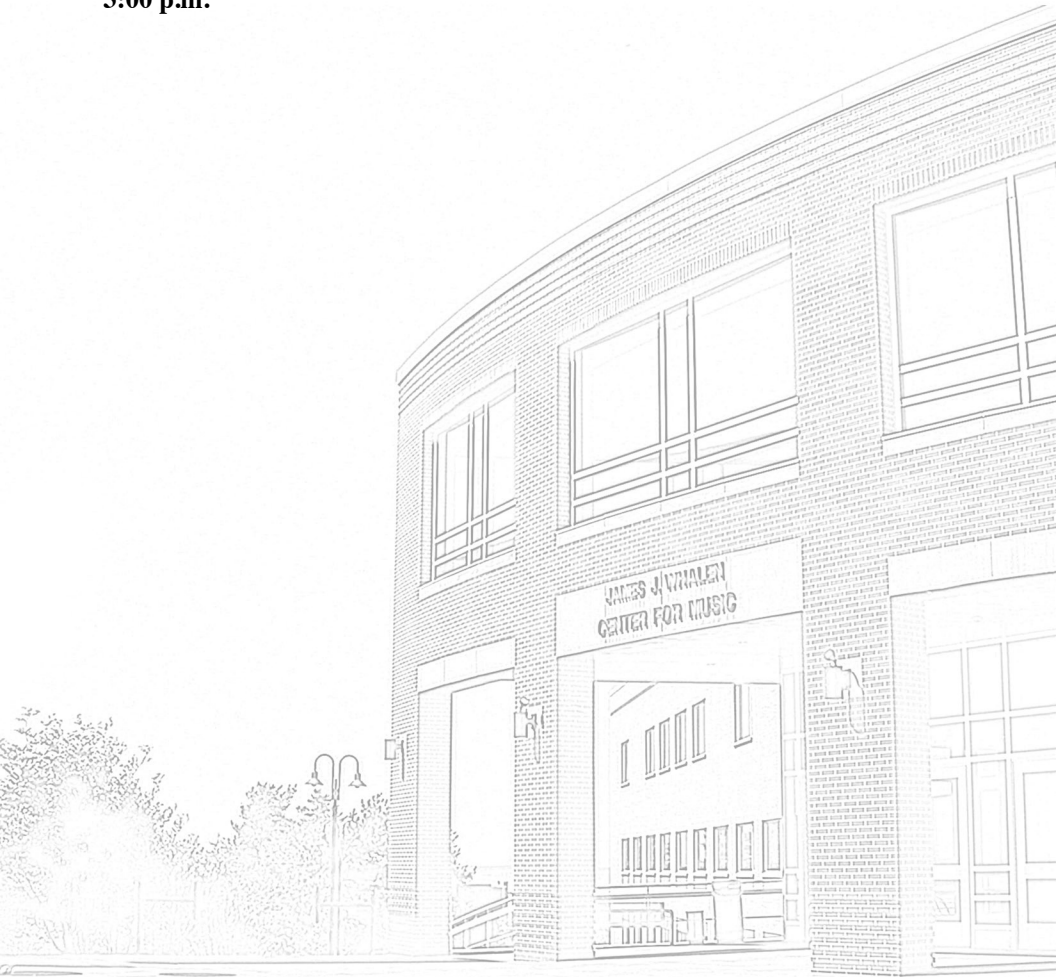
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**Junior Recital:
Taylor Braggins, soprano**

DaShay Glover, piano

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, December 4, 2011
3:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Mi lagnerò tacendo
T'intendo, sì, mio cor
D'un Genio che m'accende

Vincenzo Righini
(1756-1812)

L'heure exquise
Crépuscule du soir mystique
Dansons la Gigue

Poldowski
(1880-1932)

Adieu, notre petite table
from *Manon*

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Pause

Der Gefangene
Zwei Rosen
Die Beschwörung

Pauline Viardot-Garcia
(1821-1910)

Four Child Songs, Op. 5
I. A Good Child
II. The Lamplighter
III. Where Go the Boats?

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Bubbles, Beautiful Bubbles
from *The Goose Girl*

Thomas Pasatieri
(b. 1945)

This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Taylor Braggins is from the studio of Randie Blooding.

Notes and Translations

Vincenzo Righini (1756 - 1812)

Born in Bologna, Italy, Righini was an Italian composer and a contemporary of Mozart. After a brief career on the stage as a tenor, Righini turned to composing after suffering vocal damage. He was also a sought after voice teacher, and taught many professional singers while in Vienna and Berlin. The *Twelve Ariettas*, op. 7, are small songs that are less elaborate than arias. Many of the themes show an affinity for Mozart, and several of the songs bear hints of the coming Romantic era. *T'intendo, sì, mio cor*, especially, seems to foreshadow Rossini and Bellini.

Mi lagnerò tacendo

Mi lagnerò tacendo
del mio destino amaro,
Ma ch'io non t'ami, o caro,
non lo sperar da me,
no, non lo sperar da me.
Crudele! in che t'offendo
se resta in questo petto
il misero diletto
di sospirar per te?

T'intendo, sì, mio cor

T'intendo, sì, mio cor,
con tanto palpitar!
So che ti vuoi lagnar,
che amante sei.
Ah! taci il tuo dolor,
Ah! soffri il tuo martir,
tacilo, e non tradir
gli affetti miei!

D'un genio che m'accende

D'un genio che m'accende,
tu vuoi ragion da me?
No ha ragione amore,
e se ragione intende,
subito amor non è.
Un amoroso foco
non può spiegarsi mai,
di che lo sente poco,
chi ne ragiona assai,
chi ti sa dir perché.

I will lament in silence

I will lament in silence
of my fate bitter,
But that I non love you, oh dearest,
do not hope it from me,
no, do not hope it from me.
Cruel one! How can it offend you
if remains in this heart
the paltry delight
of sighing for you?

I hear you, yes, my heart

I hear you, yes, my heart,
with so much beating!
I know that you want to complain
that in love you are.
Ah! Quiet your sorrow,
Ah! Endure your suffering,
Keep silent, and don't betray
my feelings!

For the pleasure that enflames me

For the pleasure that enflames me,
you want a reason from me?
Love has no reason,
and if it understands reason,
suddenly it is not love.
An amorous fire
can never explain itself,
the day that it feels it a little,
whoever thinks much,
knows to tell you why.

Poldowski (1880 - 1932)

Poldowski was the pseudonym under which Irena Wieniawska composed music. Originally of Polish inheritance, she married into the British aristocracy in 1901 and became Lady Dean Paul. She continued to write under the name Poldowski. She wrote around 30 songs, and 16 of those, including all of those present in this set, were to verses by Paul Verlaine. All of the Verlaine settings were composed between 1915 and 1920.

L'heure exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...
O bien-aimée!
L'étang reflète,
Profoud miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.
Un vaste et tendre
Apaînement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquise.

Crépuscule du soir mystique

Le Souvenir avec le Crépuscule
Rougeoie et tremble à l'ardent
horizon
De l'Espérance en flamme qui recule

Et s'agrandit ainsi qu'une cloison
Mystérieuse où mainte floraison
Dahlia, lys, tulipe et renoncule
S'élance autour d'un treillis, et
cercle
Parmi la malade exhalaïson
De parfums lourds et chauds, dont le
poison
Dahlia, lys, tulipe et renoncule
Noyant mes sens, mon âme et ma

The exquisite hour

The white moon
Shines through the trees
From each branch
Comes a voice
Under the boughs...
Oh my beloved!
The pond reflects
As a deep mirror
The outline
Of the black willow
Where the wind weeps...
Let us dream, it is the hour.
A vast and tender
Calm
Seems to descend
From the heavens
with the iridescent star...
It is the exquisite hour.

Twilight of a Mystical Evening

Memory with Twilight
Glows and trembles on the fiery
horizon
Of burning Hope that shrinks and
grows
Like some mysterious partition
Where the flowers in profusion
Dahlias, lilies, tulips and marigolds
Fly round a trellis in their circulation

Among the heady exhalation
Of heavy perfumes, whose warm
poison
Dahlias, lilies, tulips and marigolds
Drowning my senses, soul and

raison,
Mêle dans une immense pâmoison
Le Souvenir avec le Crépuscule.

Dansons la Gigue!

Dansons la gigue!
J'aimais surtout ses jolis yeux
Plus clairs que l'étoile des cieux,

J'aimais ses yeux malicieux.
Dansons la gigue!
Elle avait façons vraiment
De désoler un pauvre amant,
Que c'en était vraiment charmant!
Dansons la gigue!
Mais je trouve encore meilleur
Le baiser de sa bouche en fleur
Depuis qu'elle est morte à mon
cœur.

Dansons la gigue!
Je me souviens, je me souviens

Des heures et des entretiens,
Et c'est le meilleur de mes biens.

Dansons la gigue!

reason,
Mingles in their immense confusion
Memory with Twilight

Let us dance the jig!

Let us dance the jig!
I loved above all her pretty eyes,
much brighter than the stars of the
sky,
I loved her roguish eyes.
Let us dance the jig!
She had her ways really
to torment a poor lover,
how it was truly charming!
Let us dance the jig!
But I find still better
the kiss of her lips that blossoms
since she is dead to my heart.

Let us dance the jig!
I myself remember, I myself
remember
the hours and the pastimes,
and it is the dearest of my
possessions,
Let us dance the jig!

Jules Massenet (1842 - 1912)

Massenet is a French composer best known for his operas. This aria is sung by the title character of the opera, Manon Lescaut. She is a young, naive, fragile girl who falls in love on her way to the convent. She runs away with the young, poor Chevalier to start a life with him. Her cousin arrives at her door, accompanied by a nobleman, with a warning that Chevalier will be abducted that evening. The nobleman offers Manon promises of a better life. In this aria, Manon contemplates the humble life she has shared with Chevalier, knowing that she must leave him.

Adieu, notre petite table

Allons! il le faut! Pour lui-même!

Mon pauvre chevalier!
Oh! Oui, c'est lui que j'aime!
Et pourtant, j'hésite aujourd'hui!
Non! je ne suis plus digne de lui!

Farewell, our little table

Come! it must be done! For his
sake!
My poor Chevalier!
Oh! Yes, it is he whom I love!
And yet, I hesitate today!
No! I am no longer worthy of him!

J'entends cette voix qui m'entraîne
contre ma volonté:

"Manon, tu seras reine,
reine par la beauté!"

Je ne suis que faiblesse

et que fragilité!

Ah! malgré moi
je sens couler mes larmes,
devant ces rêves effacés!

L'avenir aura-t-il les charmes
de ces beaux jours déjà passés?
Adieu, notre petite table,
qui nous réunit si souvent!
Adieu, notre petite table
si grande pour nous cependant!

On tient, c'est inimaginable,
Si peu de place en se serrant...
Adieu, notre petite table!
Un même verre était le nôtre,

chacun de nous, quand il buvait,
y cherchait les lèvres de l'autre...
Ah! Pauvre ami, comme il m'aimait!
Adieu, notre petite table, adieu!

I hear that voice which entices me
against my will:

"Manon, you shall be queen,
queen by your beauty!"

I am nothing but weakness and
fragility!

Ah! I feel my tears flowing in spite
of myself,

before these dreams that fade!
The future will it have the charms
of those beautiful days already
passed?

Farewell, our little table,
that brought us together so often!
Farewell, our little table,
so large for us however!
We took up, it is unimaginable,
so small a space when we
embraced...

Farewell, our little table!
We used the same glass,
each of us, when we drank from it,
there we searched for the lips of the
other...

Ah! Poor friend, how he loved me!
Farewell, our little table!

Pauline Viardot-Garcia (1821 - 1910)

Viardot was a renowned Spanish mezzo-soprano and daughter of the tenor, Manuel Garcia. She married the French literary critic, Louis Viardot. Clara Schumann said of Pauline Viardot, "She is the most gifted woman I have ever met in my life." She inspired operas, and was an instrumental catalyst for many composers. Her writing for the piano shows influence of her teacher, Franz Liszt. French poetry predominates her songs, however she also set Italian, Russian, and German texts.

Der Gefangene

Ich sitz' hinterm Gitter
im feuchten Gemach,
ein Adler, ein Junger,
steht aasend am Fack;
mein trüber Gefährte,

The Captive

I sit behind the bars
in the damp room,
an eagle, a young one,
stands filthy in the cell;
my cheerless companion,

er aast mit Geräusch,
er flattert und hackt
in das blutige Fleisch.
Er hackt es und wirft's
und zum Fenster er schaut,
als wär' er mit meinen
Gedanken vertraut;
er ruft mich und kreischt mir
ein mahnendes Wort,
als wollt' er mir sagen:
jetzt fliegen wir fort!
Wir fliegen in's Freie,
ist's Zeit, ja ist's Zeit!
dahin, wo die Berge
sich dehnen so weit,
dahin, wo das Meer glänzt
in bläulichem Strich,
dahin, wo nur schweben
die Lüfte und ich!

Zwei Rosen

Schlaf nicht mehr! zwei junge
Rosen
mit dem Fröhthau bring' ich Dir,
heller als bei Liebeskosen
Silbertränen glün sie Dir.
Frischer nach der Wetter Tosen
glänzt das laub, ist rein die Luft,
und die Blumentränen kosen
heimlich mid dem Blumenduft.

Die Beschwörung

O wenn es wahr ist, dass zur Nacht,
die in den Schlaf lullt alles Leben
und nur des Mondlichts bleiche
Pracht
lässt um die Grabessteine weben,
o wenn es wahr ist, dass dann leer
die Gräber stehn die Todten lassen,
erwart' ich Dich zu umfassen.
Hör: Leila, mich! Komm her!
Erschein' aus deinem Schattenreich,
ganz wie du warst
vor unserm Scheiden,

he eats with a stir,
he flutters and hacks
at the bloody flesh.
He hacks and hurls
and looks out the window,
as though he knew
my thoughts;
he calls me and shrieks at me
with a warning word,
as though to say to me:
now let us fly away!
We'll fly to freedom,
it's time, yes it's time!
There, where the mountains
stretch out so far,
where the sea glimmers
in a sweep of blue,
there where all that soars
are the breezes and me!

Two Roses

Sleep no more, two roses fresh
with morning dew I bring to you,
made brighter by love's caress,
their silver tears glow for you.
Fresher after the raging weather
the leaves gleam, the breeze is pure,
and the flowers' tears caress
secretly the flowery fragrance.

The Entreaty

Oh, if it is ture, that in the night,
when all who live are lulled in sleep,
and only the moonlight's pale
splendor
winds amongst the tombstones,
oh, if it is true then
That the graves give up their dead,
it is then that I wait to embrace you.
Hear me Leila! Come here!
Appear from your shadowy realm,
just as you were
before our parting,

dem kalten Wintertage gleich,
das Angesicht entstellt von Leiden.

O komm, ein ferner Stern, daher,
o komm, ein Hauch, ein leis Getöne,
oder in schreckenvoller Schöne,
mir ist es gleich, komm her!
Ich rief Leila darum nie,
des Grabs Geheimniss zu erfahren,
auch nicht zum Vorwurf gegen die,
die meiner Liebe Mörder waren,
auch darum nicht, weil oft noch
schwer
mich Zweifel quälen...Nein, zu
sagen,
dass treu, wie stets
mein Herz geschlagen,
es jetzt noch schlägt...Komm her!

as in that cold winter's day,
your features distorted with
suffering,

O come here, as a faraway star,
o come, a breath, a gentle sound,
or in some other frightening beauty,
it is the same to me, come here!
I do not call Leila here
to discover the secret of the grave,
nor to condemn
those who murdered my love,
nor, though oppressive
doubts torture me...No, only to say
that loyally still my heart beats,
and still it beats...Come here!

Roger Quilter (1877 - 1953)

Quilter was an English composer who was overwhelmingly concerned with the art song. He wrote around 140 songs in his career. This set, *Four Child Songs*, was composed in 1915 with text by Robert Louis Stevenson. They are dedicated to his sister, Norah, and depict the light-hearted, inquisitive, and innocent musings of a child.

Thomas Pasatieri (b. 1945)

The Goose Girl is a short children's opera written in 1980. The intended audience was children, and as such, the plot includes a princess, a prince, a greedy attendant, a talking horse, and a magic cloth with three wishes. There are mix ups, woes, and a happily ever after in the end. This aria is sung by the princess as she daydreams about her new life with the prince from the next kingdom.