

5-16-2011

## Senior Recital: Laura Proctor, soprano

Laura Proctor

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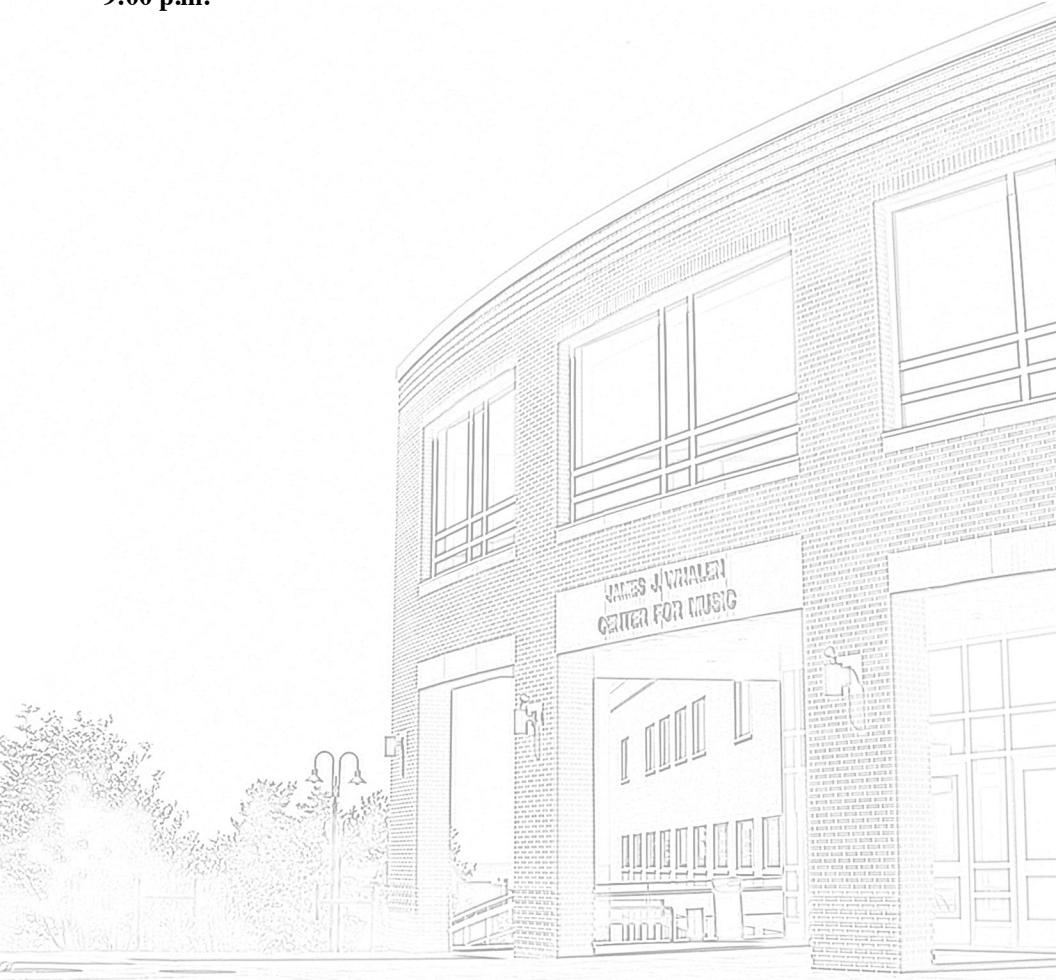
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**Senior Recital:  
Laura Proctor, soprano  
Clara Ryu, piano**

**Ford Hall  
Monday, May 16, 2011  
9:00 p.m.**



**ITHACA**  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

**Program:  
Songs about Love**

**Divine Love**

O had I Jubal's Lyre, Joshua

G.F. Handel  
1685-1759

**Liebe im Wald  
(Love in the forest)**

An die Nachtigall

J. Brahms  
1833-1897

Der Salamander  
O liebliche Wangen  
In Waldeseinsamkeit

**Je vous adore  
(I adore you)**

Psyché

É. Paladilhe  
1844-1926

Si tu le veux

C. Koechlin  
1867-1950

Villanelle

H. Berlioz  
1803-1869

**Intermission**

**Un amante bello  
(A handsome lover)**

Vier Rispetti

Un verde praticello  
Io dei saluti  
E tanto c'è pericol  
O si che non sapevo sospirare

E. Wolf-Ferrari  
1876-1948

**Amor y la pasión  
(Love and Passion)**

Tres Poemas

Olas gigantes  
Tu pupila es azul  
Besa el aura

J. Turina  
1882-1949

**Joie de vivre!  
(Love of life!)**

Du gai soleil, Werther

J. Massenet  
1842-1912

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This Senior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree BM Vocal Performance. Laura Proctor is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.

## Notes

### O had I Jubal's Lyre

Oh had I Jubal's lyre, or Miriam's  
tuneful voice!  
To sounds like his I would aspire, in  
songs like hers rejoice.  
My humble strains but faintly show  
how much to heaven and thee I  
owe.

### An die Nachtigall

Geuß nicht so laut der  
liebentflammten Lieder  
Tonreichen Schall  
Vom Blütenast des Apfelbaums  
hernieder, O Nachtigall!  
Du tönest mir mit deiner süßen Kehle

Die Liebe wach;  
Denn schon durchbebt die Tiefen  
meiner Seele  
Dein schmelzend »Ach«.  
Dann flieht der Schlaf von neuem  
dieses Lager,  
Ich starre dann  
Mit naßem Blick und totenbleich und  
hager  
Den Himmel an.  
Fleuch, Nachtigall, in grüne  
Finsternisse,  
Ins Haingesträuch,  
Und spend im Nest der treuen Gattin  
Küsse,  
Entfleuch,  
Entfleuch!

### Der Salamander

Es saß ein Salamander  
Auf einem kühlen Stein,  
da warf ein böses Mädchen  
Ins Feuer ihn hinein.  
Sie meint', er soll verbrennen,  
Ihm ward es wohl zu Mut,  
wohl wie mir kühlem Teufel  
Die heiße Liebe tut.

### To the nightingale

Do not pour forth your love-  
enflamed songs  
Tuneful sounds so loudly,  
Down from the blossoming branch of  
the apple tree, O Nightingale!  
With your sweet throat, you call me  
and  
Awaken Love within me;  
For already the depths of my soul are  
stirred  
By your melting cry.  
Sleep flees once more from this  
place,  
I stare then  
With a tearful gaze, deathly pale and  
haggard,  
At the sky.  
Fly, nightingale, off into the green  
darkness,  
Into the bushy grove.  
And shower kisses on your faithful  
mate in your nest,  
Fly off,  
Fly off!

### The salamander

There sat a salamander  
On a cool rock,  
Then an angry girl  
Threw him in the fire.  
She meant for him to burn,  
But it filled him with courage,  
Just as the heat of love  
Makes me a cool devil.

### **O liebliche Wangen**

O liebliche Wangen,  
Ihr macht mir Verlangen,  
Dies rote, dies weiße  
Zu schauen mit Fleiße.  
Und dies nur alleine  
Ist's nicht, was ich meine;  
Zu schauen, zu grüssen,  
Zu rühren, zu küssen!  
Ihr macht mir Verlangen, O liebliche  
Wangen!

O Sonne der Wonne!  
O Wonne der Sonne!  
O Augen, so saugen  
Das Licht meiner Augen.  
O englische Sinnen!  
O himmlisch Beginnen!  
O Himmel auf Erden,  
Magst du mir nicht werden,

O Wonne der Sonne! O Sonne der  
Wonne!

O Schönste der Schönen!  
Benimm mir dies Sehnen,  
Komm, eile, komm, komme,  
Du süße, du fromme!  
Ach, Schwester, ich sterbe,  
Ich sterb', ich verderbe,  
Komm, eile,  
Benimm mir dies Sehnen,  
O Schönste der Schönen!

### **In Waldeseinsamkeit**

Ich saß zu deinen Füßen  
In Waldeseinsamkeit;  
Windsatmen, Sehnen  
Ging durch die Wipfel breit.  
In stummen Ringen senkt' ich  
Das Haupt in deinen Schoß,  
Und meine bebenden Hände  
Um deine Knie ich schloß.  
Die Sonne ging hinunter,  
Der Tag verglühte all,

### **O lovely cheeks**

O lovely cheeks,  
You make me want to  
Gaze diligently  
On this red, this white.  
And this alone  
Is not what I mean;  
To behold, to greet,  
To touch, to kiss!  
You make me desirous, O lovely  
cheeks!

O sun of ecstasy!  
O ecstasy of the sun!  
O eyes, suck The light of my eyes.  
O angelic thoughts!  
O heavenly beginnings!  
O Heaven on earth,  
May you not become for me,  
O ecstasy of the sun! O sun of  
ecstasy!

O fairest of the fair!  
Take away from me this longing,  
Come, hurry, come, come!  
You sweet, innocent soul!  
Ah, sister, I am dying,  
I am dying, I am ruined,  
Come, come, come, hurry.  
Take away from me this longing,  
O fairest of the fair!

### **In the loneliness of the wood**

I sat at your feet  
In the loneliness of the forest;  
The breath of the wind, like longing,  
Went through the broad treetops.  
In mute struggle I sank my head  
into your lap,  
And my shaking hands  
I clasped about your knees.  
The sun set,  
The day lost its glow,

Ferne, ferne, ferne  
Sang eine Nachtigall.

### **Psyché**

Je suis jaloux Psyché, de toute la  
nature:  
Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop  
souvent;  
Vos cheveux souffrent trop les  
caresses du vent:  
Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure;  
L'air même que vous respirez  
Avec trop de plaisir passe sur votre  
bouche;  
Votre habit de trop près vous touche;  
Et sitôt que vous soupirez,  
Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche  
  
Craint parmi vos soupirs des soupirs  
égarés.

### **Si tu le veux**

Si tu le veux, ô mon amour,  
Ce soir des que la fin du jour  
  
Sera venue,  
  
Quand les étoiles surgiront,  
Et mettront des clous d'or au fond  
  
Bleu de la nue  
Nous partirons seuls tous les deux  
  
Dans la nuit brune en amoureux,  
Sans qu'on nous voie  
Et tendrement je te dirai  
Un chant d'amour ou je mettrai  
  
Toute ma joie.  
  
Mais quand tu rentreras chez toi,  
Si l'on te demande pourquoi,  
Mignonne fee.  
Tes cheveux sont plus fous qu'avant  
Tu repondras que seul le vant t'a  
decoifée

Far, far, far away  
Sang a single nightingale.

### **Psyche**

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!  
  
The sun's rays kiss you too often,  
  
Your hair suffers too much the  
wind's caresses.  
As it flatters you, I mutter in protest!  
The same air that you breathe  
with so much pleasure passes over  
your mouth.  
Your dress touches you too closely!  
And whilst you sigh  
I do not know what it is that startles  
me  
Fear, amidst your sighs, those  
distracted sighs!

### **If you want it**

If you want it, o my love,  
This evening, when the day has  
ended,  
When the stars come out and shine  
like golden nails  
on the background of the blue sky,  
We will go out alone, the two of us,  
in the dark night as lovers,  
Without anyone seeing us,  
And tenderly I will sing you a song  
of love  
in which I put all of my joy.  
But when you return home,  
If they ask you why, cute fairy,  
Your hair is more tousled than  
before,  
You reply that the wind has just  
blown it about,  
If you wish, o my love.

Si tu le veux, ô mon amour.

### Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,  
Quand auront disparu les froids,  
Tous les deux, nous irons, ma belle,  
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;  
Sous nos pieds égrénant les perles  
Que l'on voit, au matin trembler,  
Nous irons écouter les merles  
Siffler.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;  
C'est le mois des amants béni;  
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,

Dit [des]1 vers au rebord du nid.  
Oh ! viens donc sur [le]2 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 [joyeux]3, tout  
aises,  
En paniers, enlaçant nos doigts,  
Revenons rapportant des fraises

Des bois.

### Villanelle

When verdant spring again  
approaches,  
When winter's chills have  
disappeared,  
Through the woods we shall stroll,  
my darling,  
The fair primrose to cull at will.  
The trembling bright pearls that are  
shining,  
Each morning we shall brush aside;  
We shall go to hear the gay thrushes  
Singing.

The flowers are abloom, my darling,  
Of happy lovers 'tis the month;  
And the bird his soft wing  
englossing,  
Sings [carols sweet]1 within his nest.  
Come with me on the mossy bank,

Where we'll talk of nothing else but  
love,  
And whisper with thy voice so  
tender:  
Always!

Far, far off let our footsteps wander,  
Fright'ning the hiding hare away,  
While the deer at the spring is  
gazing,  
Admiring his reflected horns.  
Then back home, with our hearts  
rejoicing,  
And fondly our fingers entwined,  
Lets return, let's return bringing fresh  
wild berries  
Wood-grown.



### **Un verde praticello**

Un verde praticello senza piante  
È l'immagine vera del mio amante.  
Un mandorlo fiorito all'acqua in riva

È dell'amante mio l'immagin viva.  
Tutti i raggi del sole e delle stelle

Sono l'immagin di sue luci belle.  
Il dolce olezzo di giovane fiore

È l'immagine vera del mio amore.  
Amante, amante,  
Amore, amore, amore!  
O vieni avaccio a ristorarmi il core!

### **Io dei saluti**

Io dei saluti ve ne mando mille  
quante sono nel ciel minute stele,  
quante d'acqua nei fiumi sono stille,  
quante dentro all'inferno son faville  
e di grano nel mondo son granelle  
e quante primavera foglie adorna  
che si bella e gentile a noi ritorna!

### **E tanto c'è pericol**

E tanto c'è pericol ch'io ti lasci  
quanto in mezzo del mar fare un  
giardino  
a torno a torno un muricciuol di sassi  
ed in quell mezzo provi un  
gelsomino.  
E quando il gelsomin sar fiorito  
allora il nostro amor sar finito!

### **A green lawn**

A green lawn without plants  
Is the true image of my lover.  
A blossoming almond tree on the  
river bank  
Is the living image of my lover.  
All the rays of the sun and of the  
stars  
Are the image of his beautiful eyes.  
The sweet fragrance of a young  
flower  
Is the true image of my love.  
My lover, my lover,  
My love, my love, my love!  
O come eagerly to restore my heart!

### **I of greetings**

I of greetings to you send thousands  
As many as there are in heaven tiny  
stars,  
As many as of water in the streams  
there are drops,  
As many as within hell there are  
sparks  
And of grain in the world there are  
seeds  
And as many as the leaves that adorn  
spring  
When so beautiful and tender to us it  
returns.

### **And so much is the risk**

And so much is the risk that I leave  
you  
as much as in the middle of the ocean  
to make a garden  
all around a low all of rock  
and in that center place a jasmine.  
And when the jasmine will be in  
bloom  
then our love will be ended!

### **O si che non sapevo sospirare**

O si che non sapevo sospirare:  
del sospirar mi son fatta maestra!

sospir se sono a tavola a mangiare,  
sospir se sono in camera soletta,  
sospir se sono a ridere e a burlare,  
sospir se sono con quella e con  
questa,

sospiro prima sospirando poi:  
Sospirare mi fanno gli occhi tuoi.  
Sospiro prima e sospiro fra un anno  
e gli occhi tuoi sospirare mi fanno.

### **Olas gigantes**

Olas gigantes que os rompéis  
bramando  
en las playas desiertas y remotas,  
envuelto entre la sábana de espumas,  
¡llevadme con vosotras!  
Ráfagas de huracán que arrebatáis  
del alto bosque las marchitas hojas,  
arrastrado en el ciego torbellino,  
¡llevadme con vosotras!  
Nubes de tempestad que rompe el  
rayo  
y en fuego ornáis las desprendidas  
orlas,  
arrebatao entre la niebla oscura,  
¡llevadme con vosotras!  
Llevadme por piedad a donde el  
vértigo  
con la razón me arranque la  
memoria.  
¡Por piedad! ¡Tengo miedo de  
quedarme  
con mi dolor a solas!

### **Tu pupila es azul**

Tu pupila es azul, y cuando ríes,  
  
su claridad suave me recuerda  
el trémulo fulgor de la mañana,  
que en el mar se refleja.  
Tu pupila es azul, y cuando lloras,

### **O one that knew not how to sigh**

O one that knew not how to sigh:  
of sighing I have made myself  
mistress!  
I sigh if I am at the table eating,  
sigh if I am in the bedroom alone,  
sigh if I am laughing and jesting,  
sigh if I am with that one or this one,

I sigh before sighing afterwards:  
Your eyes cause me to sigh.  
I sigh at first and I sigh in a year  
and your eyes cause me to sigh.

### **Giant waves**

Giant waves that break roaring  
  
on the deserted and remote beach,  
enveloped in the foam,  
take me with you!  
Winds of hurricane that carry  
from the high forest the dry leaves,  
swirling in the turbulence,  
take me with you!  
Storm clouds that break with  
lightning  
and set fire to the detached fringe,  
  
fearful in the obscure fog  
take me with you!  
Take me, for pity's sake, where the  
vertigo  
with reason will eradicate my  
memory.  
Please! I'm afraid to be alone in my  
pain!

### **Your eyes are blue**

Your eyes are blue, and when you  
laugh,  
the soft lightness reminds me  
of the trembling light of morning  
that is reflected in the sea.  
Your eyes are blue, and when you  
cry,

las transparentes lágrimas en ella  
se me figuran gotas de rocío  
sobre una violeta.  
Tu pupila es azul, y si en su fondo  
como un punto de luz radia una idea,  
me parece en el cielo de la tarde  
una perdida estrella.

### **Besa el aura**

Besa el aura que gime blandamente  
las leves ondas que jugando riza;  
el sol besa a la nube de occidente  
y de púrpura y oro la matiza;  
la llama en derredor del tronco  
ardiente  
por besar a otra llama se desliza  
y hasta el sauce, inclinándose a su  
peso,  
al río que le besa, vuelve un beso

### **Du gai soleil**

Frère! voyez!... Voyez le beau  
bouquet!  
J'ai mis, pour le pasteur, le jardin au  
pillage!...  
Et puis, l'on va danser!...  
Pour le premier menuet c'est sur vous  
que je compte...  
Ah! Le sombre visage!  
Mais aujourd'hui, monsieur Werther,  
tout le monde est joyeux!  
Le Bonheur est dans l'air!

Du gai soleil plein de flame dans  
inl'azur resplendissant

la pure clarté descend de nos fronts  
jusqu'a notre âme!  
Tout le monde est joyeux! Le  
Bonheur est dans l'air!  
Et l'oiseau qui monte au cieus dans la  
brise qui soupire  
Est revenu pour nous dire que Dieu  
permet d'être heureux!

the transparent tears on your cheek  
remind me of dewdrops  
upon a violet.  
Your eyes are blue, and at the bottom  
Light a point of light radiates an idea,  
It seems to me you are, in the night  
sky,  
A lost star!

### **Kiss the aura**

Kiss the aura the groans softly  
the little waves that, playing, curl;  
the sun kisses the cloud in the west  
and of purple and gold qualifies it;  
the flame around the burning trunk

to kiss another flame slips  
and to the willow tree, leaning its  
weight,  
to the river that kisses it, it becomes a  
kiss.

### **From the cheery sun**

Brother! look!... Look at the  
beautiful bouquet!  
I have, for the pastor, the garden  
plundered!  
And then, we will go dancing!...  
For the first minuet it's on you that  
I'm counting...  
Ah! The gloomy face!  
But today, Mr. Werther, all the world  
is joyous!  
The happiness is in the air!

From the cheery sun full of passion

the blue radiant  
the pure clearness descends from our  
brows all the way to our soul!  
All the world is joyous! the  
happiness is in the air!  
And the bird which rises to the sky in  
the breeze that sighs  
Has returned to tell us that God  
permits us to be happy!

Tout le monde est joyeux!  
Le Bonheur est dans l'air!  
Tout le monde est heureux!

All the world is joyous!  
The happiness is in the air!  
All the world is happy!

### **Special Thanks**

To Deborah Montgomery-Cove, my wonderful teacher, for helping me discover my true voice and make beautiful music. To Charis Dimaris for generous coaching to help this music live and speak. To Clera Ryu, for a wonderful year of collaboration. To Erik Kibelsbeck, for the rescheduling this recital. To Cass Barbour and Mira Shifrin for putting together concert programs.

To all my amazing teachers here at Ithaca College and all my brilliant, supportive colleagues. I cannot list all your names here, but that does not lessen my deep gratitude to all of you. Thank-you! To my family; I love you. To my audience; thank-you for coming!

I dedicate this performance to my cousin Judy and to Mimi and Papa.

## **Ithaca College School of Music**

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For more information regarding the Ithaca College School of Music, please visit us on the web at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music>