

10-15-2011

Senior Recital: Kelly Sheehan, mezzo-soprano

Kelly Sheehan

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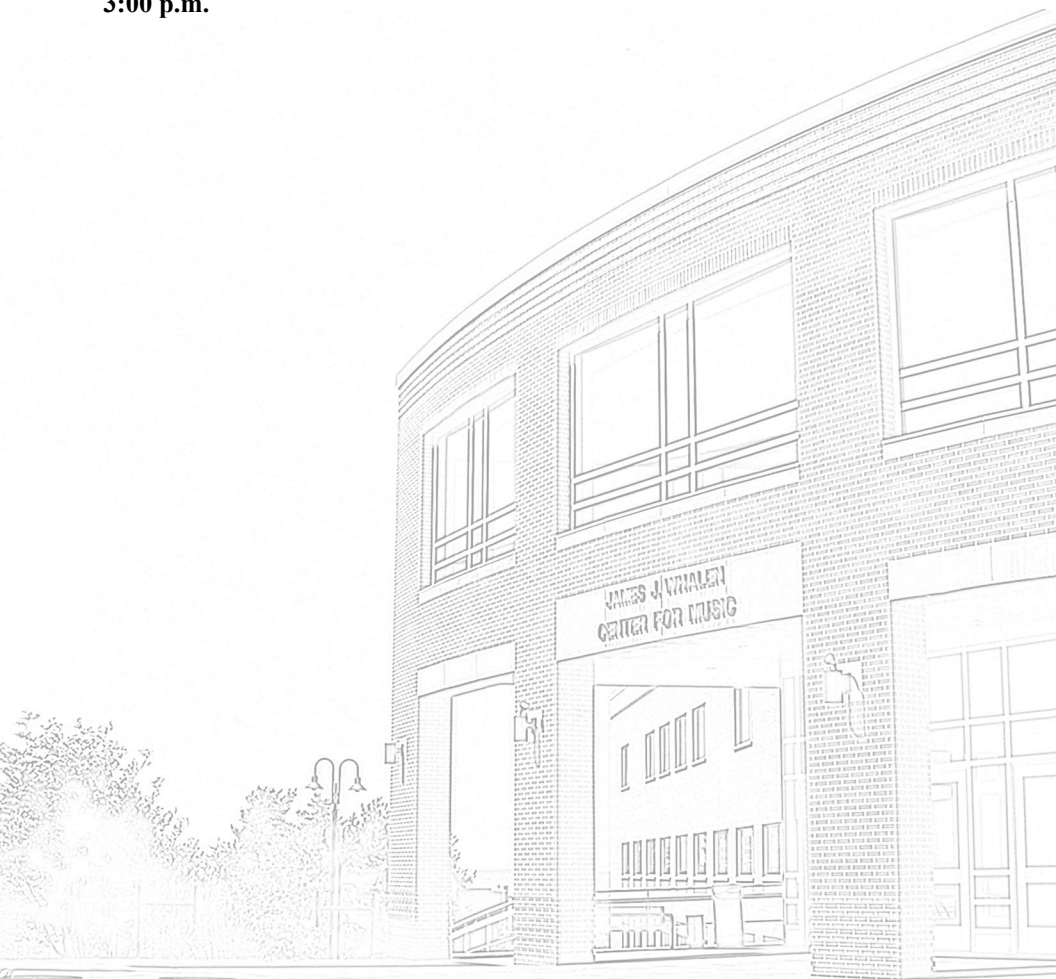
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**Senior Recital:
Kelly Sheehan, mezzo-soprano**

Elena Nezhdanova, piano

**Ford Hall
Saturday, October 15, 2011
3:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Vieni, vieni o mio diletto
Un certo non so che

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Mai
Offrande
Fetes Gallantes
A Chloris

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

Nacqui all'affanno...Non piu mesta
from *La Cenerentola*

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Intermission

Lieder der Mignon from Goethe's "Willhelm
Meister"

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Kennst du das Land
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Heiss' mich nicht reden
So lasst mich scheinen

Thomas Moore's Irish Ballads

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Sail on, sail on
How sweet the answer
The Minstrel Boy
At the mid hour of night
The last rose of summer

Sweet Liberty
from *Jane Eyre the Musical*

Paul Gordon
(b. 1956)

This Senior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in
Vocal Performance and Music Education. Kelly Sheehan is from the studio of
Deborah Montgomery-Cove.

Program Notes

Antonio Vivaldi was an Italian Baroque composer, priest and virtuoso violinist. He is famously nicknamed "The Red Priest" for his hair color and is known primarily for his concerts (especially for the violin), sacred choral works and over 40 operas.

Vieni, vieni o mio diletto

Vieni, vieni, o mio diletto
chi'il mio core, tutto affetto
gia t'aspetta e ognor ti chiama

Il mio core tutto affetto
gia t'aspetta, gia ti chiama

Un certo non so che

Un certo non so che
mi giunge e passa il cor
e pur dolor non e.

Se questa fosse amor?
nel suo vorace ardor
gia posi incauta posi il pie!

Reynaldo Hahn was a Venezuelan composer, conductor and music critic. He wrote in the French classical tradition of the melodie and is considered a major composer of the Belle Epoque ("Beautiful Era") after World War I.

Mai

Depuis un mois, chere exilee,
Loin de mes yeux tu t'en allas,
Et j'ai vu fleurir les lilas
Avec ma peine inconsolee

Seul, je fuis ce ciel clair et beau

Dont l'ardent effluve me trouble

Come, come, oh my delight.

Come, come, oh my delight
because my heart, full of affection
already it is waiting for you and
always you is calling

my heart full of affection
already it is waiting for you and
always you is calling

A certain something

A certain something
comes to me and touches my heart
and yet it is not pain.

Could this be love?
Into this voracious passion
I have already placed my imprudent
foot!

May

It has been a month, dear exile,
Far from my eyes you have gone,
And I have seen the blooming lilacs
in my sorrow inconsolable.

Alone, I flee the sky, clear and
lovely

Whose burning radiation disturbs
me

Car l'horreur de l'exile se double

De la splendeur renouveau!

En vain le soleil a souri,
Au printemps, je ferme ma porte,
Et veux seulement qu'on m'apporte

Un Rameau de lilas fleuri!

Car l'amour dont mon ame est pleine

Y trouve parmi ses douleurs
Ton regard, dans ces cheres fleur
Et dans leur parfum ton haleine

Offrande

Voice des fruits, des fleurs,
des feuilles et des branches,
Et puis voici mon coeur
qui ne bat que pour vous;

Ne le déchirez pas
Avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'au vos yeux si beaux l'humble
present soit doux.

J'arrive, tout couvert encore de rosee
Que le vent du matin vient glacer a
mon front
Souffrez que ma fatigue, a vos pieds
reposee,
Reve des chers instants qui la
delaseront,

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma
tete
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers
baisers,
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne
tempeste
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous
reposee

For the suffering of the exile
increases
with the splendor of nature's rebirth!

In vain the sun has smiled
To spring, I close my door.
And wish only that one should bring
me
a lilac in bloom!

For the love with which my soul is
full
finds among its pains
your gaze in these dear flowers,
and in its perfume, your breath.

Offering

Here are some fruits, some flowers
some leaves and some branches,
and then here is my heart
which beats only for you

Do not tear it up
with your two white hands
and may the humble gift be pleasing
to your eyes.

I arrive, all covered still with dew
which the morning wind froze to my
brow
Allow that my weariness resting at
your feet
dream of dear moments that will
refresh it

Let me rest my head on your young
breast
still ringing with your last kisses
let it calm down after the good
tempest
and let me sleep a little while you
rest

Fetes Galantes

Les donneurs de serenades
Et les belles ecouteuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte
Et c'est l'eternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis, qui, pour mainte
 Cruelle
fait maint vers tender

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes a queues,
Leur elegance, leur joie
Et leur molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
d'une lune rose grise.
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

A Chloris

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes

(Mais, j'entends, que tu m'aimes
 bien,)

Jen e crois pas que les rois memes
Aiet un bonheur pareil au mien.
Que la mort serait importune
A venir changer ma fortune
Pour la felicite des cieux

Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambroisie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des graces de tes yeux!

Gallant Festivals

The givers of serenades
And the lovely listeners
exchange insipid comments
beneath the branches

It is Thyrasis and it is Amyntas
and it is the eternal Clytander
and there is Damis, who, for many
 cruel women
writes many tender verses

Their short jackets of silk
Their long gowns with trains
Their elegance, their joy
and their soft, blue shadows

Whirl in the ecstasy
of a moon pink and gray
And the mandolin chatters
amid the shivers of the breeze

For Chloris

If it is true, Chloris, that you love
 me

(and I understand, that you love me
 well)

I do not believe that even kings
could have happiness equal to mine
How death would be unwelcome
if it were to exchange my fortune
with the joy of heaven!

All that they say of ambrosia
does not inspire my imagination
like the favor of your eyes!

**Nacqui all'affanno and Non piu mesta
from "La Cenerentola" by Giacchino Rossini**

Giacchino Rossini was an Italian composer, famous for his operas, sacred music and chamber music. La Cenerentola is one of the most famous of his 39 operas. Rossini composed this Cinderella story when he was just 25 years old. In this scene, Angelina ("Cenerentola") has found her prince and forgives her stepfather and stepsisters for their cruelty.

Nacqui all'affanno

Nacqui all'affanno e al pianto,
Soffrir tacendo il core,
Ma per soave incanto
Dell'eta mia nel fiore,
Come baleno rapido,
la sorte mia cangio,

No, no, no, no,
Tergete il ciglio,
perche tremar, perche?
A questo sen volate

Figlio, sorella, amica,
tutto trovate in me.

Non piu mesta

Non piu mesta accanto al fuoco
Staro sola a gorghehhar! No!
Ah, fu un lampo, un sogno, un gioco

Il mio lungo palpitar!

I was born to pain

I was born to sorrow and to tears,
It suffered in silence the heart,
But by a gentle enchantment
Of my age in the flower
Like a swift flash
My fate changed

No, no, no, no
dry your tears,
why tremble, why?
To my breast fly.

Daughter, sister, friend
all those you can find in me.

No longer sad

No longer sad near the fire
will I be sadly singing! No!
Ah, it was a flash of lightning, a
dream, a joke
my long heartache.

Lieder der Mignon by Robert Schumann from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister"

Robert Schumann was a German pianist and composer, representative of the Romantic era. The "Mignon Songs" are based on Goethe's cameo character in his novel Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship. Many other composers set Mignon's tragic story to music including Franz Schubert.

Kennst du das Land

Kennst du das Land,
wo die Zitronen bluh'n
Im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen
gluh'n
ein sanfter Wind,
vom blauen Himmel weht
die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer
steht,
Kennst du es wohl, kennst du es
wohl?
Dahin! dahin mocht ich mit dir,
o mein Geliebter, ziehn

Kennst du das Haus?
Auf Saulen ruht sein Dach.
Es glanzet der Saal,
es schimmert das Gemach,
und Marmorbilder steh'n und seh'n
mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind,
gethan?
Kennst du es wohl, kennst du es
wohl?
Dahin! dahin mocht ich mit dir,
o mein Beschützer, ziehn

Kennst du den Berg
und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultheir sucht im Nebel seinen
Weg;
In Hohen wohnt der Drachen alte
Brut;
es sturzt der Fels und über ihn die
Fluth.
Kennst du in wohl, kennst du ihn

Know you the land?

Know you the land
where the lemon trees blossom?
I the dark foliage the golden oranges
glow
a gentle wind
from the blue sky wafts
the myrtle silent and high the laurel
stands
Know you it well, know you it well?
There! there would I with you,
oh my beloved, go.

Know you the house?
On pillars rests its roof
there gleams the hall,
there shimmers the room,
and marble statues stand and look at
me:
What have they done to you, poor
child?
Know you it well, know you it well?
There! there would I with you,
oh my protector, go.

Know you the mountain
and its cloudy path?
The mule seeks his way in the mist;
in caves lives the dragon's old
brood;
there falls away the rock and over the
water.
There! there goes our way!

wohl?
Dahin! dahin geht unser Weg!
o Vater, lass uns zieh'n!

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
weiss, was ich leide.
Allein und abgetrennt von aller
Freude,
seh' ich ans Firmament nach jener
Seite
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,

ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir,
es brennt mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
weiss, was ich leide.

Heiss' mich nicht reden

Heiss' mich nicht reden,
heiss mich schweigen!
denn mein Geheimniss ist mir
Pflicht!
Ich mochte dir meinganzes Inn're
zeigen,
allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Heiss' mich nicht reden,
heiss mich schweigen!
Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne
Lauf die finstre Nacht,
und sie muss sich erhellen;
der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen
auf,
missgunnt der Erde nicht die tief
verborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes
Ruh',
dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich
ergiesen;
allein ein Schwurdruckt mir die
Lippen zu,

oh father, let us go!

Only one who knows longing

Only one who knows longing,
knows what I suffer.
Alone and separated from all joy,

Look I into the firmament in that
direction
Ah! the one who knows and loves
me
is in the distance
I am dizzy,
they burn my insides
Only one who knows longing,
knows what I suffer.

Ask me not to speak

Ask me not to speak,
ask me to be silent!
For my secret is my duty!

I would show you my whole soul

but fate will not allow.

Ask me not to speak,
ask me to be silent!
At the right time the sun drives away
the dark night
and it must brighten,
the hard rock opens its bosom up,

does not deny the earth its deep
hidden springs.

A man seeks rest in the arms of a
friend,
there can the heart pour itself out in
lament;
Only an oath prints my lips

und nur ein Gott vermag sie auf
zuschliessen.
nur ein Gott!

Hess' mich nicht reden,
Hess mich schweigen!
Ein Schwurdruckt mir die Lippen
zu,
und nur ein Gott vermag sie
aufzuschliessen!

So lasst mich scheinen

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich
werde;
zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!

Ich eile vonder schonen Erde hinap
in jenes feste Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille.
dan öffnet sich der frische Blick;
ich lasse dan die reine Hule,
den Gurtel und den Kranz zuruck,
Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,
sie fragen nicht nach Mann und
Weib,
und keine Kleider, keine Falten
umgeben den verklarten Leib

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Muhe,

doch fuhlt ich tiefen Schmertz
genung.

Vor Kummer altert' ich zu fruhe;
macht mich auf eqig wieder jung,
auf weider jung.

and only God may open them,

only God!

Ask me not to speak,
ask me to be silent!
an oath prints my lips

and only God may open them!

So let me appear so

So let me appear so, until I have
become that
do not have me take off the white
dress!

I hurry from the beautiful earth down
to that solid house.

There I rest a little quiet moment
then will open up a fresh gaze;
I will then leave the pure covering
the belt and the wreath behind
and those heavenly beings
they don't ask after man and woman

and no clothes, no robes surround
the transfigured body

It is true I have felt without care and
toil

yet I have felt enough deep pain

I have aged to early from sorrow
make me again forever young,
forever young.

"Thomas Moore's Irish Songs" by Benjamin Britten

Benjamin Britten was an English composer, conductor and pianist. He wrote orchestral works and sacred music and is considered one of the leading figures in 20th century opera. The poetry in these songs are taken from the texts of Thomas Moore's Irish poetry. Britten was not the only one to set Thomas Moore's poetry - he is joined by composers such as Robert Schumann, Charles Ives, William Bolcom and Lori Laitman. The subtitle of each piece reflects the title of the original Irish tune.

Sail on, sail on (The Humming of the Ban)

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark,
Wherever blows the welcome wind;
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.

Each smiling billow seems to say,
"Tho' death beneath our surface be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on, through endless space,
Through cam, through tempest, stop no more;
The stormiest sea's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.

Or, if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet falsehearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

How Sweet the Answer (The Wren)

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night;
When rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet love hath echoes truer far.
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, of lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sign, in youth sincere,
And only then -
The sigh, that's breath'd for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again, again, again, again, again.

The Minstrel Boy (The Moreen)

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.

"Land of Song," said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least, thy rights shall guard
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The Minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under,
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;

And said, "No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slav'ry."

At the mid hour of night (Molly, my Dear)

At the mid hour of night when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think that if spirits can steal from the region of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight; thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered e'en in the sky.

Then I'll sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear,
And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my Love! 'tis the voice from the kingdom of souls
Faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

The Last Rose of Summer (Groves of Blarney)

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred, No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her or give sigh for sigh

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, Go sleep now with them;
Thus kindly I scatter Thy leaves on the bod
Where thy mates of the garden Lie senseless and dead.

So soon may I follow, When friendships decay,
And from loves shining circle the gems drop away
When true hearts lie withered, And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit This bleak world alone?

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