Senior Recital: Kelly Sheehan, mezzo-soprano

Kelly Sheehan

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Senior Recital:
Kelly Sheehan, mezzo-soprano
Elena Nezhdanova, piano

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

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 inconsollee

Seul, je fuis ce ciel clair et beau
Dont l'ardent effluve me trouble

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 mo name est pleine
Y trouve parmi ses douleurs
Ton regard, dans ces chères 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 dechirez pas
A vec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'a 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 vois 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'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis, qui, pour mainte
Cruele
fait maint vers tender

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

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

Gallant Festivals
The givers of serenades
And the lovely listeners
exhange insipid comments
beneath the branches

It is Thryrsis 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

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!

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!
Giaccino 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,  
Tergete il ciglio,  
perche tremar, perche?  
A questo sen volate  

**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,  
Dry your tears,  
why tremble, why?  
To my breast fly.  

**Non piu mesta**

Non piu mesta accanto al fuoco  
Staro sola a gorghehhiar! No!  
Ah, fu un lampo, un soggno, un gioco  
Il mio lungo palpitar!  

**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.
Kennst du das Land
Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen bluh'n
Im dunklen 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

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!

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, missgonnt der Erde nicht die tief verborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh', dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen; 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 offnet 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 frueh;
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 starts 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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