

1-25-2014

Senior Recital: Shelley Attadgie, soprano

Shelley Attadgie

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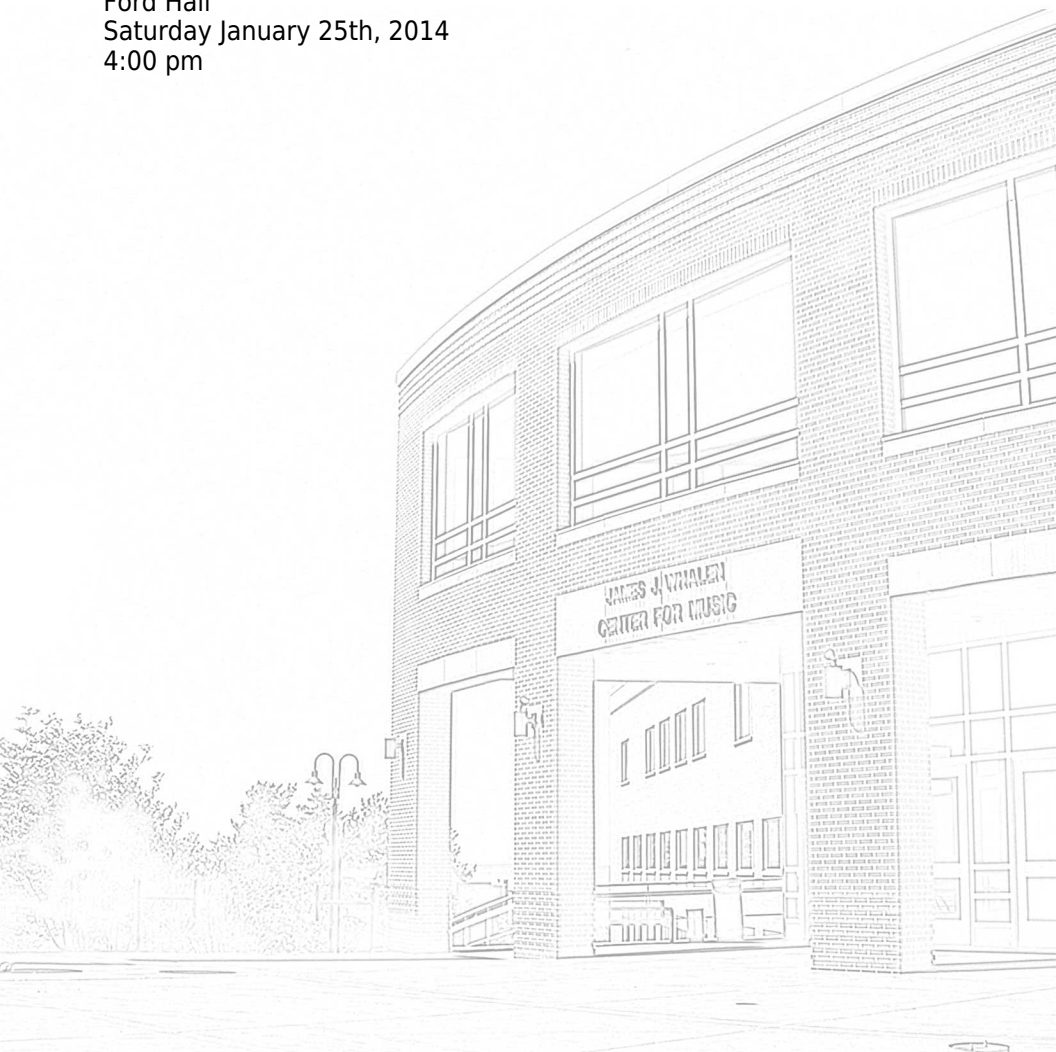
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Senior Recital:

Shelley Attadgie, soprano

Michael Clark, piano
Kat Wallace, violin

Ford Hall
Saturday January 25th, 2014
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Das Glück der Freundschaft
Andenken
Lied aus der Ferne

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1712-1773)

Chanson d'avril
Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe
Guitare

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Quando m'en vo

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Intermission

In van preghi
Aprile
Penso

Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Five Hebrew Love Songs
I. Temuna הנומת
II. Kalá Kállá הלכ הלק
III. Larov בורל
IV. Éyze shéleg גלש הז'א
V. Rakút תוכר

Eric Whitacre
(b. 1970)

Translations

Das Glück der Freundschaft

Der lebt ein Leben wonniglich,
Deß Herz ein Herz gewinnt;
Geteilte Lust verdoppelt sich,
Geteilter Gram zerrinnt.

Beblümete Wege wandelt ab,
Wem trauliches Geleit;
Den Arm die gold'ne Freundschaft
gab
In dieser eh'rnen Zeit.

Sie weckt die Kraft und spornt den
Mut
Zu schönen Taten nur,
Und nährt in uns die heil'ge Glut
Für Wahrheit und Natur.

Erflogen hat des Glückes Ziel,
Wer eine Mädchen fand,
Mit der der Liebe Zartgefühl
Ihn inniglich verband.

Entzückt von ihr, ihr beigesellt,
Verschönert sich die Bahn;
Durch sie blüht ihm die Welt

Und Alles lacht ihn an.

He lives a life delightfully,
Whose heart a heart wins;
Shared joy doubles itself,
Shared grief melts away.

Flowered pathways change
themselves
for those who intimately walk;
The arm the golden friendship gave
in this brazen time.

It awakens the strength and spurs
the courage
to fair deeds only,
and nourishes in us the holy fire
for truth and nature.

He has arrived at the goal of
happiness,
who has found his friend,
with whom love's tender feeling
deeply blinds him.

Delighted by her, to her joined,
brightens up the journey;
Through her alone blooms the world

and everything smiles at him.

Andenken

Ich denke dein,
Wenn durch den Hain
Der Nachtigallen
Akkorde schallen!
Wenn denkst du mein?

Ich denke dein
Im Dämmerchein
Der Abendhelle
Am Schattenquelle!
Wo denkst du mein?

I think of you
When through the grove
The nightingales
Sing out their chords!
When do you think of me?

I think of you
At the twilight
Of evening
By the shadowy spring!
Where do you think of me?

Ich denke dein
Mit süßer Pein
Mit bangem Sehnen
Und heißen Tränen!
Wie denkst du mein?

I think of you
With sweet pain,
With anxious longing
And hot tears!
How do you think of me?

O denke mein,
Bis zum Verein
Auf besserm Sterne!
In jeder Ferne
Denk ich nur dein!

O think of me
Until our union
On a better star!
However distant
I may be I think only of you!

Lied aus der Ferne

Als mir noch die Träne der
Sehnsucht nicht floß,
Und neidisch die Ferne nicht
Liebchen verschloß,
Wie glich da mein Leben dem
blühenden Kranz,
Dem Nachtigallwäldchen, voll Spiel
und voll Tanz!

When for me yet the tears of
longing not flowed,
and my sweetheart was not captive
by the distance,
how my life resembled a blooming
garland,
the nightingale-grove, full-of play
and full-of dance!

Nun treibt mich oft Sehnsucht
hinaus auf die Höhen,
Den Wunsch meines Herzens wo
lächeln zu seh'n!
Hier sucht in der Gegend mein
schmachtender Blick,
Doch kehret es nimmer befriedigt
zurück.

Longing drives me often out into
the hills,
the desire of my heart to see
somewhere a smile!
Here my yearning gaze searches
the landscape,
but it returns ever unsatisfied.

Wie klopft es im Busen, als wärst du
mir nah,
O komm, meine Holde, dein
Jüngling ist da!
Ich opfre dir alles, was Gott mir
verlieh,
Denn wie ich dich liebe, so liebt' ich
noch nie!

How my heart throbs as if you were
near me
Oh come, my fair-one, your
young-one is here!
I would give up everything that God
has given me,
for I love you as never before!

O Teure, komm eilig zum
bräutlichen Tanz!
Ich pflege schon Rosen und Myrten
zum Kranz.
Komm, zaubre mein Hüttchen zum
Tempel der Ruh,
Zum Tempel der Wonne, die Göttin
sei du!

Oh dearest, come quickly to-the
bridle dance!
I am cultivating roses and myrtle
for your garland.
Come, transform my cottage into a
temple of peace,
into a temple of bliss, whose
goddess you are!

Chanson d'avril

Lève-toi! lève-toi! le printemps
vient de naître!
Là-bas, sur les vallons, flotte un
réseau vermeil!
Tout frissonne au jardin, tout
chante et ta fenêtre,
Comme un regard joyeux, est
pleine de soleil!

Du côté des lilas aux touffes
violettes,
Mouches et papillons bruissent à la
fois
Et le muguet sauvage, ébranlant
ses clochettes,
A réveillé l'amour endormi dans les
bois!

Puisqu'Avril a semé ses marguerites
blanches,
Laisse ta mante lourde et ton
manchon frileux,
Déjà l'oiseau t'appelle et tes soeurs
les pervenches
Te souriront dans l'herbe en voyant
tes yeux bleus!

Viens, partons! au matin, la source
est plus limpide; Lève-toi! viens,
partons!
N'attendons pas du jour les
brûlantes chaleurs;
Je veux mouiller mes pieds dans la
rosée humide,
Et te parler d'amour sous les
poiriers en fleurs.

Get up! Get up! Spring has just
been born!
Over those valleys a rosy mist is
floating!
Everything in the garden sings;
your window
is full of sunshine, like a joyful gaze.

Around the bunches of
purple-flowering lilac
butterflies and bees flutter and hum
together,
and the little shaking bells of
lily-of-the-valley
have woken up Eros who was
sleeping in the woods.

Now that April has scattered its
white daisies,
go without your heavy cloak and
cold-weather muff!
The birds are already calling you,
and the periwinkles
will smile in the grass when they
see your blue eyes.

Let's get going! The stream is
clearer in early morning.

Get up!

Let's not wait for the day's burning
heat.

I want to wet my feet in the moist
dew
and talk of love under the
blossoming pear-trees.

Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe

Puisque rien ne t'arrête en cet
heureux pays,
Ni l'ombre du palmier, ni le jaune
maïs,
Ni le repos, ni l'abondance,
Ni de voir à ta voix battre le jeune
sein

Since nothing holds you to this
happy land,
neither the shade of a palm tree
nor the yellow corn,
neither rest nor abundance
nor seeing beat at the sound of
your voice the youthful breasts
of our sisters, whose dance,

De nos sœurs, dont, les soirs, le
tournoyant essaim
Couronne un coteau de sa danse,

Adieu beau voyageur! Hélas!
Oh ! que n'es-tu de ceux

Qui donnent pour limite à leurs
pieds paresseux
Leur toit de branches ou de toiles !

Qui, rêveurs, sans en faire,
écoutent les récits,
Et souhaitent, le soir, devant leur
porte assis,
De s'en aller dans les étoiles !

Si tu l'avais voulu, peut-être une de
nous,
O jeune homme, eût aimé te servir
à genoux
Dans nos huttes toujours ouvertes;

Elle eût fait, en berçant ton
sommeil de ses chants,
Pour chasser de ton front les
moucheons méchants,
Un éventail de feuilles vertes.

Si tu ne reviens pas, songe un peu
quelquefois
Aux filles du désert, sœurs à la
douce voix,
Qui dansent pieds nus sur la dune ;

O beau jeune homme blanc, bel
oiseau passager, Souviens-toi,
car peut-être, ô rapide étranger,

Ton souvenir reste à plus d'une !

like that of a hive of bees, crowns
the evening hills.

Adieu, handsome traveler. Alas!
Oh, why aren't you one
of those who limit their lazy feet to
their own roofs
of branches or canvas!

Who, dreamers, listen to stories
without making any,
and dream of flying away to the
stars,
sitting before their doors in the
evening?

Had you wished it, perhaps one of
us,
young man, would have liked to
serve you, kneeling,
in our huts that are always open.

She would have lulled you to sleep
and made a fan of green leaves
to chase away the flies from your
brow.

If you don't come back, think
sometimes
on the desert's daughters,
soft-voiced sisters
dancing barefoot on the dune.

Handsome young white man, lovely
bird of passage, remember, for
perhaps, oh rapid stranger, your
memory remains in more than
one of them!

Guitare

Comment, disaient-ils,
Avec nos nacelles,
Fuir les alguazils?
Ramez, disaient-elles.

Comment, disaient-ils,
Oublier querelles,
Misère et périls?
Dormez, disaient-elles.

Comment, disaient-ils,
Enchanter les belles
Sans philtres subtils?
Aimez, disaient-elles

"How then," asked he
"By boat and tide
Alguazils flee?"
"Row," she replied.

"How then," asked he,
"To set aside
Strife, misery?"
"Sleep," she replied.

"How then," asked he,
"Love's philtre denied,
Win fair beauty?"
"Love," she replied.

Quando m'en vo

Quando men vo soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in
me
Da capo a pie'...
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
Sottile, che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio tutta
m'aggira,
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti
struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben:
le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

When walking alone on the
streets,
People stop and stare
And examine my beauty
From head to toe...
And then I savor the cravings
which from their eyes transpires
And from the obvious charms
they perceive
The hidden beauties.
So the scent of desire is all
around me,
It makes me happy!
And you who know, who
remembers and yearns,
You shrink from me?
I know why this is:
You do not want to tell me of
your anguish,
But you feel like dying!

In van Pregghi

In van preghi, in vano aneli
in van mostri il cuore infranto.
Sono forse umidi i cieli

noi abbiamo pianto?

Il dolor nostro

senz'ala.

Non ha volo il grido imbellè.
Piangi e prega!
Qual dio cala pel cammino delle
stelle?

alla polve

e su lei prono ti giaci.
La supina madre assolve

d'ogni colpa chi la baci.
In un Ade senza dio
dormi quanto puoi profondo
Tutto è sogno, tutto è oblio:
l'asfodèlo è il fior del Mondo

Aprile

Non senti tu ne l'aria
il profumo che spande Primavera?
Non senti tu ne l'anima
il suon de nova voce lusinghiera?
È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil su' prati'n
fiore!

Il piè trarrai fra mambole,
avrà su'l petto rose e cilestrine,

e le farfalle candide
t'aleggeranno intorno al nero crine.
È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil su' prati'n
fiore!

You beg in vain, you yearn in vain,
In vain you show your broken heart.
Are the Heavens soaked
with our tears?

Our grief is without wings.

The cowardly cry does not fly.
Weep and beg! Which is the god
Who comes down on the path of the
stars

Give yourself up to the dust

And lie there prostrate
the mother earth absolves from
their sins
All those kiss her
In the godless Hades
Sleep as deeply as you can.
all is a dream, all is an oblivion:
The asphodel is the flower of the
world.

Do you not smell on the air
the wafting perfume of Spring?
Do you not hear in your soul
the tunes of a new coaxing voice?
It is April -- the season of love:
Come! Come, my love, into the
blooming fields...

Your paths are strewn with violets,
you will dress with roses and
bluebells,
and pure white butterflies
will dance lightly around your hair.
It is April! It's the season of love!
Come! o my love, into the blooming
fields!

Penso

Penso alla prima volta in cui
volgesti
Lo sguardo tuo soave insino a me,

Ai dolce incanto,
ai palpiti celesti
Che quell'istante tenero mi diè.

Ma tu... tu l'hai scordato,
Dici che un sogno fu,
Come in quel dì beato
Non sai guardarmi più!

Penso al sorriso che mirai primiero
Sul labbro tuo dolcissimo vagar,
Alle speranze, al sogno lusinghiero

Che mi seppe nell'animo destar!

Ma tu... tu l'hai scordato,
Dici che un sogno fu,
Come in quel dì beato
Non sai sorrider più!

I think the first time in which
you turned your gaze sweetly held
at me,
of-the sweet enchantment,
of-the palpitations heavenly
which that-moment tender to-me
gave.

But you, you have forgotten it;
you say that it was a dream.
As in that day blessed,
you don't know how to look at me
anymore.

I think of the smile that I first saw,
wandering sweetly across your lips,
of the hopes, of the pleasant dream

that I realized had been awakened
in my soul.

But you, you have forgotten it;
you say that it was a dream.
As in that day blessed,
you don't know how to smile
anymore.

Temuná

Temuná belibí charutá;
Nodédet beyn ór uveyn ófel:

Min dmamá shekazó et guféch kach
otá,
Usaréch al paná'ich kach nófel.

A picture is engraved in my heart;
Moving between light and darkness:

A sort of silence envelopes your
body,
And your hair falls upon your face
just so.

Kalá kallá

Kalá kallá
Kulá shelí.
U'vekalút
Tishák hí lí!

Light bride
She is all mine,
And lightly
She will kiss me!

Laróv

"Laróv," amár gag la'shama'im,
"Hamerschák shebeynéynu hu ad;

Ach lifnéy zman alu lechán shna'im,
Uveynéynu nishár sentiméter
echád."

"Mostly," said the roof to the sky,
"the distance between you and I is
endlessness;

but a while ago two came up here,
and only one centimeter was left
between us."

Éyze shéleg!

Éyze shéleg!
Kmo chalamót ktaníim
Noflíim mehashamá'im;

What snow!
Like little dreams
Falling from the sky

Rakút

Hu hayá malé rakút
Hi haytá kashá
Vechól káma shenistá lehishaér
kach,
Pashút, uvlí sibá tová,
Lakach otá el toch atzmó,
Veheníach
Bamakóm hachí, hachí rach.

He was full of tenderness;
She was very hard.
And as much as she tried to stay
thus,
Simply, and without good reason
He took her into himself
And set her down
in the softest, softest place.