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Senior Recital: Shaylyn Gibson, soprano

Shaylyn Gibson

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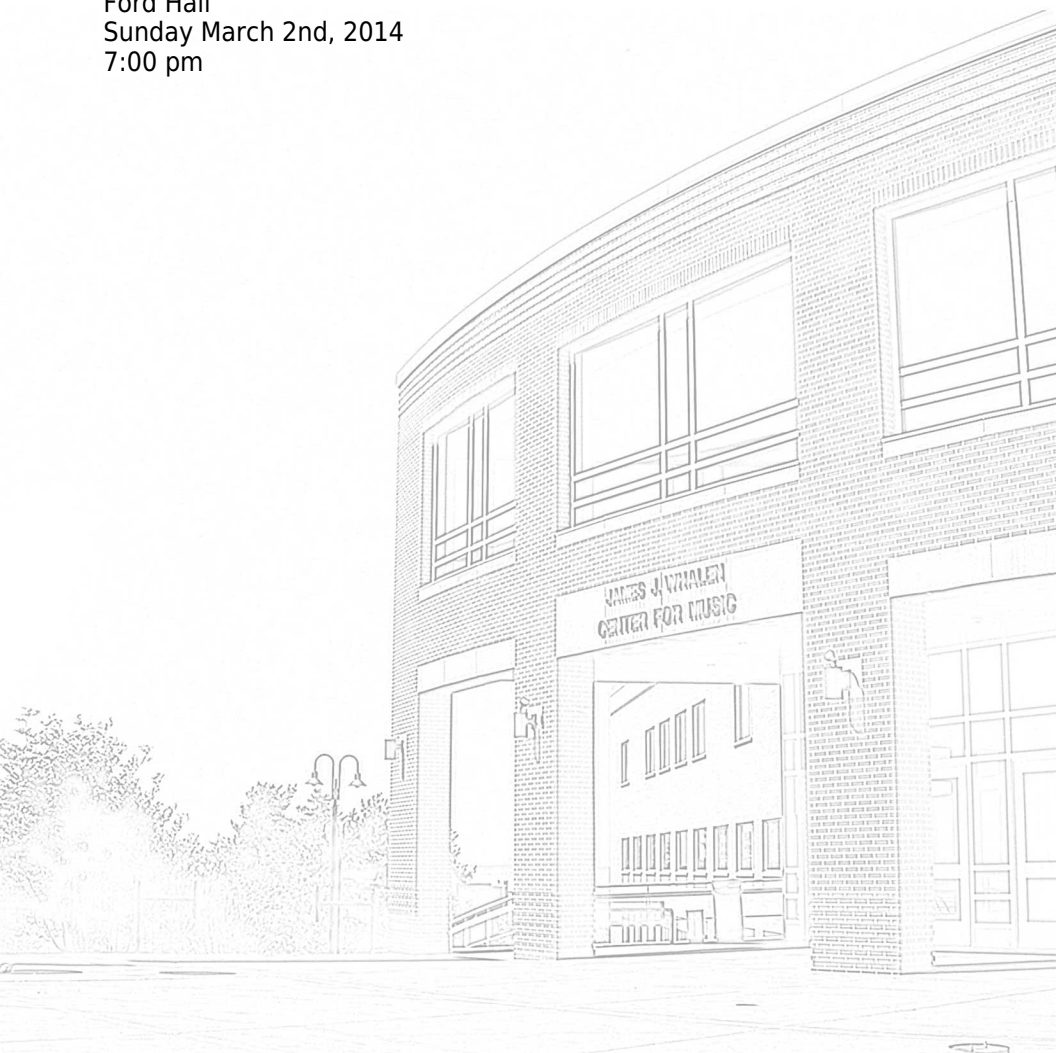
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Senior Recital:

Shaylyn Gibson, soprano

Samuel Martin, piano
Jaime Guyon, soprano

Ford Hall
Sunday March 2nd, 2014
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Quatre Chansons de Ronsard

Darius Milhaud
(1892-1974)

- I. À une Fontaine
- II. À Cupidon
- III. Tais-tois, babillarde Arondelle!
- IV. Dieu, vous gard'

Recitativo: Signora sorellina...

Terzetto: Le faccio un inchino

Jaime Guyon, soprano

Domenico Cimarosa
(1749-1801)

Knoxville: Summer of 1915

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Intermission

Silly Eye Color Generalizations

Regina Spektor
(b. 1980)

Zigeunermelodien

- I. Mein Lied ertönt
- II. Ei, wie mein Triangel wunderherrlich läutet!
- III. Rings ist der Wald
- IV. Als die alte Mutter
- V. Reingestimmt die Saiten!
- VI. In dem weiten, breiten, luft'gen Leinenkleide
- VII. Darf es Falken Schwinge

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

Glitter and Be Gay

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Translations

Quatre Chansons de Ronsard

I. À une fontaine

Écoute moi, fontaine vive,
En qui j'ai rebu si souvent,
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,

Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent,
Quand l'été ménager moissonne

Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,
Et l'aire par compas résonne

Gémissant sous le blé battu.
Ainsi toujours puisses-tu être
En religion à tout ceux,
Qui te boirons ou feront paître
Tes vers rivages à leurs boeufs.
Ainsi toujours la lune claire
Voie à minuit au fond d'un val
Les Nymphes près de ton repaire
à mille bonds mener le bal!

II. À Cupidon

Le jour pousse la nuit
Et la nuit sombre
Pousse le jour qui luit
D'une obscure ombre.
L'automne suit l'été
Et l'âpre rage
Des vents n'a point été
Après l'orage.
Mais la fièvre d'amours
Qui me tourmente
Demeure en moi toujours
Et ne s'alente.
Ce n'était pas moi, Dieu,
Qu'il fallait poindre;
Ta flèche en d'autre lieu
Se devait joindre.
Poursuis les paresseux
Et les amuse,
Mais non pas moi, ni ceux
Qu'aime la Muse...

I. To a fountain

Listen to me, living fountain,
from which I have drunk so often,
lying on my stomach, overlooking your
bank,
idly in the coolness of the breeze,
while thrifty summer gathers the
harvest
from the bare breast of Ceres,
and the air of the threshing floor
resounds
with groans beneath the beaten grain.
Thus may you remain forever
a sacred place for all those
who drink from you or lead for grazing
to your green shores their oxen.
And may the moonlight always
glimpse at midnight down in the valley
the nymphs around your refuge,
with a thousand leaps, leading the
dance!

II. To Cupid

The day expels the night,
and the dark night
expels the day, which shines
in a dim shadow.
The autumn follows the summer
and the bitter fury
of the winds no longer blows
after the storm.
Yet the fever of love
that torments me
dwells always within me
and will not subside.
It was not I, God,
at whom you should have pointed;
your arrow should have found
another mark.
Pursue the lazy
and amuse them,
but not me, nor those
beloved by the Muse...

III. Tais-toi, babillarde Arondelle

Ah! Tais-toi, babillarde Arondelle,
Ou bien, je plumerai ton aile
Si je t'empongne, ou d'un couteau
Je te couperai la languette,
Qui matin sans repos caquette

Et m'étourdit tout le cerveau.

Ah! Je te preste ma cheminot,
Pour chanter toute la journée,
De soir, de nuit, quand tu voudras.
Mais au matin ne me réveille,
Et ne m'oste quand je sommeille
Ma Cassandre d'entre mes bras. Ah!

IV. Dieu, vous gard'

Dieu vous gard', messagers fidèles
Du Printemps, gentes hirondelles,
Huppés, coucous, rossignols,
Tourterelles, et vous oiseaux sauvages
Qui de cent sortes de ramages
Animez les bois verdelets.
Dieu vous gard', belles pâquerettes,
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,
Et vous boutons jadis connus
Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse,
Et vous thym, anis et mélisse,
Vous soyez les bien revenus.
Dieu vous gard', troupe diaprée
Des papillons, qui par la prée
Les douces herbes suçotez;
Et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles
De votre bouche baisotez.
Cent mille fois je resalue

Votre belle et douce venue.
Ô que j'aime cette saison
Et ce doux caquet des rivages,
Au prix des vents et des orages
Qui m'enfermaient en la maison!

III. Shut up, babbling swallow

Ah! Shut up, babbling swallow
or else I will tear off your wing
if I can catch you, or with a knife
I will cut out your tongue,
which chatters on and on in the
mornings
and drives me out of my mind.

Ah! I will lend you my chimney,
where you can sing all day long,
all evening, all night if you want,
but in the morning, do not wake me,
and, when I am dozing, do not take
my Cassandra from my arms. Ah!

IV. God, you protect

God, you protect faithful messengers
of spring, gentle swallows,
hoopoes, cuckoos, little nightingales,
turtledoves, and you wild birds
who, with a hundred kinds of song,
enliven the green woods.
God, you protect lovely daisies,
beautiful roses, beautiful little flowers,
and you buds, once named
for the blood of Ajax and Narcissus.
And you thyme, anise and balm,
you are all welcomed back again.
God, you protect multi-colored flight
of butterflies, who, across the meadows,
the sweet grasses drink;
and you, new swarm of bees,
who kiss with your mouths
the red and yellow flowers.
A hundred thousand times I repeatedly
salute
your beautiful and sweet coming.
Oh how I love this season
and the soft clucking on the banks,
more than the winds and storms
which have shut me in my house!

Recitativo e Terzetto dall'opera "Il Matrimonio Segreto"

Elisetta:

Signora sorellina, ch'io le rammenti
un poco ella permetta,
ch'io sono la maggior, lei la cadetta:
che perciò le disdice
quell'invidia che mostra:
e che in questa occasion meglio faria,
se mi pregasse della grazia mia.

Carolina:

Ah, ah! della sua grazia, quantunque
singolare,
in verità non ne saprei che fare.

Elisetta:

Sentite la insolente? Io son Contessa,
e siete voi un niente.

Fidalma:

Eccoci qua: noi siamo
sempre a quella.
Tra sorella e sorella,
chi per un po' di fumo,
chi per voler far troppo la vivace,
un solo giorno qui
non si sta in pace.

Elisetta:

Qual fumo ho io? Parlate!

Carolina:

Qual io vivacità, che condannate?

Elisetta:

Non ho fors'io ragione?

Fidalma:

Si: deve rispettarvi.

Carolina:

Ho dunque torto io?

Fidalma:

No: non deve incitarvi.

Elisetta:

Che? Fors'io la incito?

Carolina:

Che? Fors'io la strapazzo?

Elisetta:

My little sister, allow me to remind
you
that I am the eldest, you the
youngest:
it is therefore understandable,
this envy that you show:
but on this occasion 'twould be better
that you ask for my good graces.

Carolina:

Hah! Of your graces I would have no
use indeed!

Elisetta:

Do you hear this insolence? I am a
countess,
and you are nothing.

Fidalma:

Here we go again, we always
come to this.
Between sisters,
one with too much pride,
the other, too much spirit,
a single day here
cannot be spent in peace.

Elisetta:

What pride have I? Do tell!

Carolina:

What spirit do I have that you
blame?

Elisetta:

Am I not right?

Fidalma:

She ought to respect you.

Carolina:

Am I then wrong?

Fidalma:

No, she shouldn't provoke you.

Elisetta:

What, do I provoke her?

Carolina:

What, do I ill-treat her?

Fidalma:

No, niente, no:
non fate un tal schiamazzo.

Carolina:

Io di lei non ho invidia;
non ho rincrescimento
del di lei ingrandimento:
sol mi dispiace che in questa
occasione
ha di sè stessa troppa presunzione.

Elisetta:

Il voltarmi le spalle in questo modo
è un'altra impertinenza.

Carolina:

Perdonni se ho mancato a sua
eccellenza.
Le faccio un inchino, Contessa
garbata.
Per essere dama si vede ch'è nata.
Per altro, lei rider mi farà!

Elisetta:

Strillate, crepate;
son dama e Contessa,
beffar se volete, beffate voi stessa,
per altro, creanza non hà!

Fidalma:

Quel fumo, mia cara, è troppo
eccedente,
voi siete, carina, un poco insolente,
vergogna, vergogna, finitela già!

Carolina:

Sua serra non sono.

Elisetta:

Son vostra maggiore!

Carolina:

Entrambe siam figlie d'un sol
genitore.

Elisetta:

Stizzosa, stizzosa!

Carolina:

Fumosa, fumosa!

Fidalma:

Finiam questa cosa, tacetevi là!

Carolina e Elisetta:

Non posso soffrire la sua inciviltà!

Fidalma:

Codesto garrire tra voi ben non stà!

Fidalma:

No, nevermind,
don't make such a racket!

Carolina:

I don't envy her;
I have no doubts
of her magnification:
the only thing that bothers me in this
case
is how highly she thinks of herself.

Elisetta:

To turn her back on me like this
is very impertinent.

Carolina:

Pardon me if I have forgotten your
excellence!
I curtsy to the accomplished
countess.
We clearly see that you were born to
have a title.
And yet, you make me laugh!

Elisetta:

Scream and cry all you want,
I am a dame and a countess.
If you want to mock, mock yourself,
for truly, you have no manners!

Fidalma:

This pride, my dear, is too much!
You are, little one, a bit cheeky.
Shame on you both, end this quarrel
now!

Carolina:

I am not her servant.

Elisetta:

I am your elder!

Carolina:

We are sisters only by one parent.

Elisetta:

Unruly brat!

Carolina:

Arrogant snob!

Fidalma:

Let us end this, shut up now!

Carolina and Elisetta:

I cannot bear her ill-manners!

Fidalma:

You both are very wrong to bicker!

Knoxville: Summer of 1915 **(Text by James Agee)**

We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville, Tennessee in the time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child.

...It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession of the trees, of birds' hung havens, hangars. People go by ; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt: a loud auto : a quiet auto : people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard, and starched milk, the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber.

A streetcar raising its iron moan ; stopping ; bellling and starting, stertorous ; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past, the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks ; the iron whine rises on rising speed ; still risen, faints ; halts ; the faint stinging bell ; rises again, still fainter ; fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone : forgotten. Now is the night one blue dew.

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose.

Low on the length of lawns, a frailing of fire who breathes ...

Parents on porches : rock and rock. From damp strings morning glories hang their ancient faces.

The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums.

On the rough wet grass of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts. We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there... They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet, of nothing in particular, of nothing at all in particular, of nothing at all. The stars are wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and they seem very near. All my people are larger bodies than mine, ... with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds. One is an artist, he is living at home. One is a musician, she is living at home. One is my mother who is good to me. One is my father who is good to me... By some chance, here they are, all on this earth ; and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth, lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the night ... May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father, oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble ; and in the hour of their taking away.

After a little I am taken in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her : and those recieve me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well-beloved in that home : but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever ; but will not ever tell me who I am.

Zigeunermelodien Gypsy Songs

I. Mein Lied ertönt

Mein Lied ertönt ein Liebespsalm
beginnt der Tag zu sinken,
und wenn das Moos
der welke Halm Tauperlen heimlich
trinken.

Mein Lied ertönt voll Wanderlust
in grünen Waldeshallen,
und auf der Puszta weitem Plan
lass' frohen Sang' ich schallen.
Mein Lied ertönt voll Liebe auch,
wenn Heidestürme toben;
wenn sich zum letzten Lebenshauch
des Bruders Brust gehoben!

II. Ei, wie mein Triangel wunderherrlich läutet!

Ei! Ei, wie mein Triangel
wunderherrlich läutet!
Leicht bei solchen klängen in den Tod
man schreitet!
In den Tod man schreitet beim
Triangelschallen!
Leider, Reigen, Liebe, Lebewohl dem
Allen!

III. Rings ist der Wald

Rings ist der Wald so stumm und still,
das Herz schlägt mir so bange;
der schwarze Rauch sinkt tiefer stets,

und trocknet meiner Wange.

Ei, meine Tränen trocknen nicht,
musst andre Wangen suchen!
Wer nur den Schmerz besingen kann,
wird nicht dem Tode fluchen.

IV. Als die alte Mutter

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte
singen,
Tränen in den Wimpern gar so oft ihr
hingen.
Jetzt wo ich die Kleinen selber üb' im
Sange,
rieselt's mir vom Auge,
rieselt's oft mir auf die braune
Wange!

I. My song resounds

My song resounds a hymn of love
when the day begins to sink,
and when the moss
secretly waters the wilted stem with
dew-pearls.

My song resounds full of the joy of
traveling
in the green halls of the woods,
and on the Puszta's wide plane
let me ring out happy songs.
My song resounds also full of love,
when storms on the moorland rage;
when with the last breath of life,
my brothers breast is raised!

II. Oh, how wonderfully my triangle rings!

Oh! Oh, how wonderfully my triangle
rings!
Easily in these sounds we proceed to
death!
Into death we walk, accompanied by
triangle sounds!
Songs, dances, love, farewell to them
all!

III. All around is the wood

All around is the wood, so quiet and
still,
my heart beats within me so
anxiously;
the black smoke settles deeper still
and dries my cheeks.

Ah, but my tears won't dry,
the smoke must seek out other
cheeks!
Only he who can sing of his pain
will not be cursed by death.

IV. Songs my mother taught me

When my old mother taught me to
sing,
tears so often hung in her eyelashes.
Now that I sing with my own children,
they trickle from my eyes,
they trickle down my brown cheeks!

V. Reingestimmt die Saiten

Reingestimmt die Saiten,
Bursche, tanz' im Kreise!
Heute froh, und Morgen?
Trüb' nach alter Weise!
Nächster Tag' am Nile,
an der Väter Tische
reingestimmt die Saiten,
in den Tanz dich mische!
Reingestimmt die Saiten!
Bursche, tanz' im Kreise!

**VI. In dem weiten, breiten
luft'gen Leinenkleide**

In dem weiten, breiten, luft'gen
Leinenkleide
freier der Zigeuner
als in Gold und Seide!
Jaj! der gold'ne Dolman
schnürt die Brust so enge,
hemmt des freien Liedes
wander frohe Klänge;
und wer Freude findet
an der Lieder Schallen,
lässt das Gold, das schnöde,
in die Hölle fallen!

VII. Darf des Falken Schwinge

Darf des Falken Schwinge
Tatrahoh'n umrauschen,
wird das Felsenest
er mit dem Käfig tauschen?
Kann das wilde Fohlen
jagen durch die Heide,
wird's an Zaum und Zügel
finden keine Freude?
Hat Natur, Zigeuner, etwas dir
gegeben?
ja zur Freiheit schuf sie mir
das ganze Leben.

V. The strings are tuned

The strings are tuned,
Lad, dance in a circle!
Today is happy, and tomorrow?
Sad are the old ways!
The following day on the Nile,
at the father's table
the strings are tuned,
join yourself in the dance!
The strings are tuned!
Lad, dance in a circle!

**VI. In the wide, broad, airy
linenclothes**

In the wide, broad, airy linenclothes
the Gypsy is more free
than in gold and silk!
Ah! The golden dolman
constricts my breast so tightly,
it hinders the free songs,
the traveler's happy melodies;
and whoever finds joy
in the songs sound
lets the loathesome gold
fall to hell!

VII. If the falcon's wings

If the falcon's wings
can soar above Tatra's heights,
would it exchange its rocky nest
for a cage?
If the wild foal can
race through the moorland,
would it, on bridle and rein,
find its happiness?
Has nature, gypsy, given you
something?
Hah! For me, it has created freedom,
and my entire life!