

2-25-2012

Senior Recital: Katherine Sullivan, soprano

Katherine Sullivan

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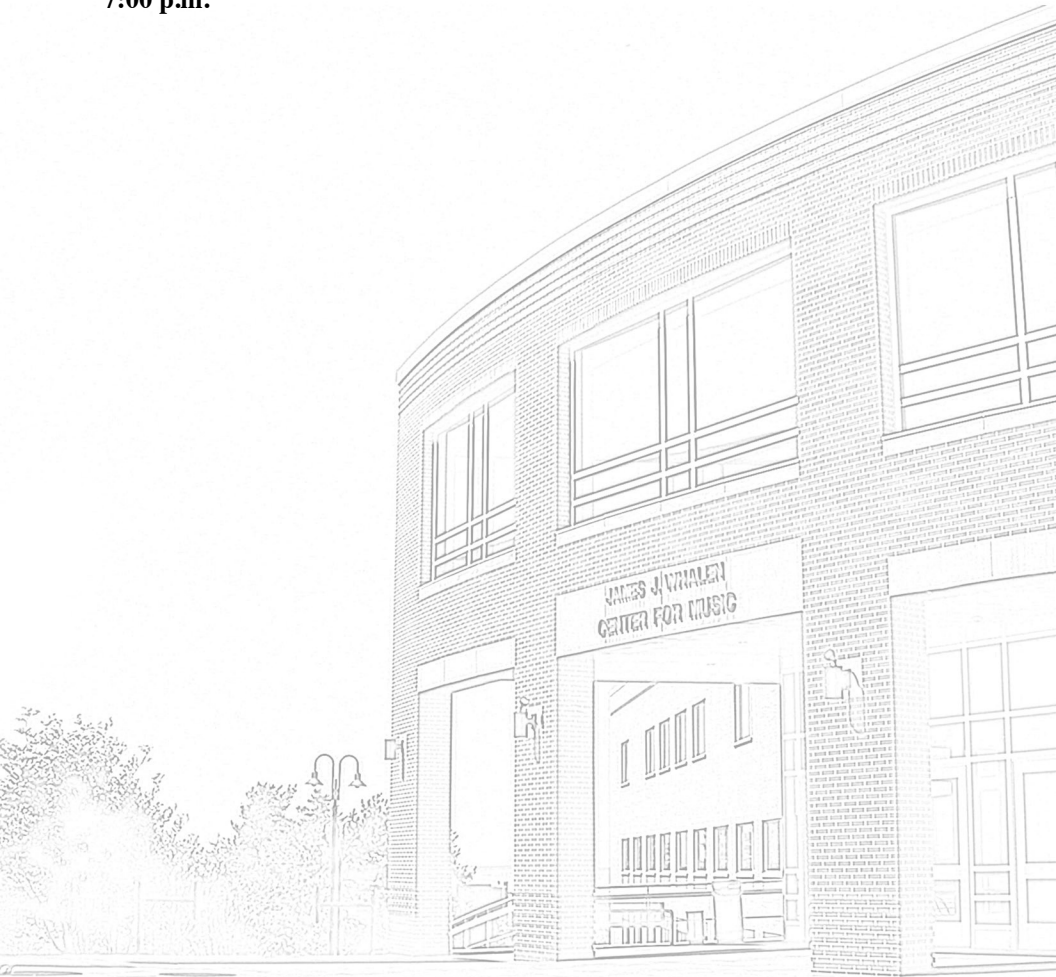
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**Senior Recital:
Katherine Sullivan, soprano**

Andrew Mattfeld, piano

**Ford Hall
Saturday, February 25, 2012
7:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Sei Ariette

- I. Malinconia, Ninfa gentile
- II. Vanne, o rosa fortunata
- III. Bella Nice, che d'amore
- IV. Almen se non poss'io
- V. Per pietà, bell'idol mio
- VI. Ma rendi pur contento

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Comment, Disaient-ils
Oh, quand je dors
S'il est un charmant gazon

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Laurie's Song
from *The Tender Land*

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Intermission

Allerseelen
Ruhe, meine Seele!
Zueignung

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Sure on this Shining Night
Nocturne
The Crucifixion
Rain Has Fallen

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

The Finer Things
from *Jane Eyre the Musical*

Paul Gordon

This Senior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Katherine Sullivan is from the studio of David Parks.

Translations

I. Malinconia, Ninfa gentile

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,
la vita mia consacro a te;
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
m'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,
né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
né mai quel monte trapasserò.

II. Vanne, o rosa fortunata

Vanne, o rosa fortunata,
a posar di Nice in petto
ed ognun sarà costretto
la tua sorte invidiar.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io
transformarmi un sol momento;
non avria più bel contento
questo core a sospirar.

Ma tu inchini dispettosa,
bella rosa impallidita,
la tua fronte scolorita
dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

Bella rosa, è destinata
ad entrambi un'ugual sorte;
là trovar dobbiam la morte,
tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

III. Bella Nice, che d'amore

Bella Nice, che d'amore
desti il fremito e il desir,
Bella Nice, del mio core
dolce speme e sol sospir,

Ahi! verrà, né sì lontano,
forse a me quel giorno è già,
che di morte l'empia mano
il mio stame troncherà.

Quando in grembo al feral nido
peso, ahi! misero, io sarò,
deh, rammenta quanto fido
questo cor ognor t'amò.

Sul mio cenere tacente
se tu spargi allora un fior,
Bella Nice, men dolente

I. Melancholy, gentle nymph

Melancholy, gentle nymph,
I devote my life to you.
One who despises your pleasures,
Is not born to true pleasures.

I asked the gods for fountains and hills
They heard me at last, I will live satisfied
Even with my desires heard, I never will
Go beyond that fountain and that mountain.

II. Go, fortunate rose

Go, fortunate rose,
To rest at Nice's breast
And all will be forced
To envy your fate.

Oh, if I could change myself
Into you, but for a moment,
My heart would long
For no greater happiness.

But you bow your head in scorn,
Beautiful rose fading,
Your brow loses all color
From anger and pain.

Lovely rose, it is destined,
That we share the same fate:
We shall both meet death there,
You from envy and I of love.

III. Beautiful Nice, of love

Beautiful Nice, who arouses
The trembling and desire of love ah!
Beautiful Nice, sweet hope
And sole sigh in my heart,

Alas, it will come not so distant
That day is already not so far away
When the pitiless hand of death
Will cut short my life's thread.

When in the bosom of the fates nest
Heavy, ah! Miserable, I will be
Oh, recall how faithful still
This heart will love you.

Oh my ashes, silent,
Should you then cast a flower,
Beautiful Nice, less painful

dell'avel mi fia l'orror.

Non ti chiedo che di pianto
venga l'urna mia a bagnar,
se sperar potess'io tanto,
vorrei subito spirar.

IV. Almen se non poss'io

Almen se non poss'io
seguir l'amato bene,
affetti del cor mio,
seguitelo per me.

Già sempre a lui vicino
raccolti amor vi tiene
e insolito cammino
questo per voi non è

V. Per pietà bell'idol mio

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
infelice e sventurato
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.

Se fedele a te son io,
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,
sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

VI. Ma rendi pur contento

Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core,
e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Comment, Disaient-ils

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,

Will the horror of the tomb be for me.

Not of you, I ask with tears
Come to my tomb to die
If I could hope so much
I would like soon to die

IV. At least if I am not able

At least, if I am not able
To follow my beloved,
You affections of my heart,
Follow him for me.

Already near him always,
Love holds you gathered,
And the path to him is not
An unfamiliar one for you.

V. For pity's sake my beautiful idol

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol
Do not tell me that I am ungrateful;
Unhappy and unfortunate enough
Has heaven made me.

That I am faithful to you,
That I languish under your gaze,
Love knows, the gods know,
My heart knows, and yours knows.

V. But render then content

But render then content,
The heart of my beautiful one
And I will pardon you, love
If my own heart is not glad.

Her troubles I fear
More than my own troubles,
Because I live more in her
Than I live in myself.

Oh How, asked he

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

"How then," asked he,
"To forget our perils,
Strife, and misery?"
"Sleep," she replied.

"How then," asked he,

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

Oh, Quand je dors

Oh! quand je dors,
viens auprès de ma couche,
comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche.
Soudain ma bouche S'ouvrira!

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève.
Soudain mon rêve Rayonnera!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une
flamme,
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme
Soudain mon âme S'éveillera!

S'il est un charmant gazon

S'il est un charmant gazon,
Que le ciel arrose,
Où brille en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclosé,
Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvre-feuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose!

S'il est un rêve d'amour,
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
Oh! j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton coeur se pose!

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Atern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,

"Enchant beautiful ladies,
Without magic charm?"
"Love," she replied.

Oh, when I slumber

Oh, when I slumber,
Come close to my bed,
As Laura appeared to Petrarch,
And as you pass, touch me with your breath
At once my lips will part!

On my glum face, where perhaps
A dark dream has rested for too long a time,
Let your gaze lift it like a star.
At once my dream, will be radiant!

Then on my lips, where there flits a
Brilliance,
A flash of love that God has kept pure,
Place a kiss, and change from angel to woman
At once my soul will awaken!

If I knew a meadow fair

If I knew a meadow fair,
Watered by the sky
Where in every season
Never fading flowers,
Where one can freely gather
Lilies, woodbines and jasmines
There a path I'd make for
Where thy feet should wander.

If there is a dream of love
Perfumed with roses,
Where one finds every day
Something gentle and sweet,
A dream by Heaven blessed
Where soul to soul is joined,
Oh, I wish to make it the nest
In which you rest your heart.

All souls day

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring inside the last red asters,
And let us speak again of love,
As once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so I can press it secretly
And if someone sees us it's all the same to me
Just give me your sweet gaze,
As once you did in May.

Today flowers adorn each grave,

Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich
wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Ruhe, meine Seele!

Nicht ein Lüftchen regt sich leise,
sanft entschlummert ruht der Hain;
durch der Blätter dunkle Hülle
stiehlt sich lichter Sonnenschein.

Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
deine Stürme gingen wild,
hast getobt und hast gezittert,
wie die Brandung, wenn sie schwillt.

Diese Zeiten sind gewaltig,
bringen Herz und Hirn in Not -
ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
und vergiß, was dich bedroht!

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Hielt ich nicht, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig an das Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

One day in the year are the dead free.
Come close to my heart, so that I can
have you again,
As once I did in May.

Rest my soul

Not a breeze is stirring lightly,
The wood lies slumbering gently;
Through the dark cover of leaves
Steals bright sunshine.

Rest, rest, my soul,
Your storms have gone wild,
Have raged and trembled
Like the surf when it breaks.

These times are powerful,
Bringing torment to heart and mind;
Rest, rest, my soul,
And forget what is threatening you!

Dedication

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
How I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,
Held high the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Have thanks.

And you exorcised the evils in it,
Until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,
Have thanks.

Ithaca College School of Music

Ever since its founding in 1892 as a Conservatory of Music, Ithaca College has remained dedicated to attracting the most talented young musicians, and then immersing these students in an advanced culture of musical learning that positions them to be leading professionals in music. As the conservatory evolved into a comprehensive college with expanded academic offerings, the School of Music has continued to earn its reputation as one of the best in the nation.

Through a blend of world-class faculty, state-of-the-art facilities, professional performance opportunities, access to liberal arts classes, and a beautiful campus setting, students grow in a challenging yet supportive community.

Not only do students have access to our broad music curriculum, but they can also take classes in any of the College's other schools and divisions. As a result, graduates are well prepared for a host of careers and work in almost every music field imaginable. School of Music alumni include symphony, opera, and Broadway performers; faculty members and deans at prestigious universities and colleges; teachers in school systems through the country; music therapists, composers; publicists; audio engineers in professional studios; and managers in the music industry. The School of Music boasts a consistent 100% job placement for music education graduates actively seeking employment, and 98% placement for other graduates into jobs or graduate schools.

Since 1941, the Ithaca College School of Music has been accredited by the National Association of Schools of Music.

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

Upcoming Events

February

27 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres III

28 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band

29 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band

March

2 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Mary Hayes North Competition for Senior Piano Majors

2 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensembles

4 - Ford - 4:00pm - Symphony Orchestra

4 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Patrice Pastore, soprano; Diane Birr, piano

5 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Ensemble

6 - Nabenhauer - 4:00pm - Masterclass: Joe Alessi, trombone

6 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Louis K. Thaler Concert Violinist Series: Brian Lewis, masterclass

6 - Ford - 8:15pm - Brass Choir/Women's Chorale

7 - Ford - 8:15pm - Louis K. Thaler Concert Violinist Series: Brian Lewis, violin

8 - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble

10 - Ford - 8:00pm - Cayuga Chamber Orchestra

19 - Ford - 8:15pm - Frank Campos and Djug Django

20 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Ithaca Bach Ensemble

21 - Ford - 5:00pm - Susan Milan, flute masterclass

21 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Ithaca Jazz Quartet

22 - Ford - 7:00pm - Community Band

22 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Susan Milan, flute