

4-27-2014

Elective Recital: Kimberly Dyckman and Johanna Ruby, sopranos

Kimberly Dyckman

Johanna Ruby

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Dyckman, Kimberly and Ruby, Johanna, "Elective Recital: Kimberly Dyckman and Johanna Ruby, sopranos" (2014). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 621.

http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/621

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Joint Recital:

Kimberly Dyckman, soprano
Johanna Ruby, soprano

John McQuaig, piano
John Wysocki, piano
Mike Sullivan, baritone

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Sunday, April 27th, 2014
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Rheinlegendchen Das Irdische Leben Wer Hat Dies Liedlein Erdacht Ah Mai non Cessate	Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
Après un Rêve Der Musensohn	Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925) Gabriel Fauré (1846-1924) Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Tonight One Hand One Heart Somewhere	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
Depuis le Jour	Mike Sullivan, <i>baritone</i> Gustave Charpentier (1860-1956)

Intermission

The Song That Goes Like This	John Du Prez, Eric Idle (b. 1946, b. 1943)
Fleur Des Bles Les Cloches	John McQuaig, <i>baritone</i> Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Ah Love But A Day And I Will Follow	Amy Beach (1867-1944) Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)
Ah Tardai Troppo... O Luce di Quest'anima	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
Evening Prayer	Engelbert Humperdinck (1854-1921)

Translations

Rheinlegendchen

Bald gras' ich am Nekkar, bald gras' ich am Rhein;	Now I reap by the Neckar, now I reap by the Rhine;
Bald hab' ich ein Schätzel, bald bin ich allein!	Now I have a sweetheart, now I am alone!
Was hilft mir das Grasen, wenn d'Sichel nicht schneid't!	What use is my reaping if the sickle doesn't cut?
Was hilft mir ein Schätzel, wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt.	What use is a sweetheart if he won't stay?
So soll ich denn grasen am Nekkar, am Rhein,	So if I am to reap by the Neckar and by the Rhine,
So werf' ich mein goldenes Ringlein hinein.	then I'll throw in my golden ring.
Es fließet im Nekkar und fließet im Rhein,	It will flow with the Neckar and the Rhine,
Soll schwimmen hinunter ins Meer tief hinein.	And float right down into the deep sea.
Und schwimmt es, das Ringlein, so frißt es ein Fisch!	And as it floats, the little ring, a fish will eat it!
Das Fischlein soll kommen auf's Königs sein Tisch!	The fish will eventually come to the King's table
Der König tät fragen, wem's Ringlein sollt' sein?	The king will ask whose ring it is,
Da tät mein Schatz sagen: "das Ringlein g'hört mein."	and my sweetheart will say: "The ring belongs to me."
Mein Schätzlein tät springen bergauf und bergain,	My sweetheart will hurry up hill and down hill,
Tät mir wied'rum bringen das Goldringlein fein!	and bring me back my ring!
"Kannst grasen am Nekkar, kannst grasen am Rhein,	"You can reap by the Neckar, and reap by the Rhine
Wirf du mir nur immer dein Ringlein hinein!"	if you will always throw your ring in for me!"

Das irdische Leben

"Mutter, ach Mutter! Es hungert mich.
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!"
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir ernten geschwind."

Und als das Korn geerntet war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:

"Mutter, ach Mutter! Es hungert mich.
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!"
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir dreschen
geschwind."

Und als das Korn gedroschen war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:

"Mutter, ach Mutter! Es hungert mich.
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!"
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir bakken geschwind."

Und als das Brot gebakken war,
Lag das Kind auf der Totenbahrl

"Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry.
Give me bread, or I shall die!"
"Wait a little, my darling child,
Tomorrow we shall harvest quickly."

And when the corn had been harvested,
The child wailed again:

"Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry.
Give me bread, or I shall die!"
"Wait a little, my darling child,
Tomorrow we shall thresh quickly."

And when the corn had been threshed,
The child wailed again:

"Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry.
Give me bread, or I shall die!"
"Wait a little, my darling child,
Tomorrow we shall bake quickly."

And when the bread had been baked,
The child was lying on the funeral bier!

Wer Hat Dies Liedlein Erdacht

Dort oben am Berg in dem hohen Haus,
Da gukket ein fein's lieb's Mädlel heraus.

Es ist nicht dort daheimel:
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnet auf grüner Heide.

Mein Herzle ist wund!
Komm Schätzle mach's gesund!
Dein' schwarzbraune Äuglel
Die hab'n mich verwund't.
Dein rosiger Mund
Macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund!

Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein
erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns' übers Wasser
gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen, Ja!

Up there on the mountain, in a high-up
house,
a lovely, darling girl looks out of the
window.

She does not live there:
she is the daughter of the innkeeper,
and she lives on the green meadow.

My heart is sore!
Come, my treasure, make it well again!
Your dark brown eyes
have wounded me.
Your rosy mouth
makes hearts healthy.
It makes youth wise,
brings the dead to life,
gives health to the ill!

Who has thought up this pretty little
song then?
It was brought over the water by three
geese,
two grey and one white;
and if you cannot sing the little song,
they will whistle it for you, yes!

Après un Rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmaït ton image Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,	In a slumber which held your image spellbound I dreamt of happiness, passionate mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore, Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;	Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and sonorous, You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;
Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière, Les cieus pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues, Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues,	You called me and I left the earth To run away with you towards the light, The skies opened their clouds for us, Unknown splendours, divine flashes glimpsed,
Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes mensonges, Reviens, reviens radieuse, Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!	Alas! Alas! sad awakening from dreams I call you, O night, give me back your lies, Return, return radiant, Return, O mysterious night.

Ah, Mai Non Cessate

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro parlar, O labbra desiate ond'io folle vo' Col miel delle vostre parole vo' far Un dolce guanciaie su cui dormirò.	Ah, never cease from your talking, oh desired lips which I madly want; with your words I want to make a sweet pillow on which I will sleep.
O sonni beati da niun mai sognati Che su quel guanciaie dormendo farò, Dormendo e sognando, vicino al tuo cor,	Oh blessed dreams that no one ever dreamed, that, sleeping on that pillow, I will make; sleeping and dreaming, close to your heart,
Il dolce, desiato mio sogno d'amor. Ah! dormendo, sognando, sognando d'amor!	the sweet, desired dream of love. Ah! Sleeping, dreaming of love!

Der Musensohn

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget
Und nach dem Maß beweget
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüßen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt durch Tal und Hügel
Den Liebling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,
Wann ruh ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?

Roaming through field and wood,
Piping along my little song,
So I go from place to place!
And to my beat
And to my measure
Everything moves with me.

I can hardly wait for them,
The first bloom in the garden,
The first blossom on the tree.
My songs greet them,
And when winter returns
I still sing of that dream.

I sing them far and wide,
Through the ice's realm,
Then winter blossoms beautifully!
That bloom disappears too,
And new joy is found
In the hilltowns.

For when I, beside the linden,
Encounter young folks,
I rouse them at once.
The swaggering youth puffs up,
The naive maiden twirls
To my melody.

You give my feet wings
And drive through vale and hill
Your favorite, far from home.
You dear, kind muses,
When on her bosom
Will I finally again find rest?

Depuis Le Jour

Depuis le jour où je me suis done,
Toute fleurie semble ma destine.
Je crois rêver sous un ciel de féerie,

L'âme encore grisée
De ton premier baiser!
Quelle belle vie!
Mon rêve n'était pas un rêve!
Ah! Je suis heureuse!
L'amour étend sur moi ses ailes!

Au jardin de mon cœur
Chante une joie nouvelle!

Since the day I gave myself,
my destiny seems to be flowering.
I seem to be slumbering beneath a
fairyland,
my hear still enchanted
by that first kiss!
What a beautiful life!
My dream was not a dream!
Oh! I am so lucky!
Love extends its wings over me!

In the garden of my heart
sings a new joy!

Tout vibre,
Tout se réjouit de mon triomphe!
Autour de moi tout est sourire,
Lumière et joie!
Et je tremble délicieusement
Au souvenir charmant
Du premier jour d'amour!
Quelle belle vie!
Ah! Je suis heureuse! trop heureuse...
Et je tremble délicieusement
Au souvenir charmant
Du premier jour d'amour

Everything reverberates,
everything rejoices in my triumph!
All is smiles around me,
light and joy!
And I tremble deliciously
at the rapturous memory
of the first day of love!
What a beautiful life!
Oh, how lucky I am! too lucky...
And I tremble deliciously
at the rapturous memory
of the first day of love!

Fleur des blés

Le long des blés que la brise
Fait onduler puis défrise,
En un désordre coquet,
J'ai trouvé de bonne prise
De t'y cueillir un bouquet.

Amid the wheat that the breeze
Has ruffled in playful teasing,
Leaving disorder so gay,
Here I seize my chance to please you,
And pluck for you a sweet bouquet.

Mets-le vite à ton corsage,
Il est fait à ton image
En même temps que pour toi...
Ton petit doigt, je le gage,
T'a déjà soufflé pourquoi!

Place it lightly on your breast;
I made it in your image blest
Together for you...
A little bird, I have guessed,
Has already told you why!

Ces épis dorés, c'est l'onde,
De ta chevelure blonde,
Toute d'or et de soleil;
Ce coquelicot qui fronde,
C'est ta bouche au sang vermeil.

First some ears of wheat,
the flare of your lovely hair,
Golden tresses full of sun;
Now the scarlet poppies fair,
These your lips that love has won.

Et ces bluets, beau mystère!
Points d'azur que rien n'altère,
Ces bluets ce sont tes yeux,
Si bleus qu'on dirait, sur terre,
Deux éclats tombés des cieux.

And these bluets, how enchanting!
But of azure disconcerting,
These bluets are your own eyes,
No blue on this earth so dazzling,
Heaven's flow'rs fall'n from the skies.

Les Cloches

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des
branches
Délicatement.
Les cloches tintaient, légères et
franches,
Dans le ciel clément.

The leaves opened on the edge of the
branches
delicately.
The bells tolled, light and free,
in the clear sky.

Rythmique et fervent, comme une
antienne,
Ce lointain appel
Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne

Rhythmically and fervently, like an
antiphon,
this far-away call
reminded me of the Christian whiteness

Des fleurs de l'autel.

of altar flowers.

Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses
années,
Et, dans le grand bois
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées,
Des jours d'autrefois.

These bells spoke of happy years,
and in the large forest
they seemed to revive the withered
leaves
of days gone by.

Ah Tardai Troppo... O Luce Di Quest'anima

Ah! tardai troppo,
E al nostro favorito convegno
Io non trovai il mio diletto Carlo.
E chi sa mai
Quanto egli avrà sofferto!
Ma non al par di me!
Pegno d'amore
Questi fior mi lasciò!
Tenero core!
E per quel core io l'amo,
Unico di lui bene.
Poveri entrambi siamo,
Viviam d'amor, di speme;
Pittore ignoto ancora
Egli s'innalzerà co suo i talenti!
Sarò mia sposa allora.
Oh noi contenti!

Ah! Too long I have waited,
And yet at our favorite place
I have not found my dear Carlo.
And who can tell
What he has suffered!
But not as much as I have!
As a symbol of his love
He left me these posies!
What a tender heart!
And for that heart I do adore him,
It is the greatest treasure he has!
We are both but poor,
Living only on thoughts of love, of hope;
He is an unknown painter, and yet,
He will shine with his talents!
And I will be his wife.
Oh, we are content!

O luce di quest'anima,
Delizia, amore e vita,
La nostra sorte unita,
In terra, in ciel sarà.
Deh, vieni a me, riposati
Su questo cor che t'ama,
Che te sospira e brama,
Che per te sol vivrà.

Oh, you are the radiance of my soul,
Delightful life and love,
We will be united,
On earth and in heaven.
Come, my dear, rest yourself
On this heart that loves you,
That sighs for your love,
that only lives for you.

Evening Prayer

Abends, will ich schlafen gehn,
Vierzehn Engel um mich stehn:
Zwei zu meinen Häupten,
Zwei zu meinen Füßen,
Zwei zu meiner Rechten,
Zwei zu meiner Linken,
Zweie, die mich decken,
Zweie, die mich wecken,
Zweie, die mich weisen,
Zu Himmels-Paradeisen.

When at night I go to sleep,
Fourteen angels watch do keep:
Two my head are guarding,
Two my feet are guiding,
Two are on my right hand,
Two are on my left hand,
Two who warmly cover,
Two who oe'r me hover,
Two who show me,
To Heaven's Paradise.