

11-1-2014

Junior Recital: Kelly Timko, soprano

Kelly Timko

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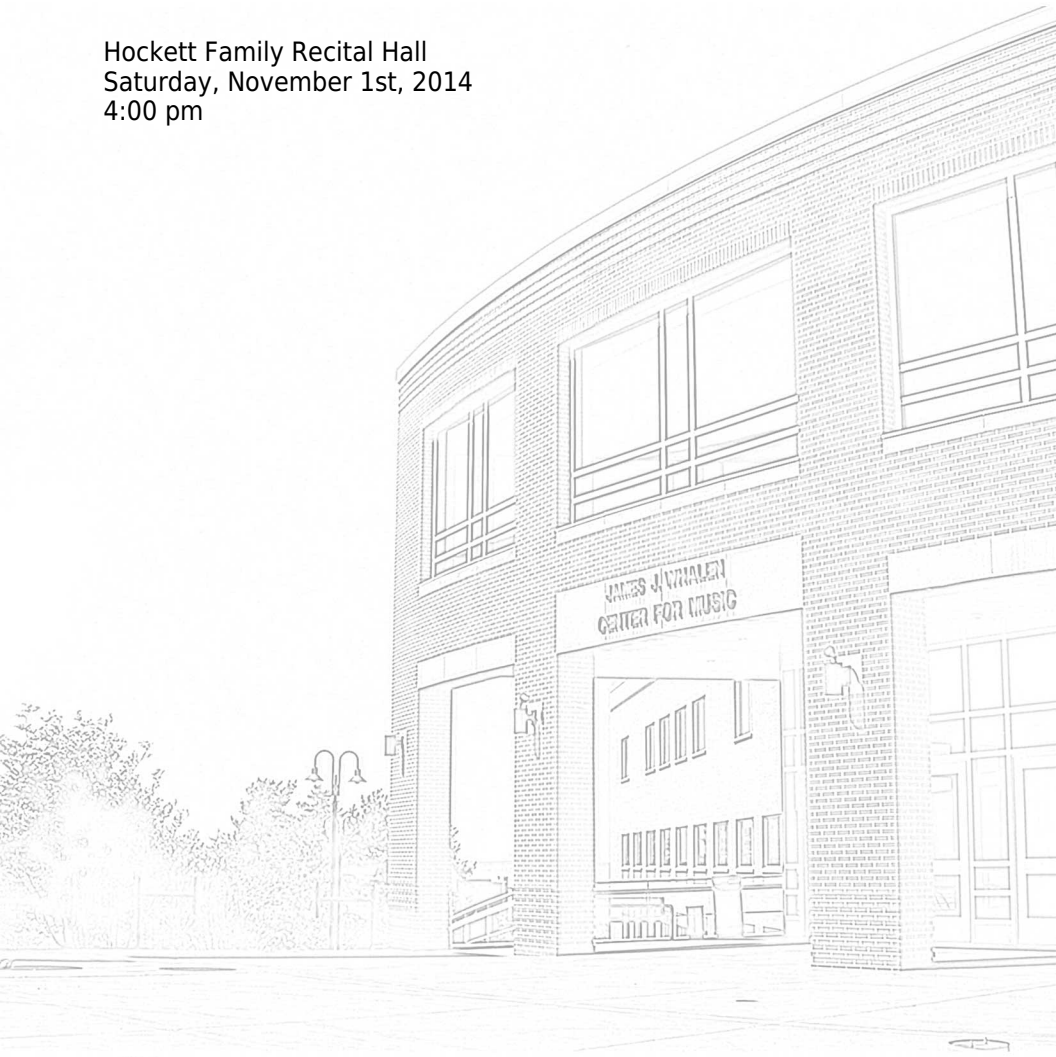
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Junior Recital:
Kelly Timko, soprano

Alexander Greenberg, piano
Kathy Hansen, harpsichord
Bryce Tempset, cello
Ryan Pereira, clarinet

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, November 1st, 2014
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Amor, hai vinto

Amor, hai vinto

In qual strano e confuso

Kathy Hansen, harpsichord

Bryce Tempest, cello

Antonio Vivaldi

(1678-1741)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Ryan Pereira, clarinet

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Intermission

Quatre Chansons de Jeunesse

Pantomime

Clair de Lune

Pierrot

Apparition

Claude Debussy

(1862-1918)

Four Songs from A Horse With Wings

Once I Was

Coyotes

A Horse With Wings

Lana Turner Has Collapsed (Poem)

Ricky Ian Gordon

(1956-)

Translations

Amor, hai vinto

Amor, hai vinto.
Ecco il mio seno da tuo bel stral
trafitto.
Or chi sostiene l'anima mia dal
dolore
Abbandonata!
Gelido in ogni vena
Scorrer mi sento il sangue,
E sol mi serba in vita
Affanni e pene.
Mi palpita nel seno
Con nuove scosse il core.
Clori, crudel, e quanto Ha da durar
quest'aspro tuo rigore?

Passo di pena in pena,
Come la navicella
Ch'in questa e in quell'altr'onda
Urtando va.
Il ciel tuo na e balena,
Il mar tutt'è in tempesta,
Porto non ve de o sponda,
Dove approdar non sa.

In qual strano e confuso
Vortice di pensieri
La mia mente s'aggira?
Or'è in calma, or s'adira,
E dove ancor si fermi
Non risolve.
Or in sasso, or in polve,
Vorria cangiarsi.
O dio! Ma di che mai,
Ma di che ti quereli
cor incredulo, infido?
Di che ti lagni? ahimè!
Forse non sai, che nel seno di Clori,
Hai porto, hai lido!

Se a me rivolge il ciglio
L'amato mio tesoro,
Non sento più martoro,

Cupid, you have won.
Here is my breast pierced by your
arrows.
Who will nourish my grieving soul
now
Abandoned!
Frozen in every vein
Coursing I feel the blood,
And only pain and worry
Keep me alive.
In my breast palpitates
With new violence the heart.
Clori, cruel woman, how long must
it endure
The harshness of your severity?

I go from grief to grief,
Like a ship
From one wave to another
Is tossed.
From thunder and lightning,
the sea is storm tossed,
it sees neither port nor shore,
and where to land it knows not.

In Qual Strano e Confuso

In what strange and confused
Whirlpool of worrisome thoughts
Does my mind wander?
Now it is calm, now it is angry,
and where to rest
Cannot decide.
Now into rock, now into dust,
it would wish to change itself.
Oh god! But what,
What is your complaint
unbelieving heart, untrusting?
What is the matter? Alas!
Perhaps you know not that in Clori's
heart
You have harbor, you have beach!

If she turns her gaze to me
My beloved treasure,
I am no longer tormented,

Ma torno a respirar.
Non teme più periglio,
Non sente affano e pena,
L'alma e si rasserena
Come la calma in mar.

But I breathe again.
It no longer fears danger,
Nor feels pain and worry,
my soul becomes as happy
as the calmness of the sea.

Dir Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich
steh',
Ins tiefe Thal hernieder seh',

Und singe.
Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Thal
Schwingt sich empor der
Wiederhall,
der Wiederhall der Klüfte.
Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt,
Von unten,
Mein liebchen wohnt so weit von
mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiss nach
ihr
Hin über.
In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich!
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf erden mir die Hoffnung wich!
Ich hier so einsam bin.
So sehnend klang im Wald das
Lied,
So sehnend klang es durch die
nacht!
Die Herzen es zum Himmel sieht,
Mit wunderbarer Macht!
Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling meine Freud,
Num mach ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.

When on the highest rock I stand,

And down into the deep valley
gaze,
and singing.
Far out of the deep and dark valley
Soars itself upward, echoing sound,

The echo of the ravines.
The farther my voice penetrates,
The clearer it resounds to me,
From down below.
My darling lives so far from me,

Thus ardently I long for her

Far, far away.
In deepest grief I consume myself!
All joy from me is gone,
On earth for me all hope retreats!
So lonely here am I.
So ardent sounded forth my song,

So ardent sounded in the night!

Our hearts it draws to Heaven,
With wonderful might!
The springtime is coming,
The springtime my friend,
Myself I make ready,
Wandering prepare.

Pantomime

Pierrot qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre

Et, pratique, entame un paté

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,

Verse une larme méconnue

Pierrot who is no Clitandre,
empties a flask without further
waiting
And, being practical, cuts into a
pate.
Cassandre, at the end of the
avenue,
Sheds an unnoticed tear

Sur son neveu déshérite.
Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.
Colombine rêve,
surprise de sentir
un coeur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son coeur des
voix. Ah!

For his disinherited nephew.
That scoundrel Harlequin plots
The abduction of Colombine
And pirouettes four times.
Colombine dreams,
surprised to hear
A heart on the breeze
And to hear within her heart some
voices. Ah!

Clair de Lune

Votre âme est tun paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et
bergamasques.
Jouant du luth et dansant
Et quasi triste
Sous leurs déguisements
fantasques.
Tout ten cgantant sur la mode
mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie
opportune
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire
à leur bonheur.
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de
lune.
Au calme clair de lune triste et
beau
Quit fait rêver les oiseaux
dans le arbres
Et sans gloter d'extase les jets
d'eau
Les grands jets d'eau svelte
Parmi les marbres.

Your soul is a landscape chosen
That is charmed my maskers and
revellers.
Playing the lute and dancing
and almost sad
beneath disguises fanciful.
While singing in a minor mode
of love victorious and the life
fortunate
They don't seem to believe
In their happiness.
And their song mingles with the
moonlight.
The calm moonlight sad and
beautiful
that makes the birds dream
in the trees
And makes the fountains sob with
ecstasy.
The tall slim fountains
Among the marble statues.

Pierrot

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule
contemples
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin
Suit en songeant le boulevard du
temple.
Une fillette au souple casaquin
En vain l'agace de son oeil coquin.
Et cependant, mystérieuse et lisse
Faissant de lui sa plus ohère délice,

The good Pierrot, whom the crowd
gazes at
Having finished the wedding of
d'Arlequin
Dreamily goes down the boulevard
of the temple.
A girl with a loose flowing blouse
In vain provokes him with a
naughty look.
And meanwhile, mysterious and
smooth
Making of him her most dear

La blanche lune aux cornes de taureau	delight The white moon with horns of a bull
Jette un regard de son oeil en coulisse	Casts a glance with sidelong eyes
à son ami Jean Gaspard Deburau.	To her friend Jean Gaspard Deburau.

Apparition

La lune s'attristiat. Des séraphins en pleurs rêvant, L'archet aux doigts, Dans le calme des fleurs vaporeuses, Tiraient de mourantes violes De blancs sanglots glissants	The moon grew sad. The seraphim in tears dreaming, Bows in hands, In the calm of misty flowers, Drew from dying viols Some white sobs as their bows glided
Sur l'azur de corolles. C'était le jour béni De ton premier baiser. Ma songerie, Aimant à me martyriser, S'enivrait savamment Du parfum de tristesse Que même sans regret Et sans déboire laisse La cuiellaison d'un rêve Au coeur qui l'a cueilli. J'errais donc, l'oeil rivé Sur le pavé vieilli Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, Dans le rue et dans le soir, Tu m'es en riant apparue Et j'ai cru voir la fée Au chapeau de clarté Qui ja dis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté	Over the azure of the corollas. It was the blessed day Of your first kiss. My dreaming, Fond of tormenting me, Became knowingly drunk On the perfume of sadness That without the regret Or bitter aftertaste The harvest of dreams Leaves in the reaper's heart. I wandered, my eyes fixed On paving stones old When with the sun on your hair, In the street, and in the evening, You appeared laughing before me And I thought I saw the fairy With a hat of light Who had once passed across the beautiful slumber of my spoilt childhood
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées Neiger de blancs bouquets d'é toiles parfumées.	Who allowed from her half-closed hands White bouquets of perfumed stars to show.

Once I Was

Once I was.
There were ribbons in my hair, there were leaves of streaming gold
everywhere.
If a boy said hello, I would hide trembling so.
Now I barely know what the meaning of "no" is.

Now I am.

Past an audience I stare, what is gold is how the lights touch my hair.

All the boys turn to men, all the leaves change again.

Still I answer yes, though I know what will happen.

As these phases come and go music tells me what I need to know.

Coyotes

I understand you, coyotes, I understand the song you croon!

I never did before, before I hungered for his kisses underneath an amber moon.

Oh how I loathe you coyotes, and ev'rything you know of me.

You sing of my demise, that laughing in your eyes turns all my love to bitter mockery. Yes, coyotes.

You tell of all that I am dreaming of. Yes, coyotes.

You tell of these fool fool enough to love.

Laugh on, laugh on you wild coyotes, with angels on your razor backs who tell me not to stay and beckon me away, to run the ridges with your frenzied packs.

No man may own my soul from off this frozen knoll.

I'll scream it till I turn that moon to wax. Ah!

A Horse With Wings

I wanna cry. I wanna feel the world around me whirling by.

I wanna cry for those that live and those that die.

You sing a lullaby. I wanna cry.

I wanna pray that all my wishes would come true after today.

And should I put a word for you in, should I say and extre Kyrie? I wanna pray.

I wanna lie. I wanna think that things are better than they are.

I wanna think we've gotten further, and that far is just an inch away. I wanna lie.

A horse with wings, I wanna think of things like that and other things.

I want two brother, one who laughs, and one who sings.

I hope the future brings a horse with wings.

I wanna know the things they told me way back then were really so.

I wanna make a little mark before I go, not barely just get by. I wanna fly!

Lana Turner Has Collapsed (Poem)

Lana Turner has collapsed!

I was trotting along, and suddenly, it started raining, and snowing, and you said it was hailing, but hailing hits you on the head hard, so it was really snowing and raining.

And I was in such a hurry to meet you but the traffic was acting exactly like the sky.

When suddenly I see a headling: Lana Turner has Collapsed!

There is no snow in Hollywood. There is no rain in California.

I have been to lots of parties and acted perfectly disgraceful, but I never actually collapsed.

Oh Lana Turner we love you, get up!