

3-31-2012

Junior Recital: Meghan Kelly, soprano

Meghan Kelly

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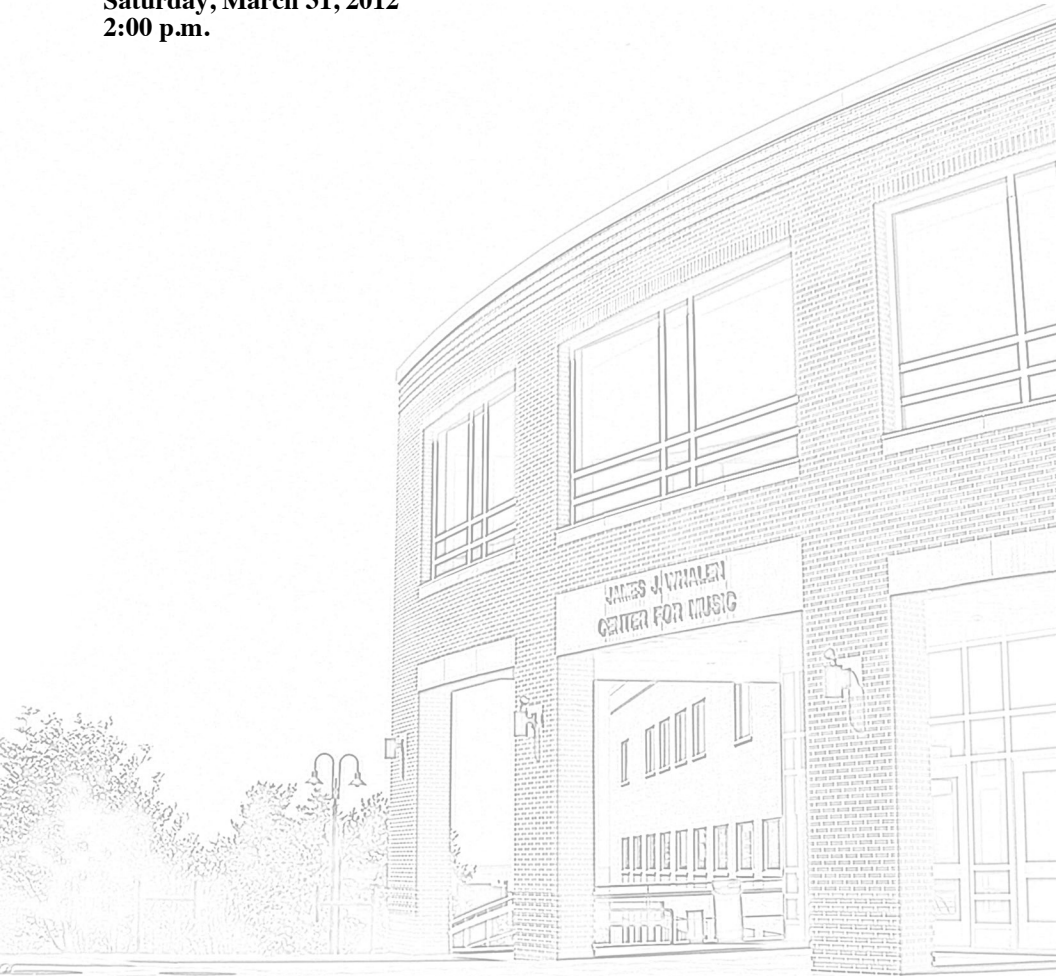
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**Junior Recital:
Meghan Kelly, soprano**

**Kerry Mizrahi, piano
Michael Lewis, piano**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, March 31, 2012
2:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Vedrai Carino

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Frauenliebe und leben

Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Serati Musicali

La Pastorella delle Alpi
L'invito

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Pause

Quatre poèmes hindous

Madras: Une Belle
Lahore: Un Sapin isolé
Bénarès: Naissance de Bouddha
Jeypur: Si vous pensez

Maurice Delage
(1879-1961)

American Songs Op. 12

Words
The Dying Lover
The Dark Hills
The Runner in the Skies

Joseph Baber
(b. 1937)

Vignettes Overseas (2010)

Off Gibraltar
Night Song at Amalfi
Villa Serbelloni, Bellaggio

Michael Lewis
(b. 1991)
text by Sara Teasdale

This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Performance. Meghan Kelly is from the studio of Marc Webster.

Translations

Vedrai Carino

Vedrai carino, se sei buonino, Che
bel rimedio ti voglio dar!
É naturale, non lo disgusto, É lo
speziale non lo sa far.
É un certo balsamo che io porto
addosso, dare tel posso, se il vuoi
provar.
Saper vorresti dove mi sta? Sentilo
battere, toccami qua!

La Pastorella

Son bella pastorella, che scende ogni
mattino ed offer un cestellino di
fresche frutta e fior.
Chi viene al primo albore avrà
vezzose rose e poma rugiadose,
venite al mio giardin!
Chi del notturno orrore smarri la
buona via, alla capanna mia
ritroverá il cammin.
Venite o passeggero, la pastorella e
qua, ma il fior del suo pensiero ad
uno solo dará!

L'invito

Vieni, o Ruggiero, la tua Eloisa da
te divisa non puo restar:
alle mie lacrime già rispondevi,
vieni, ricevi il mio pregar.
Vieni, o bell'angelo, vien, mio
diletto, sovra il mio petto vieni a
posar!
Senti se palpita, se amor t'invita...
vieni, mia vita, vieni, fammi spirar!

You will see, dear one

You will see dear one, if you are
good, the cure I have for you!
It's natural, it won't give you disgust
and no apothecary can make it.
It's a certain balm I carry within me
which I can give you, if you'll try
it.
You want to know where I keep it?
Feel it beating, touch me here.

The Shepherdess

I am the pretty shepherdess that
descends every morning and offers
a little basket of fresh fruit and
flowers.
Whoever comes at the first dawn will
have pretty roses and apples dew
sprinkled, come to my garden!
Whoever in the night's terror loses
the safe path at the little hut mine
will again find the way.
Come oh traveler the shepherdess is
here, but the flower of her thought
to one alone she will give!

The invitation

Come Ruggiero, your Eloisa to be
separated from you I cannot stay:
You've already responded to my
tears, Come and grant my request.
Come, oh beautiful angel, come, my
delight, Here on my bosom come to
rest!
Feel it throb, when love invites you...
come my life, come, make me die!

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub' ich blind
zu sein; wo ich hin nur blicke, seh'
ich ihn allein; wie im wachen
Traume schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel, heller
nur empor.

Sonst ist licht und farblos alles um
mich her, nach der Schwestern
spiele nicht begehrt' ich mehr,
möchte lieber weinen, still im
kämmerlein; seit ich ihn gesehen,
glaub' ich blind zu sein.

Er der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen, wie so
milde, wie so gut! Holde Lippen,
klares Auge, heller Sinn und fester
Mut. so wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
hell und herrlich, jener stern, also
er an meinem Himmel, hell und
herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen, nur
betrachten deinen Schein, nur in
Demut ihn betrachten, selig nur
und traurig sein.

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
deinem Glücke nur geweiht; darfst
mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen darf
beglücken deine Wahl, und ich will
die Hohe segnen, viele
tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
selig, selig bin ich dann; sollte mir
das Herz auch brechen, brich, o
Herz, was liegt daran?

Since I saw him

Since I saw him I believe myself to
be blind, where I but cast my gaze,
I see him alone. as in waking
dreams his image floats before me,
dipped from deepest darkness,
brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless
everywhere around me, for the
games of my sisters I no longer
yearn, I would rather weep, silently
in my little chamber, since I saw
him, I believe myself to be blind.

He the most wonderful of all

He, the most glorious of all, O how
mild, so good! Lovely lips, clear
eyes, bright mind and steadfast
courage. Just as there in the blue
depths, bright and glorious, that
star, likewise he is in my heavens,
bright and glorious, lofty and
distant.

Go, go your paths, but to observe
your radiance, but to observe in
humility, but to be blissful only
and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
consecrated only to you happiness,
you must not know me, lowly
maid, lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all may make
happy your choice, and I will bless
her, the lofty one, many thousand
times.

I will rejoice then and weep, blissful,
blissful I'll be then; if my heart
should also break, break, O heart,
what of it?

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben I cannot grasp or believe it

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben, ed hat ein Traum mich bertückt; wie hätt er doch unter allen mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's er habe gesprochen: "ich bin auf ewig dein", mir war's ich träume noch immer, ed kann ja nimmer so sein, es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben, gewieget an seiner Brust den seligen Tod mich schlürfen in Tränen unendlicher Lust.

I cannot grasp, nor believe, it has a dream enchanted me; how could he among all, honored and make me happy?

He said to me: "I am for eternity yours" I dreamed still forever, it can certainly never be so.

Let me in the dream die, rocked on his breast, the most blessed death savor me in endless bliss.

Madras: Une Belle

Une belle à la taille svelte se promène sous les arbres de la forêt en se reposant de temps en temps.

Ayant relevé de la main les trois voiles d'or qui lui couvrent les seins, elle renvoie à la lune les rayons dont elle était baignée.

A beauty

A beauty with a slender waist takes a walk under the trees of the forest while resting from time to time.

Moving her hands, raising the three gold veils that cover her breasts, she send back to the moon the rays which she was bathed.

Lahore: Un Sapin isolé

Un sapin isolé se dresse sur une montagne aride du Nord. Il sommeille

La gloce et la neige l'environnent d'un manteaublanc.

Il rêve d'un palmier qui làbas dans l'Orient lointain se désole, solitaire et taciturne, sur la pente de son rocher brûlant.

A solitary fir

A fir tree stands lonely, on a barren mountain in the North. It sleeps.

Ice and snow envelope it in a white cloak.

It dreams of a palm tree there in the East faraway. It grieves alone and silent against the wall of its burning rock.

Bénarès: Naissance de Bouddha

En ce tempslà, fut annoncée la venue de Bouddha sur la terre.

Il se fit dans le ciel un grand bruit de nuages.

Les Dieux agitant leurs vêtements répandirent d'innombrables fleurs merveilleuses.

The birth of Buddha

In the time was announced the coming of Buddha on earth.

It was done in the sky, a big noise of clouds.

The gods shaking their fans and their clothing spread countless marvelous flowers.

Des parfums mystérieux et doux se
croisèrent comme des lianes dans
le souffle tiède de cette nuit de
printemps.

La perle divine de la pleine lune
s'arrêta sur le palais de marbre
gardé par vingt mille éléphants
pareils à des collines grises de la
couleur des nuages.

Jeypur: Si vous pensez

Si vous pensez à elle, vous
éprouvez un douloureux tourment.

Si vous la voyez votre esprit se
trouble.

Si vous la touchez, vous perdez la
raison.

Comment peut on l'appeler bien
aimée?

Mysterious perfumes and soft as
vines intersected in the tepid of this
night of spring.

It divinely appears of the full moon,
stopped on the palace of marble,
kept by a thousand elephants
similar to gray hills, the color of
clouds.

If you think

If you think of her, you feel a great
torment.

If you look at her, your spirit is
troubled.

If you touch her, you lose reason.

How can you call her beloved?

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

March

28 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Velvet Brown, tuba

31 - Ford - 8:15pm - Gospel Festival

April

2 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Ithaca Brass

3 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase Recital

4 - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble

5 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Sean Duggan, piano

6 - Hockett - 10:00am - Sean Duggan, piano masterclass

9 - Iger - 8:15pm - Guest Lecture: Husa Visiting Professor of Composition

10 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble

12 - Nabenhauer - 7:00pm - Improv Ensemble

13 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Talea

16 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Frank Campos, trumpet/Nicholas Walker, bass

17 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Ensemble

18 - Hockett - 10:00am - Honors Convocation

18 - Ford - 8:15pm - Sinfonietta - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*

19 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Opera Workshop

19 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Sophomore Percussion Students

20 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Vocal Masterclass: Nedda Casei

21 - Hockett - 4:00pm - Yusheng Li and the New Continent Saxophone Quartet

21 - Ford - 8:15pm - Chamber Orchestra - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*

22 - Ford - 3:00pm - Chorus - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*

22 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble (GS)

23 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Woodwind Chamber Ensemble

23 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab