

3-24-2015

Junior Recital: Emily Beseau, soprano

Emily Beseau

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Junior Recital:
Emily Beseau, Soprano

John McQuaig, Piano
Alex Greenberg, Piano
Nicholas Kelliher, Tenor

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Tuesday, March 24th, 2015
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Caro voi siete
Deh! Lasciatemi

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Rencontre
A Clymène
Green
Toujours

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Intermission

From *Die Zauberflöte*:
Ach, ich fühls

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Und gestern hat er mir rosen gebracht
Nocturne

Joseph Marx
(1882-1964)

What if some little pain...
Such beauty as hurts to behold

Ned Rorem
b.1923

Goodbye Until Tomorrow/I Could Never
Rescue You, *The Last Five Years*
Alex Greenberg, Piano
Nick Kelliher, Tenor

Jason Robert Brown
(b.1970)

How to Return Home, *Tales from the Bad Years*

Brian Lowdermilk
(b.1982)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Emily Beseau is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.

Translations

Caro voi siete

Caro voi siete all'alma,
dolce voi siete al cor,
son della vostra palma,
fatta trofeo d'Amor.

You are dear to the soul,
you are sweet to the heart;
By your hand
I have become a trophy of
love.

Deh! Lasciatemi

Deh! Lasciatemi il nemico,
se toglieste a me l'amante,

Oh let me keep the
enemy,
if ye rob me of my Beloved,

stelle amiche,
per pietà!

ye kind stars-
for pity's sake!

Ed all'or questo nemico,
se non posso averlo
amante,
potrò diar con libertà!

And then I will be free
to hate this enemy,
if he cannot be my lover.

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif
quand je t'ai rencontré.
Je sens moins aujourd'hui
mon obstiné tourment;
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu
la femme inespérée,
et le rêve idéal
poursuivi vainement?

I was sad and pensive
when I met you.
I sense less today
my persistent torment;
Tell me, were you
the girl I met by chance,
and the ideal dream
I have vainely sought?

Ô, passante aux doux
yeux,
serais-tu donc l'amie
qui rendrait le bonheur
au poète isolé?
Et vas-tu rayonner
sur mon âme affermie,
comme le ciel natal
sur un coeur d'exilé?

A passer-by with gentle
eyes,
were you the friend
who brought happiness
to a lonely poet?
And did you shine
upon my vacant heart,
like the native sky
on an exiled spirit?

Ta tristesse sauvage,
à la mienne pareille,

Your shy sadness,
so like my own,

aime à voir le soleil
décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité
ton extase s'éveille,
et le charme des soirs
à ta belle âme est cher;

loves to watch the sun
set over the sea!
Before its immensity,
your delight is awakened,
and the evenings spent
with your lovely soul are
dear to me;

Une mystérieuse
et douce sympathie
déjà m'enchaîne à toi
comme un vivant lien.
Et mon âme frémit,
par l'amour envahie,
et mon coeur te chérit,

sans te connaître bien!

A mystery
and gentle sympathy
already binds me to you
like a living bond.
My soul trembles,
with overpowering love,
and my heart cherishes
you,
knowing you hardly at all!

A Clymène

Mystiques barcarolles,
Romances sans paroles,
Chère puisque tes yeux,
Couleur des cieux,

Mystical barcarolles,
Songs without words,
Dear one, since your eyes,
The color of the skies,

Puisque ta voix, étrange
Vision qui dérange
Et trouble l'horizon
De ma raison,

Since your voice, a strange
Vision that disturbs
And troubles the horizon
Of my reason,

Puisque l'arôme insigne

Since the remarkable
aroma

De ta pâleur de cygne,
Et puisque la candeur
De ton odeur,

Of your swanlike paleness,
And since the guileness
Of your smell,

Ah! puisque tout ton être,

Ah! Since your whole
being,

Musique qui pénètre,
Nimbés d'anges défunts,
Tons et parfums,

A penetrating music,
Haloes of defunct angels,
Sounds and perfumes,

A, sur d'almes cadences,

Has, on nourishing

En ses correspondances
Induit mon coeur subtil,

Ainsi soit-il!

Voici des fruit, des fleurs,
des feuilles et des
branches

Et puis voici mon coeur
qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas
avec vos deux mains
blanches

Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux
l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert
encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin
vient glacer à mon front.

Souffrez que ma fatigue
un instant reposée
Rêve des chers instants
qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein
laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor
de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser
de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu
puisque vous reposez.

cadences,
In its correspondances
Tempted my discerning
heart,
So be it!

Green

Here are fruits, flowers,
leaves and branches

And then here is my heart
that beats only for you.
Do not tear it
with your two white hands

And may the humble
present
be sweet to your eyes so
lovely.

I arrive still covered
all over with dew
Which the morning wind
comes to chill on my
forehead.

Allow my fatigue,
once rested an instant
To dream of the dear
instants
that will refresh it.

On your young bosom
let my head roll
Still resounding with
your last kisses;
Let it calm down
from the good storm,
And may I sleep a little
since you are resting.

Toujours

Vous me demandez
de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous

You ask me
to keep silent,
To flee far from you

pour jamais,
Et de m'en aller
solitaire,
Sans me rappeler
qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt
aux étoiles
De tomber
dans l'immensité,

A la nuit de perdre
ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre
sa clarté!

Demandez à la mer
immense
De dessécher
ses vastes flots,
Et, quand le vents
sont en démente,
D'apaiser ses sombres
sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas
que mon âme
S'arrache à ses
âpres douleurs,

Et se dépouille
de sa flamme
Comme le printemps
de ses fleurs.

forever,
And to go away,
lonely,
Without remembering
whom I loved!

Rather ask
the stars
To fall
into the immensity of
space,
The night to lose
its veils,
The day to lose
its light!

Ask the immense
sea
To dry up
its vast waves,
and when the winds
are in mad fury
To calm its somber
moaning!

But do not hope
that my soul
Will tear itself
away from its bitter
sorrows
And will shed
its passion
As spring
sheds its flowers.

Ach, ich fühls

Ach, ich fühls,
es ist verschwunden,
Ewig hin
der Liebe Glück!

Nimmer kommt
ihr Wonnestunde
Meinem Herzen

Ah, I feel it,
it has disappeared,
Forever gone
love's happiness!

Nevermore will come
the hour of bliss
Back to

mehr zurück!

my heart!

Sieh, Tamino,
diese Tränen,
Fließen, Trauter,
dir allein!

See, Tamino,
these tears,
Flowing, beloved,
for you alone!

Fühlst du nicht
der Liebe Sehnen,
So wird Ruh'
im Tode sein!

If you don't feel
the longing of love,
Then there will be
peace in death!

Und gestern hat er mir rosen gebracht

Ach gestern hat er mir
Rosen gebracht,
Sie haben geduftet
die ganze Nacht,
Für ihn geworben,

der meiner denkt-
Da hab' ich den Traum
einer Nacht ihm geschenkt.

Ah yesterday he
brought me roses,
They diffused their scent
the whole night long,
They wooed me on his
behalf
he who thinks of me-
So I bestowed the dream
of one night upon him.

Und heute geh' ich
und lächle stumm,
Trag seine Rosen
mit mir herum

And today I wander about
and smile mutely,
Carry his roses
around with me

Und warte und lausche,
und geht die Tür,
So zittert mein Herz:
ach, käm' er zu mir!

And wait and hearken,
and if I hear the door,
My heart quivers:
ah, if he would only come
to me!

Und küsse die Rosen,
dir er mir gebracht,
Und gehe und suche
den Traum der Nacht.

And I kiss the roses
that he brought me,
And I go and seek
the dream of the night.

Nocturne

Süß duftende Lindenblüte

in quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem

Sweet, scented linden
blossom
in a swelling June night.
A delight from my soul

Gemüte
ist mir in Sinnen erwacht.

awakened to my mind.

Als klänge vor meinem
Ohren
leise das Lied vom Glück,
als töne, die lange
verloren,
die Jugend leise zurück.

As if the song of joy
sounded softly in my ears,
as if, long-lost youth,
resounded quietly back to
me.

Süß duftende Lindenblüte
in quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem
Gemüte
ist mir zu Schmerzen
erwacht.

Sweet, scented linden
blossom
in a swelling June night.
A delight from my soul
awakened as pain.