

3-29-2015

Junior Recital: Laura McCauley, soprano

Laura McCauley

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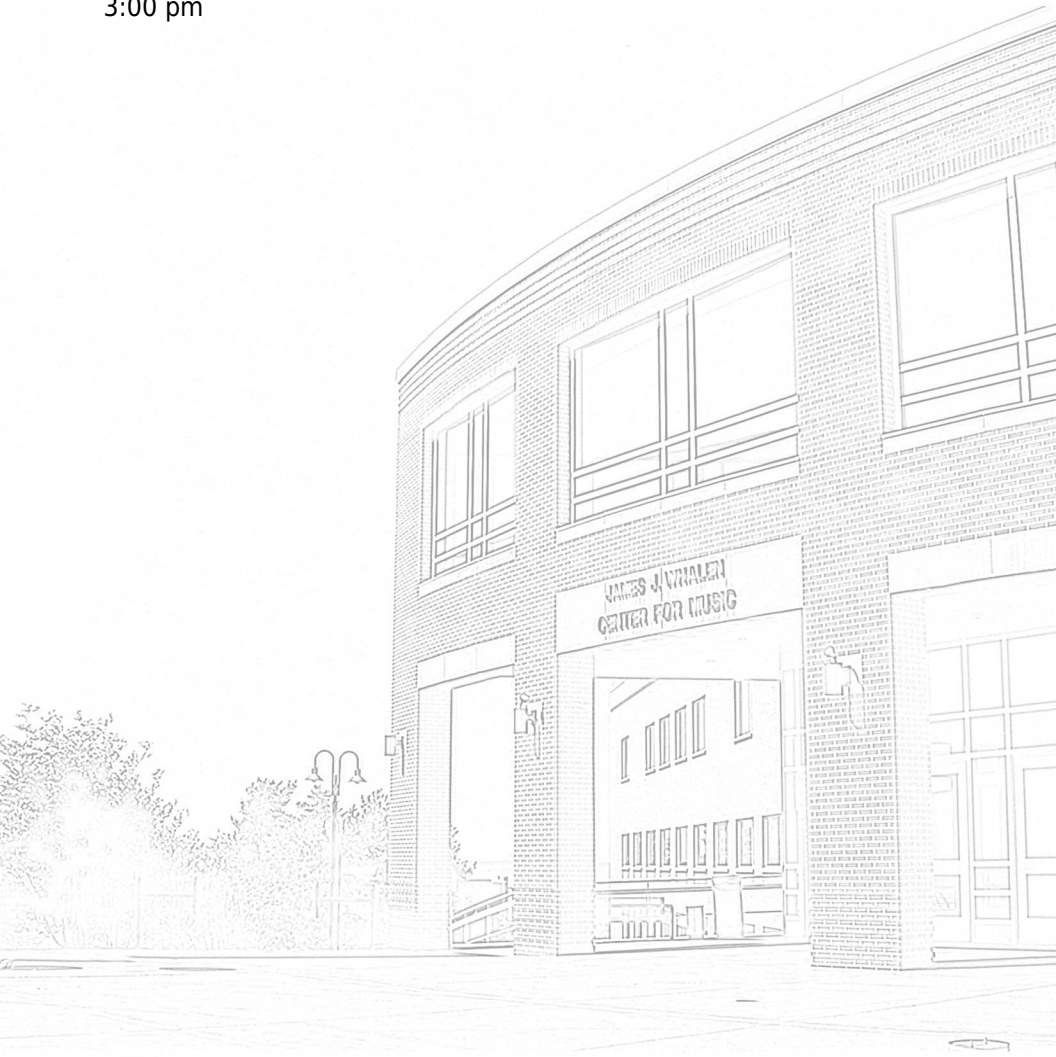
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Junior Recital:
Laura McCauley, Soprano

Richard Montgomery

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, March 29th, 2015
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Je Crain de lui parler la nuit (<i>Richard Coeur de Lion</i>) Du destin qui t'accable (<i>Jugement de Midas</i>) Tandis que tout sommeille (<i>L'amant Jaloux</i>)	André Grétry 1741- 1813
Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen Agnes Nixe Binsefuß	Hugo Wolf 1860-1903
Adieu, notre petite table (<i>Manon</i>)	Jules Massenet 1842-1912

Intermission

L'Invito La Promessa La Pastorella Delle Alpi	Gioacchino Rossini 1792-1868
I have been wandering through the green woods (<i>Wuthering Heights</i>)	Bernard Herrmann 1911-1975
In Blossom Time Night Song at Amalfi Meadow-Larks (<i>Op 78</i>)	Amy Beach 1867-1944

Translations

Je crain de lui parler la nuit

Je crains de lui parler la nuit,
j'écoute trop tout ce qu'il dit.
Il me dit : "Je vous aime,"
et je sens, malgré moi,
je sens mon cœur qui bat,
et je ne sais pourquoi.
Puis il prend ma main, il la presse
avec tant de tendresse,
que je ne sais plus où j'en suis,
Je veux le fuire ; mais je ne puis.
Ah ! pourquoi lui parler la nuit ?

I'm afraid to speak to him at night;
I hang on his every word.
He tells me, "I love you"
And I feel, despite myself,
I feel my heart, which beats
and I don't know why it does.
Then he takes my hand and presses it
With so much tenderness,
That I no longer know where I am.
I want to leave him but I cannot.
Ah! Why do I talk to him at night?

Du destin qui t'accable

Du destin qui t'accable
Malheureuse victim,
Daphné, je te perds pour jamais
Je ne verai plus tes attraits.
Entends ma voix toi que j'adore,
Toi que mon coeur chérit encore.
Vois mes larmes, mon desespoir
Daphné, Daphné, cruel objet de
ma tendresse, Sous l'écorce qui
te presse, Mon coeur te sent et
croit te voir, oui

Fate that overwhelms you unfortunate
victim, Daphne, I lose you forever
I lose you forever
I will not see your attractions
Hear my voice that I love you
You that my heart still cherished
See my tears, my despair
Daphne, Daphne cruel object of
My love, beneath the bark that
You press, My heart feels and
Think to see you, yes.

Tandis que tout sommeille

Tandis que tout sommeille dans
L'ombre de la nuit, l'amour qui
me conduit, l'amour qui toujours
veille, me dit tout pas: viens suis
mes pas où la beauté l'appelle. Voici
l'instant du rendezvous, Profite d'un
bonheur si doux, Moi pour écarter les
jalous, Je ferai sentinelle. De l'amant
le plus tendre ah! couronnez l'espoir
S'il ne peut pas vous voir qu'il puisse
Vous Entendre; Un mot de vous,
Un mot bien doux
Doit confirmer encore.
Cet espoir heureux et flatteur
Qui ce matin comblait mon coeur
Et d'où dépend tout mon
bonheur Charmante Léonore.

While all dormant in
The shadow of the night, love that
Led me, love that always
Before, while not told me: I am just
Not which they call beauty. Here
The moment of appointment, enjoys a
Happiness so sweet. Me to rule the
Jealous, I will sentinel.
For the most tender love ah
If you can not see that it can
Hear you; A word from you
A very sweet word
Must yet confirm
This happy and flattering hope
That this morning filled my heart
And where all my depends
On the charming Leonore.

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu
fangen,
Mit einem Blick schon mich verliebt zu
machen?
Ich fing schon Andre, die sich höher
schwangen;
Du darfst mir ja nicht trau'n, siehst du
mich lachen.
Schon Andre fing ich, glaub' es
sicherlich.
Ich bin verliebt, doch eben nicht in dich.

You think that, with a tiny string, you
can catch me,
With one glance, you can make me fall
in love?
I've caught others already who soared
higher;
You mustn't trust me when you see me
laugh.
I've caught others already, believe you
me.
I am in love - but just not with you!

Agnes

Rosenzeit! wie schnell vorbei,
Schnell vorbei
Bist du doch gegangen!
Wär' mein Lieb' nur blieben treu,
Blieben treu,
Sollte mir nicht bangen.

Time of roses! How quickly past,
Quickly past
have you gone!
Had my sweetheart only remained true,
remained true,
Then I should fear nothing.

Um die Ernte wohlgenut,
Wohlgenut
Schnitterinnen singen.
Aber, ach! mir kranken Blut,
Mir kranken Blut
Will nichts mehr gelingen.

At the harvest, cheerfully,
Cheerfully
the reaping women sing.
But ah! poor me,
poor me,
I can no longer do anything right.

Schleiche so durch's Wiesental,
So durch's Tal,
Als im Traum verloren,
nach dem Berg, da tausendmal,
Tausendmal,
Er mir Treu' geschworen.

I creep so through the meadow valley,
Through the meadow valley,
as if lost in a dream,
To the mountain, where a thousand
times,
a thousand times,
he swore he would be true.

Oben auf des Hügels Rand,
Abgewandt,
Wein' ich bei der Linde;
An dem Hut mein Rosenband,
Von seiner Hand,
Spielet in dem Winde.

Above on the edge of the hill,
turning away,
I weep by the linden tree;
On my hat, the wreath of roses
that he made for me
Blows in the wind.

Nixe Binsefuss

Des Wassermanns sein Töchterlein
Tanzt auf dem Eis im Vollmondschein,
Sie singt und lachtet sonder Scheu
Wohl an des Fischers Haus vorbei.

The daughter of the water spirit
Danced on the ice in the full moon,
She laughed unabashedly,
passing by the fisherman's house.

"Ich bin die Jungfer Binsefuß,

"I am the maiden Rushfoot,

Und meine Fisch' wohl hüten muß,
Meine Fisch' die sind im Kasten,
Sie haben kalte Fasten;

and I must tend my fish,
They are in a chest
with only cold meals to eat.

Von Böhmerglas mein Kasten ist,
Da zähl' ich sie zu jeder Frist.
Gelt, Fischermatz? gelt, alter Tropf,
Dir will der Winter nicht in Kopf?

The chest is made of Bohemian glass,
so I can count them anytime I want.
"Really fisher-beast, you old fool,
Can't you get into your head it's winter?"

Komm mir mit deinen Netzen!
Die will ich schön zerfetzen!
Dein Mägdlein zwar ist fromm und gut,
Ihr Schatz ein braves Jägerblut.

Come with your nets,
I'll tear them to shreds!
Sure, your maiden is good and gentle,
and her boyfriend is a brave hunter.

Drum häng' ich ihr, zum
Hochzeitsstrauß,
Ein schilfen Kränzlein vor das Haus,
Und einen Hecht, von Silber schwer,
Er stammt von König Artus her,

So I will hang a wedding bouquet
of reeds on the house,
And a pike made of silver,
which dates from the time of King
Arthur,

Ein Zwergen-Goldschmids-Meisterstück,
Wer's hat, dem bringt es eitel Glück:
Er läßt sich schuppen Jahr für Jahr,
Da sind's fünfhundert Gröschlein baar.

A masterpiece from a dwarf-goldsmith,
that brings luck to its keeper.
One can scale it year after year
and get 500 Groshen.

Ade, mein Kind! Ade für heut!
Der Morgenhahn im Dorfe schreit.

Farewell, my child, farewell for today.
The morning rooster is wailing in the
village.

Adieu, Notre Petite Table

Allons ! Il le faut pour lui-même...

Come now, I must do
it, for his sake...

Mon pauvre chevalier!
Oui, c'est lui que j'aime !
Et pourtant, j'hésite
aujourd'hui.

My poor Chevalier!
Yes, he's the one I love!
And yet today
I'm still hesitating.

Non, non !...
Je ne suis plus digne
de lui ! J'entends cette
voix qui m'entraîne contre
ma volantè:
Manon, Manon,
tu seras reine...
Reine...
par la beauté !
Je ne suis que faiblesse
et que fragilité...

No, no!...
I'm no longer worthy
of him! I keep hearing
this voice that attracts
me against my will:
Manon, Manon,
you will be queen...
A queen...
by your beauty!
I am nothing but
weakness and frailty...

Ah! malgré moi je sens
couler mes larmes...

Ah! in spite of myself
I feel my tears flowing.

Devant ces rêves effacés,
l'avenir aura-t-il les charmes de
ces beaux jours déjà passés?

Adieu, notre petit table,
qui nous rùnit si souvent!
Adieu, adieu, notre petite table,
si grande pour nous cependant !
On tient, c'est inimaginable...
Si peu de place... en se serrant...

Adieu, notre petite table!
Un même verre était le
notre, chacun de nous,
quand il buvait y cherchait
les lèvres de l'autre...
Ah! pauvre ami, comme
il m'aimait ! Adieu, notre
petite table, adieu!

After these dreams have been erased,
will the future have the charms of these
beautiful days that have already
passed?

Farewell, our little table,
which brought us together so often!
Farewell, farewell, our little table,
which for just us two seemed so large!
It's unbelievable, but we take
up so little space...especially when
we're embracing.

Farewell, our little table!
We used the same glass,
the two of us, and when
each of us drank, we tried
to find the other's lips.
My poor friend, how he
loved me! Farewell, our
little table, farewell!

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

Come Ruggiero,
your Eloisa
Cannot stay
separated from you:
You've already
responded to my tears,
Come and grant
my request.

Come, beautiful angel,
come, my delight,
Here on my bosom
come to rest!
Feel my throbbing heart,
when love invites you,
Come my life, come,
make me die!

La Promessa

Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare,
No, nol credete, pupille care,
Ne men per gioco v'ingannerò.

Voi foste e siete le mie faville,
E voi sarete, care pupille,
Il mio bel foco finch'io vivrò.

That I will ever be able to stop loving
you
No, don't believe it, dear eyes!
Not even to joke would I deceive you
about this.

You alone are my sparks,
and you will be, dear eyes,
my beautiful fire as long as I live, ah!

La Pastorella Delle Alpi

Son bella pastorella,
che scende ogni mattino,
Ed offre un cestellino
di fresche fruta a fior

Chi viene al primo albore
avra vezzoso rose
E pmo rugiadoso,
venite al mio giardin.

Son bella pastorella,
che scende ogni mattino
Ed offre un cestellino di
fresche fruta a fior.
Ah.

Chi nel notturno
orrore smarri la buona via
Alla capanna mia
ritrovera il cammin

Venita, o passeggero
La pastorella e qua
Ma il fior del suo pensiero
Ad uno sol dara!
Ah.

I am the beautiful shepherdess,
Who descends every morning,
And offers a basket full of
Fresh fruit and flowers.

Who comes on the first harvest
Will have nice roses
And very good pommels,
Come to my garden.

I am the beautiful shepherdess,
Who descends every morning,
And offers a basket full of
Fresh fruit and flowers.
Ah.

which during the frightened night
The right way is lost,
In my shelter
You will find the fireplace

Come, oh passer-by
The shepherdess is here,
But her inner thoughts
Will only be given to one!
Ah.