

9-27-2015

Senior Recital: Sarah Welden, soprano

Sarah Welden

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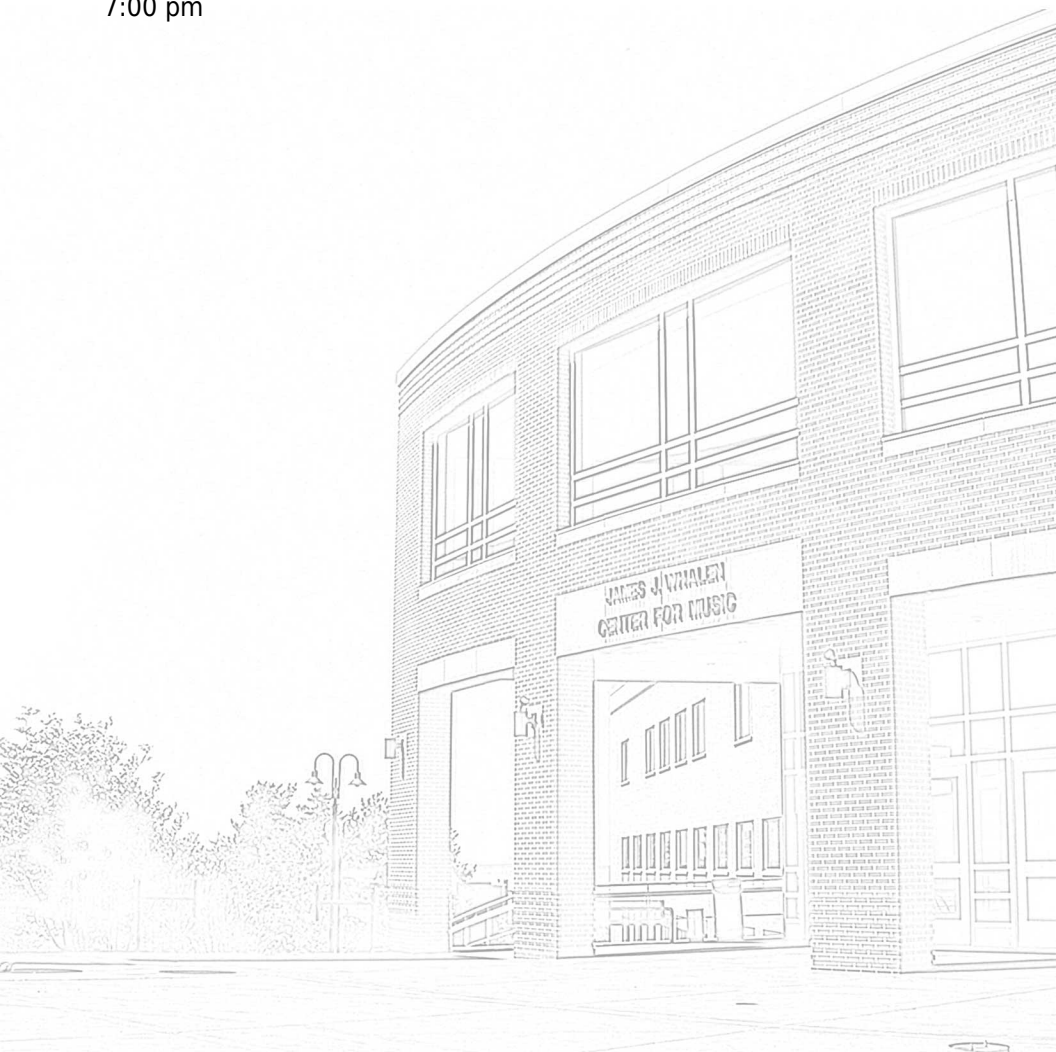
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Senior Recital:
Sarah Welden, soprano

Ali Cherrington, collaborative pianist

Ford Hall
Sunday, September 27th, 2015
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Ich Schwebel
Für fünfzehn Pfennige
Schön sind, doch kalt

R. Strauss
(1864-1949)

Selections from Słopiewnie
Słowisień
Kalinowe Dwory
Wanda

K. Szymanowski
(1882-1937)
Trans. Ewa Bachminska

Chansons de Jeunesse
Pantomime
Clair de lune
Pierrot
Apparition

C. Debussy
(1862-1918)

Intermission

Knoxville: Summer of 1915

S. Barber
(1910-1981)

Translations

Ich Schwebel (I Float) Henckell

Ich schwebel wie auf Engelsschwüngen,
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen
Wieder Geliebten Scheidegruß.
Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
Das spricht so zage, zart und rein,
Leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise
In wonneschweren Traum mich ein.
Mein schimmerd' Aug'
In dess mich füllen
Die süssesten der Melodien
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen,
Mein lähelnd Lieb' vorüberziehn.

I float as if on angel's wings,
The earth barely touches my foot,
In my ears I hear it sounding
Like my beloved's parting words.
It sounds so lovely, gentle and soft,
It speaks so shy, tender and pure,
Softly lulls me the echoing melody
Into a pleasure filled dream.
My shining eye,
While fills me
The sweetest of melodies
Sees without folds, without coverings,
My smiling love pass by.

Für funfzehn Pfennige (For fifteen cents) Des Knaben Wunderhorn

Das Mädglein will ein' Freier hab'n,
Und sollt' sie'n
Aus der Erde grab'n,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

The maiden wants to have a suitor,
Even if she must dig one
From the ground,
For fifteen cents.

Sie grub wohl ein,
Sie grub wohl aus,
Und grub nur
Einen Schreiber heraus
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

She digs far down,
She digs far out,
And digs only
A clerk out
For fifteen cents.

Der Schreiber hatt'
Des Gelds zu viel,
Er kauft dem Mädchen
Was sie will
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

The clerk has
Too much money,
He buys the maiden
What she wants,
For fifteen cents.

Er kauft ihr einen Gürtel schmal,
Der startt von Gold wohl überall,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

He buys her a narrow belt,
It is covered with gold all over,
For fifteen cents.

Er kauft ihr einen breiten Hut,
Der wär' wohl
Für die Sonne gut,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

He buys her a wide hat,
It should indeed
Be good for the sun,
For fifteen cents.

Wohl für die Sonn',
Wohl für den Wind,

Good for the sun,
Good for the wind,

Bleib du bei mir, mein liebes Kind
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Stay with me, my dearest child,
For fifteen cents.

Bleibst du bei mir, bleib' ich bei dir,
All meine Güter schenk' ich dir,
Sind funfzehn Pfennige.

You stay with me, I stay with you,
All my property I give to you,
It is fifteen cents.

Behalt dein Gut,
Laß mir mein Mut ,
Kein' and're doch dich nehmen tut
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Keep your property,
Leave me my independence,
No other will take you though
For fifteen cents.

Dein' guten Mut,
Den mag ich nicht,
Hast traun von treuer Liebe nicht
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Your strong will,
I do not like,
You know nothing of true love
For fifteen cents.

Dein Herz ist wie ein Taubenhaus,
Geh't einer 'nein, der and're aus
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Your heart is like a pigeon coop,
One man goes in, the other goes out,
For fifteen cents.

Schön sind, doch kalt (Beautiful, but cold) von Schack

Schön sind, doch kalt
Die Himmelssterne,
Die Gaben karg
Die sie verleihn;
Für einen deiner Blicke
Gerne hin geb' ich
Ihren goldnen Schein.

Beautiful, but cold are
The heavenly stars,
The gifts meager
That they bestow;
For one of your glances
Gladly I would give away
Their golden shine.

Getrennt, so daß wir
Ewig darben,
Nur führen sie
Im Jahreslauf
Den Herbst mit
Seinen Ährengarben,
Des Frühlings
Blütenpracht herauf;

Separately, so that we
Are eternally in want,
They only bring
In the year's course
The autumn with
Its sheaves of corn,
The spring's
Blossoms splendor up;

Doch deine Augen,
O, der Segen
Des ganzen Jahres
Quillt überreich aus ihnen stets
Als milder Regen,
Die Blüte und Frucht zugleich.

Yet from your eyes,
Oh, the blessings
Of the entire year
Springs richly from them always
As gentle rain,
The blossom and fruit together.

Słowisień (Word Cherries)

Tuwim

W białodrzewiu jaśnie dźni słoneczno,
Miodzie złoci białopątem żyśnie,
Drzewia pełni pszczelą i pasieczną,
A przez liście kraśnie pęk słowisnie.

A gdy sierpiec na niebłoczu łyście,

W cieniem ciemnie jeno
Niezaśpiewy:
W białodrzewiu ćwinnie i srebliście
Słodzik słowi słowisieńkie ciewy.

In white trees the brightly shining sun,
Honey covers the white ashes with gold,
Trees full of bees and beehives,
And through the leaves, a red bundle of
word cherries.

And when the moon cycle shines on the
sky,

In shading darkness only
Will it not sing birdsong:
In white trees tweet and silvery
Sweetens the nightingale word small
cherries singing.

Kalinowe Dwory (Viburnum Manor Houses)

Tuwim

Kalinowe dwory
Jarzeń na jawory.
Jarzębiec surowy,
Czerwoń do zawory!
Czerwoń jagodulu
Ładzie do dziewanny!
Borem nie da rady
Jaworowe panny!
Dziwierz tędy łązi,
Łyśnie na spiekory:
Ej, kraśnie zagorzewią
Kalinowe dwory!

Viburnum manor houses
Rowan tree on sycamores.
Crude mountain-ash trees,
Redness that encloses the sycamores!
The redness that encloses the berry
Overshadows the mullein flower!
You can not go through the old forest
Of the ash tree, young girls!
A wild animal walks through here,
He looks suddenly at the burnt:
Oh, they will burn red
Viburnum manor houses!

Wanda Tuwim

Woda wanda wiślana
Głaż głąbica srebliwa
Po ciemnuru pazurem wodzi
Jaskro księżawiec

Sino płynie dno

Śpiewa woda
Wanda ruślana
Czesze włosy świetłodzie
Topiel dziewny-kniaziwenny.

Water wanda of the Vistula River
Touching depth silver
Through darkness claws
The bright moon

Bruise-colored flowing bottom of the
river

She sings water
Wanda water nymph water source
Combs her hair emanating light
Deep whirlpool drowned girl-ethereal
dutchess.

Pantomime Verlaine

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Pierrot, who has nothing of a Clitandre,
Empties a flask without more waiting,
And, practical, cuts into a pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue,
Sheds a tear unnoticed
For his nephew disinherited.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.

That scoundrel Harlequin plots
The abduction of Colombine
And pirouettes four times.

Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un cœur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son cœur des voix.

Colombine dreams, surprised
To feel a heart in the breeze
And to hear in her heart some voices.

Clair de lune (Light of the moon) Verlaine

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant
Masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth
Et dansant,
Et quasi tristes sous leurs
Déguisements fantasques
Tout en chantant sur
Le 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,

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Which is charmed by
Masques and bergamasques,
Playing on the lute
And dancing,
And almost sad beneath the
Fanciful disguises
While singing in
A minor mode
Of love the conqueror
And the favorable life.
They do not seem to
Believe in their happiness,
And their song mingles
With the light of the moon,

Au calme clair de lune
Triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver
Les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase
Les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau
Sveltes parmi
Les marbres.
Au calme clair de lune,
Triste et beau.

Oh calm light of the moon
Sad and beautiful,
Which causes to dream
The birds in the trees,
And to sob with exstasy
The fountains of water,
The tall fountains of water
Slim among
The marble statues.
Oh calm light of the moon,
Sad and beautiful.

Pierrot Banville

Le bon Pierrot,
Que la foule contemple,
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
Faisant de lui
Sa plus chère délice,
La blanche lune
Aux cornes de taureau
Jette un regard
De son oeil en coulisse
À son ami,
Jean Gaspard Deburau.

The good Pierrot,
At whom the crowd gazed,
Having finished
The wedding of Harlequin,
Follows while dreaming
The Boulevard du Temple
A girl with a loose-flowing blouse.
In vain she provokes him
With her teasing eyes;
And in the meantime
Mysterious and smooth
Making of him
Her most dear delight
The white moon
With the horns of a bull
Casts a glance
With her sidelong eye
At her friend,
Jean Gaspard Deburau.

Apparition Mallarmé

La lune s'attristait.
Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts,
Dans le calme
Des fleurs vaporeuses,
Tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots
Glissant sur l'azur des 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 cueillaison 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 la rue et dans le soir,
Tu m'es en riant apparue

The moon grew sad.
Some seraphims in tears
Dreaming, bow in fingers,
In the calm
Of the misty flowers,
Drew from dying violas
Some white sobs
Gliding over the blue of petals.

It was the blessed day
Of your first kiss.
My dreaming, fond
Of tormenting me
Became knowingly drunk
On the perfume of sadness
That even without regret
And without bad aftertaste,
Leaves the harvest of a
Dream in the heart
Of whom it has harvested.

I wandered thus,
My eye fixed on the old paving stones
When with sun on the hair,
In the street and in the evening,
You appeared before me laughing

Et j'ai cru voir la fée
Au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur
Mes beaux sommeils
D'enfant gâté
Passait, laissant toujours
De ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets
D'étoiles parfumées.

And I thought I saw the fairy
With a hat of light
Who once across
My beautiful slumbers
Of a spoiled childhood
Passed, always letting
From her half closed hands
Snow of white bouquets
Of perfumed stars.

Knoxville: Summer of 1915 James Agee

We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville Tennessee in the time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child.

...It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession of the trees, of birds' hung havens, hangars. People go by; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt: a loud auto: a quiet auto: people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard, and starched milk, the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squaring with clowns in hueless amber. A streetcar raising its iron moan; stopping; bellling and starting, stertorous; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past, the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks; the iron whine rises on rising speed; still risen, faints; halts; the faint stinging bell; rises again, still fainter; fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone: forgotten. Now is the night one blue dew.

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose.

Low in the length of lawns, a frailing of fire who breathes...

Parents on porches: rock and rock. From damp strings morning glories hang their ancient faces.

The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums.

On the rough wet grass of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts. We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there....They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet, of nothing in particular, of nothing at all in particular, of nothing at all. The stars are wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and they seem very near. All my people are larger bodies than mine,...with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds. One is an artist, he is living at home. One is a musician, she is living at home. One is my mother who is good to me. One is my father who is good to me. By some chance, here they are, all on this earth; and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth, lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the night. May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father, oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble; and in the hour of their taking away.

After a little I am taken in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her: and those receive me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well-beloved in that home: but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever; but will not ever tell me who I am.