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## Senior Recital: Kelly Timko, soprano

Kelly Timko

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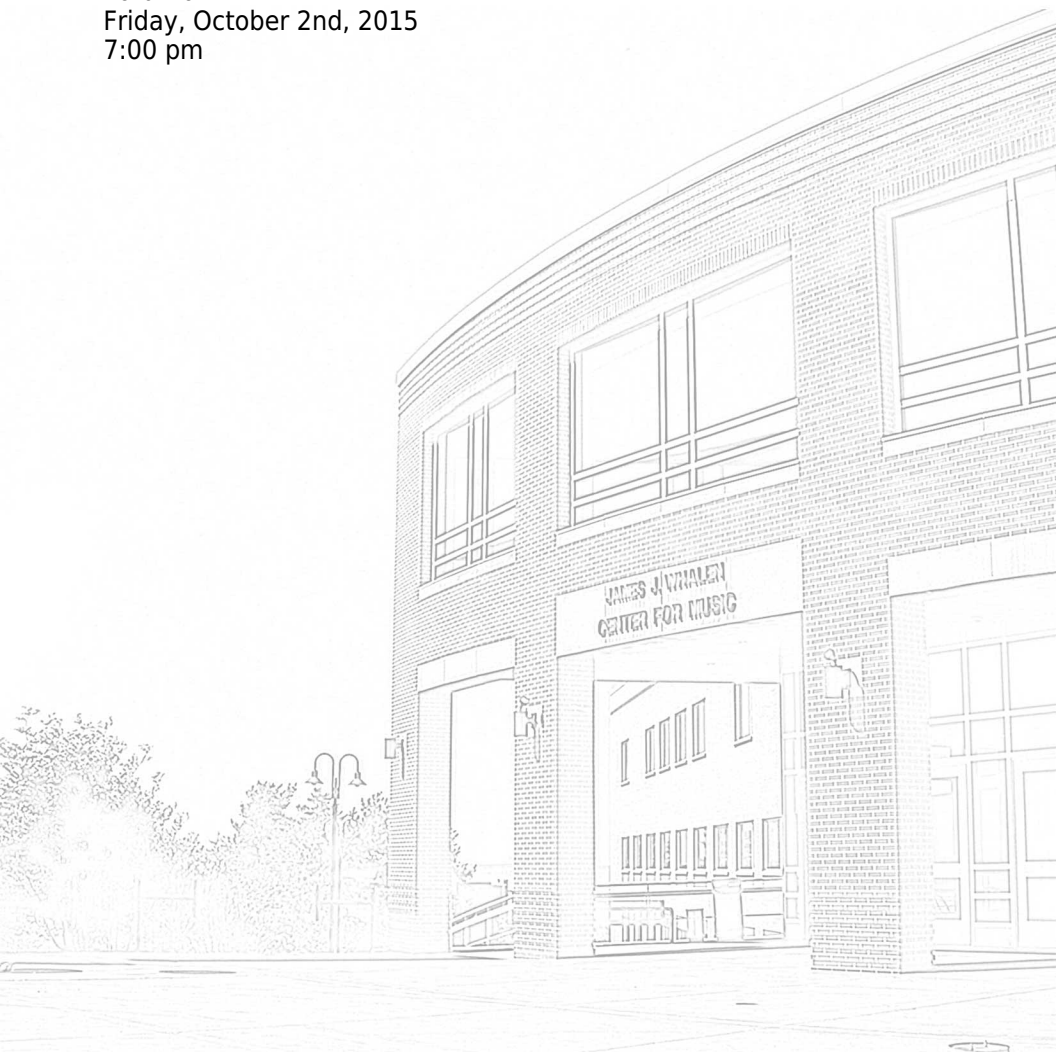
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**1915: The Woman Left at Home**  
Senior Recital:  
Kelly Timko, soprano

Alexander Greenberg, collaborative piano

Ford Hall  
Friday, October 2nd, 2015  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

## 1915: The Woman Left at Home Happiness:

Juni	Amy Beach (1867-1944)
Paysage Sentimental	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Il Bacio	Luigi Arditi (1822-1903)

### Self-Doubt and Confidence:

Oh! Had I Jubal's Lyre from <i>Joshua</i>	G.F Handel (1685-1759)
La Zingara	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

### Lust:

C'est l'extase	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Ouvre ton Coeur	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Animal Passion	Jake Heggle (b. 1961)

### Intermission

#### Love:

Ah Love! But a Day	Amy Beach (1867-1994)
A Te	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
L'Orgia	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

#### Anger:

Als Luise die Briefe	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Donal Oge	Libby Larsen (b. 1950)

### Grief, Death, and Loss:

In der Fremde	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
C	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Bleuet	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Morire?	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

### Joy:

Joy	Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)
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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Kelly Timko is from the studio of Marc Webster.

# Translations

## Juni

O junitage im Sonnenschein, Im flutenden wolkenlosen! Bunt blumige Wiesen unt blühender wein! Und inden Gärten, land aus, land ein,	Oh June days in the sunshine, in the sun flooding cloudless days! Colorfully flowering meadows and flowering wine! And in the garden, country out, country in,
Herzkirschen und Rosen! Herzkirschen und rosen, und blühend am Hang Resedaduftende reben! Die Nächte so weich und tie tage so lang! So heiter die Stirnen, so hell der Gesang! So wonnig das Leben! Die geissblattlauben voll heimlichem Schall, Voll leisem flüsterndem Kosen. Und jeder lufthauch ein duftesschwall,	Heart-ease and roses! Heart-ease and roses, and blooming on the slope, mignonette fragrant vines! The night is soft, and the days so long! So beaming the brow, so bright the song! So blissful the life! The honeysuckle filled with a secret sound, filled with soft whispering caresses. And every breath of air a fragrant torrent
Und überall Segen und überall, Herzkirschen und rosen!	And everywhere blessing and everywhere, Heart-ease and roses!

## Paysage Sentimental

Le ciel d'hiver, si doux, si triste, si dormant, Où le soleil errait parmi de vapeurs blanche, Etait pareil au doux, au profond sentiment Qui nous rendait heureux mélancoliquement Par cet après midi de baisers sous les branches. Branches mortes qu'au cun souffle ne remuait Branches noires avec quel que feuille fanée Ah! que ta bouches s'est à ma bouche donée Plus tendrement encor dans ce grand bois muet Et dans cette langueur de la mort de l'année La mort de tout sinon de toi que j'aimetant Et sinon du bonheur dont mon âme est comblée Bonheur qui dort au fond de cette âme isolée Mystérieux, paisible et frais comme	The winter sky, so sweet, so sad, so slumberous, Where the sun wandered among the white mists, Was similar to the gnetle, the deep feeling Which made us happy, but melancholy On that afternoon of kisses beneath the branches. Dead branches by any breath of air not stirred Dark branches with some withered leaves Ah! How your mouth gives itself to mine More tenderly even in the large silent woods And in that langour of the year's death The death of everything except you who I love so much And except the happiness from which overflows my heart Happiness which sleeps in the depths of this lonely soul Mysterious, peaceful and cool like the
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l'étang  
Qui pâliſſait au fond de la pâle vallée.

pond  
Which grew pale in the depths of the  
pale valley.

## Il Bacio

Sulle labbra se potessi dolce un bacio ti  
darei  
Tutte ti direi le dolcezze dall'amor!  
Sempre assisa te d'appresso, mille  
gaudi ti direi!  
Ed i palpiti unirei che rispondono al mio  
cor.  
Gemme e perle non desir, non son vaga  
d'altro affetto.  
Un tuo sguardo è il mio diletto,  
Un tuo bacio è il mio tesor.  
Ah! Vieni! ah vien! più non tardare!  
Nell'ebbrezza d'un ampleso ch'io viva  
sol d'amor!

If I could only give you a kiss on your  
lips,  
it would tell you all the delights of love!  
Always seated near you, a thousand  
joys I would say.  
The throbbing I would hear answer back  
to my heart.  
Gems and pearls I do not desire, nor  
other's affections.  
One glance is my delight,  
one of your kisses is my treasure.  
Ah! Come! Do not delay!  
Let us enjoy love's life-giving  
intoxication.

## La Zingara

La zingara! Fra l'erbe cosparse di roride  
gelo,  
Coverta del solo gran manto del cielo,  
Mia madre esultando la vita mi diè.  
Fanciulla, sui grepi le capre emulai,  
Per ville e cittadi, cresciuta, danzai,  
Le dame lor palme distesero a me.  
Io loro predissi le cose non note,  
Ne feci dolenti, ne feci beate,  
Segreti conobbi, di sdegno d'amor.  
Un giorno la mano mi porse un donzello;  
Mai visto non fummi garzone più bella;  
Oh! S'ei nella destra leggestimi il cor!

The gypsy girl! On grass sprinkled with  
frozen dew,  
Covered only by the large mantle of the  
sky,  
My mother rejoicing the life she gave  
me!  
A young girl emulated the goats on the  
cliffs,  
Through towns and cities, I grew up, I  
danced,  
The ladies extended their palms to me.  
I would predict for them things  
unnoticed,  
Some I made sad, some I made happy,  
Secrets I knew of anger, of love.  
One day, a page offered his hand to me;  
I had never seen such an attractive,  
handsome boy;  
If only he would read my heart from my  
right hand!

## C'est l'extase

C'est l'extase langoureuse,  
C'est la fatigue amoureuse.  
C'est tous les frissons des bois  
Parmi l'étreinte des brises.  
C'est vers les ramures grises,  
Le choeur des petites voix.  
O, le frêle et frais murmure  
Ce la gazouille et susure  
Ce la ressemble au cri doux  
Que l'herbe agitée expire.

It is the languorous ecstasy,  
It is the amorous fatigue.  
It is all the tremors of the forest  
Amid the embrace of the breezes.  
It is around the gray branches,  
The choir of little voices.  
Oh, the frail and fresh murmuring  
That twittering and whispering  
That resembles the soft cry  
That the ruffled grass expired.

Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire  
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente  
encette plainte dormante.  
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?  
La mienne, dis, et la tienne  
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne  
Parce tiède soir tout bas.

You might say, under the swirling water  
It was the muffled sound of the rolling  
pebbles.

This soul which mourns  
in the lament dormant.  
It is ours, is it not?  
Mine, say, and yours  
from which exhales the humble anthem  
on this warm evening very softly.

### Ouvre ton Coeur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle  
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.

Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?  
Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.  
Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à ma  
flamme,  
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.

Je veux reprendre mon âme,  
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

The daisy has closed its petals,  
The shadow has closed its eyes for the  
day.

Beauty, will you speak with me?  
Open your heart to my love.  
Open your heart, o young angel, to my  
flame  
So that a dream may enchant your  
sleep.

I wish to reclaim my soul,  
As a flower turns to the sun!

### A Te

Oh! Quant'io t'amo!  
In me forte e il desio!  
Forte e il desio di farti palpitar

Di stringerti al cuor mio.  
Da te così lontano  
Io soffro, io soffro assai  
Ne pace io trovo mai  
Perche troppo e l'amor.  
O mia vittoria, o mio tesoro  
O bene mio, o mio sol pensiero  
E dammi un bacio e il mondo intiero  
E mi farai tutto obliar  
O mio vittoria, o mio tesoro sara  
E dammi un bacio e il mondo intiero  
E mi farai tosto obbliar

Oh! How very much I love you!  
How strong is the desire in me!  
How strong is the desire to fill you with  
excitement

To hold you tightly to my heart.  
When I am faraway from you  
I suffer, I suffer so much  
Nor do I ever find peace  
Because my love for you is so strong.  
Oh my victory, oh my darling  
My beloved, my one and only thought  
Give me a kiss and that will make me  
Forget the whole world around me.  
Oh my victory, you will be my treasure  
Give me a kiss and that will make me  
Quickly forget the whole world.

### L'orgia

Amiamo, cantiamo, le donne e i liquor,  
Gradita è la vita fra Baccho ed Amor!

Se amore ho nel core, ho il vin nella  
testa,  
Che gioia, che festa, che amabile ardor!

Amando, scherzando, trincando liquor,

Let's love, let's sing to women and wine,  
Life is pleasant between Bacchus and  
Cupid!

If I have love in my heart, I have wine in  
my head,

What a joy, what a party, what sweet  
passion!

Loving, joking, drinking liquor,

M'avvampo, mi scampo, da noie e dolor!

Cantiam gradita è la vita fra Bacco ed  
Amor!

Danziamo, cantiamo, alziamo il bicchier,

Ridiam, sfidiam i tristi pensier.

Cantiam, ridiam...

Regina divina la madre d'Amor,

Giuliva rinova ogni cor.

Balzante, spumante con vivo bolor

è il vino divino del mondo signor

Già ballo, tra ballo, che odor, che vapor!

Si beva, ri beva, con sacro furor.

Evviva evviva le donne e il liquor

la vita è compita fra Bacco ed Amor.

I burn, I escape from boredom and  
sorrow!

Let's sing life is pleasant between  
Bacchus and Cupid!

Let's dance, let's sing, let's raise the  
glass,

Let's laugh, let's challenge the sad  
thoughts.

Let's sing, let's laugh...

Queen divine, mother of love,

With joy renew every heart

Leaping, sparkling, with life bubbling  
over,

And divine wine the lord of the world.

Already I-dance, I-stagger, what  
fragrance and aroma!

One drinks, drinks again, with holy  
frenzy.

Hurray hurray for women and liquor

Life is pleasant between Bacchus and  
Cupid!

### In der Fremde

Aus der heimat hinter den blitzten rot,

Da kommen die volken her.

Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,

Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach, wie bald kommt die stille  
zeit,

Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir

Rauscht die schöne waldeinsamkeit,

Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

From the homeland behind the lightning  
rod,

There come the clouds here.

But father and mother are long dead

And no one knows me there anymore.

How soon, oh, how soon comes the  
quiet time,

Then I also rest, and over me

Rustles the beautiful forest solitude,

And no one will know me here anymore.

### Als Luise die Briefe

Erzuegt von heisser phantasie,

In einer schwärmerischen stunde

Zur welt gebrachte, geht zu grunde!

Ihr kinder der melancholie!

Ihr danket flammen euer sein;

Ich gep' euch nun den flammer wieder,

Und all die schwärmerischen lieder;

Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und balt, ihr lieben,

Ist keine spur von euch mehr hier;

Doch ach! der Mann, der euch  
geschrieben,

Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

Created from a passionate fantasy,

In a rapturous hour

brought into the world, go to the  
ground!

You children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your existence;

I give you now back to the flames,

And all the rapturous songs;

For alas! he sang them not to me alone.

You burn now, and soon, dear ones,

There will be no trace of you here  
anymore;

Yet ah! the Man, who wrote you,

Will still perhaps burn for a long time in  
me.

## C

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé.  
C'est là que tout a commencé.  
Une chanson des temps passés  
Parle d'un chevalier blessé  
D'une rose sur la chaussée  
Et d'un corsage délacé.  
Du chateau d'un duc insensé  
Et des cygnes dans les fossés.  
De la prairie où vient danser  
Une éternelle fiancée.  
Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé  
Le long lai des gloires fausées.  
La Loire emporte mes pensées  
Avec les voitures versées  
Et les armes désamorçées  
Et les larmes mal effacées.  
O ma France, ô ma délaissées!  
J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé.

I have crossed the bridge of Cé.  
It was there that it all began.  
A song of times past  
Speaks of a knight wounded  
Of a rose upon the road  
And of a bodice unlaced.  
Of a castle of an insane Duke  
And of swans in the moat.  
Of the meadow where will dance  
An eternal fiancé.  
And I drank like an ice-milk  
The long lay of false glories.  
The Loire carries off my thoughts  
Along with cars overturned  
And the weapons defused  
And the tears badly erased.  
Oh my France, oh my abandoned on!  
I have crossed the bridge of Cé.

## Bleuet

Jeune homme du vingt ans  
Qui as vu des choses si affreuses,  
Que pensestu des hommes  
de ton enfance?  
Tu connais la bravoure et la ruse,  
Tu as vu la mort en face  
Plus de cent fois.  
Tu ne sais pas  
Ce que c'est que la vie.  
Transmet ton intrépidité  
A ceux qui viendront après toi.  
Jeune homme, tu es joyeux,  
Ta mémoire est ensanglantée,  
Ton âme et rouge aussi de joie.  
Tu as absorbé la vie  
De ceux qui sont morts près de toi.  
Tu as de la décision.  
Il est dix sept heures  
Et tu saurais mourir,  
Si non mieux que tes aînés,  
Du moins plus pieusement,  
Car tu connais mieux la mort que la vie.  
  
O douceur d'autre fois,  
Lenteur immémoriale!

Young man of twenty years  
Who has seen such horrible things,  
What do you think about the men  
from your childhood?  
You know bravery and cunning,  
You have seen death  
More than one hundred times.  
You do not know  
what it is, that is life.  
Pass on your boldness  
To those who come after you.  
Young man, you are joyful,  
But your memory is bloody,  
Your soul is stained red with joy.  
You absorb the life  
Of those who have died beside you.  
You are decisive.  
It is five o'clock in the afternoon  
And you know how to die,  
If not better than your elders,  
At least more piously,  
Because you know death better than  
life.  
Oh sweetness of the past,  
The memorial slowness!

## Morire?

Morire? E chi la sa qual è la vita?  
Questa che s'apre luminosa e schietta,  
ai fascini, agli amori, alle speranze,

To die? And who knows what is life?  
Is it this one that opens, shining and  
pure,  
to the charms, the loves, the hopes,



o quella che in rinunce s'è assopita?

È la semplicità timida e queta  
che si tramanda come ammonimento,  
come un segreto di virtù segreta  
perché ognuno raggiunga la sua meta,  
o non piuttosto il vivo balenare  
di sogni nuovi sovra sogni stanchi,  
e la pace travolta e l'inesausta

fede d'avere per desiderare?

Ecco io non lo so. Ma voi che siete  
all'altra sponda sulla riva immensa  
ove fiorisce il fiore della vita,  
son certo lo saprete.

or is it the one that dozed off in  
renunciations?

Is it the bashful and calm simplicity  
that is handed down as a warning,  
like a secret of a secret life  
so that everyone can reach his goal,  
or rather the lively flash  
of new dreams over old dreams,  
and the overwhelmed peace and the  
inexhaustible

faith you need to have in order to  
desire?

There, I don't know. But you who are  
on the other side, on the vast shore  
where the flower of life blossoms -  
I am sure you know.