

4-2-2016

Senior Recital: Emily Beseau, soprano

Emily Beseau

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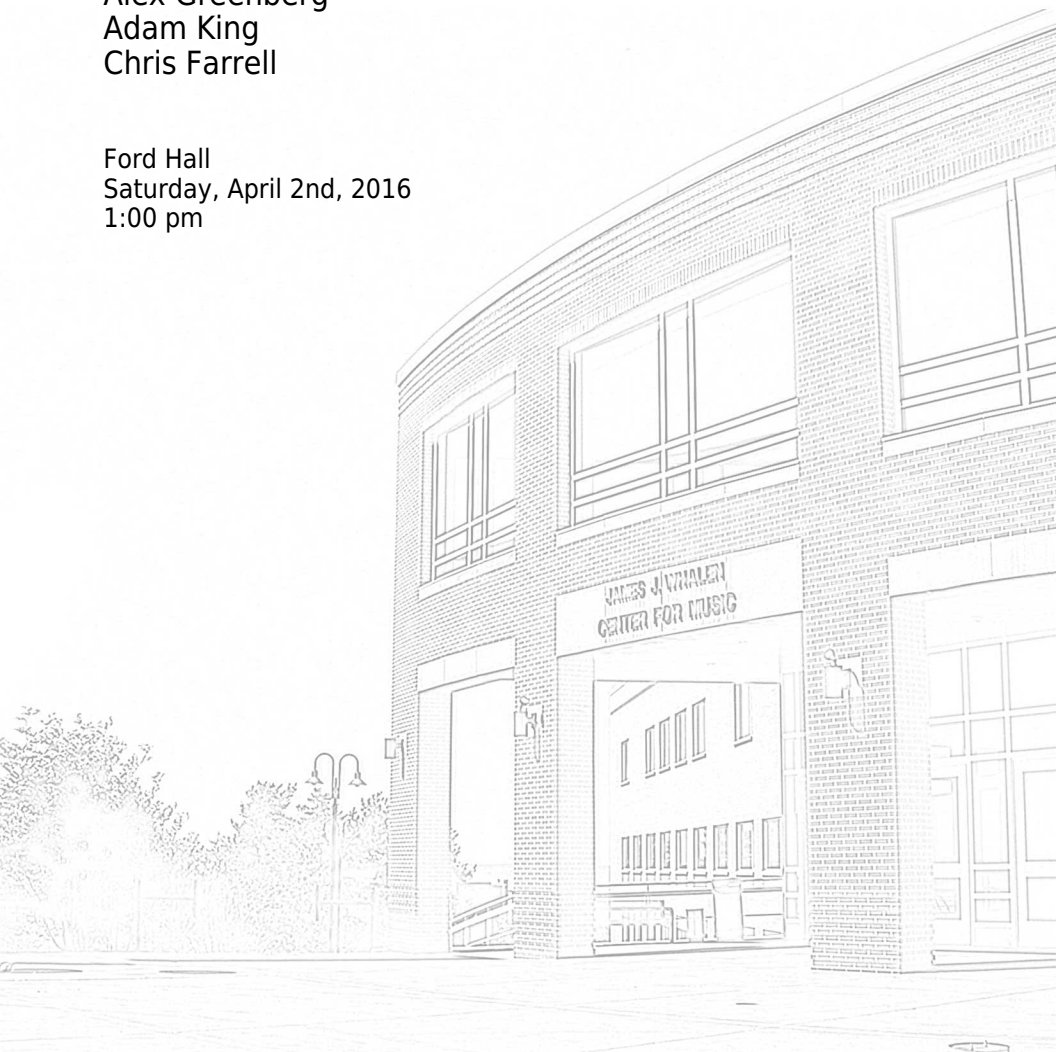
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Senior Recital:
Emily Beseau, soprano

Accompanist:
John McQuaig

Assisted by:
Alex Greenberg
Adam King
Chris Farrell

Ford Hall
Saturday, April 2nd, 2016
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

L'invito	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
Perduta ho la pace	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Il barcaiolo	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
Six chansons de theatre La Bohemienne la main m'a pris Un petit pas, deux petit pas Je suis dans le filet Chacun son tour, les animaux Mes amis les cygnes Blancs sont les jours d'été	Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)
"Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante" from <i>Carmen</i>	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Intermission

Kennst du das Land Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt Heiss' mich nicht reden So lasst mich scheinen	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
I Am Cherry Alive Fewer Words The Red Dress Once I Was	Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)
Make Me Happy <i>Adam King and Chris Farrell, voice</i> <i>Alex Greenberg, piano</i>	Andrew Lippa (b.1954)
"How Did We Come To This?" from <i>The Wild Party</i>	

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

Translations

L'invito

Vieni, o Ruggiero,
la tua Eloisa
da te divisa
non puo restar:
alle mie lacrime
già rispondevi,
vieni, ricevi
il mio pregar.

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

Vieni, o bell'angelo,
vien, mio diletto,
sopra il mio petto
vieni a posar!
Senti se palpita,
se amor t'invita...
vieni, mia vita,
vieni, fammi spirar ...

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!

Perduta ho la pace

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

M'è buio di tomba
ov'egli non è;
Senz'esso un deserto
è il mondo per me.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

Mio povero capo
confuso travolto;
Oh misera, il senno,
il senno m'è tolto!

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

S'io sto al finestrello,
ho gl'occhi a lui solo;
S'io sfuggo di casa,
sol dietro a lui volo.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

Oh, il bel portamento;
oh, il vago suo viso!
Qual forza è nei sguardi,
che dolce sorriso!

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,

E son le parole
un magico rio;
Qual stringer di mano,
qual bacio, mio Dio!

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

Anela congiungersi
al suo il mio petto;
Potessi abbracciarlo,
tenerlo a me stretto!

Baciarlo potessi,
far pago il desir!
Baciarlo! e potessi
baciata morir.

And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

Il barcaiolo

Voga, voga, il vento tace,
pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno,
solo un alito di pace
par che allegri e cielo e mar:
voga, voga, o marinar.

Or che tutto a noi sorride
in sì tenero momento,
all'ebbrezza del contento
voglio l'alme abbandonar,
voga, voga, o marinar
Voga, voga, il vento tace, etc.

Ché se infiera la tempesta,
ambidue ne tragge a
morte,
sarà lieta la mia sorte,
al tuo fianco io vuò' spirar:
voga, voga, o marinar.

Row, row, the wind has stilled,
the waves are clear, the sky serene,
it seems that only a peaceful breeze
stirs the sky and sea:
row, row, o boatman.

Now that everything smiles on us
at this tender moment,
I wish to abandon our souls
to a joyful ecstasy,
row, row, o boatman.
Row, row, the wind has stilled, etc.

For if the tempest roars,
and both of us are dragged down to
death,
my fate will be a happy one,
for by your side I wish to die:
row, row, o boatman.

La Bohémienne la main m'a pris

La Bohémienne la main m'a pris:
La vieille tzigane le sort m'a dit;
Elle m'a prédit: Ah regarde,
Enfant, prends garde!

C'est un méchant garçon,
C'est un méchant, un très méchant,

The Gypsy took my hand,
the old woman told my destiny.
She spoke of my future: "Look out,
girl, take care!

He's a naughty boy,
a naughty, very naughty one,

C'est un mauvais garçon,
C'est un mauvais, un très mauvais,

a bad boy,
a bad a very bad one,

Un très très très très très très
Très très très très mauvais,
Méchant garçon.

a very, very, very, very,
very, very bad
naughty boy."

Un petit pas, deux petit pas

Un petit pas, deux petits pas
Le petit chien au trot s'en va
Sur la route bien longue qui s'ouvre.

One little step, two little steps,
the little dog goes off at a trot
on the very long road that spreads
before him.

Le petit chien s'en va-t-à Douvres.

The dog is off to Dover.

Un petit pas, deux petits pas
Le petit chien au trot s'en va.
Sur la route trouve un ruisseau;
Fait oh, oh puis un grand saut

One little step, two little steps,
the little dog goes off at a trot.
He finds a stream across the road,
and he goes "Oh, oh", then takes a big
jump.

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Un petit pas, deux petits pas,
Le petit chien au trot s'en va,
Sur la route trouve la Nuit,
Fait oh, oh, et puis Do Do

One little step, two little steps,
the little dog goes off at a trot.
On the road he finds the Night,
and he goes "Oh oh" and then "Zzzzz."

Je suis dans le filet

Je suis dans le filet
Sans aucune espérance.
Le ciel devient immense
Mais, c'est pour m'étouffer.

I am caught in a net
without hope.
The sky becomes huge
But, it is for stifling me.

Qu'ai-je fait à la nuit
Qui de son poids m'opresse,
N'es tu plus rien, Jeunesse,
Qu'on te bafoue ainsi?

What have I done to the night
that its weight oppresses me,
Aren't you nothing, Youth,
that tramples you so?

Étoiles, au secours
De mon secret amour.
Lune, ouvre-moi la porte,
Ou je suis une morte.

Stars, help
my secret love.
Moon, open the door for me,
or I am dead.

Chacun son tour, les animaux

Chacun son tour,
les animaux.
J'apporte remède à vos maux.
Et pendant que vous mangerez,
Vous croirez être délivrés!
Vache, c'est pour ton pis,
Cheval, pour mieux henir,
Lion, pour ta crinière

Each turn,
of the animals.
I bring a cure for your illnesses.
And while you eat,
you believe to be better!
Cow, for your udder,
Horse, for a better neigh,
Lion, for your mane

Et serpent, pour ton bien,
Eléphant, pour ta trompe,
Pour tes ailes, oiseau,
Bête de fantaisie,
c'est pour ta poésie!
Et pendant que vous mangerez,
Vous croirez être délivrés.

And snake, for your good,
Elephant, for your trunk,
For your wings, bird,
Beast of fantasy,
for your poetry!
And while you eat,
You believe to be better!

Mes amis les cygnes

Mes amis les cygnes,
Prisonniers de la glace,
Délivrez-vous,
délivrez-vous de l'enchantement.

My friends the swans,
Prisoners of the ice,
Deliver you,
deliver you from the enchantment.

Blancs sont les jours d'été

Blancs sont les jours d'été,
Où ira-t-il l'oiseau sans ailes?
Blanche est la nuit d'été,
Que fera-t-il l'oiseau sans ailes?

White are the days of summer,
Where will the bird without wings go?
White is the night of summer,
that will make the bird without wings?

Apprendra, oubliera,
parlera, pleurera,
cueillera les fleurs pâles
sur le sol désolé.

He learns, he forgets,
he speaks, he cries,
he picks the pale flowers
on the bleak ground.

Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante

C'est des contrebandiers le refuge
ordinaire.
Il est ici, je le verrai!
Et le devoir que m'imposa sa mère
Sans trembler je l'accomplirai

It is the smugglers ordinary refuge.
He is here, I will see him!
And the task imposed by his mother
Without trampling, I will accomplish it.

Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante,
Je dis, hélas! que je répons de moi;
Mais j'ai beau faire la vaillante...

I say that nothing can frighten me.
I say, alas, that I respond to myself;
But I play the part of the courageous
one in vain...

Au fond du coeur je meurs d'effroi!

From the bottom of my heart, I die of
fear!

Seule en ce lieu sauvage
Toute seule j'ai peur,
Mais j'ai tort d'avoir peur.
Vous me donnerez du courage;
Vous me protégerez, Seigneur!

Alone in this savage place
All alone I am afraid,
But I am wrong to have fear.
You will give me courage;
You will protect me, Lord!

Je vais voir de près cette femme,
Dont les artifices maudits
Ont fini par faire un infâme
De celui que j'aimais jadis!
Elle est dangereuse...elle est belle!
mais je ne veux pas avoir peur!

I am going to be face to face with this
woman,
Whose cursed guile
Has ended up to make a vile person
of him that I once loved!
She is dangerous, she is beautiful!
But I do not want to be afraid!

Je parlerai haut devant elle...ah!
Seigneur, vous me protégez.
Protégez-moi! Ô Seigneur!
Donnez-moi du courage!

I will speak up before her...ah!
Lord, you will protect me.
Protect me! Oh Lord!
Give me courage!

Kennst du das Land

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen
blühh,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen
glühh,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel
weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer
steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter,
zieh.

Knowest thou where the lemon blossom
grows,
In foliage dark the orange golden glows,
A gentle breeze blows from the azure
sky,
Still stands the myrtle, and the laurel,
high?
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Would I with thee, oh my beloved, fare.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht
sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das
Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich
an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?

Knowest the house, its roof on columns
fine?
Its hall glows brightly and its chambers
shine,
And marble figures stand and gaze at
me:
What have they done, oh wretched
child, to thee?
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Would I with thee, oh my protector, fare.

Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer,
zieh.

Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Would I with thee, oh my protector, fare.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen
Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen
Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!

Knowest the mountain with the misty
shrouds?
The mule is seeking passage through
the clouds;
In caverns dwells the dragons' ancient
brood;
The cliff rocks plunge under the rushing
flood!

Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Leads our path! Oh father, let us fare.

Nur wer die sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.

Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I look into the firmament
In that direction.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.

Ach! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.

Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

I am reeling,
My entrails are burning.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

Heiss mich nicht reden

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich
schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht,
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre
zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Don't ask me to speak - ask me to be
silent,
for my secret is a solemn duty to me.
I wish I could bare my soul to you,
but Fate does not will it.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne
Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muß sich
erhellen,
Der harte Fels schließt seinen Busen
auf,
Mißgönnt der Erde nicht die
tiefverborgnen Quellen.

At the right time, the sun's course will
dispell
the dark night, and it must be
illuminated.
The hard rock will open its bosom; and
ungrudgingly, the earth will release
deep hidden springs.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes
Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich
ergießen,
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen
zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie
aufzuschließen.

Others may seek calm in the arms of a
friend;
there one can pour out one's heart in
lament.
But for me alone, a vow locks my lips,
And only a god has the power to open
them.

So lasst mich scheinen

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weiße Kleid nicht aus!

So let me seem, until I become so;
don't take the white dress away from
me!

Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

From the beautiful earth I hasten
down into that solid house.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich laße dann die reine Hülle,

There I will repose a moment in peace,
until I open my eyes afresh;
then I will leave behind the spotless
garment,

Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

the girdle and the wreath.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,

And those spirits of heaven
do not ask whether one is `man' or
`woman',

Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

and no clothes, no robes
will cover my transfigured body.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,

Although I have lived without trouble
and toil,

Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

I have still felt deep pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too soon;
Make me forever young again!