

4-2-2016

Graduate Recital: Heather C. Barnes, soprano

Heather C. Barnes

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

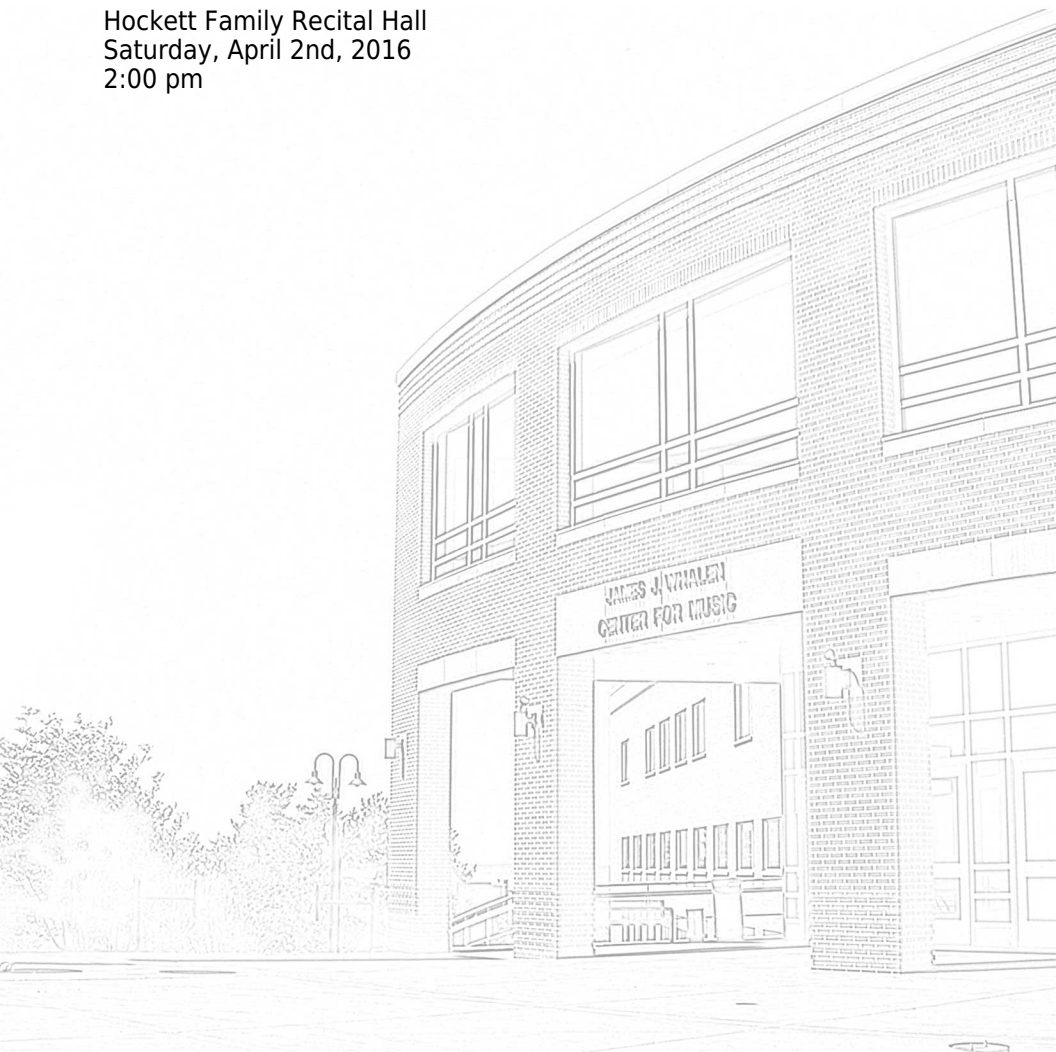
Barnes, Heather C., "Graduate Recital: Heather C. Barnes, soprano" (2016). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1730.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1730

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Graduate Recital:
Heather C. Barnes, soprano

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano
Jake Walsh, oboe
Emily Preston, soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, April 2nd, 2016
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Gloria in D Major, RV 589
Domine Deus

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Jake Walsh, oboe

Laudamus Te

Emily Preston, soprano

"Oh! Had I Jubal's Lyre"

George Frederic Handel
(1685-1759)

from *Joshua*

Vergebliches Ständchen
Ständchen
Botschaft

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

"Quando Men Vo"
from *La Bohème*

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Intermission

Three Dream Potraits
I. Minstrel Man
II. Dream Variation
III. I, Too

Margaret Bonds
(1913-1972)

Prison
Notre Amour
Green

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

"I Shall Not Live in Vain"
from *The Faces of Love*

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

Wade in de Water

arr. Harry T. Burleigh
(1866-1949)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree M.M in Vocal Performance.
Heather C. Barnes is from the studio of Ivy Walz .

Translations

Domine Deus

Domine Deus, Rex caelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.

Laudamus Te

Laudamus Te.
Benedicimus Te.
Adoramus Te.
Glorificamus Te.

Vergebliches Ständchen

(Er.)

Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
mach' mir auf die Tür!

(Sie.)

Mein', Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich laß dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät mir klug,
Wärst du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

(Er.)

So kalt ist die Nacht,
so eisig der Wind,
Daß mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;

Öffne mir, mein Kind!

(Sie.)

Löschet dein' Leib',
lass sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett zu Ruh'!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

Almighty God

Lord God, Heavenly King,
God the Father, all powerful

We Praise You

We Praise You.
We Bless You.
We Worship You.
We Glorify You.

Futile Serenade

(Boy)

Good evening, honey,
good evening, my child!
I come out of love for you,
ah, open the door,
open the door for me!

(Girl)

My door is closed,
I will not let you in;
Mother has advised me wisely,
if you were inside,
it would be over for me!

(Boy)

The night is so cold,
and the wind is so icy,
that it will freeze my heart,
and my love will be
extinguished;
Open for me, sweet girl!

(Girl)

Extinguish your love,
just let it be extinguished!
If it keeps dying,
then go home to bed and rest
Good night my boy!

Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem
Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut'.
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunen,

Sonst Stille weit und breit

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei,
Mit Flöt und Geig' und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der
Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden
Geliebten
Und lispelt: "Vergiß nicht
mein!"

Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und
lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,

Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die
Frager,
wie es um mich Armen stehe,

Sprich: "Unendlich war sein
Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;

Aber jetzo kann er hoffen,
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,

Denn du, Holde
Denkst an ihn."

Serenade

The moon stands over the
mountain,
so fitting for love-struck people.
A fountain ripples in the
garden,
otherwise, stillness is far and
wide

Beside the wall, in the shadows
stands three students
with flute, fiddle, and zither,
they sing and play there.

The sounds wafts up to the
loveliest woman,
gently entering her dreams.
She gazes on her blond lover
and whispers "Do not forget
me!"

Message

Blow, breeze, gently and
lovingly
about the cheeks of my
beloved,
play tenderly in her hair,
Do not rush to leave!

If perhaps she is then to ask,
how it stands with poor
wretched me,
say: "Unending was his woe;
highly doubtful was his
condition;

However, now he can hope
magnificently to come to life
again
for you, loving one,
are thinking of him."

Quando Men Vo

Quando men vo soletta per la
via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mi,
tutta ricerca in me da capo a
pié.

Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
sottil,
Che da gli occhi traspira,
e dai palesi vezzi intender sa
alle occulte beltà.

Così l'effluvio del desio tutta
m'aggira;
Felice mi fa!

E tu che sai, che memori e ti
struggi da me tanto rifuggi?

So ben: le angoscie tue non le
vuoi dir, ma ti senti morir!

Prison

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit, si
bleu, si calme...
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
berce sa palme...
La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on
voit, doucement tinte,
Un oiseau, sur l'arbre qu'on voit,
chante sa plainte...
Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! La vie là
simple et tranquille!

Cette paisible rumeur là vient
de là ville...
Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà,
pleurant sans cesse,

When I Walk

When I walk alone along the
street
people stop and stare at me
and they seek out my beauty
from head to toe.

And then I taste the subtle
desire,
which shines from their eyes,
and can understand the hidden
beauties of my obvious
charm.

So the scent of desire is all
around me,
and it makes me so happy!

And you who know, who
remember and fret...

why do you shun me like that?

I know it very well: you want to
express your anguish, but
you feel as if you're about
to die!

Prison

The sky is above the roof; it is
so blue and so calm...
The tree above the roof rocks its
crown...
One sees a bell in the sky,
sweetly singing,
One sees a bird in the sky
mournfully singing
My God, my God! The life over
there is so simple, so
serene!

That peaceful sound comes
from the town.
What have you done, oh you,
the one who is weeping
without end,

Dis! qu'as-tu fait, toi que voila,
de ta jeunesse?

Notre Amour

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent

Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en
rêvant.

- Notre amour est chose légère!

Notre amour est chose
charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.

- Notre amour est chose
charmante!

Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille un âme ignorée,

Où les silences ont des voix.

- Notre amour est chose sacrée!

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des
couchants

Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils
penchants.

Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu
vainqueur

A touché du feu de son aile

Comme tout ce qui vient du
coeur

- Notre amour est chose
éternelle!

Say! What have you done, you
over there, with your
youth?

Our Love

Our love is something light
like the perfumes which the
breezes

brings from the tips of the ferns
for us to inhale as we dream.

- Our love is something light!

Our love is something lovely

like the morning's songs
in which regrets are not heard
but uncertain hopes vibrates.

- Our love is something lovely!

Our love is something sacred
like the mysteries of the woods
in which an unknown soul
quivers

and silences have voices.

- Our love is something sacred!

Our love is something infinite
like the path of the sunset,

the sea, joined with the heavens
falls asleep under the sunset.

Our love is something eternal
like all that has been touched

by the fiery wing of a
conquering god

like all this which comes from
the heart.

- Our love is something eternal!

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, de
feuilles et des branches

Et puis voici mon coeur qui ne
bat que pour vous.

Ne le déchirez pas avec deux
mains blanches!

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

J'arrive tout couvert encore de
rosée

Que le vent du matin vient
glacer à mon front,

Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos
pieds reposée,

Rêve des chers instants qui la
délaisseront.

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.

Green

Here is some fruit, some
flowers, some leaves, and
some branches

and then here is my heart which
beats only for you.

Do not rip it up with your two
white hands!

May this humble present be
sweet in your beautiful
eyes.

I arrive all covered with dew,

which the morning wind froze to
my forehead.

Allow me to rest my weariness
at your feet,

Dreaming of dear moments that
will refresh me.

Allow me to rest my head on
your young breasts,
still ringing with our last kisses;

let it calm itself after this
pleasant tempest,
and let me sleep a little while
you're resting