

4-30-2016

Senior Recital: Over the Piano: Gillian Lacey, mezzo-soprano

Gillian Lacey

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Senior Recital: Over the Piano

Gillian Lacey, Mezzo-Soprano

Caitlin Walton, mezzo soprano

Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone

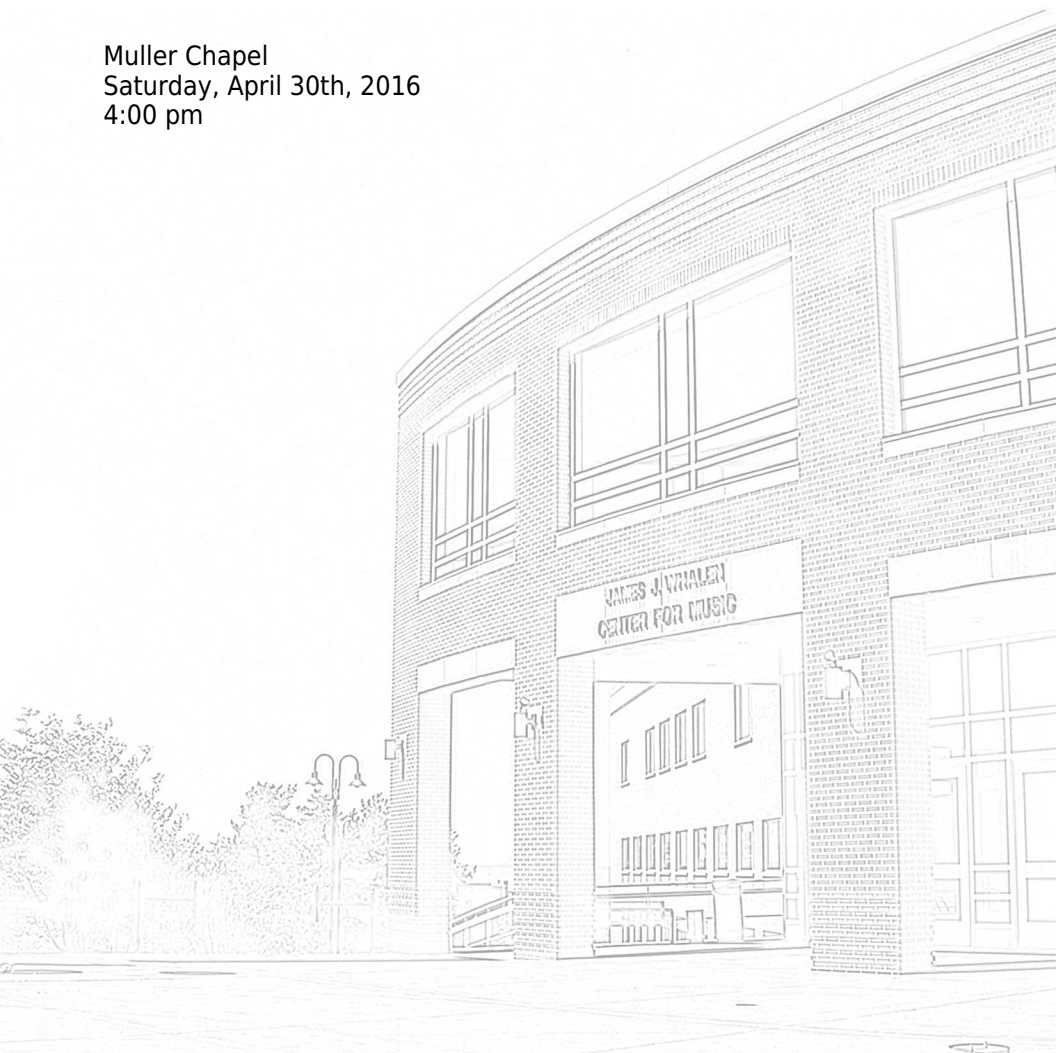
Emmett Scott, piano

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

Muller Chapel

Saturday, April 30th, 2016

4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Canción de tímida
Pregúntale a las estrellas
Son las mujeres de Babilonia

Jacinto Y La Calle Valledor
(1744-1809)
arr. Edward Kilenyi
(1910-2000)
Vicente Lleó
(1870-1922)

Wie Melodien
Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Caitlin Walton, mezzo soprano
Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

Là ci darem la mano

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone

Intermission

Somos Tejedoras

Rhiannon

Poetry by Sarah Kay

*Hannah Abrams, Mattie Keith, Alexandria Kemp, Casey Kobylar, Josi Peterson,
Sunhwa Reiner, Caitlin Walton*

Amor
Waitin
Can't Sleep
At the Last Lousy Moments of Love
Over the Piano

William Bolcom
(b. 1938)

Translations

Canción de tímida

Quiero cantaros,
señores míos,
cuatro palabras por divertirlos.
Mas sí no logro
lo que pretendo,
disimuladme como discretos.

Que ya se ve
que claro está
que cierto es
que no sé más.
Si no les gusta,
luego me iré;
mas porque callan,
proseguiré.

Sepan señores,
que lá otra tarde
tuve el capricho de ir a
pasearme.
Cuando ya estaba muy
peripuesta,
veo que suben por la escalera.

Llaman por mí.
Yo voy allá
a ver quién es.
Y claro está...
Mas no les digo
lo que pasó.
Me da vergüenza,
Así soy yo.

I want to sing to you,
Dear sirs,
A few words to amuse you.
But if I do not achieve
What I claim to do
Pardon me discretely.

Now one can see
That clearly
It is true
That I know not more.
If you don't like it
Then I shall depart.
But because you're quiet
I shall continue.

Know, sirs,
That the other afternoon
I fancied a walk.

And when I was all dressed up
I see them climb the staircase.

They call for me.
I am going there
To see who it is.
And it is certain
But I will not tell you
What happened.
I am bashful,
That's the way I am.

Pregúntale a las estrellas

Pregúntale á las estrellas, si no de noche me ven llorar, Pregúntales si no busco, para adorarte la soledad.	Go ask of the high stars gleaming, If my tears fall not throughout the night, Go ask if I seek not dreaming, For you til the dawn brings light.
Pregúntale al manso rio, si el llanto mio no vé correr, Pregúntale á todo el mundo si no es profundo mi padecer.	Go ask of the murmuring streamlet, If my pale shadow form goes by. Go ask of all creation If thou art not, love my soul's one cry.
Ya nunca dudes que yo te quiero, Que por tí nuero, loco de amor; A nadie amas, á nadie quiereres, Oye las quejas de mi amor.	Ah! doubt not dearest, that I adore thee, For thee I perish distraught with love; Thou lovest no one, Thy heart beats coldly, Oh! hear the pleading of my fond love.
Pregúntale á las flores, si mis amores les cuento yo, Cuando la callada noche cierra su broche, suspiro yo.	Go ask of the sweet flowers blooming If of my sorrows I told not all. Go ask of the wild birds singing If I sigh when the night doth fall.
Pregúntale á las aves, si tu no sabes lo que es amor, Pregúntale á todo el prado, si no he luchado con mi dolor.	Go ask of the dewy meadows If thy love holds not my heart in thrall, Go ask of all creation If for thee, darling, I pine and call.
Tú bien comprendes, que yo te quiero, Que por tí muero, solo por tí; Porque te quiero, bien de mi vida, Solo en el mundo, te quiero á ti.	Ah! hear me dearest, how well I love thee, For thee I perish, My only solace; My only solace is to adore thee, My heart's devotion I offer thee.

Son las mujeres de Babilonia

Son las mujeres de Babilonia Las más ardientes que el amor crea. Tienen el alma samaritana,	The women of Babylon Are the sexiest Love has made. They have the heart of a Samaritan,
Son por su fuego de Galilea. Cuando suspiran voluptuosas El babilonio muere de amor,	And the fire of a Galilean. When they sigh voluptuously The Babylonian men die with lust,
Y cuando cantan ponen sus besos En cada nota de su canción:	And when they sing they put kisses In every note of their song:
¡Ay, Ba! ... ¡Ay, Ba! ... Ay, babilonio que marea ...	Ay, ba! ... Ay, ba! Ay, we're sick of the men of Babylon...
¡Ay, Ba! ... ¡Ay, Ba! ... Ay, vámonos pronto a Judea!	Ay, ba! ... Ay, ba! Ay, let's get straight off to Judea!
¡Ay, Ba!... ¡Ay, Ba!... ¡Ay, vámonos allá!	Ay, ba!... Ay, ba!... Ay, let's go there!
Como las hembras de Babilonia No hay otras hembras tan incitantes. Arde en sus ojos de amor la llama, Buscan sus labios besos amantes; Como palmeras que el viento agita, Doblan - si danzan - sus cuerpos bellos, Dando en sus giros al aire ardiente La negra seda de sus cabellos.	Than the women of Babylon There are none more provocative. The fire of love beckons from their eyes, Their lips are made for lover's kisses; Like palm trees waving in the wind, As they dance their lovely bodies sway, Ruffling, as they turn in the heavy air, The black silk of their hair.

Wie Melodien

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es,
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Just like a melody to draw me
So gently through my mind
As flowers in the Springtime
As fragrance floating by

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt
es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

But when imprisoned in the
poem
That rests before my eyes,
To misty gray it fades
Like vapor from my breath

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

And still, aroma from my verses
Will linger in the buds
Then softly come unbound
All myst'ries to unfold -- so
softly 'fore my eyes, unfold

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Immer leiser wird mein
Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein
Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.

My slumber grows ever more
peaceful;
and only like a thin veil now
does my anxiety
lie trembling upon me.
Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door;
no one is awake to let you in,
and I wake up and weep
bitterly.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehn,
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:

Yes, I will have to die;
another will you kiss,
when I am pale and cold.
Before the May breezes blow,
before the thrush sings in the
forest:

Willst du mich noch einmal
seh'n,
Komm, o komme bald!

if you wish to see me once
more,
come, o come soon!

Là ci darem la mano

Don Giovanni

Là ci darem la mano,
Là mi dirai di sì.
Vedi, non è lontano;
Partiam, ben mio, da qui.

Don Giovanni

There we'll be hand in hand,
dear,
There you will say, "I do."
Look, it is right at hand, dear;
Let's go from here, me and you.

Zerlina

(Vorrei e non vorrei,
Mi trema un poco il cor.
Felice, è ver, sarei,
Ma può burlarmi ancor.)

Zerlina

(I want to, but it's not pure,
My heart is ill at ease.
I would be happy, I'm sure,
But it may all be a tease.)

Don Giovanni

Vieni, mio bel diletto!

Don Giovanni

Come, sweetest love, let's
hurry!

Zerlina

(Mi fa pietà Masetto.)

Zerlina

(Masetto gives me worry.)

Don Giovanni

Io cangierò tua sorte.

Don Giovanni

I'll change your life forever.

Zerlina

Presto... non son più forte.

Zerlina

Soon, dear... I don't feel clever.

Don Giovanni

Andiam!

Don Giovanni

Let's go!

Zerlina

Andiam!

Zerlina

Let's go!

A due

Andiam, andiam, mio bene.
a ristorar le pene
D'un innocente amor.

Together

Let's go, my love, let's go,
To heal the pain and woe
Of love that's innocent.