

3-23-2013

Junior Recital: Shelley Attadgie, soprano

Shelley Attadgie

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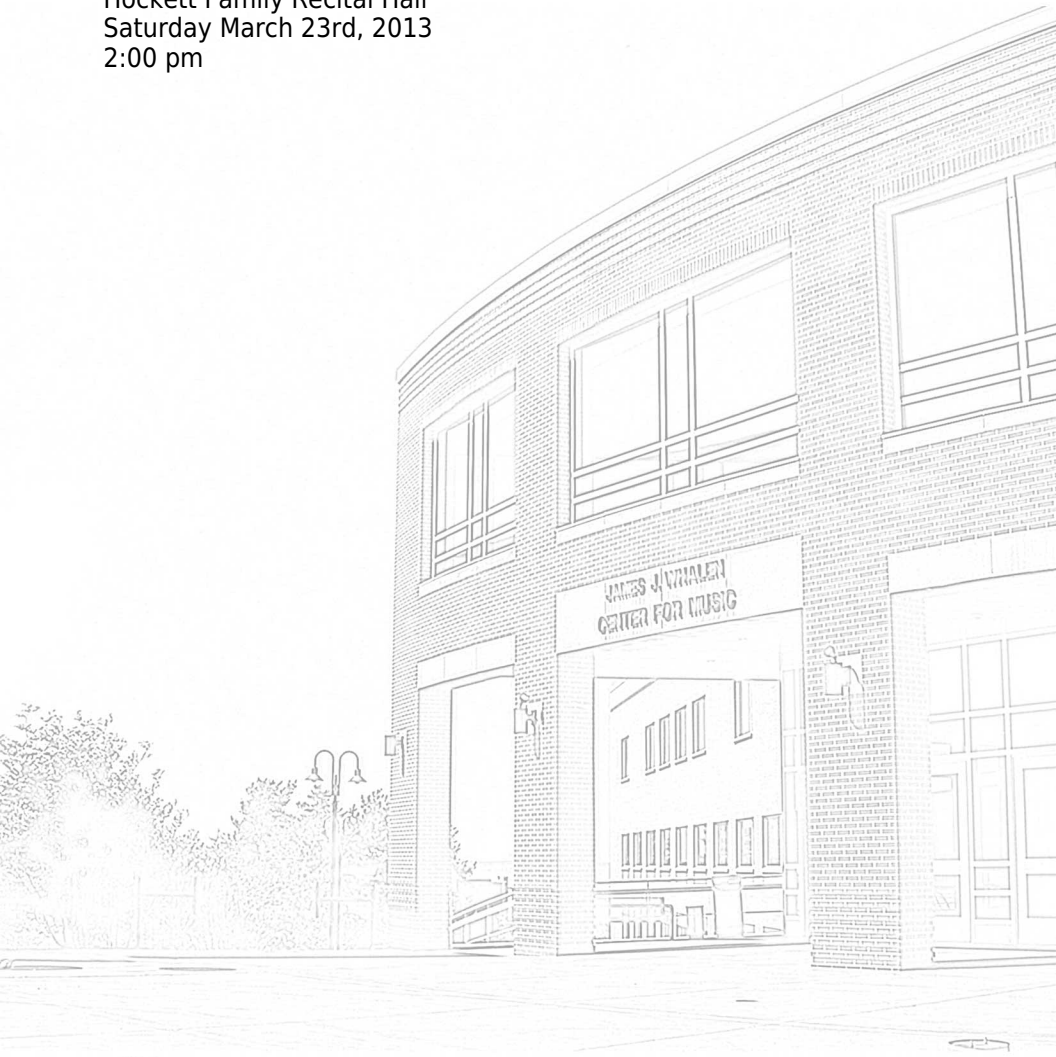
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Junior Recital:
Shelley Attadgie, soprano

Michael Clark, piano and harpsichord
Rachele Prawdzik, violoncello

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday March 23rd, 2013
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?
from *Semele* (1743)

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Michael Clark, harpsichord
Rachele Prawdzik, violoncello

Heimkehr
Schlagende Herzen
Ständchen

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Airs chantés
Air romantique
Air Champêtre
Air grave
Air vif

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Intermission

Six Elizabethan Songs

1. Spring
2. Sleep
3. Winter
4. Dirge
5. Diaphenia
6. Hymn

Dominick Argento
(b. 1927)

Un bacio di speranza

L'utlimo bacio

Il bacio

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Luigi Arditi
(1822-1903)

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree of Vocal Performance. Shelley Attadgie is from the studio of Dr. Brad Hougham.

Translations

Heimkehr (Homecoming)

Leiser schwanken die Äste,
Der Kahn fliegt uferwärts,
Heim kehrt die Taube zum Neste,
Zu dir kehrt heim mein Herz.

The branches sway more gently,
the boat flies toward the shore;
home to its nest turns the dove,
home to you turns my heart.

Genug am schimmernden Tage,

It has wandered enough on shimmering
days,

Wenn rings das Leben lärmt,
Mit irrem Flügelschlage
Ist es ins Weite geschwärmt.

when life clamored
and with beating wings
it keenly explored foreign lands.

Doch nun die Sonne geschieden,
Und Stille sich senkt auf den Hain,
Fühlt es: bei dir ist der Frieden,
Die ruhe bei dir allein.

But now the sun has departed,
and silence sinks down upon the grove.
My heart feels this: with you is peace,
with you alone is rest.

Schlagende Herzen (Beating hearts)

Über Wiesen und Felder ein Knabe ging,
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz;
Es glänzt ihm am Finger von Golde ein
Ring.

Over meadows and fields went a boy,
Pit-a-pat beat his heart;
On his finger shines a ring of gold,

Kling-klang, schlug ihm das Herz.
"Oh Wiesen, oh Felder, Wie seid ihr
schön!

Pit-a-pat beat his heart!
O meadows, o fields, how fair you are!

Oh Berge, oh Täler, wie schön!
Wie bist du gut, wie bist du schön,
Du gold'ne Sonne in Himmelhöhn!"
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

O hills, o valleys, how fair!
How good, how lovely you are,
You golden sun in heaven's heights!
Pit-a-pat beat his heart.

Schnell eilte der Knabe mit fröhlichem
Schritt,

Swiftly hurried the lad with joyous step,

Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz;
Nahm manche lachende Blume mit
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

Pit-a-pat beat his heart;
Taking with him many a smiling flower -
Pit-a-pat beat his heart.

"Über Wiesen und Felder

Over meadows and fields

Weht Frühlingswind,

the spring wind blows,

Über Berge und Wälder

Over hills and woods

Weht Frühlingswind.

the spring wind blows,

Im Herzen mir innen weht

Deep within my heart the spring wind

Frühlingswind,

blows,

Der treibt zu dir mich leise, lind!"

Driving me softly, gently to you,

Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

Pit-a-pat beat his heart.

Zwischen Wiesen und Feldern ein Mäd-
el stand,

Between meadows and fields stood a
girl,

Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.

Pit-a-pat beat her heart.

Hielt über die Augen zum Schauen die
Hand,
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.
"Über Wiesen und Felder
Über Berge und Wälder,
Zu mir, zu mir, schnell kommt er her!
Oh, wenn er bei mir nur, bei mir schon
wä!"
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.

Shading her eyes with her hand to gaze,

Pit-a-pat beat her heart.
Over meadows and fields,
over hills and woods,
To me, he is hastening here to me.
O, if he were only with me, were already
here!
Pit-a-pat beat her heart.

Ständchen (Serenade)

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein
Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert
im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts
sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Open up, open, but softly my dear,

So as to wake no one from sleep.
The brook hardly murmurs, the wind
hardly shakes
A leaf on bush or hedge.
So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing
stirs,
Just lay your hand softly on the
doorlatch.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,

Die über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die
Mondscheinnacht,
zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am
rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist
wach.

With steps as soft as the footsteps of
elves,
Soft enough to hop over the flowers,
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,
To steal to me in the garden.
The flowers are sleeping along the
rippling brook,
Fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's
geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen
erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern
der Nacht.

Sit, here it darkens mysteriously

Beneath the lindens,
The nightingale over our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose, when it wakes in the
morning,
Shall glow from the wondrous passions
of the night.

Air romantique (Romantic air)

J'allais dans la campagne avec le vent
d'orage,
Sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas;

I wandered through the countryside with
the thunderstorm's wind,
in the pale morning, under low clouds.

Un corbeau ténébreux escortait mon
voyage,
Et dans les flaques d'eau retentissaient
mes pas.

A gloomy raven escorted me on my
journey,
and my steps echoed in the puddles.

La foudre à l'horizon faisait courir sa
flamme
Et l'Aquilon doublait ses longs
gémissements;
Mais la tempête était trop faible pour
mon âme,
Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses
battements.

De la dépouille d'or du frêne et de
l'érable
L'Automne composait son éclatant
butin,
Et le corbeau toujours, d'un vol
inexorable,
M'accompagnait sans rien changer à
mon destin.

The lightning on the horizon made its
flame run
and Boreas redoubled his persistent
howling;
yet the tempest was too flaccid for my
soul
which sounded above the thunder with
its pounding.

From the ash's and maple's golden
garment
Autumn gathered its glistening harvest,
and evermore the raven, with an
inexorable flight,
followed me without changing my
destiny.

Air Champêtre (Pastoral air)

Belle source, belle source,
Je veux me rappeler sans cesse,
Qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié
Ravi, j'ai contempné ton visage, ô
déesse,
Perdu sous la mou, sous la mousse à
moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré, cet ami que je
pleure,
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,
Pour se mêler encore au souffle qui
t'effleure,
Et répondre à ton flot caché?

Beautiful spring, beautiful spring,
I wish to remember forever
that one day, guided by affection,
enchanted, I looked at your face, o
Goddess,
half concealed underneath the moss.

Has he but remained, this friend for
whom I mourn,
o nymph, adhering to your cult,
to mingle at least with the breeze that
touches you
and to respond to your hidden waters?

Air grave (Serious air)

Ah! fuyez à présent,
Malheureuses pensées!
O! colère, o! remords!
Souvenirs qui m'avez
Les deux tempes pressées,
De l'étreinte des morts.
Sentiers de mousse pleins,
Vaporeuses fontaines,
Grottes profondes, voix
Des oiseaux et du vent
Lumières incertaines
Des sauvages sous-bois,
Insectes animaux,
Beauté future,
Ne me repousse pas,
Ô divine nature
Je suis ton suppliant.

Ah! Flee now
miserable thoughts!
Oh! Rage, oh! Scruples!
Memories which have pressed
both my temples
in the grip of the dead.
Paths of thick moss,
vaporous fountains,
deep grottos, voices
of birds and the wind,
uncertain lights
of wild primeval forests,
insects,
animals,
future beauty,
do not turn me away,
o divine nature,

Ah! fuyez à présent,
colère, remords!

I am your supplicant.
Ah! Flee now
Rage, Scruples!

Air vif (Lively air)

Le trésor du verger et le jardin en fête,

The treasure of the orchard and the
festive garden,

Les fleurs des champs, des bois,
éclatent de plaisir,

the flowers of the fields and woodlands
burst with pleasure, alas! Alas! And
above them the wind raises his
voice.

Hélas! hélas! Et sur leur tête le vent
enfle sa voix.

But you, noble Ocean that the assault of
storms

Mais toi noble océan que l'assaut des
tourmentes

could not ravage,

Ne saurait ravager

certainly, with more dignity, once you
lament,

Certes plus dignement, lorsque tu te
lamentes,

you lose yourself in dreams.

Tu te prends à songer.

Un bacio di speranza (A kiss of hope)

Abbandonar ogni mio bene,
io deggio in certo di ritornar.
Deh tu nell'ora di tante pene,
di speme un bacio non mi negar.

Abandon all my joy,
I ought to certainly return.
Ah you in the hour of so much pain,
do not deny me the hope of a kiss.

Potrebbe allontanar da me quel bacio
il nembro
ed il rigor placar d'un nume punitor
Potrò con lui lasciar contento queste
arene,
perché di ritornar sarò sicuro allor.

You may remove me from that kiss
the cloud
and the rigor of appeasing a
punishing god.
I will leave him happy with these
shores,

Il bacio tuo lenir può di quest'alma il
pianto,
che l'ora del partir piombato ha nel
dolor.
Se dal tuo labbro uscir può questo
pegno amato
nel ciel potrò gioir l'eternita de allor.

Then I will be sure to return.
Your kiss can heal this soul of tears,
that the time of leaving has left in
grief.

Ma sento già tremar la tua nella mia
mano;
e glio occhi tuoi pimbar veggo
piangenti al suol.
Sul fronte mio posar la bocca tua già
sento:
or ti poss'io lasciar senza lamenti e
duol.

If your lips will pledge love,
then I will rejoice in the heaven for
eternity.
But I can feel your tremble in my
hand;
and I see your eyes fall weeping upon
the ground.
On my mouth I already feel your kiss,
or may I leave you without complaint
or grief.

L'ultimo bacio (The last kiss)

Se tu lo vedi gli dirai che l'amo,
che l'amo ancora come ai primi di,
che nei languidi sogni ancor lo chiamo,
lo chiamo ancor come se fosse qui.

E gli dirai che colla fé tradita
tutto il gaudio d'allor, non mi rapi
E gli dirai che basta alla mia vita
l'ultimo bacio che l'addio fini.

Nessun lo toglie dalla bocca mia
l'ultimo bacio che l'addio fini.

Ma se vuoi dargli un altro in compagnia
digli che l'amo, e che l'aspetto qui.

If you see him, tell him I love him.
I love him like I did the first day.
In the languid dreams I call him,
I call him as if he were still here.

And tell him that even though he
betrayed me,
He didn't steal all my joys of the past.
And tell him that its enough for my life
the last kiss that he gave me when we
parted.

No one can take it from my mouth,
the last kiss that he gave me when we
parted.

But if he wants to give another with it,
tell him that I love him, and that I am
waiting here.

Il bacio (A kiss)

Sulle labbra se potessi
dolce un bacio ti darei.
Tutte ti direi le dolcezze dell'amor.
Sempre assisa te d'appresso,
mille gaudii ti direi, Ah! ti direi.

Ed i palpiti udirei

che rispondono al mio cor.
Gemme e perle non desio,
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! a
me!

Ah vien! nell'ebbrezza d'un amplesso
ch'io viva! Ah!

If I could only give you
a sweet kiss on your lips,
It would tell you all the delights of love,
Abiding to speak
a thousand joys to you! Ah, thus it
would speak

to you along with my heart's
palpitations.

I do not desire gems or pearls,
nor do I seek others' affections.
Your look is my delight, your kiss is my
treasure.

Ah! Come! Do not delay! Ah!
Come! Let us enjoy love's life-giving
intoxication. Ah!

Upcoming Concerts

March

- 24 - Ford - 3:00pm - Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra
- 24 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Brad Hougham, baritone
- 25 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
- 26 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Aaron Tindall, tuba
- 27 - Iger - 6:15pm - Healthy Living For Musicians

April

- 1 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 2 - Hockett - 8:15pm - FLEFF concert
- 3 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Heidi Hoffman, cello
- 3 - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble
- 4 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Guest Recital: Anton Machleder, guitar
- 5 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Ithaca Brass
- 10 - Ford - 8:15pm - African American Music week: Opera Noire
- 11 - Hockett - 8:15pm - African American Music Week: Student Showcase
- 12 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Russell Miller, guest voice masterclass
- 13 - Ford - 8:15pm - Gospel Festival (*This concert will be broadcasted on ICTV and web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 14 - Ford - 4:00pm - Lincoln Center Preview Concert (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 15 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble
- 16 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 17 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Opera Workshop
- 17 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 18 - Hockett - 9:00pm - Piano Ensemble
- 22 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Woodwind Chamber Ensemble
- 22 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab; Will Tiberio, director
- 23 - Ford - 7:00pm - Sinfonietta (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 23 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Flute Choir
- 24 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Nathan Hess, piano
- 25 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Piano/String Ensembles
- 25 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Improv Ensemble
- 26 - Ford - 8:15pm - Women's Chorale (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 26 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Guitar Ensembles
- 27 - Ford - 1:00pm - Campus Band and Campus Jazz Ensemble (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*
- 27 - Ford - 8:15pm - Choir and Madrigals
- 28 - Ford - 4:00pm - Chamber Orchestra/Chorus
- 29 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab; Greg Evans, director
- 30 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano/Vocal Duos
- 30 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble