2-18-2017

Joint Recital: Allison Fay, soprano and Kayla DeMilt, soprano

Allison Fay
Kayla DeMilt

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Joint Recital:
Allison Fay, soprano
Kayla DeMilt, soprano
Christopher Davenport, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Saturday, February 18th, 2017
7:00 pm
Program

L'ho perduta  Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  (1756-1791)
Và godendo  George Frideric Handel  (1685-1759)
Mandoline  Claude Debussy  (1862-1918)
When  Dodie Clark  (1995)

Christine De Nobile, soprano

Psyché  Émile Paladilhe  (1844-1926)
Quel sguardo sdegnosetto  Claudio Monteverdi  (1567-1643)
I Push Up My Glasses  Nikko Benson and Claire Tran

Intermission

Nearness of You  Hoagy Carmichael  (1899-1981)
Per pietà, bell'idol mio  Vincenzo Bellini  (1801-1835)
Ach, ich fühl's  Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
The Lass from the Low Countree  John Jacob Niles  (1892-1980)
Come Rain or Come Shine  Harold Arlen  (1905-1986)
I Know Him So Well  Benny Anderson, Tim Rice, and Björn Ulvaeus
from Chess

A Simple Song  Leonard Bernstein  (1918-1990)
from Mass

Du bist die Ruh  Franz Schubert  (1797-1828)
Program Notes

Allison's story:

Originally carefree, independent, and ambitious, she finds herself falling in love in a one-sided relationship. She puts herself completely in it, yet get less out from him. After trying to convince him of her love and why this relationship needs to work, Allison finally realizes that she's lost too much of herself and gone through too much pain in the relationship itself and decides to walk away. Kayla finds her, recognizes the struggles her friend is going through, and through her wisdom of experience advises and comforts Allison. Eventually, after searching in her faith and friends, Allison finds resolution and music becomes for herself and her own happiness again.

Kayla's story:

Kayla has recently left a toxic engagement with the man who Allison is currently pursuing. The man had discovered that Kayla was bisexual and previously in love with a woman and had outed her to her workplace and to her family out of anger. She is afraid of the reaction and decides to quit her job and leave him to pursue a career in music. She is working several small jobs to maintain income and falls in love with a woman she works with. She is finally successful and happy until she sees her ex-fiance with another woman (Allison) and notices that she is trapped in the same toxic relationship that Kayla had been in before. She befriends Allison and helps her find the strength to leave the man and they maintain a close friendship.

Allison Fay is from the vocal studio of Ivy Walz.
Kayla DeMilt is from the vocal studio of Carol McAmis.
**Translations**

**L'ho perduta**

L'ho perduta... me meschina! I have lost it... miserable me!
Ah, chi sa dove sarà? Ah, who knows where it could be?
Non la trovo. Meschinella... I cannot find it. Miserable me...
E mia cugina... And my cousin...
e il padron, cosa dirà? and my master, what will he say?

**Và godendo**

Và godendo vezzoso e bello The brook goes lightly and beautifully enjoying its freedom.
Quel ruscello la libertà, Through the brightly waving grass
Lieto al mare correndo và. happily it runs to the sea.

**Mandoline**

Les donneurs de sérénades The givers of serenades
Et les belles écouteuses And the lovely women who listen
Échangant des propos fades Exchange insipid words
Sous les ramures chanteuses. Under the singing branches.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte, There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre, And there's the eternal Clytander,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte And there's Damis who, for many a
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre. Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie, Their short silk coats,
Leurs longues robes à queues, Their long dresses with trains,
Leur élégance, leur joie Their elegance, their joy
Et leurs molles ombres bleues, And their soft blue shadows,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase Whirl around in the ecstasy
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Of a pink and grey moon,  
And the mandolin prattles  
Among the shivers from the breeze.

**Psyché**

Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la nature!  
Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop souvent,  
Vos cheveux souffrent trop les caresses du vent,  
Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure!  
L'air même que vous respirez  
Avec trop de plaisir passe sur votre bouche.  
Votre habit de trop près vous touche!  
Et sitôt que vous soupirez  
Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche  
Craint, parmi vos soupirs, des soupirs égarés!

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!  
The rays of the sun you kiss too often,  
your hair allows too many caresses of the wind.  
When it fondles your hair, I mutter in protest!  
The air that you breathe  
with too much pleasure passes over your lips.  
Your clothes- too closely you touch!  
And as soon as you sigh,  
I do not know what it is which frightens me  
fears that among your sighs, some sighs are errant!

**Quel sguardo sdegnosetto**

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto lucente e minaccioso,  
quel dardo velenoso vola a ferirmi il petto,  
Bellezze ond'io tutt'ardo e son da me diviso  
piagatemi col sguardo,  
Sanatemi col riso.

That haughty little glance, bright and menacing,  
that poisonous dart is flying to strike my breast.  
O beauties for which I burn, by which I am severed from myself:  
wound me with your glance, but heal me with your laughter.

Armatevi, pupille  
d'asprissimo rigore,  
versatemi su'l core un nembo di faville.  
Ma 'labro non sia tardo a ravvivarmi ucciso.

Arm yourself, O eyes, with sternest rigor;  
pour upon my heart a cloud of sparks.  
But let lips not be slow to revive when I am slain.
Feriscami quel squardo, ma sanimi quel riso. Let the glance strike me; but let the laughter heal me.

Begl'occhi a l'armi, a l'armi! Io vi preparo il seno. O fair eyes: to arms, to arms! I am preparing my bosom as your target.

Gioite di piagarmi in fin ch'io venga meno! E se da vostri dardi io resterò conquiso, feriscano quei sguardi, ma sanami quel riso. Rejoice in wounding me, even until I faint! And if I remain vanquished by your darts, let your glances strike me – but let your laughter heal me.

Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Per pietà, bell'idol mio, For pity's sake, my beautiful idol
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato; do not tell me that I am ungrateful;
infelice e sventurato unhappy and unfortunate enough
abbastanza il ciel mi fa. has heaven made me.

Se fedele a te son io, se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi, sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi il mio core, il tuo lo sa. That I am faithful to you, that I languish under your bright gaze, Love knows, the gods know, my heart [knows], and yours knows.

Ach, ich fühl's

Ach, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden, ewig hin der Liebe Glück! Ah, I feel it, it has disappeared, forever gone love's happiness!

Nimmer kommt ihr, Wonnestunde, meinem Herzen mehr zurück! Nevermore come you, hours of bliss, back to my heart!

Sieh', Tamino, diese Tränen fließen, Trauter, dir allein! See, Tamino, these tears flowing, beloved, for you
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen,
so wird Ruh' im Tode sein!

Du bist die Ruh
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schließe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz!

Du bist die Ruh,
You are peace,
You are longing
And what stills it.

I consecrate to you
Full of pleasure and pain
As a dwelling here
My eyes and heart.

Come live with me,
And close
quietly behind you
the gates.

Drive other pain
Out of this breast
May my heart be full
With your pleasure.

The tabernacle of my eyes
by your radiance
alone is illumined,
O fill it completely!