

2-18-2017

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

Allison Fay

Kayla DeMilt

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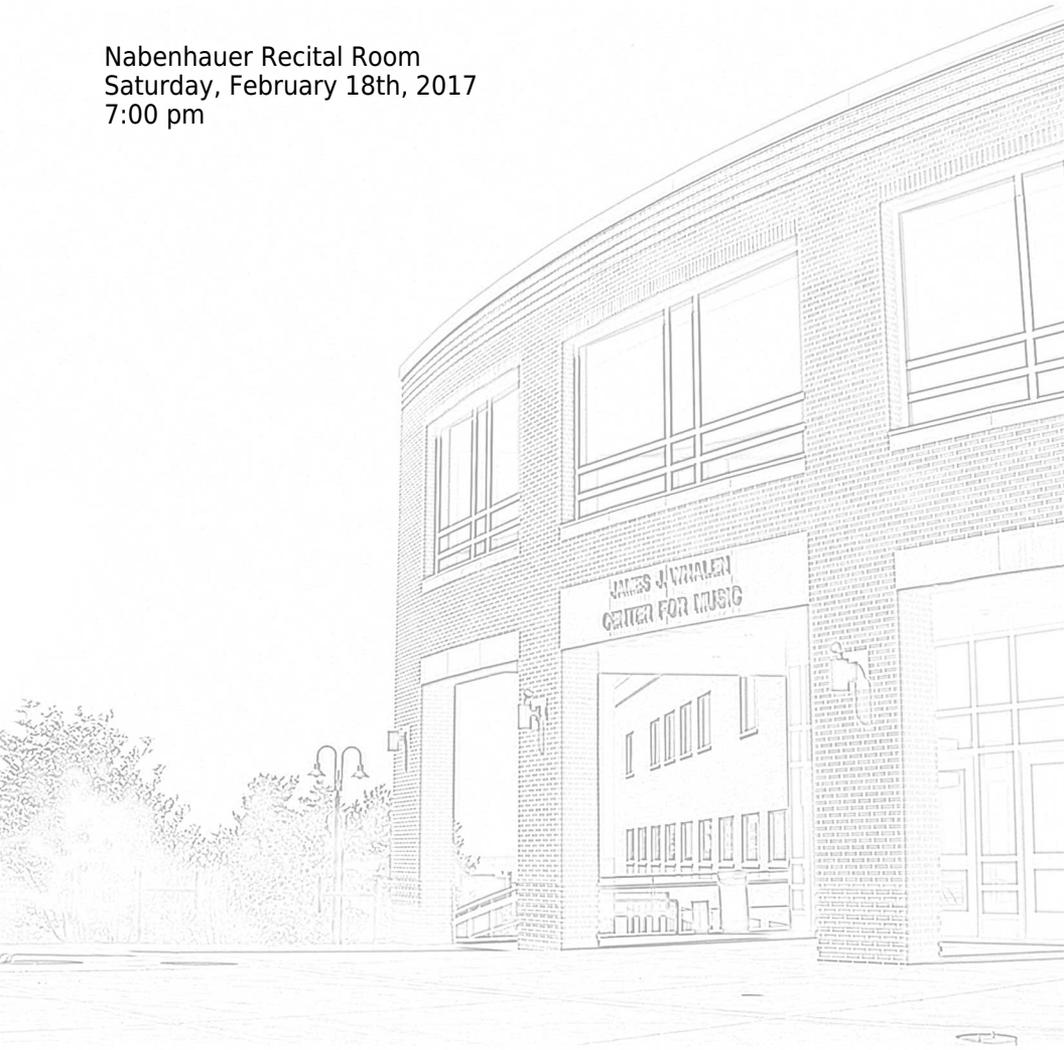
Joint Recital:

Allison Fay, soprano

Kayla DeMilt, soprano

Christopher Davenport, piano

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



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

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)
<i>Christine De Nobile, soprano</i>	
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 COUNTRY	John Jacob Niles (1892-1980)
Come Rain or Come Shine	Harold Arlen (1905-1986)
I Know Him So Well from <i>Chess</i>	Benny Anderson, Tim Rice, and Björn Ulvaeus
Give Me Jesus	arr. Moses Hogan (1957-2003)
A Simple Song from <i>Mass</i>	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
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- fiancé 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.

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 v.	happily it runs to the sea.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades Et les belles écouteuses	The givers of serenades And the lovely women who listen
Échangent des propos fades Sous les ramures chanteuses.	Exchange insipid words Under the singing branches.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte, Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,	There is Thyrsis and Amyntas 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, Leurs longues robes à queues, Leur élégance, leur joie Et leurs molles ombres bleues,	Their short silk coats, Their long dresses with trains, Their elegance, their joy 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 sguardo,
ma sanimi quel riso.

Let the glance strike me;
but let the laughter heal me.

Begli'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,
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
infelice e sventurato
abbastanza il ciel mi fa.

For pity's sake, my beautiful
idol
do not tell me that I am
ungrateful;
unhappy and unfortunate
enough
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!

alone!
If you do not feel love's
longing,
then my peace will be only in
death!

Du bist die Ruh

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

You are peace,
The mild peace,
You are longing
And what stills it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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