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Elective Recital: Love Only Leads to Treble - Hannah Cayem, soprano and Lilia Farris, soprano

Hannah Cayem

Lilia Farris

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Love Only Leads to Treble

Elective Recital:

Hannah Cayem, soprano

Lilia Farris, soprano

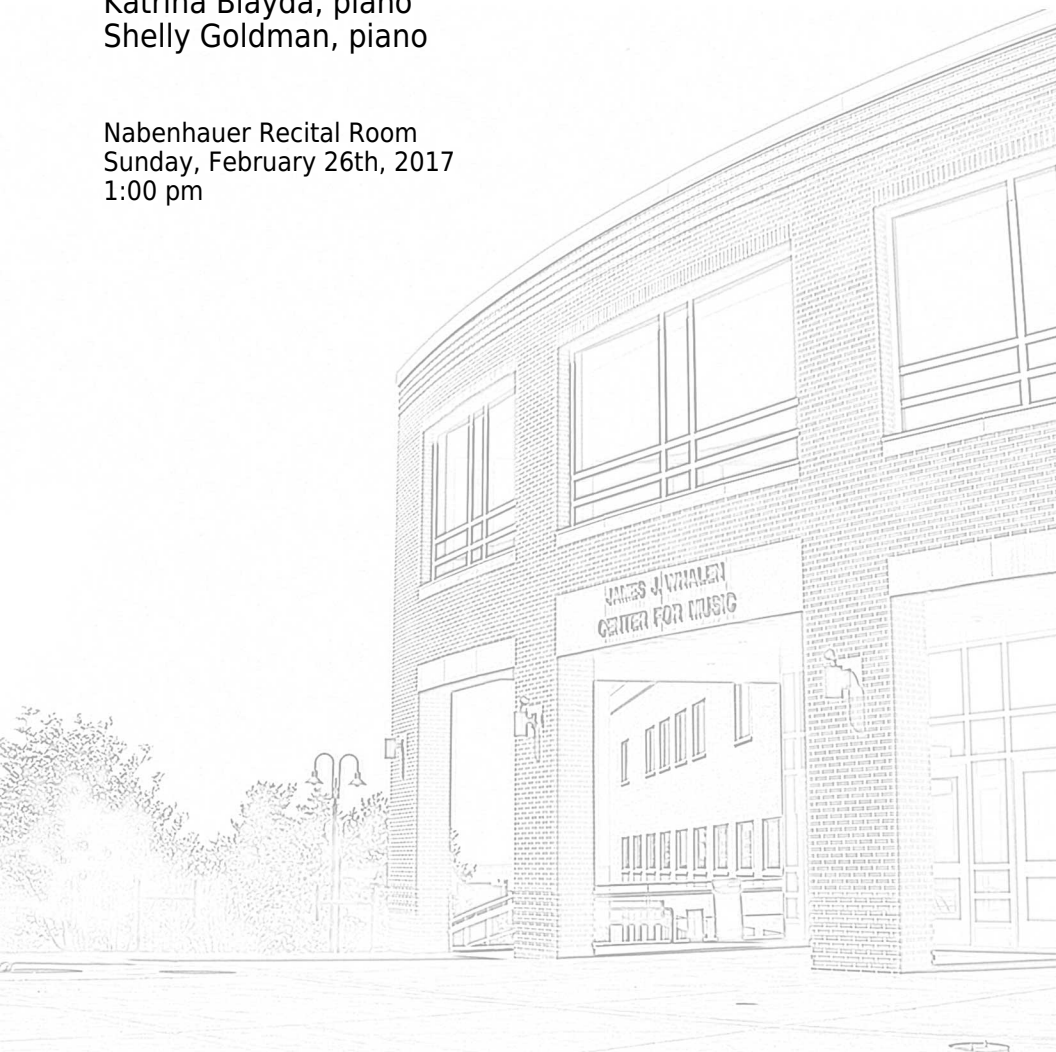
Katrina Blayda, piano

Shelly Goldman, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Sunday, February 26th, 2017

1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Un moto di gioia" from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
"Spring" from <i>6 Elizabethan Songs</i> Neue Liebe	Dominick Argento (b. 1927) Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
"Schlagende Herzen" from <i>3 Lieder, op.29</i> "Love's Philosophy" from <i>3 Songs, op.3</i>	Richard Strauss (1864-1949) Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Intermission

"Chanson d'Amour"	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
"Canción" from <i>Siete Canciones populares Españolas</i> "A mai non cessate" from <i>36 Arie di Stile Antico</i>	Manuel de Falla (1876-1946) Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
A Chloris Batti, batti, o bel Masetto from <i>Don Giovanni</i> "In uomini, in soldati" "Una donna a quindici anni" from <i>Così fan tutte</i>	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947) W.A. Mozart
"The Prayer" from <i>Hansel and Gretel</i>	Engelbert Humperdinck (1854-1921)

Un Moto Di Gioia

Un moto di gioia
Mi sento nel petto,
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor!

An emotion of joy
I feel in my heart
that says happiness is coming
in spite of my fears.

Speriam che in contento
Finisca l'affanno
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.

Let us hope that the worry
will end in contentment.
Fate and love are
not always tyrants.

Neue Liebe

In dem Mondenschein im Wald,
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten
Ihre Hörner hört' ich klingen,
Ihre Glöcklein hört' ich läuten.

In the moonlit forest
I watched the elves a-riding,
I heard their horns sound
I heard their bells ring.

Ihre weißen Rößlein trugen
Goldnes Hirschgeweih und
flogen
Rasch dahin, wie wilde Schwäne
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Their white horses,
with golden antlers,
flew on swiftly, like white swans
Travelling through the air.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Kön'gin,
Lächelnd, imVorüberreiten
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe,

The queen nodded at me and
smiled,
smiled, as she rode overhead;
Was it because of my new love?

Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

Or does it mean death?

Schlagende Herzen

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

Over meadows and fields a boy
went,
Cling-clang, beat his heart.

There gleams on his finger a
gold ring.
Cling-clang, beat his heart.

"Oh Wiesen, oh Felder, Wie seid
ihr schön!
Oh Berge, oh Täler, wie schön!"

"Oh meadows, oh fields, How
beautiful you are!
Oh mountains, oh valley, how

Wie bist du gut, wie bist du
schön,
Du gold'ne Sonne in
Himmelshöhn!"
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

Schnell eilte der Knabe mit
fröhlichem Schritt,
Kling-klang schlug ihm das
Herz;
Nahm manche lachende Blume
mit -
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

"Über Wiesen und Felder
Weht Frühlingswind,
Über Berge und
Wälder Weht Frühlingswind.
Im Herzen mir innen weht
Frühlingswind,
Der treibt zu dir mich leise,
lind!"
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

Zwischen Wiesen und Feldern
ein Mädels stand,
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.
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 wär!"
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.

beautiful!
How good you are, how
beautiful you are,
You golden sun in the heaven's
heights!"
Cling-clang, beat his heart.

Quickly rushes the boy with
cheerful step,
Cling-clang, beat his heart;
[He] took with [him] many
smiling flowers -
Cling-clang, beat his heart.

"Over meadows and fields
Blows the spring wind,
Over mountains and forests
Blows the spring wind.
In the depths of my heart blows
the spring wind,
That propels me to you quietly,
gently!"
Cling-clang, beat his heart.

Between meadows and fields a
maiden stood,
Cling-clang, beat his heart.
She shaded her eyes with her
hand,
Cling-clang, beat his heart.
"Over meadows and fields
Over mountains and forests,
To me, to me, Quickly he
comes!
Oh, if only he were near me,
were near me already!"
Cling-clang, beat her heart.

Chanson d'Amour

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front, I love your eyes, I love your forehead,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche, oh my rebellious and fierce one.

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront. on which my kisses will tire themselves out.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange I love your voice, I love the strange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis, gracefulness of everything you say,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange, oh my rebellious one, my dear angel,
Mon enfer et mon paradis! my hell and my paradise!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle, I love all that makes you beautiful,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux, from your feet to your hair,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux, you to whom my hopeful pleas ascend,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle! oh my fierce and rebellious one!

Ah, mai non cessate

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro Ah, never cease from your
parlar, talking,
o labbra desiate ond'io folle vo' oh desired lips which I madly
want;
col miel delle vostre parole vo' with your words I want to make
far
un dolce guanciaie su cui a sweet pillow on which I will
dormirò. sleep.

O sonni beati da niun mai Oh blessed dreams that no one
sognati ever dreamed,
che su quel guanciaie dormendo that, sleeping on that pillow, I
farò, will make;
dormendo e sognando, vicino al sleeping and dreaming, close to
tuo cor, your heart,
il dolce, desiato mio sogno the sweet, desired dream of
d'amor. love.
Ah! dormendo, sognando, Ah! Sleeping, dreaming of love!
sognando d'amor!

Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos, voy a enterrarlos; No sabes lo que cuesta, Del aire Niña, el mirarlos. "Madre a la orilla Madre."	Because your eyes are traitors I will hide from them You don't know how painful it is to look at them. "Mother, I feel worthless, Mother."
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Dicen que no me quieres, Ya me has querido... Váyase lo ganado, "Del aire Por lo perdido, Madre a la orilla Madre."	They say they don't love me and yet once they did love me "Love has been lost in the air Mother, all is lost Mother."
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À Chloris

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes, Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien, Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.	If it is true, Chloris, that you love me, (But I do hear that you love me well), I don't believe that even kings themselves Ever had a happiness equal to mine.
---	--

Que la mort serait importune De venir changer ma fortune A la félicité des cieux!	How unwelcome Death would be, [Even] if it replaced my fortune With the bliss of heaven!
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Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie Ne touche point ma fantaisie Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.	[For] everything they say about ambrosia Fails utterly to spark my imagination, [Especially] if I had to give up the charms of your gaze.
--	--

Batti batti o bel Masetto

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto, La tua povera Zerlina; Starr qui come agnellina Le tue botte ad aspettar.	Beat, beat, oh handsome Masetto, Your poor Zerlina; I'll stay here, as a little sheep, To wait for your blows.
---	--

Lascierr straziarmi il crine,

Lascierr cavarmi gli occhi,
E le care tue manine
Lieta poi saprr baciarr.

Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!

Pace, pace, o vita mia,
In contento ed allegria
Notte e di vogliam passar,

Si, notte e di vogliam passar.

I'll let (you) lacerate my
(horse)hair ,

I'll let (you) take out my eyes,
And your dear little hands
I'll be then be happily able to
kiss.

Ah, I see that, you have no
heart!

Peace, peace, oh my life,
In happiness and in gaiety
Night and day - we want to
spend,

Yes, night and day - we want to
spend.

In uomini, in soldati

In uomini, in soldati, sperare
fedelta?

Non vi fate sentir, per carita!

Di pasta simile son tutti quanti,

Le fronde mobili, l'aure
incostanti

Han piu degli uomini stabilita!
Mentite lagrime, fallaci sguardi
Voci ingannevoli, vezzi bugiardi

Son le primarie lor qualita!

In noi non amano che il lor
diletto,

Poi ci dispregiano, neganci
affetto,

Ne val da barbari chieder pieta!

Paghiam o femmine, d'ugual
moneta

Questa malefica razza
indiscreta.

Amiam per comodo, per vanita!

In men? In soldiers you hope for
fidelity?

For pete's sake, don't let
anyone hear you!

They're all made of the same
dough.

Windblown branches,
changeable breezes

Have more stability than men!
False tears, suspicious glances,
Deceiving voices, lying vices

Are the foremost of their
qualities!

They only love us when it suits
their delight,

Then they disparage us and
deny us affection,

It's useless to ask their pity!

Let's pay them back in their
own coin

This accursed, indiscreet race.

Let's love for our convenience
and vanity!

Una donna a quindici anni

Una donna a quindici anni
De'è saper ogni gran moda

Dove il diavolo ha la coda
Cosa e bene, e mal cos'e.
De'è saper le maliziette
Che innamorano gli amanti
Finger riso, finger pianti
Inventar i bei perche.

De'è in un momento dar retta a
cento
Colle pupille parlar con mille

Dar speme a tutti, sien belli o
brutti,
Saper nascondersi senza
confondersi,
Senz'arrossire saper mentire.

E qual regina dall'alto soglio

Col posso e voglio farsi ubbidir.

(Par ch'abbian gusto di tal
dottrina,
Viva Despina che sa servir!)

A woman of 15 years
Must know all the good
methods,

Where the devil keeps his tail,
What's good and what's bad.
She must know the little tricks
That enamour lovers
To feign laughter, to feign tears,
And invent good reasons.

She must pay attention to a
hundred at a time
Speak through her eyes with a
thousand

Give hope to all, be they
handsome or ugly,
Know how to obfuscate without
getting confused
And know how to lie without
blushing.

And this queen from her high
throne

Can make them obey with, "I
can," and "I want."

(It seems they like this
doctrine,

Long live Despina, who knows
how to serve!)