

4-13-2017

Joint Recital: Love and Loss: Kristy Shuck, soprano and McKinny Danger-James, mezzo-soprano and Adam Tarpey, tenor

Kristy Shuck

McKinny Danger-James

Adam Tarpey

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Joint Recital: Love and Loss

Kristy Shuck, soprano

McKinny Danger-James, mezzo-soprano

Adam Tarpey, tenor

Richard Montgomery, piano

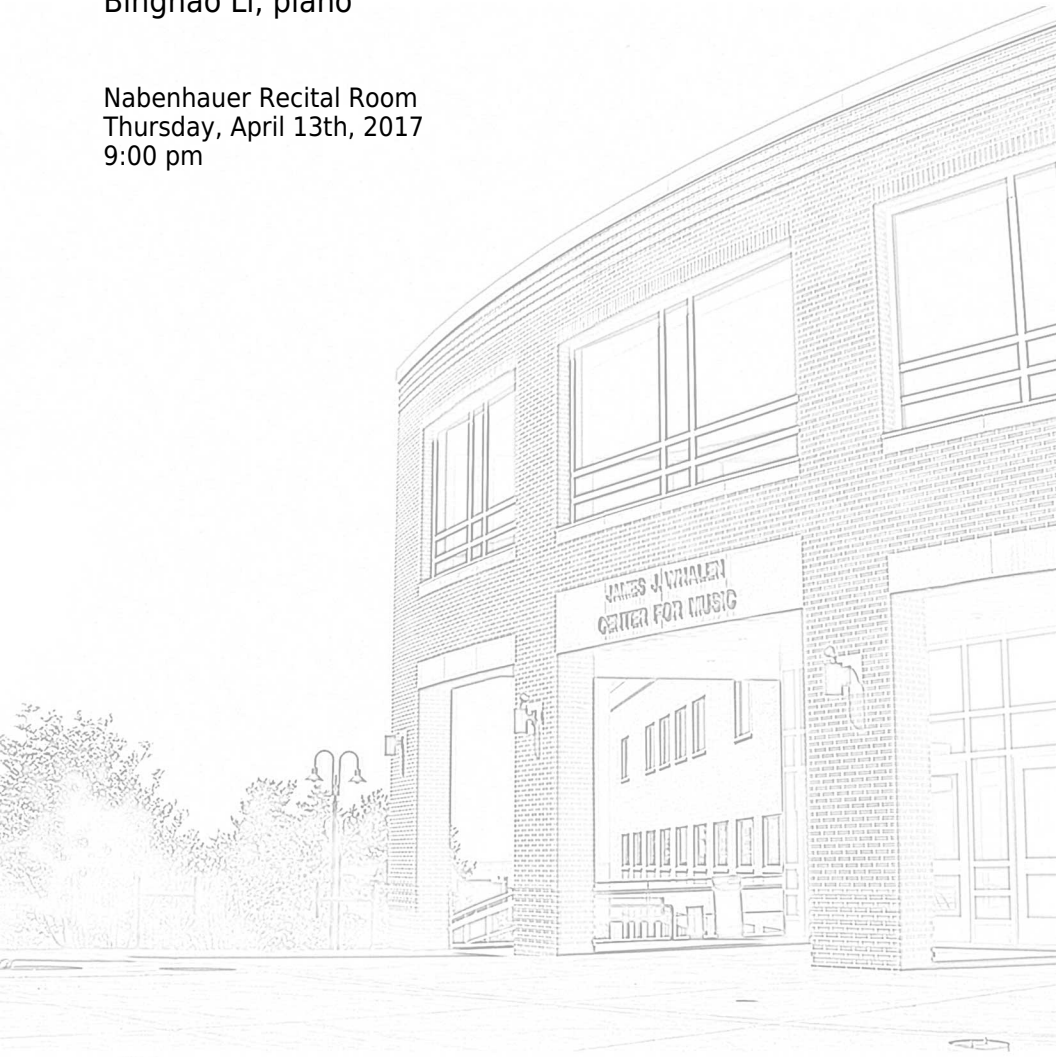
Junwen Liang, piano

Binghao Li, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Thursday, April 13th, 2017

9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Before the Connection

"Coeur sans amour" from <i>Cendrillon</i>	Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
Chanson triste	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Vergebliches Ständchen	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
"Prenderò quel brunettino" from <i>Così fan tutte</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Pause

In the Moment

Das Fischermädchen	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Notre amour	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
La regata Veneziana <i>Anzoleta co passa la regata</i>	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
"How Now My Love" from <i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i>	Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Intermission

After the Storm

Licht und Liebe	Franz Schubert
Die Männer sind mechant	Franz Schubert
Non t'amo più	Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Haï luli	Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)
"Ah caro sposo, oh Dio" from <i>Ascanio in Alba</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Translations

Coeur sans amour

Allez, laissez-moi seul,
Seul avec mes ennuis.

Go, leave me alone,
Alone with my boredom.

Coeur sans amour,
Printemps sans roses!
Pour moi tous les jours son
moroses,
Et moroses sont toutes les nuits.
Pourtant, de doux frissons
Glissent par tout mon être.

Heart without love,
Spring without roses!
For me all the days are morose,
And morose are all the nights.
However, a soft chill
Slides through my being.

Si, me tendent les bras,
Je la voyais paraître,
Celle qui veut mon âme!
Enivré, radieux,
Je lui dirait dans mon ivresse
Je suis à toi!
Prend ma jeunesse!
De nous l'amour fera des dieux.

If, with arms outstretched,
I saw her appear,
The one who wants my soul!
Intoxicating, radiant,
I would tell her in my intoxication
I am yours!
Take my youth!
Our love will make us gods.

Mais je vis triste et seul,
Le cœur brisé d'ennuis
Et moroses sont toutes les nuits.
Mon cœur est brisé
Je suis triste et seul.

But I am sad and alone,
My heart is broken from boredom
And morose are all the nights.
My heart is broken
I am sad and alone.

Chanson triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,

In your heart slumbers a light of the
moon,

Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

A gentle light of the summer moon,
And to escape this troublesome life,
I shall drown myself in your light.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

I shall forget the sorrows of the
past,
My love, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the calm love of your arms.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

You will take my weary head,
Oh! sometimes on your lap,
And tell it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,

And from your eyes full of sorrow,

Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que, peut-être je guérirai.

From your eyes then I shall drink
So much of kisses and of
tenderness
That, perhaps, I shall be healed.

Vergebliches Ständchen

Er:

Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

He:

Good evening, my treasure,
Good evening, my child!
I come out of love to you,
Ah, open the door for me,
Open your door for me!

Sie:

Meine Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich lass dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

She:

My door is locked,
I won't let you in;
Mother, who advises me wisely,
Were you in here with permission,
It would be over with me!

Er:

So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

He:

So cold is the night,
So icy the wind,
That my heart will freeze,
My love will be extinguished;
Open for me, my child!

Sie:

Löschet dein' Lieb';
Lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

She:

If your love will be extinguished,
Then just let it be extinguished!
If it continues to be extinguished,
Go home to bed, to rest!
Good night, my boy!

Prenderò quel brunettino

Dorabella:

Prenderò quel brunettino, Che più
lepido mi par.

Fiordiligi:

Ed intanto io col biondino Vo' un po'
ridere e burlar.

Dorabella:

Scherzosetta ai dolci detti lo di quel
risponderò

Fiordiligi:

Sospirando i sospiretti lo dell'altro
imiterò.

Dorabella:

Mi dirá: "Ben mio, mi moro."

Fiordiligi:

Mi dirá: "Mio bel tesoro."

Fiordiligi e Dorabella:

Ed intanto che diletto, Che spasseto
io proverò!

Dorabella:

I will take the brunnette, Who
seems more witty to me.

Fiordiligi:

And meanwhile I will the blonde
Wish to laugh and joke a
little.

Dorabella:

Playfully with sweet words I will
respond to him.

Fiordiligi:

Sighing the little sighs Of the other I
will imitate

Dorabella:

To me, he will say: "My beloved, I
die."

Fiordiligi:

To me, he will say: "My beautiful
treasure."

Fiordiligi and Dorabella:

And meanwhile what delight, What
amusement I will have!

Das Fischermädchen

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

You beautiful fisher-maiden,
Row your boat to the shore;
Come to me and set yourself down,
We will cuddle hand in hand.

Lay your little head on my heart
And fear not too much;
You entrust yourself without fear
Daily to the raging sea.

My heart is equal to the sea,
It has storms and ebb and flow,
And many beautiful pearls
Rest in its depth.

Notre amour

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.

Notre amour est chose légère!

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
Notre amour est chose charmante!

Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignore,
Où les silences ont des voix:
Notre amour est chose sacrée!

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu
vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur;
Notre amour est chose éternelle!

Our love is a thing light
Like the perfumes that the wind
Takes from the tips of the ferns
So that one of them breathes while
dreaming.

Our love is a thing light!

Our love is a thing charming,
Like the songs of the morning
Where no regret is lamented,
Where vibrates a hope uncertain.
Our love is a thing charming!

Our love is a thing sacred
Like the mysteries of the woods
Where trembles a soul unknown,
Where the silences have voices:
Our love is a thing sacred!

Our love is a thing infinite,
Like the paths of the sunset,
Where the ocean, with the sky
joined,
Falls asleep under the setting sun.

Our love is a thing eternal
Like all that a god victorious
Has touched by the fire of his
wings,
Like all that which comes from the
heart;
Our love is a thing eternal!

Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, vardeli,
Povereti, i ghe da drento,
Ah contrario tira il vento,
I gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo, dov'elo?
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! Che smania, me confondo,
A tremar me sento el cuor.

Su, coragio, voga,
Prima d'esser al paletto

They're coming, look at them,
The poor things, they row hard,
Ah, the wind is against them,
But the tide is in their favor.

My Momolo, where is he?
Ah, I see him, he's the second.
Ah! What desire, I'm confused,
I feel my heart trembling.

Come on, row,
Before you reach the pole

Se ti voghi, ghe scometo,
Tutti indrio ti lassarà.

If you keep rowing, I'll place a bet,
You'll leave all the others behind.

Caro, par che el svola,
El li magna tutti quanti,
Meza barca, l'è andà avanti,
Ah, capisso, el m'a vardà.

Dear, he seems to be flying,
He's beating the others
He's gone a half length ahead,
Ah, I understand, he looked at me.

Licht und Liebe

Liebe ist ein süßes Licht
Wie die Erde strebt zur Sonne
Und zu jenen hellen Sternen
In den weiten blauen Fernen,
Strept das Herz nach Liebeswonne;
Denn sie ist ein süßes Licht.

Love is a sweet light
As the Earth pursues the Sun
And every bright star
In the wide blue distance
So does the heart pursue love's
bliss,
For it is a sweet light.

Sieh, wie hoch in stiller Feier
Droben helle Sterne funkeln,
Von der Erde fliehn die dunkeln,
Schwermuthsvollen trüben Schleier
Wehe mir, wie so trübe fühl' ich tief
mich im Gemüte,

See how high in silent ceremony
Clear stars sparkle above,
They fly from the Earth's dark,
Gloomy and murky haze.
Woe is me, how dreary I feel in my
mind,

Das in Freuden sonst erblühte,
Nun vereinsamt ohne Liebe.

Which once blossomed in joy,
Is now isolated without love.

Die männer sind mechant

Du sagtest mir es, Mutter,
Er ist ein Springinsfeld!
Ich würd es dir nicht glauben,
Bis ich mich krank gequält!
Ja, nun ist er's wirklich,
Ich hatt ihn nur verkannt!
Du sagtest mir's, o Mutter,
"Die männer sind méchant!"

You told me it, mother,
He is a rascal!
I wouldn't believe you,
Until I made myself sick!
Yes, now I know who he really is,
I had misjudged him!
You told me, oh mother,
"Men are wicked!"

Vor'm dorf im Busch, als gestern

Outside the village in the
grove, yesterday

Die stille Dämm'ung sank,
Da rauscht es "Guten Abend!"
Da rauscht es "Schönen Dank!"
Ich schlich hinzu, ich horchte,
Ich stand wie festgebannt,
Er war's mit einer Andern,
"Die männer sind méchant!"

The silent twilight sank,
There whispered "Good evening!"
There whispered "Many thanks!"
I crept up and listened,
I stood there transfixed,
He was with another,
"Men are wicked!"

O Mutter, welche Qualen!

Oh mother, what torment!

Es muss Heraus, es muss!
Es blieb nicht bloss beim Rauschen,
Es blieb nicht bloss beim Gruss!
Vom Grusse kam's zu Küsse,
Vom Kuss zum Druck der Hand,
Vom Druck, ach liebe Mutter!
"Die männer sind méchant!"

It must come out, it must!
It didn't stop at whispers,
It didn't stop at greetings!
From greetings it went to kisses,
From kisses to holding hands,
From holding, Ah, dear mother!
"Men are wicked!"

Non t'amo più

Ricordi ancora il dì che
c'incontrammo;
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor?

Folle d'amore io ti seguìi, ci
amammo,
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.

Do you still remember the day we
met;
Do you still remember your
promises?
Mad from love, I followed you and
we loved one another.
And I dreamed by your side, mad
with love.

Sognai felice, di carezze a baci

Una catena dileguante in ciel;
Ma le parole tue furon mendaci,
Perché l'anima tua è fatta di gel.

I dreamed happily of caresses and
kisses,
Dissolving into the sky;
But your words were lies,
For your heart is made of ice.

Te ne ricordi ancor?

Do you still remember it?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio
immenso,
Il mio sogno d'amor non sei più tu:

I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non
penso;
Sogno un altro ideal; non t'amo più.

Now my faith, my immense desire,
my dream of love, you are no
longer.
I do not seek your kisses, nor think
of you.
I dream of another ideal; I no longer
love you.

Nei cari giorni che passammo
insieme,
Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier:
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme;

Tu della mente l'unico pensier.

In the dear days that we spent
together,
I strew your path with flowers.
You were the only hope of my
heart;
the only thought in my mind.

Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire,
Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te:
Io, sol per appagare un tuo desire,
Avrei dato il mio sangue a la mia fé,

You have seen me pray, grow pale,
And weeping before you:
Just to satisfy one of your desires,
I would have given my blood and
my faith.

Te ne ricordi ancor?

Do you still remember it?

Haï luli

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète
Je ne sais plus que devenir!

Mon bon ami devait venir,
Et je l'attends ici seulette.
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Où donc peut-être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main...
Allons, je filerai demain;
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Qu'il fait triste sans mon ami.

Si jamais il deviant volage
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
Le village n'a qu'à brûler
Et moi-même avec le village!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
À quoi bon vivre sans ami?

I am sad, I worry,
I don't know any longer what will
happen!

My lover should have come,
And I await him here alone.
Hai luli! Hai luli!
Where then can my lover be?

I sit and spin my wool,
The thread breaks in my hand...
Well then, I will spin tomorrow;
Today I am in too much pain!
Hai luli! Hai luli!
How it makes me said without my
lover.

If ever he becomes fickle
If he should one day abandon me,
I shall burn down the village
And myself with the village.
Hai luli! Hai luli!
Of what good is it to live without a
lover?

Ah caro sposo, oh Dio!

Silvia:
Ah caro Sposo, oh Dio!

Ascanio:
Vieni al mio sen, ben mio.

Silvia:
Ah ch'io lo credo a pena.
Forse m'inganno ancora?

Aceste:
Frena il timor, deh frena:
E la gran Diva adora.

Ascanio:
Che bel piacere io sento
In sì beato dì.

Aceste:
De la virtù il cimento
Premian gli Dèi così.

Silvia:
Oh, dear husband, oh God!

Ascanio:
Come to my breast, my
beloved.

Silvia:
Ah, that I believe him to be trouble
Perhaps it is my deception, still?

Aceste:
Slow your fear
And adore the goddess.

Ascanio:
That beautiful pleasure I feel
Of which I am blessed.

Aceste:
The virtue of this trial
Reward to him in this way.

Silvia:

Numi! che bel momento!
Come in sì bel contento
Il mio timor finì!

Ascanio:

Ah cara Sposa, oh Dio!

Silvia:

Ah caro Sposo, oh Dio!

Silvia, Ascanio, e Aceste:

Più sacro nodo in terra,
Più dolce amor non è.
Quanto pietosa Dea
Quanto dobbiamo a te.

Silvia:

God! What a beautiful moment!
So beautiful and happy
My fears have ended.

Ascanio:

Oh dear wife, oh god!

Silvia:

Oh, dear husband, oh God!

Silva, Ascanio, and Aceste:

The most sacred bond on earth,
Sweetest love it is not.
How compassionate goddess
How we must show you.