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Senior Recital: Kathleen Maloney, soprano

Kathleen Maloney

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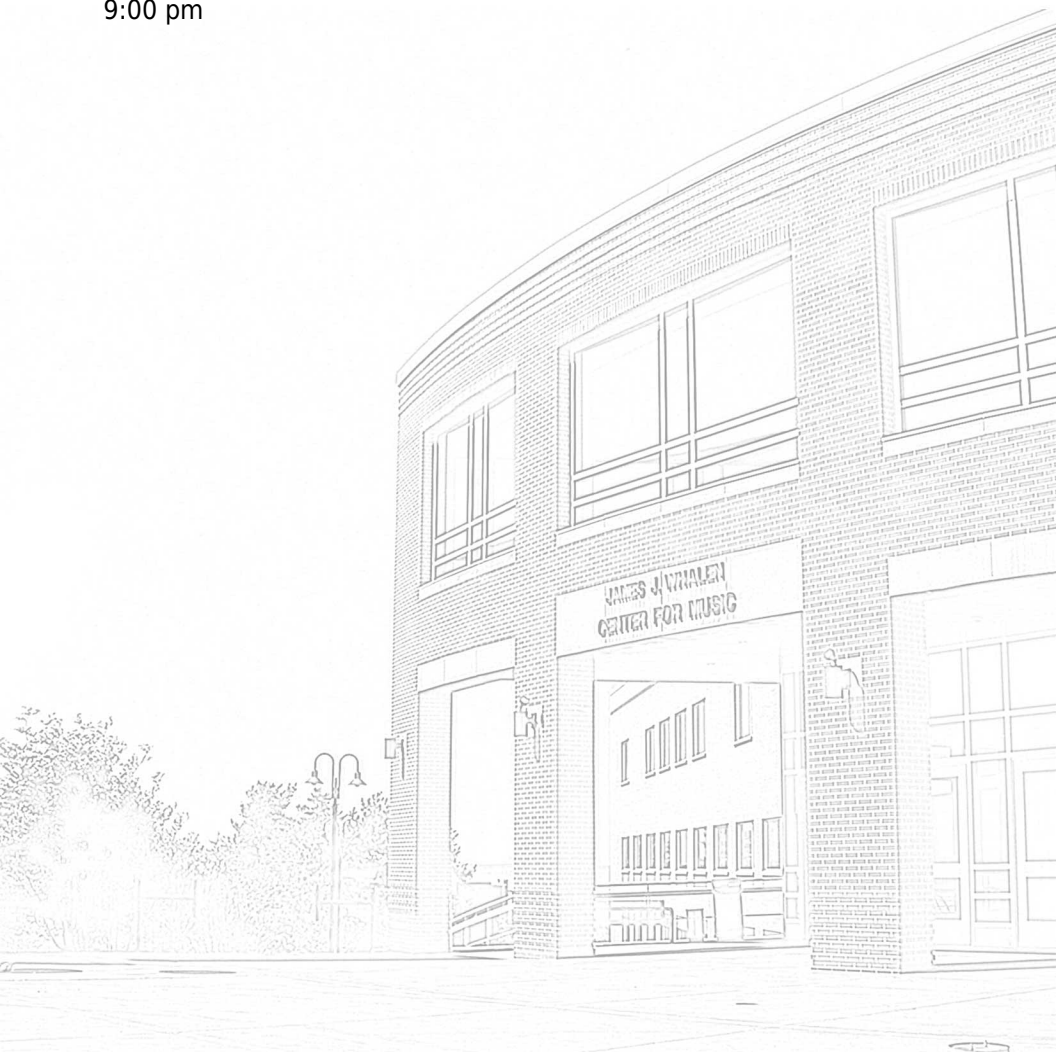
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Senior Recital
Kathleen Maloney, soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano

Ford Hall
Friday, April 14th, 2017
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Vaga Luna	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Vanne O Rosa Fortunata La Promessa	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
I. Le Sommeil III. La Reine de Cour IV. Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu V. Les Anges Musiciens VII. Lune d'Avril	Jean Poulenc (1899-1963)
"Quel Guardo Il cavaliere...so anch'io" <i>from Don Pasquale</i>	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Intermission

Verschiedene Liebe Die Spröde Der Gärtner	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
The Crucifixion Once I Was A Horse with Wings	Samuel Barber (1910-1981) Ricky Ian Gordon (b.1956)
Beyond my Wildest Dreams	Alan Menken (b.1949)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance . Kathleen Maloney is from the studio of Patrice Pastore .

Translations

Vaga Luna

Vaga luna, che inargenti
Queste rive e questi fiori
Ed inspiri agli elementi
Il linguaggio dell'amor;
Testimono or sei tu sola
Del mio fervido desir,
Ed a lei che m'innamora
Conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontanaza
Il mio duol non puo lenir,
Che se nutro una speranza,
Elle è sol nell'avvenir.

Dille pur che giorno e sera
Conto l'ore del dolor,
Che una speme lusinghiera
Mi conforta nell'amor.

Lovely moon, that covers with silver
the shores and flowers
and breathes into the elements
the language of love;
you are the sole testament
of my fervent desire,
and can to her who I love
I count the throbs and the sighs.

Tell her that being so far away
will not ease my grief
and that if I nourish any hope
It can only be in the future.

Tell her that day and night
I count the sorrowful hours,
that the one enticing hope
of her love comforts me.

Vanne O Rosa Fortunata

Vanne, o rosa fortunata,
a posar di Nice in petto
ed ognun sarà costretto
la tua sorte invidiar.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io
trasformarmi un sol memento

non avria più bel contento
questo core a sosiprar.

Ma tu inchini dispettosa,
bella rosa impallidita
la tua fronte scolorita
dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

Bella rosa, è destinata
ad entrambi un'ugual sorte;
là trovar dobbiam la morte,
tu d'invidia ed io da'mor.

Go, oh fourtunate rose,
to rest upon Nice's breast
and all be compelled
to envy your fate.

Oh, if I could also
transform myself for a single
moment into you;
no greater joy would I have
this heart but to sigh.

But you bow in scorn
beautiful fading rose,
your face made pale
by anger and sorrow.

Beautiful rose, it is destined
that we both share an unequal fate;
to find we both must die,
you of envy and I of love.

La Promessa

Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amore,
non nol credete, pupille care!
Nè men per gioco vinganterò, nò.

That I could ever cease to love you
No! Do not believe it dear eyes!
Not even as a joke will I deceive
you, no.

Voi sole siete le mie faville,
e voi sarete, care pupille,
il mio bel foco sin ch'io vivro.

You are my sun sparks
and you will be, dear eyes,
my beautiful fire as long as I shall
live.

Le Sommeil

Le sommeil est en voyage,
Mon Dieu! ou est il parti?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit;
il pleure dans son lit cage,
il pleure depuis midi.

Sleep is traveling
My God! where did he leave?
I have rocked my little one
he cries in his bed cage
he's cried since mid-day

Ou le sommeil a-t-il mis
Son sable et ses rêves sages?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit;
Il se tourne tout en nage,
Il sanglote dans son lit.

Where has sleep been
with its sand and its wise dreams
I have rocked my little one
he turns while swimming
he sobs in his bed.

Ah! Reviens, reviens, sommeil,
sur ton beau cheval de course!
Dans le ciel noir, la Grande Ourse
A enterré le soleil
Et rallumé ses abeilles.

Ah! come back, come back, sleep
on your beautiful race horse
in the sky black, the great bear
has buried the sun
and rekindled the bees.

Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,
il ne dira pas bonjour,
il ne dira rien demain
A ses doigts, au lait, au pain
Qui l'accueillent dans le jour.

If the child does not sleep well
he will not say hello
he will not say anything
to his fingers, his milk, his bread
who welcome him in the day.

La Reine De Coeur

Mollement accoudée A ses vitres de
lune,
La reine vous salue D'une fleur
d'amandier.
C'est la reine de coeur.
Elle peut s'il lui plait,
Vous mener en secret vers
d'étranges demeures.

Softly leaning on her windows of
moonlight,
the queen greets you with an
almond blossom.
This is the queen of hearts.
She can, if she wishes
lead you to secret and strange
dwellings.

Où il n'est plus de portes, de salle
ni de tours
Et où les jeunes mortes viennent
parler d'amour.
La reine vous salue; Hâtez vous de
la suivre
Dans son château de givre
Aux doux vitraux de lune.

Where there are no more doors, no
rooms, or towers
Where the young dead speak of
love.
The queen greets you; hastens you
to follow her
into the castle of frost
to the soft stained glass windows of
moonlight.

Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu

Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu
Le chat a mis ses bottes,
Il va de porte en porte
Jouer, danser, danser, chanter.
Pou, chou, genou, hibou.

Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu,
The cat puts on his boots
he goes from door to door
playing, dancing, dancing, singing
Pou, chou, genou, hibou.

Tu dois apprendre à lire,
A compter, à écrire,
Lui crie-t-on, de partout.
Mais rikketikketau,
Le chat de s'esclaffer
En rentrant au château:
Il est le Chat botté!

You must learn to read,
to count, and write
he shouts from everywhere
But rikketikketau
The cat bursts out laughing
returns to to his castle:
He is the cat in boots!

Les Anges Musiciens

Sur les fils de la pluie, Les anges du
jeudi
Jouent longtemps de la harpe.
Et sous leurs doigts, Mozart
Tinte, délicieux, En gouttes de joie
bleue

On the thread of the rain, the
angels of thursday
play for a long time on the harp.
And under their fingers, Mozart
Tickles, delicioulsy, in drops of blue
joy

Car c'est toujours Mozart
Que reprennent sans fin
Les anges musiciens
Qui, au long du jeudi
Font chanter sur la harpe
La douceur de la pluie.

Since it is always Mozart
Which is played endlessly
by the angel musicians
Who, all day Thursday,
make their harps sing
the sweetness of the rain.

Lune D'Avril

Lune, belle lune, lune d'Avril,	Moon, beautiful moon, moon of April
Faites moi voir en mon dormant	make me see in my sleep
Le pêcher au coeur de safran,	the peach tree with a heart of saffron,
Le poisson qui rit de grésil,	the fish laughing from the sleet,
L'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,	The bird who, far away like a horn,
Doucement réveille les morts	sweetly awakens the dead.
Et surtout, surtout le pays	And above all, above all the country,
Où il fait joie,	where there is joy,
Où il fait clair,	where there is light,
Où soleilleux de primevères,	where sunny, with springtime,
On a brisé tous les fusils,	they have broken all the rifles.
Lune, belle lune, lune d'avril, lune.	Moon, beautiful moon, moon of April, moon.

Quel Guardo Il Cavaliere

"Quel guardo il cavaliere in mezzo al cor trafisse;	"Her gaze pierced the knight in the middle of his heart;
piegò il ginocchio e disse: son vostro cavalier.	he knelt before her and said: I am your knight.
E tanto era in quel guardo sapor di paradiso,	And so much was in that gaze that tasted of paradise,
che il cavalier Riccardo, tutto d'amor conquiso,	that the knight Riccardo, completely by love was conquered,
giurò che ad altra mai, non volgeria il pensier." Ah!	he swore that no other would turn his thought." Ah!
So anch'io la virtù magica d'un guardo a tempo e loco,	I also know the magical virtue of a glance at the right time and place
so anch'io come se bruciano i cori a lento foco,	I also know how to burn the hearts over a slow fire,
d'un breve sorrisetto conosco anch'io l'effetto,	I also know the effect of a quick little smile,
di menzognera lagrima, d'un subito languor.	of a false tear, of a sudden faintness.
Conosco i mille modi dell'amorose frodì,	I know the thousands of ways to fool a lover
i vezzi e l'arti facili per adescare un cor.	the easy charms and arts of seducing a heart.
D'un breve sorrisetto conosco anch'io l'effetto	Of a quick little smile, I know the effect,
conosco, conosco, d'un subito languor.	I know, I know, of a sudden faintness

So anch'io la virtù magica per
inspirare amor.

I also know the magical virtue to
inspire love.

Ho testa bizzarra, son pronto
vivace,
brillare mi piace, mi piace scherzar.

I have a different mind but a ready
vivacity,
it pleases me to be brilliant, it
pleases me to be playful.

Se monto in furore di rado sto al
segno,
ma in riso lo sdegno fo presto a
cangiar.

If I go up in a rage no sign of
calmness remains,
but I can quickly change my anger
into laughter.

Ho testa bizzarra, ma core
eccellente, Ah!
Mi piace, mi piace scherzar.

I have a different mind but an
excellent heart, Ah!
It please me, it pleases me to be
playful.

Ho testa vivace, mi piace scherzar!

I have a ready vivacity, it pleases
me to be playful!

Verschwiegene Liebe

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein,
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Over treetops and crops
and off into the moonlight,
who could ever guess them,
who could comprehend them?
Thoughts themselves rock,
the night is discreetly silent
thoughts are free.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht,
Als die Wolken, die fliegen,
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schön wie die Nacht.

Could guess it only one,
who on her has thought
in the rustling of the grove,
when no one else is awake,
except the clouds that fly,
my love is discreetly silent
and beautiful as the night.

Die Spröde

An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen
ging die Schäferin und sang,
jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,
dass es durch die Felder klang,
so lala! Lerallala! So lala, rallala!

Thyrsis bot ihr für ein mäulchen
zwei, drei schäfchen gleich am ort,
schalkhaft blickte sie ein Weilchen;
doch sie sang und lachte fort
so lala! Lerallala! so lala, rallala!

Und ein anderer bot ihr Bänder,
und der dritte bot sein Herz;
doch sie trieb mit Herz und Bändern
so wie mit den Lämmern Scherz,
nur lala! Lerallala!

On the purest of spring mornings
walked the shepherdess and sang,
she was so young and beautiful and
without cares,
that her song resounded over the
fields,
so lala! Lerallala! So lala, rallala!

Thyrsis offered her for a little kiss,
two, three lambs right on the spot,
she looked at him slyly
but she sang and laughed on
so lala! Lerallala! So lala, rallala!

And another offered her ribbons,
and the third offered her his heart;
but with her heart and ribbons
she joked about them as she had
about the lambs,
only lala! Leralla!

Der Gärtner

Auf ihrem Leibrösslein
so weiss wie der Schnee
die schönste Prinzessin
reit't durch die Allee.

Der Weg, den das Rösslein
hintanzet so hold,
der Sand, den ich streute,
er blinket wie Gold!

Du rosenfarb's Hütlein
wohl auf und wohl ab,
O wirf eine Feder,
verstohlen herab!

Und willst du dagegen
eine blüte von mir,
nimm tausend für eine,
nimm alle dafür!

On her favorite pony
as white as the snow,
the fairest princess
rides down the avenue.

On the path, which the pony
prances down so smartly,
the sand, that I scattered
it glitters like gold!

Your rose colored bonnet,
bobbing up and bobbing down,
oh throw a feather
discreetly down!

And if you want
a flower from me,
take a thousand for one,
take all for it!