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Senior Recital: Kathleen Maloney, soprano

Kathleen Maloney

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Senior Recital
Kathleen Maloney, soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano

Ford Hall
Friday, April 14th, 2017
9:00 pm
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"  
from Don Pasquale  
Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

Intermission

Verschegene Liebe  
Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Die Spröde  
Der Gärtner

The Crucifixion  
Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

Once I Was  
Ricky Ian Gordon  
(b.1956)

A Horse with Wings

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.

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.

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

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.

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

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.

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

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io
trasformarmi un sol memento
non avria più bel contento
questo core a sospirar.

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

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

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

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

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, That I could ever cease to love you
non nol credete, pupille care! No! Do not believe it dear eyes!
Nè men per gioco vingannerò, nò. Not even as a joke will I deceive you, no.

Voi sole siete le mie faville, You are my sun sparks
e voi sarete, care pupille, and you will be, dear eyes,
il mio bel foco sin ch'io vivro. my beautiful fire as long as I shall live.

Le Sommeil

Le sommeil est en voyage, Sleep is traveling
Mon Dieu! ou est il parti? My God! where did he leave?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit; I have rocked my little one
il pleure dans son lit cage, he cries in his bed cage
il pleure depuis midi. he's cried since mid-day

Ou le sommeil a-t-il mis Where has sleep been
Son sable et ses rêves sages? with its sand and its wise dreams
J'ai beau bercer mon petit; I have rocked my little one
Il se tourne tout en nage, he turns while swimming
Il sanglote dans son lit. he sobs in his bed.

Ah! Reviens, reviens, sommeil, Ah! come back, come back, sleep
sur ton beau cheval de course! on your beautiful race horse
Dans le ciel noir, la Grande Ourse in the sky black, the great bear
A enterré le soleil has buried the sun
Et rallumé ses abeilles. and rekindled the bees.

Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien, If the child does not sleep well
il ne dira pas bonjour, he will not say hello
il ne dira rien demain he will not say anything
A ses doigts, au lait, au pain to his fingers, his milk, his bread
Qui l'accueillent dans le jour. 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.

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.

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.

Where there are no more doors, no rooms, or towers
Where the young dead speak of love.
The queen greets you; hastens you 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.

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

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.

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

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,
Faites moi voir en mon dormant
Le pêcher au cœur de safran,
Le poisson qui rit de grésil,
L'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,
Doucement réveille les morts
Et surtout, surtout le pays
Où il fait joie,
Où il fait clair,
Où soleilleux de primevères,
On a brisé tous les fusils,
Lune, belle lune, lune d'avril, lune.

Quel Guardo Il Cavaliere

"Quel guardo il cavaliere in mezzo al cor trafisse;
piegò il ginocchio e disse: son vostro cavalier.
E tanto era in quel guardo sapor di paradiso,
che il cavalier Riccardo, tutto d'amor conquiso,
giurò che ad altra mai, non volgeria il pensier." Ah!

So anch'io la virtù magica
d'un guardo a tempo e loco,
so anch'io come se bruciano i cori a lento foco,
d'un breve sorrisetto conosco anch'io l'effetto,
di menzognera lagrima, d'un subito languor.
Conosco i mille modi dell'amorose frodi,
i vezzi e l'arti facili per adescare un cor.
D'un breve sorrisetto conosco anch'io l'effetto
conosco, conosco, d'un subito languor.

"Her gaze pierced the knight in the middle of his heart;
he knelt before her and said: I am your knight.
And so much was in that gaze that tasted of paradise,
that the knight Riccardo, completely by love was conquered,
he swore that no other would turn his thought." Ah!

I also know the magical virtue of a glance at the right time and place
I also know how to burn the hearts over a slow fire,
I also know the effect of a quick little smile,
of a false tear, of a sudden faintness.
I know the thousands of ways to fool a lover
the easy charms and arts of seducing a heart.
Of a quick little smile, I know the effect,
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 brillant, 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 bizzara, ma core eccellente, Ah! It please me, it pleases me to be playful.

Mi piace, mi piace scherzar. I have a ready vivacity, it pleases me to be playful!

Ho testa vivace, mi piace scherzar!

**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.

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.

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

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 discretly 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 ander 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!

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 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!

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!