

11-3-2013

## Senior Recital: Taylor Eike, soprano

Taylor Eike

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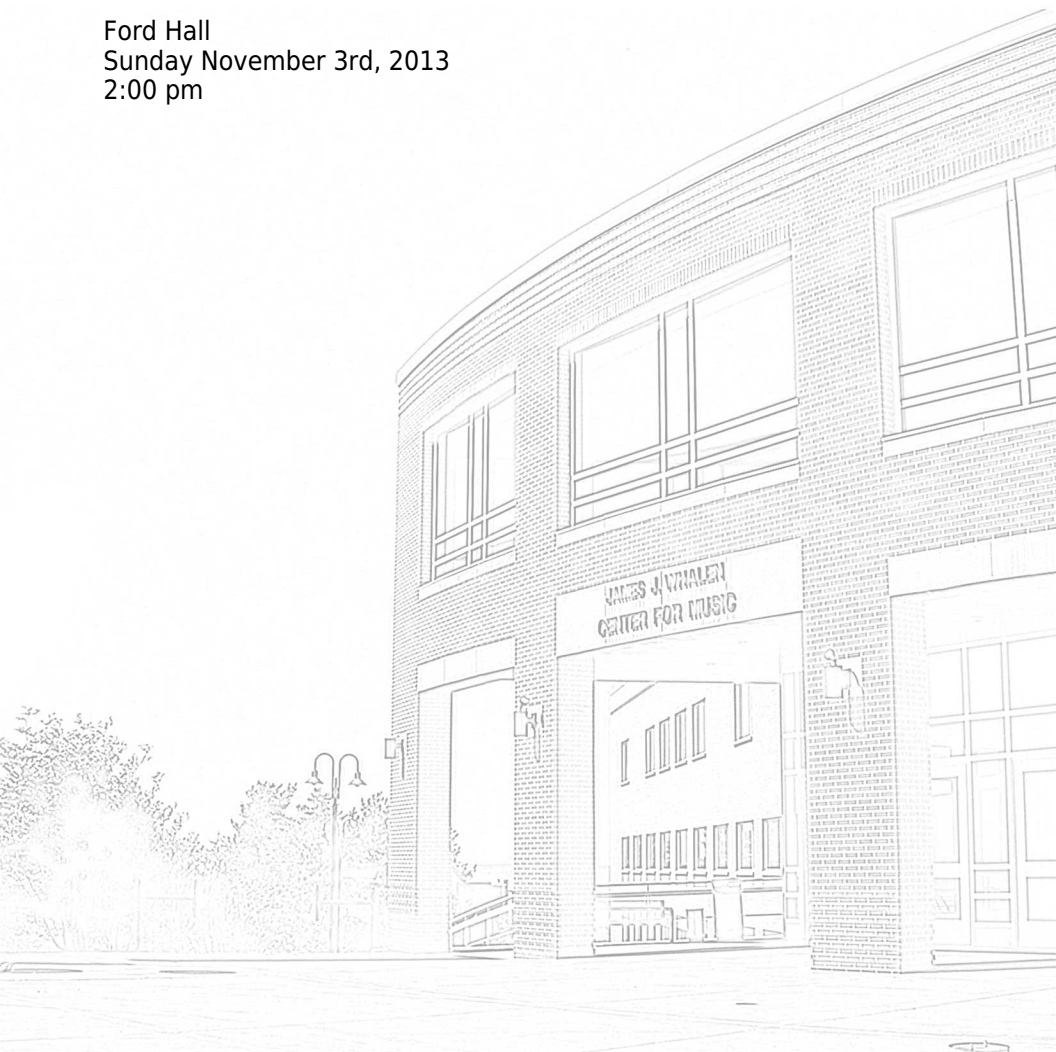
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# Senior Recital:

Taylor Eike, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano  
Josi Peterson, soprano  
Caitlin Walton, mezzo-soprano

Ford Hall  
Sunday November 3rd, 2013  
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

# Program

Non è Amor, né Gelosia

George Fridric Handel  
(1685-1759)

*Josi Peterson & Caitlin Walton*

Verdi Prati

Tornami a Vagheggiar  
from *Alcina*

Die schöne Müllerin

3. Halt

4. Danksagung an den Bach

6. Der Neugierige

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5

Heitor Villa-Lobos  
(1887-1959)

## Intermission

Banalites

1. Chanson d'Orkenise

2. Hôtel

3. Fagnes de Wallonie

4. Voyage à Paris

5. Sanglots

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

The Daisies

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

One Perfect Rose

lyr. Dorothy Parker  
arr. Seymour Barab  
(b. 1921)

Someone is Sending me Flowers

Roger Vignoles  
(b. 1945)

I Want to Sing in Opera

Warton David  
(1904-1999)

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Music Education and Vocal Performance. Taylor Eike is from the studio of dawn pierce.

## Translations

### Non e amor, ne gelosia This is not love, nor jealousy

Non è amor, né gelosia, è pieta...	This is not love, nor jealousy, but compassion...
Che ascose frodi!	What underhand impostures!
...e desio, che lieta godi.	...and concern for your happiness.
Che fallaci in fidi accenti!	What false, lying words!
Non t'offendo...	I mean you no harm...
Indegna, Taci!	Base woman, be silent!
..Non t'inganno!	...I am not deceiving you!
Iniqua, menti!	Wicked woman, you lie!
Cruda donna! Rio tiranno!	Cold-hearted woman! High-handed man!
Non vogl'io da voi merché.	I ask pity from neither of you
Non sperar da noi merché.	Expect no pity from us!
Non t'offendo	I mean you no harm
Caro sposo!	Dear Husband!
Anima mia!	My Soul!
Solo affanni, e solo pene premio fian di vostra fé.	May anxieties and cares be the only reward for your vows.
Solo gioe, e solo bene premio fian di nostra fé.	May happiness and good be the only reward for our vows.

### Verdi Prati Green Meadows

Verdi prati, selve amene perderete la beltà.	Green Meadows, woods pleasant, you will loose your beauty.
Vaghi fior, correnti rivi, la vaghezza, la bellezza presto in voi si cangerà.	Lovely flowers, running brooks, the grace, the beauty quickly in you itself will change.
E cangiato il vago oggetto all'orror del primo aspetto	And if the lovely object of your affection changes back to the horror if its first appearance,
tutto in voi rigornerà.	everything in you will return as it once was.

## **Tornami a Vagheggiar** **Return to me and look at me with joy**

Tornami a vagheggiar

te solo vuol amar quest'anima  
fedel,  
caro mio bene.  
Già ti donai il mio cor  
fido sarà il mio amor;  
mai ti sarò crudel  
cara mia speme.

Return to me a look with a  
passionate gaze  
my faithful soul wishes to love only  
you,  
my dear beloved.  
I have already given you my heart  
my love will forever be true;  
I will never be cruel to you,  
you, my dearest hope.

## **Halt!** **Halt!**

Eine Mühle seh' ich blicken  
aus den erlen heraus,  
durch rauschen und singen  
Bricht Rädergebraus.  
Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,  
Süßer Mühlengesang!  
Und das Haos, wie so traulich!  
Und die Fenster, wie blank!  
Und die Sonne, wie helle  
Von Himmel sie scheint!  
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
War es also gemeing?

I see a mill shining  
from out of the alders,  
through the babbling and singing  
breaks the roar of the wheels.  
AH welcome, ah welcome,  
sweet mill-song!  
And the house, how so cozy!  
And the windows, how shiny!  
And the sun, how brightly  
from heaven it shines!  
Ah, brooklet, dear brook,  
Was it meant to be?

## **Danksagung an den Bach** **Thank you to the Brook**

War es also gemeint,  
Mein rauschender Freund?  
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,  
War es also gemeint?  
Zur Müllerin hin!  
So lautet der Sinn.  
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?  
Sur Müllerin hin!  
Hat sie dich geschickt?  
Oder hast mich berückt?  
Das möcht ich nos wissen,  
Ob sie dich geschickt.  
Nun wie's auch mag sein,  
Ich gebe mich drein:  
Was ich such, ist gefunden  
Wie's immer mag sein

Was it meant to be  
my babbling friend?  
Your singing, your ringing,  
was it meant to be?  
To the millers daughter to go!  
Was that the sense of it?  
So have I understood?  
To the millers daughter to go!  
Has she you sent?  
Or have you me charmed?  
I would still like to know  
whether she you sent.  
Well, however it also may be  
I will go along with it  
What I seek I have found  
How it ever may be

Nach Arbeit ich frug,  
Nun hab' ich genug  
Für die Hände, fürs Herze  
Vollauf genug!

After work I asked,  
now have I enough  
for the hands, for the heart  
More than enough!

### **Der Neugierige The curious one**

Ich frage keine Blume,  
Ich frage keinen Stern,  
Sie können mir alle nich sagen,  
Was ich erfürh so gern.  
Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,  
Die sterne steh'n zu hoch;  
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,  
Ob mich mein Herz belog.  
O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
Wie bist du heut so stumm!  
Will ja nur eines wissen,  
Eine Wörtchen um und um.  
Ja! heißt das eine Wörtchen,  
Das andre heißet Nein,  
Die beiden Worchen  
Schließen die ganze  
Welt mir ein.  
O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
Was bist du wunderlich!  
Will's ja nich weitersagen  
Sag, Bächlein liebt sie mich?

I as no flower,  
I ask no star;  
they can all not tell  
what I would learn so gladly.  
I am surely no gardner,  
the stars stand too high;  
my brooklet will I ask,  
whether to me my heart has lied.  
O brooklet of my love,  
how are you today so quiet!  
I want the only one thing to know  
one little word about and about.  
Yes! is the one little word,  
the other is no,  
the both little words  
empompass the entire  
world for me in  
O brooklet of my love,  
how strange you are!  
I will surely not repeat it to anyone,  
tell me brooklet, does she love me?

### **Bachianas Brasilieras No. 5**

Tarde, uma nuvem rósea lenta e  
transparente  
So'breo espaço sonhadora e bela!  
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,  
Enfeitando a darde, qual miega  
donzela.  
que sea presta e alinda  
sonhadoramente,  
E amseios d'alma paraficar bela,  
Grita ao céu e a terra todo a  
Natureza!!!  
Cala a passarada aos seus tristes  
queixumes,

Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly  
passing rosy and lustrous,  
Over the spacious heaven with  
lovliness laden!  
From the boundless deep the moon  
arises wonderous,  
Glorifying the evening like a  
veauteous maiden.  
Now she adorns herself in half  
unconscious duty,  
eater, anxious that we recognize  
her beauty  
while sky and earth, yeah, all  
nature with applause salute  
her!!!  
All the birds have ceased their sad  
and mournful complaining,

E reflete o mar todo a sua riqueza  
Suare a luz da lua desperta agora,  
A cruel saudade qui ri e chora!  
Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e  
transparente,  
Sobre o espaço sonhadora e bela!

Now appears on the sea in a silver  
reflection  
moonlight softly waking the soul  
and constraining  
hearts to cruel tears and bitter  
dejection.  
Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly  
passing rosy and lustrous,  
over the spacious havens dreamily  
wonderous.

### Chanson d'Orkenise Song of Orkenise

Par le porte d'Orkenise  
Veut entrer un charretier,  
Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.  
Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au vanupieds:  
"Qu'emportes tu de la ville?"  
  
"J'y laisse mon coer entier."  
E les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au charretier:  
"Qu'apportes tu dan la ville?"  
  
"Mon coer pour me marier."  
Que de coeurs das Orkenise!  
Le gardes riaient, riaient,  
Va-nu-pieds, la route est grise  
L'amour grise, ô charretier.  
Les bordeauz geardes de la ville  
Puis les portes de la ville  
Se fermèrent lentement.

Through the gates of Orkenise  
wants to enter a carter  
Thought eh gates of Orkenise  
wants to leave a tramp.  
And the guards of the town,  
run up to the tramp  
"What are you taking from the  
town"  
"I am leaving my heart whole."  
And the guards of the town,  
run up to the carter  
"What are you bringing in to the  
town?"  
"My heart for myself to marry."  
What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!  
The guards laughed, laughed  
trap, the road is dreary;  
Love intozicates, or carter.  
The handsome guards of the town  
knitted superbly;  
then the gates of the town  
closed slowly.

### Hôtel Hotel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage  
Le soleil passe son bras par la  
fenêtre  
Mais moi qui veuz fumer pur fairede  
mirages  
  
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette  
  
Je ne veauz pas travailler  
Je veauz fumer.

My room has the form of a cage  
the sun passes its arms through the  
window  
But I want to make smoke for the  
same of making the smoke  
images  
I light with the fire of the day my  
cigarette  
I do not want to work  
I want to smoke

## Fagnes de Wallonie Walloon moorlands

Tante de tristesse plenières Prirent mon coer auz fagnes désolées Quand las j'ai reposé	So much sadness overwhelming took ove rmy heart on the moors desolate when weary I rested among the fir-trees
dans le sapinières Le poids des kilomètres pendant que râlait le vant d'ouest J'avais quitté le joli boi Les écureuils u sont restés Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages Au ciel Qui restait pur obstinément Je n'ai confie aucun secret sinon une chanson énigmatique Aus tourbieres humides Les bruyères fleurant le miel Attiraient les abeilles Et mes pieds endoloris	the wrights of the kilometers while there moaned the wind of the west I had left the pretty woods the squirrels have remained there my pope tried to make counds in the sky which remailed clear obstinately I did not convide any secret except an engimatic song to the peat bog damp the heather fragrant with honey attracted the bees and my feet aching trod the bilberries and the blueberries
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles Tandrement mariée Nord Nord La vie s'y tord En arbes forts Et tors La vie y mord La mort À belles dents Quand bruit le vant	tenderly brought together north, north there life itself twists in the trees strong and gnarled there life bits the death with strong teeth when howls the wind

## Voyage à Paris Trip to Paris

Ah! la charmante chose Quitter un pays morose Pour Paris Paris joli Qu'un jour dut créer L'Amour .	Ah, the charming thing to leave a place so gloomy for Paris! Paris lovely, one upon a time must have created the love.
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## Sanglots Sobs

Notre amour est réglé par les  
calmes étoiles  
or nous avons qu'en nous beaucoup  
d'hommes despirent  
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un  
soud nos fronts  
C'est la chanson des rêveurs  
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur  
Et le portaient dans la main droite  
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous  
ces souvenirs  
Des marins qui chantaient comme  
des conquérants  
Des gouffres de Thulé des tentres  
cieuz d'Ophir  
Des malades Maudits de ceus qui  
fuient leur ombre  
Et du retrour joyeuz des heureuz  
émigrants  
De ce coer il coulait du song  
Et le rêveur allait pensant  
À sa blessure délicate  
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces  
causes  
Et douloureuse et nous disait  
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes  
  
Mon pauvre coer mon coer brisé  
Pareil au coer de tous le hommes  
  
voici voice nos mains que la vie fit  
esclaves  
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout  
comme  
st mort d'amour et le voice  
Ansi vont toutes choses  
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi  
En rien ne sera libre jusqu'a la fin de  
temps  
Laissons tout aux morts  
Et cachons nos sanglots

Our love is ruled by the stars calm  
now we know that within us many  
people breahthe  
who came from far off and are one  
under our brows  
It is the song of dreamers  
who have torn out their heart  
and it carry in the hand right  
remember dear pride all these  
memories  
of the silors who sang line the  
conquerors  
of the chasms of Thule of the soft  
skies of Ophir  
or the sick ones accursed of those  
who fled their shaddows  
and of the return joyous of the  
happy emigrants  
of this heart and ran with blood  
and the dreamer went on thinking  
of this wound delicate  
you will not break the chain of  
these causes  
and painful and to us said  
which are the effects of other  
causes  
my pour heart my heart broken  
is similar to the hearts of all the  
men  
here here our hands which life has  
enslaved  
has died of love or so it seems  
has died of love and it is here  
so goes all things  
tear out then yours also  
and nothing will be free until the  
end of time  
let us leave all to the dead  
and let us hid our sobs