5-5-2013

Graduate Recital: Kailey Pulos, mezzo-soprano

Kailey Pulos

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Graduate Recital:
Kailey Pulos, mezzo-soprano
Richard Montgomery, piano
Stephanie Dumais, flute
Pan Yan, cello
Mengchun Yang, soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday May 5th, 2013
1:00 pm
Program

Liebestreu
Dein blaues Auge
Meine Liebe ist grün
Von ewiger Liebe

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Chansons madécasses
Nahandove
Aoua!
Il est doux

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Stephanie Dumais, flute
Pan Yan, cello

Intermission

Seis canciones castellanas
Allá arriba, en aquella montaña
¡Sereno!
Llámale con el pañuelo
No quiero tus avellanas
¡Como quieres que adivine!
Mañanita de San Juan

Jesús Guridi
(1886-1961)

Act I, Scene II Duet
from The Merry Wives of Windsor
Mengchun Yang, soprano

Otto Nicolai
(1810-1849)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Master of Music in Vocal Performance. Kailey Pulos is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.
Translations

**Liebestreu**
**Love’s Constancy**

"Oh sink, oh sink your sorrow, my child,
In the sea, in the deep sea!"
A stone indeed stays on the ocean’s bottom,
My sorrow, though, always comes to the surface.
"And the love that you carry in your heart,
Pluck it out, pluck it out, my child!"
If the flower also dies when one plucks it off,
True love dies not so swiftly.
"And the fidelity, and the fidelity, it was only a word,
Into the wind, throw it away!"
Oh, Mother, even if the rock splinters in the wind,
My constancy withstands it.

"O versenk’, o versenk’ dein Lied, mein Kind,
in die See, in die tiefe See!"
Ein Stein wohl bleibt auf des Meeres Grund,
mein Leid kommt stets in die Höh’.
"Und die Lieb’, die du im Herzen trägst,
brich sie ab, brich sie ab, mein Kind!"
Ob die Blum’ auch stirbt, wenn man sie bricht,
treue Lieb’ nicht so geschwind.
"Und die Treu’, und die Treu’, ‘swar nur ein Wort,
in den Wind damit hin aus!"
O Mutter, und splittert der Fels auch im Wind,
meine Treue, die hält ihn aus.

**Dein blaues Auge**

Your blue eyes hold so still,
I look to the reason.
You ask me, what do I want to see?
I see myself healthy.
A glowing pair burned me once,
The scar still hurts, still hurts:
But yours are like the sea so clear,
And like the sea, so cool.

Dein blaues Auge hält so still,
ich blikke bis zum Grund.
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?
Ich sehe mich gesund.
Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
noch schmerzt, noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl:
das deine ist wie See so klar,
und wie ein See so kühl.

**Meine Liebe ist grün**

My love is green like the lilac bush,
and my love is beautiful like the sun,
which gleams down on the lilac bush
and fills it with fragrance and bliss.
My soul has the wings of the nightingale
and rocks itself in the blossoming lilac,
and rejoices and sings from intoxicating fragrance
many love-drunk songs.

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch,
und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne,
die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.
Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall,
und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder,
und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
viel liebestrunkene Lieder.
Dark, how dark it is in forest and in field! It is already night; the world is now silent. Nowhere a light and nowhere still smoke, yes, and the lark is silent now also. Comes from the village the lad out, accompanying his beloved home, he leads her past the willow grove, talking so much, and of so many things: "If you are grieving and suffer shame, if you are suffering disgrace before others because of me, let our love be ended as quickly, as quickly as we were once united in it; Depart with the rain and depart with the wind, as quickly as we were once united." Says the maiden, the maiden says, "Our love, they separated it not! Steel is firm and iron even more, our love is firmer still. Iron and steel can be remade into something else, but who would transform our love? Iron and steel can melt; Our love, our love will have to last forever!"

Nahandove, o beautiful Nahandove! The nocturnal bird has begun its cries, the full moon shines on my head, and the dew just forming moistens my hair; it is the hour: who can be delaying you, Nahandove, o beautiful Nahandove? The bed of leaves is prepared; I have strewn it with flowers and fragrant herbs, it is worthy of your charms, Nahandove, o beautiful Nahandove! She comes. I recognize her breathing, quickened by her rapid walk; I hear the rustling of the cloth that covers her;
it is she, it is Nahandove, beautiful Nahandove!
Get back your breath, my little love; rest on my lap.
How your look is bewitching, how the movement of your breast is alive
and delicious under the hand which presses it!
You smile, Nahandove, o beautiful Nahandove!
Your kisses penetrate down to the my soul;
your caresses burn all my senses: stop, or I am going to die.
Can one die of delight, Nahandove, o beautiful Nahandove?
Pleasure passes like a flash of lightning;
your sweet breath becomes weaker,
your moist eyes close again,
your head falls gently forward,
and your ecstasy dies, giving way to languor.
Never have you been so beautiful, Nahandove, o beautiful Nahandove!
You leave, and I shall languish in regrets and desire.
I shall languish until evening;
you will come back this evening, Nahandove, o beautiful Nahandove!

Aoua!

Aoua! Aoua! Beware of white men, dwellers of the shore.
In the times of our fathers, whites landed on to this island;
we said to them: here is land,
let your women cultivate it;
be just, be kind,
and become our brothers.
The white men made promises,
but they made entrenchments also.
A menacing fort was built;
thunder was stored
in muzzles of cannons;
their priests wanted to give us a God we did not know;
they spoke finally of obedience and slavery.
Rather death!
The carnage was long and terrible;
but despirit the lightening they

Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs, habitants du rivage.
Du temps de nos pères, des blancs descendent dans cette île;
on leur dit: Voilà des terres,
que vos femmes les cultivent.
Soyez justes, soyez bons,
et devenez nos frères.
Les blancs promirent, et cependant ils faisaient des retranchements.
Un fort menaçant s'éleva;
le tonnerre fut renfermé dans dess bouches d'airain;
leurs prêtres voulaient nous donner un Dieu que nous ne connaissons pas;
ils parlèrent enfin d'obéissance et d'esclavage:
Plutôt la mort!
Le carnage fut long et terrible;
mais, malgré la foudre qu'ils
and which wiped out entire armies, they were all exterminated. 
Aoua! Aoua! Beware of white men. We saw new tyrants, stronger and more numerous, setting up tents on the shore: heaven fought for us; it made rain fall on them, storms and poisonous winds. They are no more, and we live, we live free. Aoua! Aoua! Beware of white men, dwellers of the shore.

Il est doux

It is sweet to lie during the heat beneath a leafy tree, and wait for the coolness of the evening wind. Women, approach. While I rest here beneath a leafy tree, fill my ears with your accents drawled. Repeat the song of the young girl, when her fingers braid the mat, or when seated next to the rice, she chases away the birds. Song pleases my soul; dance is for me almost as sweet as a kiss. Let your steps be slow, let them imitate the gestures of pleasure and the abandon of passion. The evening breeze rises; the moon begins to shine through the trees on the mountain. Go, and prepare the meal.

Allá arriba, en aquella montaña

High up on that mountain, I picked a cane, I picked a carnation. A farmer, my love must be a farmer. I do not want a miller who places me in his mill. I want a farmer
who will take his donkey and go ploughing
and who will come courting at midnight.
Enter, farmer, if you come to see me.
If you come to see me, enter through the courtyard,
climb up the orange tree in order to be sure.
Enter, farmer, if you come to see me.

Nightwatchman!
There is a man in my house who is sleeping in his coat.
In his hand he is holding a watch and a silver dagger.
Oh, nightwatchman, this man is killing me.

¡Sereno!

There is a man in my house who is sleeping in his coat.
En mi casa hay un hombre durmiendo con un capotón.

Llámame con el pañuelo

Wave to him with your scarf,
receive him with honor and pride.
Toss your rosette over his shoulder.
Tease him, entice him.
Torero, cast your cloak,
Torero, fling your cape;
Do not let the bull seize you,
do not let the bull catch you.
Young men, if you go to the bulls,
do not take a cape to them,
because bulls are very hostile
and many Toreros get killed by them.

No quiero tus avellanas

I do not want your hazelnuts,
nor your gillyflowers,
because the words which you spoke
now ring empty.
Your words return as water
back to its source,
and since they were words of love,
they take the current with them.
They take the current
of the crystal-clear water with them
until they arrive at its source,
where you gave me your word,
where you gave me your word
that you would be mine until death.

¡Ay, sereno, este hombre me mata!

Llámame con el pañuelo,
llámame con garbo y modo.
Echale la escarapela al otro lado del lomo.

Llámame majo al toro.
Torero, tira la capa,
Torero, tira el capote;
Mira que el toro te pilla,
mira que el toro te coge.
Majo, si vas a los toros,
no lleves capa pa torear;
que son los toros muy bravos
y a algún torero le van a matar.

No quiero tus avellanas,
tampoco tus alelías,
porque me han salido vanas las palabras
que me diste.
Las palabras que me diste yendo
por agua a la fuente,
como eran palabras de amor
se las llevó la corriente.
Se las llevó la corriente
de las cristalinas aquas
hasta llegar a la fuente
donde me diste palabra,
donde me diste palabra
de ser mía hasta la muerte.
¡Cómo quieres que adivine!

Why do you want me to guess if you are awake or sleeping, when no angel from heaven will come down and tell me?
Joy and more joy, my pretty dove, when you become mine, when you finally are mine, my pretty dove, my bouquet. When I go up to the mountain to fetch wood, oh, my love, and when I am caught in a thicket and see the white snow, oh, love, at those moments I think of your beauty. For only a moment, I would like to be the earring that you wear, so that I could whisper into your ear that which burns in my heart. For only a moment I would like...

to see which star is shining for me. A tiny light is following me, oh, my love. It is very delicate, but very bright.

Mañanita de San Juan

In the morning in San Juan, you will rise early and you will see in the window a little of the mint. That white dove that picks the leaves, perhaps I will catch it there, yes, I will catch it there. If I grasp it by its beak, it is nevertheless able to escape through my legs. Boy, go to the arbor, for the night is serene and the music resounds in the depths of the sea.