

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

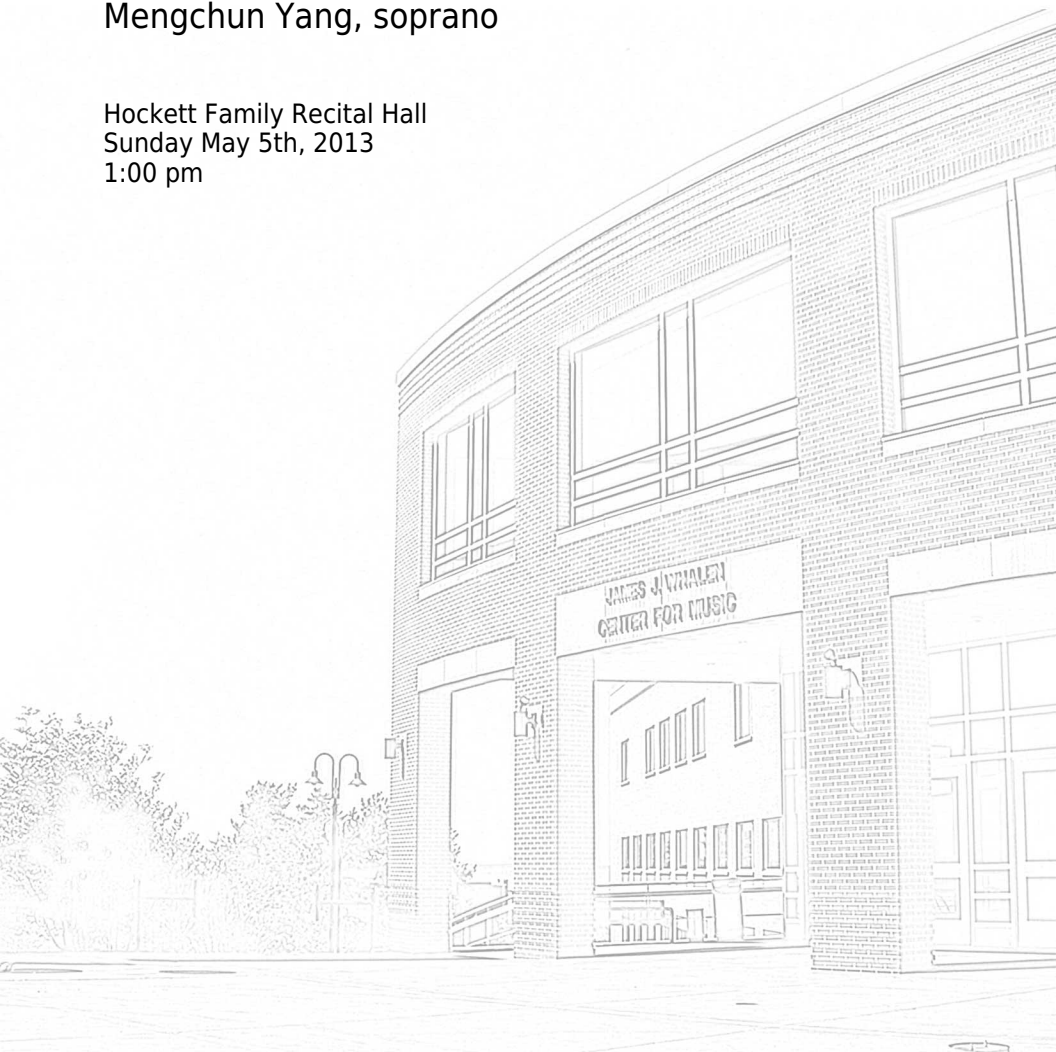
Pan Yan, cello

Mengchun Yang, soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall

Sunday May 5th, 2013

1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

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
¡Serenos!
Lámale 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.
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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 blicke 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.
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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 liebestrunzene Lieder.
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Von ewiger Liebe Of Eternal Love

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!"

Dunkel, wie Dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die
Welt.

Nirgend noch licht und nirgend noch
Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun
auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche
heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

"Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du
dich,

Leidest du Schmach von andern um
mich,

Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.

Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit
Wind,

Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind."
Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein
spricht:

"Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar
sehr,

Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,

Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"

Nahandove

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,
quickenened by her rapid walk;

I hear the rustling of the cloth that
covers her;

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!
L'oiseau nocturne a commencé ses cris,
la pleine lune brille sur ma tête,
et la rosée naissante humecte me
cheveux.

Voici l'heure: qui peut t'arrêter,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!
Le lit de feuilles est préparé;
je l'ai parsemé de fleurs et d'herbes
odoriférantes;

il est digne de tes charmes.
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!
Elle vient. J'ai reconnu la respiration
précipitée que donne une marche
rapide;

j'entends le froissement de la pagne qui
l'enveloppe;

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
lightening;
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!

c'est elle, c'est Nahandove, la belle
Nahandove!
Reprends haleine, ma jeune amie;
repose-toi sur mes genoux.
Que ton regard est enchanteur!
Que le mouvement de ton sein et vif
et délicieux sous la main que le presse!
Tu souris, Nahandove, ô belle
Nahandove!
Tes baisers pénètrent jusqu'à l'âme;
tes caresses brûlent tous mes sens;
arrête, ou, je vais mourir.
Meurt-on de volupté,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove?
Le plaisir passe comme un éclair.
Ta douce haleine s'affaiblit,
tes yeux humides se referment,
ta tête se penche mollement,
et tes transports s'éteignent dans la
languueur.
Jamais tu ne fus si belle,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!
Tu pars, et je vais languir
dans les regrets et les désirs.
Je languirai jusqu'au soir.
Tu reviendras ce soir,
Nahandove, ô belle 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 despite the lightening they

Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs,
habitants du rivage.
Du temps de nos pères,
des blancs descendirent 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 des bouches d'airain;
leurs prêtres voulurent 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

vomited,
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.

vomissaient,
et qui écrasait des armées entières,
ils furent tous exterminés.
Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs!
Nous avons vu de nouveaux tyrans,
plus forts et plus nombreux,
planter leur pavillon sur le rivage:
le ciel a combattu pour nous;
il a fait tomber sur eux les pluies,
les tempêtes et les vents empoisonnés.
Ils ne sont plus, et nous vivons,
et nous vivons libres.
Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs,
habitants du rivage.

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.

Il est doux de se coucher, durant la
chaleur,
sous un arbre touffu,
et d'attendre que le vent
du soir amène la fraîcheur.
Femmes, approchez. Tandis que je me
repose ici
sous un arbre touffu,
occupez mon oreille pas vos accents
prolongés.
Répétez la chanson de la jeune fille,
lorsque ses doigts tressent la natte
ou lorsqu'assise auprès du riz,
elle chasse les oiseaux avides.
Le chant plaît à mon âme.
La danse est pour moi presque aussi
douce qu'un baiser.
Que vos pas soient lents;
qu'ils imitent les attitudes du plaisir
et l'abandon de la volupté.
Le vent du soir se lève;
la lune commence à briller au travers
des arbres de la montagne.
Allez, et préparez le repas.

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

Allá arriba, en aquella montaña,
yo corté una caña, yo corté un clavel.
Labrador ha de ser, labrador,
que mi amante lo es.
No le quiero molinero,
que me da con el maquilandero.
Yo le quiero labrador,

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.

que coja las mulas y se vaya a arar
y a la medianoche me venga a rondar.
Entra, labrador, si vienes a verme.
Si vienes a verme, ven por el corral,
sube por el naranjo, que seguro vas.
Entra, labrador, si vienes a verme.

iSeren!

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.

iSeren!
En mi casa hay un hombre durmiendo
con un capotón.
En la mano llevaba un reloj y un puñal
de plata.
¡Ay, sereno, este hombre ma mata!

Llámale 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.

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

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

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.

No quiero tus avellanas,
tampoco tus alielés,
porque me han salido vanas las
palabras
que me diste.
Las palabras que me diste yendo
por aqua 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...
I count the stars, my love,

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

¡Cómo quieres que adivine,
el estás despierta o dormianda,
como no baje del cielo un ángel
y me lo diga!
Alegria y más alegría, hermosa paloma,
quando serás mía!
¡Cuando serás mía, cuando vas a ser,
hermosa paloma, ramito laurel!
Cuando voy por leña al monte,

ole ya, mi niña,
y me meto en la espesura,
y veo la nieve blanca,
ole ya, mi niña,
me acuerdo de tu hermosura.
Quisiera ser por un rato
anillo de tu pendiente,
para decirte al oído
lo que mi corazon siente.
Quisiera ser por un rato...
Las estrellas voy contando, ole ya, mi
niña,
por ver la que me persigue.
Me persigue un lucerito,
ole ya, mi niña,
pequeñito pero firme.

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.

Mañanita de San Juan
levántate temprano
y en la ventana verás
de hierbabuena un poquito.
Aquella paloma blanca
que pica en el arcipiés,
que por dónde la cogeria,
que por dónde la cogereé;
si la cojo por el pico
se me escapa por los pies.

Coge, niña, la enramada,
que la noche está serena
y la música resuena en lo profundo del
mar.