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Senior Recital: Meghan Kelly, soprano

Meghan Kelly

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Senior Recital:
Meghan Kelly, soprano
Kerry Mizrahi, piano
Emily Frederick, violin

Ford Hall
Sunday April 14th, 2013
12:00 pm
Program

First I'll Try Love
from Honey and Rue  
André Previn  
(b. 1929)

Sei Ariette
Malinconia, Nifa gentile
Vanne, o rosa fortunata
Bella Nice, che d'amore
Almen se non poss'io
Per pietá, bell'idol mio
Ma rendi pur contento  
Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

Op. 27
No. 4 Morgen
No. 1 Ruhe Meine Seele
No. 2 Cäcilie  
Richard Strauss  
(1864-1939)

Intermission

Dans la Nuit
Infidélité
L'enamourée
Le Printemps  
Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874-1947)

Three Dickinson Songs
As Imperceptibly as Grief
Will There Really be a Morning?
Good Morning, Midnight  
André Previn  
(b. 1929)

I Want Magic
from A Streetcar Named Desire  
André Previn  
(b. 1929)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance. Meghan Kelly is from the studio of Marc Webster.
Malinconia, Ninfa gentile

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile, la vita mia consacro a te; i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile, ai piacer veri nato non è. Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei; m’udiro alfine, pago io vivrò, né mai quel fonte co’ desir miei, né mai quel monte trapasserò.

Melancholy, gentle nymph, I devote my life to you. One who despises your pleasures is not born to true pleasures. I asked the gods for fountains and hills; They heard me at last; I will live satisfied even though, with my desires, I never go beyond that fountain and mountain.

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 transformarmi un sol momento; non avria più bel contento questo core a sospirar. 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 d’amor.

Go, oh fortunate rose, to rest at Nice's breast and everyone will be compelled to envy your fate. Oh, if I could transform myself into you for a moment, no greater joy would my heart have but to sigh. But you bow scornfully, beautiful fading rose, your face colorless from anger and sorrow. Beautiful rose, it is destined, that we meet the same fate: we shall find death there, you of envy and I of love.

Bella Nice, che d'amore

Bella Nice, che d’amore desti il fremito e il desir, Bella Nice, del mio core dolce speme e sol sospir, Ahi! verrà, né sì lontano, forse a me quel giorno è già, che di morte l’empia mano il mio stame troncherà. Quando in grembo al feral nido peso, ahi! miserò, io sarò, deh, rammenta quanto fido questo cor ognor t’amò. Sul mio cenere tacente se tu spargi allora un fior, Bella Nice, men dolente dell’avel mi fia l’orròr. Non ti chiedo che di pianto venga l’urna mia a bagnar, se sperar potess’io tanto, vorrei subito spirar.

Beautiful Nice, your love caused tembling and desire, ah! Beautiful Nice, in my heart sweet hopes a single sigh, Ah! It will come, not far, maybe for me that day is already here, when death’s pitiless hand will shorten my life. When I am in the womb of this fatal nest, ah! miserable I will be, recall how faithful this heart continues to love you. On my silent ashes if you scatter then a flower, beautiful Nice, less painful the horror of the tomb will be to me. I do not ask that with your tears you would bathe my tomb, if I would even hope for this much I would like soon to die.
Almen se non poss’io

Almen se non poss’io seguir l’amato bene, affetti del cor mio, seguitelo per me.
Già sempre a lui vicino raccolti amor vi tiene e insolito cammino questo per voi non è.

At least if I cannot follow my well beloved, affections of my heart follow close to him for me.
Already you are always near him for love holds you there and this is not unusual for you to be with him.

Per pietà, bell’idol mio

Per pietà, bell’idol mio, non mi dir ch’io sono ingrato; infelice e sventurato abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.
Se fedele a te son io, se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi, sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol, don't tell me that I am ungrateful; unhappy and unlucky enough has heaven made me.
If I am faithful to you, if I'm consumed by your bright eyes, Love knows, the gods know, my heart and your heart know.

Ma rendi pur contento

Ma rendi pur contento della mia bella il core, e ti perdono, amore, se lieto il mio non è.
Gli affanni suoi pavento più degli affanni miei, perché più vivo in lei di quel ch’io vivo in me.

Only make happy the heart of my beautiful, And I will forgive you, Love if my own heart is not glad.
Her sighs I fear more than my own sighs, because I live more in her than I live in myself.

Morgen!
Tomorrow

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen, und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde, wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

And tomorrow the sun will shine again, and on the path I will walk, it will unite us again, the happy ones, upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue waves, we will descend quietly and slowly; we will look silently into each other's gaze and upon us will fall the silence of happiness...
Ruhe meine Seele
Rest my soul

Nicht ein Lüftchen regt sich leise, sanft entschlummert ruht der Hain; durch der Blätter dunkle Hülle stiehlt sich lichter Sonnenschein.

Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele, deine Stürme gingen wild, hast getobt und hast gezittert, wie die Brandung, wenn sie schwillt!

Diese Zeiten sind gewaltig, bringen Herz und Hirn in Not - ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele, und vergiß, was dich bedroht!

Not a breeze is stirring lightly, the wood lies slumbering gently; through the dark cover of leaves steals bright sunshine.

Rest, rest, my soul, your storms have gone wild, you have raged and have trembled like the surf when it breaks!

These times are powerful, bringing torment to heart and mind; rest, rest, my soul, and forget what is threatening you!

Cäcilie
Cecilia

Wenn du es wüßtest, was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen, von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten, Aug in Auge, und kosennd und plaudernd, wenn du es wüßtest, du neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüßtest, was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten, umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet Milden Mundes die kämpfmüde Seele, wenn du es wüßtest, du kämst zu mir.

Wenn du es wüßtest, was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit Weltschaffendem Atem, zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen, zu seligen Höhen, wenn du es wüßtest, du lebtest mit mir!

If you only knew what it's like to dream of burning kisses, of wandering and resting with one's beloved, eye turned to eye, and cuddling and chatting - if you only knew, you would incline your heart to me!

If you only knew what it's like to feel dread on lonely nights, surrounded by a raging storm, while no one comforts with a mild voice your struggle-weary soul - if you only knew, you would come to me.

If you only knew what it's like to live, surrounded by God's world-creating breath, to float up, carried by the light, to blessed heights - if you only knew, then you would live with me!
Dans la nuit
In the night

Quand je viendrai m'asseoir dans le vent, dans la nuit, Au bout du rocher solitaire,
Quand je n'entendrai plus, en t'écoutant, le bruit Que fait mon cœur sur cette terre, Ne te contente pas, Océan, de jeter Sur mon visage un peu d'écume!
D'un coup de lame alors il te faut m'emporter Pour dormir dans ton amertume!

When I come and sit in the wind, in the night, at the edge of the solitary rock,
when I no longer hear, listening to you, the sound my heart makes on this earth, do not be satisfied, ocean, to toss on my face a little foam!

With the swipe of a wave you must then carry me away to sleep in your bitterness!

Infidélité
Infidelity

Voici l'orme qui balance son ombre sur le sentier: Voici le jeune églantier, le bois où dort le silence. Le banc de pierre où le soir nous aimions à nous asseoir.
Voici la voûte embaumée D'ébéniers et de lilas, Où, lorsque nous étions las, Ensemble, ma bien aimée!
Sous des guirlandes de fleurs, nous laissions fuir les chaleurs. L'air est pur, le gazon doux... Rien n'a donc changé que vous.

Here is an elm that sways its shadow on the path: Here is the young wild rose, the woods where silence sleeps; the stone bench where, at evening, we would love to sit.
Here is the fragrant canopy of ebony and lilac trees, where, when we were tired, together, my beloved!

Beneath garlands of flowers, we would let the heat waft by! The air is pure, soft the grass... Nothing has changed but you.
L’énamourée
The enamored

Ils se disent, ma colombe, Que tu rêves, morte encore, Sous la pierre d’une tombe:
Mai’s pour l’âme qui t’adore tu t’éveilles ranimée, Ô pensive bien-aimée!
Par les blanches nuits d’étoiles, dans la brise qui murmure, je caresse tes longs voiles, ta mouvante chevelure, et tes ailes demi-closes qui voltigent sur les roses.
Ô délices! je respire tes divines tresses blondes; ta voix pure, cette lyre, suit la vague sur les ondes, et, suave, les effleure, Comme un cygne qui se pleure!

Le Printemps
Spring

Te voilà, rire du Printemps! Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent. Les amantes, qui te chérissent délivrent leurs cheveux flottants.
Sous les rayons d’or éclatants les anciens lierres se flétrissent. Te voilà, rire du Printemps! Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent. Couchons-nous au bord des étangs, que nos maux amers se guérissent!
Mille espoirs fabuleux nourrissent nos coeurs émus et palpitants. Te voilà, rire du Printemps!

If they say, my dove, that you dream while still dead beneath the headstone of a grave:
but you awaken, revived, for the soul that adores you, oh pensive beloved!
Through the sleepless nights with stars, in the murmuring breeze, I caress your long veils, your flowing hair and your half-closed wings which flutter among the roses.
Oh delights! I breathe your divine blonde tresses! Your pure voice, a kind of lyre, follows the swell of the waters and touches them gently, suavely, like a lamenting swan!

You are here, laughter of spring!
The sprays of lilacs are blooming. The lovers, who you cherish loosen their flowing hair.
Beneath the beams of glistening gold the ancient ivy withers. You are here, laughter of Spring! The sprays of lilacs are blooming. Let us lie beside the ponds, that our bitter wounds may heal!
A thousand fantastic hopes nourish our hearts touched and beating. You are here, laughter of spring!
Upcoming Events

April

14 - Ford - 4:00pm - Lincoln Center Preview Concert (*This concert will be web streamed live at http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
15 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble
16 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band (*This concert will be web streamed live at http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
17 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Opera Workshop
17 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band (*This concert will be web streamed live at http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
18 - Hockett - 9:00pm - Piano Ensemble
22 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Woodwind Chamber Ensemble
22 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab; Will Tiberio, director
23 - Ford - 7:00pm - Sinfonietta (*This concert will be web streamed live at http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
23 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Flute Choir
24 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Recital: Nathan Hess, piano
25 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Piano/String Ensembles
25 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Improv Ensemble
26 - Ford - 8:15pm - Women’s Chorale (*This concert will be web streamed live at http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
26 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Guitar Ensembles
27 - Ford - 1:00pm - Campus Band and Campus Jazz Ensemble (*This concert will be web streamed live at http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
27 - Ford - 8:15pm - Choir and Madrigals
28 - Ford - 4:00pm - Chamber Orchestra/Chorus
29 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab; Greg Evans, director
30 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano/Vocal Duos
30 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble