

5-23-2012

Junior Recital: Jaime Guyon, soprano

Jamie Guyon

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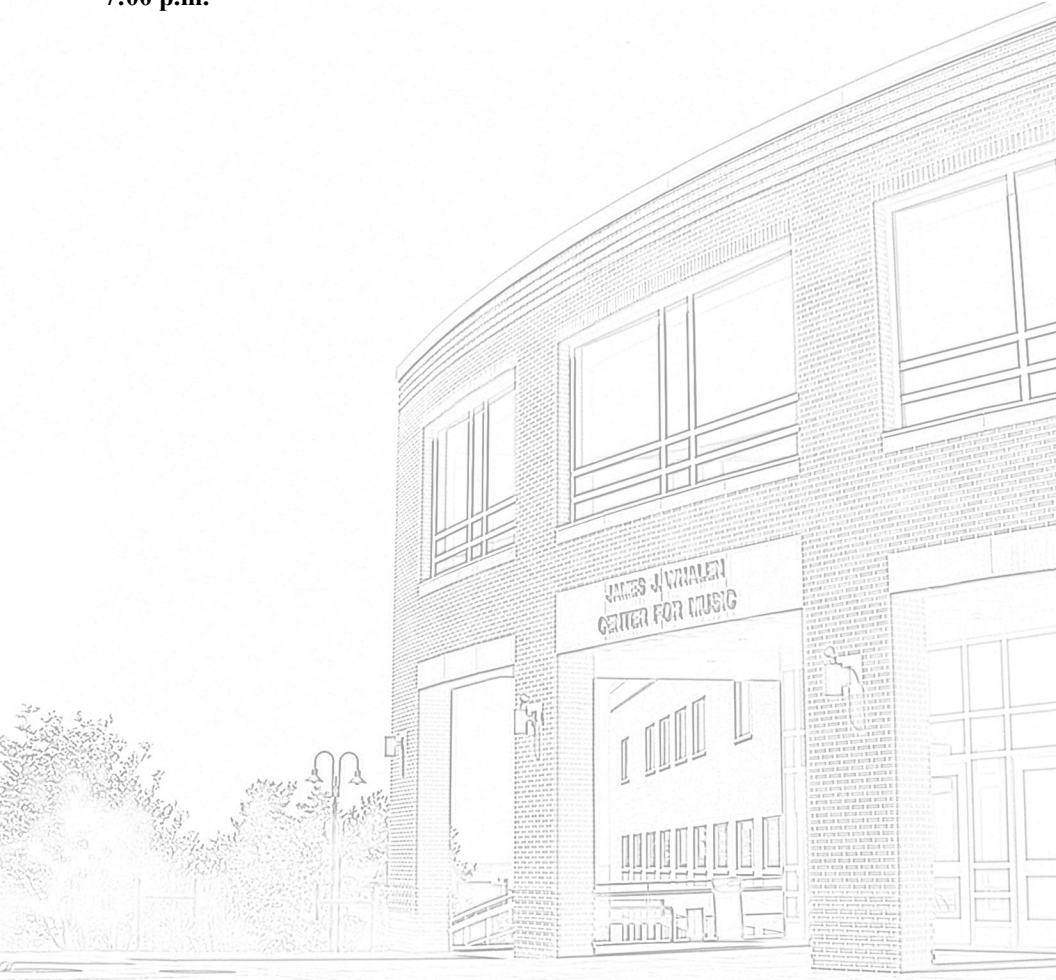
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**Junior Recital:
Jaime Guyon, soprano**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Wednesday, May 23, 2012
7:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Gloria, RV. 589

III. Laudamus te

VI. Domine Deus

Antonio Vivaldi

(1678-1741)

Shaylyn Gibson, soprano

L'indifferent

Violon

L'invitation au voyage

Adieu

Maurice Ravel

(1875-1937)

Francis Poulenc

(1899-1963)

Henri Duparc

(1848-1933)

Gabriel Faure

(1845-1924)

Quando men vo soletta

Giacomo Puccini

(1858-1924)

Intermission

Geheimnis

Botschaft

Ständchen

Die Mainacht

Johannes Brahms

(1833-1897)

Anon in Love

Fain, I would change

O stay, sweet love

Lady, when I behold the roses

My love in her attire

William Walton

(1902-1983)

Translations

III. Laudamus te

Laudamus te.
Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te.
Glorificamus te.

We praise thee.
We bless thee.
We worship thee.
We glorify thee.

VI. Domine Deus

Domine Deus,
Rex coelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.

Lord God,
King of heaven,
God Father Almighty.

L'indifferent

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux
d'une fille,
Jeune étranger, et la courbe fine de
ton beau visage de duvet ombragé,
Est plus séduisante encor de ligne.

Ta levre chante sur le as de ma porte
Une langue inconnue et charmante,
Comme une musique fausse.
Entre! Et que mon vin te
réconforte...

Mais non, tu passe,
Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner,
Me faisant un dernier geste avec
grâce.
Et la hanche légèrement ployée
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse...

The Indifferent

Your eyes are gentle like those of a
girl,
young stranger, and the delicate
curve
of your down-shaded, handsome
face

has all the more seductive a line.
Your lip sings on the sill of my door
a language unknown and charming,
like a false music.

Enter! And refresh my wine...
But, no, you pass,
and from my doorway I see you
move away,
making a final gesture with grace,
and the hips lightly rocking,
your gait feminine and languid...

Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents
méconnus
Le violon et son jouer sur me
plaisent.
Ah! J'aime ces gémissements
tendus
sur la cordes des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des
pendus.
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le coeur en forme de fraise
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit
inconnu.

L'invitation

Mon enfant, ma soeur, songe à la
douceur
D'aller làbas vivre ensemble,
aimer à loisir, aimer et mourir
au pays qui te ressemble.
Le soleils mouillés de ces ciels
brouillés,
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes si
mystérieux
de tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.
Là tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,

Luxe, calme et volupté

Vois sur ces canaux dormir ces
vaisseaux,
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir ton moindre
désir,
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants, revêtent les
champs,

Violin

Amorous couple of accents
unfamiliar;
The violin and its player please me.

Ah! I love these drawn out wails
on uneasy chords.
The chords hang on the cords

in the hour where the laws are silent.
The heart, formed like a strawberry
offers itself to love like an unknown
fruit.

The Invitation

My child, my sister, dream of the
sweetness
of going to live there together!
To love in leisure, to love and to die
in country that is like you.
The suns are watery in the hazy
skies
for my spirits have the charms

as mysterious as your traitorous eyes
shining through their tears.
There we find nothing but order and
beauty,
abundance, calm and sensual
delight.

See on those canals,

the sleeping vessels whose nature it
is to roam;
it is to fulfill your slightest desire

they have come from the ends of the
earth.
The suns setting cover the fields,

Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or; le monde s'en
dort dans une chause lumière!
Là tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté

the canals, the town entirely with
hyacinth and with gold.
The world falls asleep in a warm
light.
There we find nothing but order and
beauty,
abundance, calm and sensual
delight.

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
déclose,
et les frais manteaux diaprés des prés;

Les longs soupir, les bien-aimées,
fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger
changer plus vite que les flots des
grèves, nos rêves!

Plus vite que le givre en fleurs, no
coeurs!

A vous l'on se croyait fidèle,
cruelle,

mais hélas! les plus longs amours
sont courts!

Et je dis en quittant vos charmes, san
larmes,
presqu'au moment de mon aveu,

Adieu!

Farewell

How quickly everything dies, the
rose unclases,
And the fresh colored mantles of the
meadows;

the long sighs, the beloved ones,
disappear in smoke!

We see, in this fickle world change,
faster than the waves at the shores,
our dreams!

Faster than dew on flowers, our
hearts!

One believed in being faithful to you,
cruel one,

But alas, the longest loves are short!

And I say, leaving your charms,
without tears,

Almost at the moment of my
confession,

Farewell!

Quando men vo soletta

Quando m'en vo soletta per la via,
la gente sosta e mira,
e la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me,
da capo a pie'.

Ed assaporo allor la bramosia sottil,
che da gli occhi traspira
e dai palesi vezzi intender sa alle
occulte beltà.

Così l'effluvio del desio tutta
m'aggira felice mi fa!

E tu che sai, che memori e ti stuggi
da me tanto rifuggi?

So ben: le angoscie tue non le vuoi
dir,
ma ti senti morir!

When I walk along the street,
the people stop and stare,
and the beauty that is mine is
examined from my head to my
feet.

And I savor the subtle desire,
which emanates from their eyes
and can understand the hidden
beauties of my obvious charm.

Thus the scent of desire surrounds
me and makes me happy!

And you who know, who remember,
and you who suffer refuse me?

I know well: your anguish though
you don't want to admit it,
makes you feel as if you're dying!

Geheimnis

O Frühlingsabenddämmerrung! O
laues, lindes Weh'n!

Ihr Blütenbäume, sprecht was tut ihr
so zusammenstehn?

Vertraut ihr das Geheimnis euch von
unsrer Liebe süß?

Was flüstert ihr einander zu von
unsrer Liebe süß?

Secret

Oh the twilight of a spring evening!
Oh mild, gentle breezes!

You blossoming trees, why are you
standing so close together?

Do you share secrets with one
another of our sweet love?

What do you whisper to one another
of our sweet love?

Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich um
die Wange der Geliebten,

spiele zart in ihrer Locke, eile nicht,
hinwegzuflich'n!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage, wie
es um mich Armern stehe sprich:

„Unendlich war sein Wehe, höchst
bedenklich seine Lage;

aber jetzo kann er hoffen, wider
herrlich aufzuleben, denn du
Holde, denkst an ihn”.

Message

Waft, little breeze, gently and
lovingly about the cheeks of my
beloved;

Play gently in her locks, hasten not!

She then asks the question, “How is
it, with the poor one;”

Say: “Unending was his pain, highly
critical his condition;

but now he can hope again
wonderfully to revive, for you,
lovely one, are thinking of him.”

Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem Berge, so
recht für verliebte Leut;
im Garten rieselt ein Brunen, sonst
Stille weit und breit.
Neben der Mauer im Schatten, da
steh'n der Studenten drei
mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither, und
singen un spielen dabei.
Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
sacht in den Traum hinein,
sie schaut den blonden Gebliebten
und lispelt: „vergiss nicht mein!"

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch die
Gesträuche blinkt,
und sein schlummerndes Licht über
den Rasen streut,
und die Nachtigall flötet, wand'lich
traurig von Busch zu Busch.
Überhüllet vom Laub girret ein
Taubenpaar sein Entzükken mir
vor;
aber ich wende mich, suche dunklere
Schatten, und die einsame Träne
rinnt.
Wann, o lächeludes Bild, welches
wie Morgenrot durch die Seele mir
stralt,
find ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne bebt mir
heißer die Wang herab.

Serenade

The moon stands over the mountain,
so fitting for people in love.
In the garden ripples a fountain;
otherwise, stillness far and wide.
Next to the wall, in the shadows,
there stand three students:
With flute and violin and zither, they
sing and play there.
The sounds steal to the loveliest one,
gently entering into her dream.
She sees her blond lover and
whispers: "Forget me not!"

May Night

When the silver moon gleams
through the shrubs,
and its slumbering light scatters over
the grass,
and the nightingale sings, I roam
sadly from bush to bush.
Covered over with foliage coos a
pair of doves in delight,
But I turn away to seek darker
shadows, and a single tear runs
down my face.
When, oh smiling image, that like
the dawn shining through my soul,
When shall I find you on earth?
And the lonely tear trembles ever
more hotly down my cheek.

Fain would I change

Fain would I change that note to which fond Love hath charm'd me,
Long, long to sing by rote, fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come,
'Love is the perfect sum of all delight',
I have no other choice, wither for pen or voice to sing or write.
O Love, they wrong thee much that say thy fruit is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such as nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss where truest pleasure is, I do adore thee
I know thee what thou art, I serve thee with my heart, and fall before thee.
I do adore thee.

O stay, sweet love

O stay, sweet love; see here the place of sporting;
These gentle flowers smile sweetly to invite us,
and chirping birds are hitherward resorting,
Warbling sweet notes only to delight us:
Then stay, dear love, for, tho' thou run from me,
Run ne'er so fast, run ne'er so fast, yet I will follow thee.
I thought, my love, that I should overtake you;
Sweet heart, sit down under this shadow'd tree,
And I, I will promise never, never, to forsake you,
So you will grant to me a lover's fee.
Whereat she smiled, and kindly to me said-
I never meant, I never meant to live and die a maid.

Lady, when I behold the roses

Lady when I behold the roses sprouting, which clad in damask mantles deck
the arbours,
And then behold your lips where sweet love harbours,
My eyes present me with a double doubting:
For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
whether the roses be your lips or your lips the roses.

My love in her attire

My love in her attire doth show her wit, it doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit, for winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty she doth miss when all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is when all her robes are gone.