

9-11-2012

## Faculty Recital: Jennifer Kay, mezzo-soprano

Jennifer Kay

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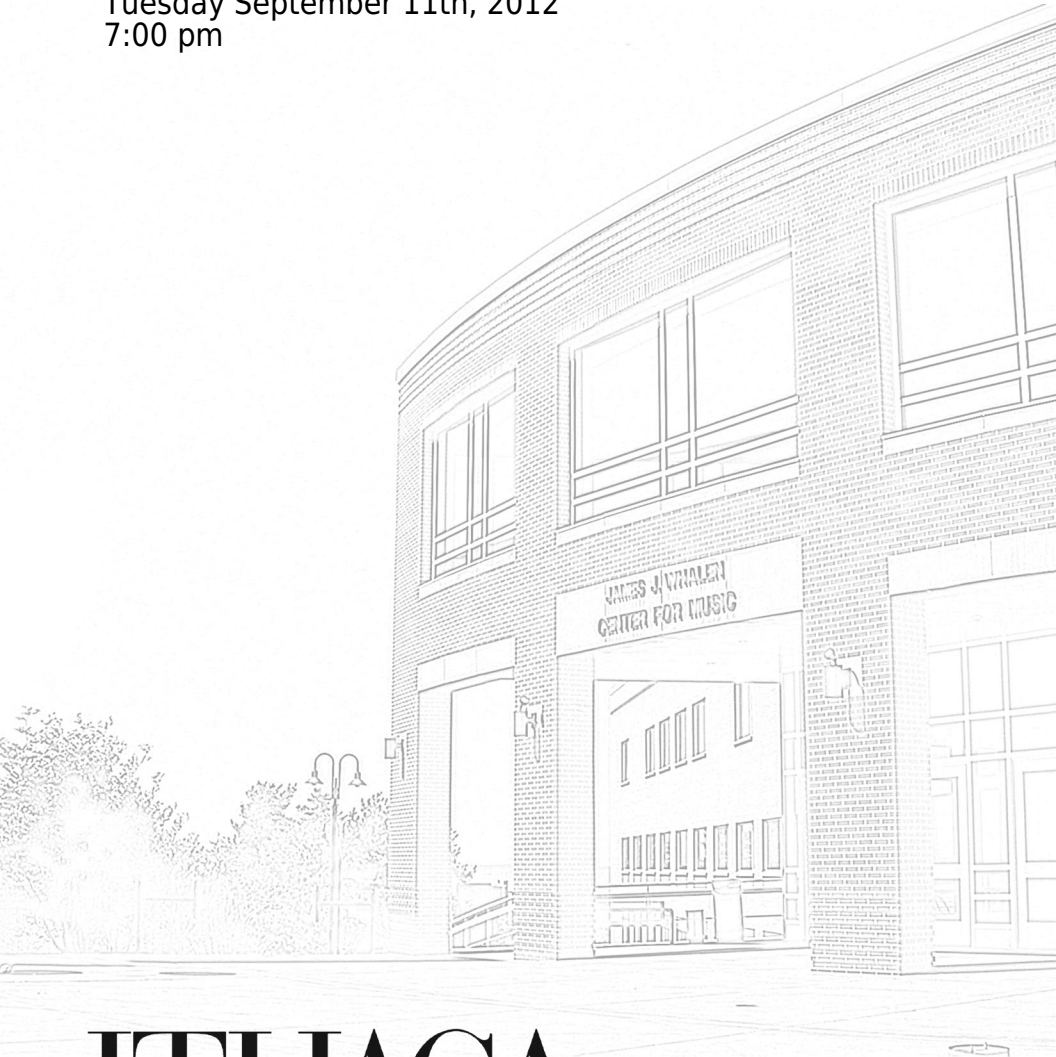
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**Faculty Recital:**  
Jennifer Kay, mezzo-soprano

Blaise Bryski, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Tuesday September 11th, 2012  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA**  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

## Program

Mots d'amour  
Ronde d'amour  
Vien! Mon bien aimé!  
L'amour captif  
Attente

Cécile Chaminade  
(1857-1944)

Das Mädchen spricht  
Der Jäger  
Wir wandelten  
Es träumte mir  
Meine Liebe ist grün

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

## Intermission

Writing  
Lovers How They Come And Part  
Wounded Cupid  
Upon Love  
To Music

David Sisco  
(b.1975)

Allá arriba en aquella montana  
Cómo quieres que adivine  
Mañanita de San Juan

Jesús Guridi  
(1886-1961)

## Translations

### **Mots d'amour - Words of Love**

When I address you with spent words, it is their sadness, that makes up their charms! They stammer, and it is enough, the words have tears.

When I address you with wild words, they burn my heart and lips, your being is caught up in their blaze, the words have fervour.

But whatever they may be, the divine words, the only words that women really hear, in their sighs or in their sobs, the words have souls.

### **Ronde d'amour - Love's Roundelay**

Ah! If love could take root, I should plant it in my garden so that my dear little neighbor, smelling the dangerous flower, would suddenly feel her heart beating. Ah! If love could take root, I should plant it in my garden.

I should plant it along the roadside, I should put it there for all men and women, I should put enough for everyone, and I should lie in wait for someone to pass by. Ah! I should plant it along the roadside, I should put enough for everyone.

The boys would pick the plant, the girls would smile more broadly; with gentle passion, their fingers entwined, their voices trembling, they would kiss each other's eyes. The boys would pick the plant, the girls would smile more broadly.

Ah! If love could take root, I should plant it in my garden.

## **Viens! Mon bien aimé! - Come, my Beloved!**

Summer days will soon be with us, now that the warmth of April is here! Afrisson of love passes through me: come, my beloved!

They are gone, the long, gloomy evenings, and already the scented garden is filling with birds and roses: come my beloved!

O sun, I have felt my heart aflame with your burning intensity, and your caress is more passionate still: come my beloved!

Everything falls silent, and the distant sky is scattered with millions of stars, when night casts her veils upon us: come, my beloved!

## **L'amour captif - Love Held Captive**

My darling, I have tied Love's wings: he will no longer be able to fly away or leave our two faithful hearts. With a soft and tidy knot made from your golden hair, my darling, I have tied Love's wings.

Dearest, for all Love's capricious nature, I have tamed his flighty desires: he follows every law that your eyes lay down, and I have finally made Love a slave, my dearest! For all Love's capricious nature!

My own, I have tied Love's wings. Out of pity let his fiery lips brush your rebellious lips now and then, and smile a little on this gentle prisoner; my own, I have tied Love's wings.

## **Attente - Waiting**

I do not know what I dream of since you are no longer here. I wander, melancholy and alone, without ceasing, like an exile.

Sunlight follows shade, night follows day: but I remain ever gloomy with my unfathomable love.

Sometimes, in a fever, I listen, thinking I hear your footsteps, your little steps on the road suddenly just breaking the silence.

And it's the passing breeze, a flying bird, a branch breaking, or the sound of my poor heart.

I do not know what I dream of since you are no longer here. I wander, melancholy and alone, ceaselessly, like an exile.

Why then did you leave, you who know my heavy heart, you who know my whole life, you, its delight and its balm?

## **Das Mädchen spricht - The Maiden Speaks**

Swallow, tell me, was it your old husband, with whom you built your nest, or have you just recently entrusted yourself to him?

Tell me what you twitter about, tell me what you whisper about in the mornings, so confidentially?

Eh? You haven't been a bride for very long, have you?

## **Wir wandelten - We Wandered**

We wandered together, the two of us, I was so quiet and you so still, I would give much to know what you were thinking at that moment.

What I was thinking, let it remain unuttered! Only one thing will I say: So lovely was all that I thought - So heavenly and fine was it all.

The thoughts in my head rang like little golden bells: So marvellously sweet and lovely that in the world there is no other echo.

### **Es träumte mir - I Dreamed**

I dreamed I was dear to you; but to wake up I hardly dared. For in the dream I already understood that it was only a dream.

### **Meine Liebe ist grün - My Love is Green**

My love is as green as the lilac bush, and my love is as fair as the sun, which gleams down on the lilac bush and fills it with fragrance and bliss.

My soul has the wings of a nightingale and rocks itself in blooming lilac, and, intoxicated by the fragrance, cheers and sings a good many love-drunk songs.

### **Allá arriba en aquella montana - High Up on that Mountain**

High up on that mountain I picked a cane, I picked a carnation.

A farmer, my beloved 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.

## **Cómo quieres que adivine - Why do you Want me to Guess?**

Why do you want me to guess if you are awake or sleeping, when no angel from heaven will come down and tell me!

Why do you want me to guess?

Joy and more joy, my pretty dove, when you become mine, my pretty dove, when you become mine, when you become mine, when you finally are mine, my pretty dove, my bouquet.

When I go up the mountain to fetch wood, oh, my love, and when I am caught in a thicket and see the white snow, oh, love, at such 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 also very bright.

Joy and more joy, my pretty dove, when you become mine, when you become mine, when you finally are mine, my pretty dove, my bouquet.

Why do you want me to guess?



## **Mañanita de San Juan - A Morning in San Juan**

In the morning in San Juan you will arise 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 arbour, for the night is serene and the music  
resounds in the depths of the sea.