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Junior Recital: Taylor Eike, soprano

Taylor Eike

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Junior Recital:
Taylor Eike, soprano
Judy Park, piano
Jenna Fishback, mezzo-soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Tuesday October 16th, 2012
7:00 pm
Program

O del mio dolce ardor
Caro mio ben
Non posso disperar
Verborgenheit
Zitronenfalter im April
Er ist's
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto
from Don Giovanni

Intermission

Reve d'amour
Après un rêve
Tarantelle

I Hate Music!
  I. My Name is Barbara
  II. Jupiter
  III. I Hate Music
  IV. A Big Indian and a Little Indian
  V. I'm a Person Too

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Music Education and Performance. Taylor Eike is from the studio of Dawn Pierce.
Translations

O del mio dolce ardor

O del mio dolce ardor bramato oggetto!
L'aura che tu respiri alfin respiro.
Ovunque il guardo io giro le gue vaghe sembianze Amore in me dipinge.
Il mio pensier si finge le piu liete speranze,
E nel desio che così m’empie il petto.
Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e sospiro!

You, my sweet desire

You are the object of my desire!
The air that you breathe, finally I breathe.
Everywhere I turn my gaze Love paints your face.
In my mind I have happy hopes, and desire fills my heart.
I look for you, I call to you, I hope and I sigh!

Caro mio ben

Caro mio ben, credimi almen,
Senza di te languisce il cor.
Il tuo fedel sospira ognor.
Cessa, crudel, tanto rigor!

My Dearest Love

My dearest love, Believe me at least,
without you, my heart languishes.
Your faithful one sighs always. Cease this torture, cruel one!

Non posso disperar

Non posso disperar!
Sei troppo cara al cor.
Il solo sperare d’aver a gioire
M’e un dolce languire m’e un caro dolor.

I cannot despair

I can not despair!
you are too dear to my heart.
the only hope for me of having happiness
for me is sweet languish
for me is a dear pain.
Verborgenheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!
Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tranen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.
Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zucket
Durch die Schwere, die mich
Drucket,
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Seclusion

Leave me be, world
Do not tempt me with love.
Leave this heart alone to have
its joy, its pain.
I do not know why I grieve,
it is an unknown pain;
At all times I look through tears
at the sun’s lovely light.
Often, when I least expect it,
bright joy flashes
through the difficulties that I
oppress
blissfully in my heart.

Zitronenfalter im April

Grausame Frühlingssonne,
du weckst mich vor der Zeit,
dem nur in Maienvonne
die zarte Kost gedeihrt!
Ist nich ein lieves Madchen hier,
das auf der Rosenlippe mir
ein Tropfchen Honig bout,
so muss ich jammerlich vergehn
und wird der Mai mich nimmer
sehn
in meinem gelben Kleid.

Butterfly in April

Cruel spring sun,
you have awakened me before
my time,
when only in May,
does delicious food flourish!
If there is not a dear girl here,
who will upon her rosey lips
offer me a drop of honey,
then I will perish miserably
and May will never see me
in my yellow dress.

Er ist's

Frühling lasst sein blaues
Band wieder flattern durch
die Lufte;
Süsse, wohlbehannte Dufte
streifen ahnungsvoll das
Land.
Veilchen traumen schon, wollen
balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser
Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab' ich vernommen!

It is he

Spring lets its blue ribbon
again flutter in the
breeze;
sweet, well known scents sweep
the land
Violets are dreaming, wanting
to soon arrive
Listen, from far off a soft harp
tone!
Spring, yes, it's you!
I have heard you coming!
**Batti, batti, o bel Masetto**

Batti, batti o bel Masetto, la tua povera Zerlina; staro qui, come agnellina le tue botte ad aspettar. Laschiero straziarmi il crine, saschiero cavarmi gliocchi e le care tue manine lieta poi sapro bachiar. Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!

Pace, pace o vita mia, en contento ed allegria notte e di vogliam passar.

**Beat, beat, o dear Masetto**

Beat, beat, o dear masetto, your poor Zerlina I will stay here as a little lamb awaiting your blows You can tear my hear out, you can carve out my eyes, and then I will still kiss your dear hands. Ah! I see, you do not have the heart! Peace, peace oh life of mine in happiness and joy day and night we will spend.

**Reve d'amour**

S'il est un charmant gazon que le ciel arrose, Ou naisse en toute saison quelque fleur eclose, Ou l'on cueille a pleine main Lys, chevre-feuille et jasmin, J'en veax faire le chemin ou ton pied se pose! S'il est un sien bien aimant, dont l'honneur dispose, Dont le tendre devouement n'ait rien de morose, Si toujours ce moble sein bat pour un digne dessein, J'en veux faire le coussin ou ton front se pose! S'il est un reve d'amour parfume de rose, ou l'on trouve chaque jour quelque douce chose, un reve que Dieu benit, ou l'ame a l'ame s'unit, Oh! j'en veau faire le nid ou ton coer se pose!

**Dream of Love**

If there is a charming grass that the sky waters where is born each season a blossoming flower, where one can gather lilies, honeysuckles and jasmine, I would like to make a path where your foot might walk! If there is a loving heart, where honor resides, where tender devotion is never morose if this heart always beats for a worthy cause, I would make a pillow where you can rest your head! If there is a dream of love scented with roses, where each day one finds a sweet thing, a dream blessed by god, where two soul are united, I would make a nest where you can rest your heart!
**Les Berceaux**

Le long du quai, les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.
Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux,
tentent les horizons qui leurrent!
Et ce jour-la le grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'ame des lointains berceaux.

**The Cradles**

The length of the pier, the great ships,
Which swell in the silence,
do not take notice of the cradles,
That the hand of the women rock.
But the day of farewells will come,
For it is necessary that the women cry
And the curious men
Attempt the horizons that entice them!
And that day the great ships
Leaving the port which recedes
Feel their bulk held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.
**Tarentelle**

Aux cieu la lune monte et luit.
Il fait grand jour en plein minuit.

Viens avec moi, me disait-elle
Viens sur le sable gresillant
Ou saute et glisse et fretillant

La tarentelle...
Sus, les danseurs! En voici deux;
Foule sur l'eau, foule autour d'eaux;
L'homme est bien fait, la fille est belle;
Mais garde a vouus! Sans y penser,
C'est jeu d'amour que de danser

La tarentelle...
Doux est le bruit du tambourin!

si j'etais fille de marin

Et toi pecheur, me disait-elle

Toutes les nuits joyeusement
Nous danserions en nous aimant
La tarantelle...

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**Tarantella**

In the heavens the moon rises and shines.
It makes broad in the middle of night.

Come with me, she said,
Come on the sizzling sand
where, wriggling in jumpes and glides,
we will dance the tarantella

Come on, Dancers! There are two;
a crowd on the water, a crowd around them;
the man is handsome, the girl is beautiful;
But take care! without thinking about it,
the game of love is boing danced

the tarantella...
Sweet is the sound of the tambourine!
"If I were the daughter of the sea
and you a fisher," she said to me
"Joyously every night
we would love each other while dancing
the tarantella..."
Upcoming Events

October

22 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
25 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble
28 - Hockett - 5:00pm - Jaekook Kim, tenor
29 - Nabenhauer - 8:15pm - Octubafest Solo Recital
30 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Ithaca Brass
31 - JJWCM - 6:00pm - Healthy Living For Musicians
31 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Tuba Ensemble

November

2 - Ford - 8:15pm - Family Weekend: Concert Band and Jazz Vocal Ensemble (Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live)
3 - Ford - 4:00pm - Family Weekend: Symphonic Band and Jazz Ensemble (Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live)
4 - Ford - 1:00pm - Family Weekend: Choral Concert (Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live)
5 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase (Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live)
7 - Hockett - 6:00pm - “On the Edge” Masterclass with Jean Kopperud
8 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano masterclass
9 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano pedagogy lecture
10 - Ford - 7:00pm - Choral Composition Festival
11 - Hockett - 4:00pm - Susan Waterbury, violin Charis Dimaras, piano
11 - Ford - 7:00pm - Taylor Braggins, soprano
12 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
13 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Choir
13 - Iger - 8:15pm - David Rakowski, Husa Visiting Professor, lecture
14 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble