4-16-2009

Senior Recital: Hilary Bucell, soprano

Hilary Bucell

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SENIOR RECITAL

Hilary Bucell, soprano
Blaise Bryski, piano

Assisted by
Carol Jumper, trumpet
Dan Vesey, clarinet

Ford Hall
Thursday, April 16, 2009
9:00 p.m.
PROGRAM

Let the Bright Seraphim from *Samson*, HWV 57 (1741)  
George F. Handel  
(1685-1759)

Dir Hirt auf dem Felsen, D. 965/Opus 129 (1828)  
Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Villanelle (1893)  
Eva Dell' Acqua  
(1856-1944)

Chanson provençale  
Cécile Charminade  
(1857-1944)

L' été (1894)  
Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Les roses d'Ispahan, Op. 39, No. 4 (1884)

INTERMISSION

Care compagne... Sovra il sen la man mi posa  
Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

from *La Sonnambula* (1831)

Selections from Cabaret Songs  
Richard Pearson Thomas  
(b. 1957)

*I'm Yours!* (1991)  
(1989)

*When I Kiss You* (1994)  
*Just Another Hour* (1997)

Senior Recital presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in Performance

Hilary Bucell is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.

Photographic, video, and sound recording and/or transmitting devices are not permitted in the Whalen Center concert halls. Please turn off all cell phone ringtones.
TRANSLATIONS

Let the Bright Seraphim from Samson, HWV 57
George Frederic Handel

Let the bright Seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow.

Let the cherubic-host, in tuneful choirs,
Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

Dir Hirt auf dem Felsen, D. 965/Opus 129
Franz Schubert

When aloft to the highest crag I go,
and view the valley far below,
I sing there.

Up from the dusky vale I hear
my every note echoed clear from
the cavern.

The further I can fling my voice,
the clearer it returns to me
from far below.

But further still my darling swells,
In vain I long to reach him there
too far off.

Again in grief my strength is spent,
no joy the path to cheer,
no hope for me nor yet content,
I live so lonely here.

The yearning in my song of love,
so haunts the woods by day and night,
it draws the heart towards Heaven above
with wonder working might.

And Spring will be coming
with joys for me in store,
through high summer pastures
to wander once more.
TRANSLATIONS

**Villanelle**
Eva Dell’ Acqua

J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle
Dans le ciel pur du matin:
Elle allait,
a tire-d'aile,
Vers le pays où l'appelle
Le soleil et le jasmin.
J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle!
J'ai longtemps suivi des yeux
Le vol de la voyageuse...
Depuis, mon âme rêvée
L'accompagne par les cieux.
Ah! ah! au pays mystérieux!
Et j'aurais voulu comme elle
Suivre le même chemin...

I have seen the swallow fly over
In the clear morning sky:
She was flying by wing
To the land to which she is called
By the sun and the jasmine.
I have seen the swallow fly over!
I have followed for a long time with my eyes
The flight of the traveler...
Since then, my dreaming soul
accompanies her through the skies.
Ah! ah! to the mysterious land!
And I would have wished like her
to follow the same path...

**Chanson provençale**
Eva Dell’ Acqua

Parlez nuits sans rivales,
Les belles nuits d'été,
La la la la!

Sifflez, chantez cigales!
Célébrez la gaiété!
La la la la!

Amoureuses des étoiles,
Vous paraîtiez, l'œil mutin.
Des que l'ombre étend ses voiles,
Et chantez jusqu’au matin!...
Chantez! Ah Chantez!
Chantez les belles filles,
Les filles du Midi,
La la la la!

En écoutant vos trilles
Songent à leur ami....
La la la la! Chantez!

Sous le ciel de Provence.
Egrenez en cadence
Votre notes d'or!
La la la la!

Que votre voix amie
Berce, l'âme rame
L'enfant qui dort! Ah!

Sound peerless nights,
you beautiful nights of summer,
La la la la!

Chirp, sing cicadas!
Celebrate gaiety!
La la la la!

Those enamored of stars,
Appear with an impish eye.
As soon as darkness spreads its veils,
And sing until the early morning!...
Sing, yes, sing!
Sing about the bonnie maids,
the maids of the Midi,
La la la la!

Listening to their warbling
Think about their friend...
La la la la! Sing!

Under Provençal skies.
Sing out the cadence
Of your golden tones!
La la la la!

Your amiable voice may
lull, the soul row
The child that sleeps! Ah!
Ah! chantez, chantez,
Folle fauvette,
Joyeux pinson, chantez, aimez!
Ah! chantez, aimez!

Ah! Sing, sing,
crazy Warbler,
gay Lark,
Joyous Pinson, sing as you like!
Sweet sent of roses,
freshly bloomed,
return to our woods, sweetly sent it!
Ah! Sing as you like!

Soleil qui dore
Les sycomores
Remplis d'essains tout bruisants,
Que tout se noie
Dans tes rayons resplendissants!
Ah! chantez, aimez ... 

Sun that gilds
the Sycamores
filled with creatures all murmuring,
that is abounded
in your rays gleaming!
Ah! Sing as you like...

Blow, wind that passes
in the spaces
sowing the hope of a summer day.
What your breath
gives to the gray plane
is of brightness and beauty!
Ah! Sing as you like!

Dans la prairie
Calme et fleurie,
Entendez-vous ces mots si doux.
Bénit le ciel près de l'époux!
Ah! chantez, aimez, ...
Les roses d'Ispahan
Gabriel Fauré

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse,
Le jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de l'oranger,
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur moins douce,
Ô blanche Leilah! que ton souffle léger.
Ta lèvre est de corail et ton rire léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une voix plus douce:
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce l'oranger,
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord d'un nid de mousse.
Ô Leilah! depuis que de leur vol léger
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si douce
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle oranger,
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans leur mousse.
Oh! que ton jeune amour ce papillon léger
Revienne vers mon cœur d'une aile prompte et douce.
Et qu'il parfume encore la fleur de l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse.

The roses of Isphahan in their mossy sheath,
the jasmines of Mossul, the orange blossoms,
have a fragrance less fresh, have a scent less sweet,
oh pale Leilah, than you soft breath!
Your lips are of coral and your light laughter
sounds lovelier than the rippling water.
Lovelier than the gay wind that rocks the orange tree,
lovelier than the bird singing on the rim of its mossy nest.
Oh Leilah! Ever since on light wings
all kisses have fled from your lips so sweet,
there is no more fragrance in the pale orange tree,
nor celestial aroma in the roses in their moss.
Oh! That your young love, this light butterfly
would come back to my heart, on wings quick and gentle,
and that it would again perfume the orange blossoms,
and the roses of Isphahan in their mossy sheath.
TRANSLATIONS

Care compagne... Sovra il sen la man mi posa
from La Sonnambula
Vincenzo Bellini

Dear companions, and you,
tender friends, who in my joy
share the sweet songs
that reach my heart
inspired by your love!
For you, dearest,
tender mother, who saved me
as a little orphan girl,
for such a happy day as this
let my joyful tears express the words of my heart,
Dear companions, tender friends,
Ah! Mother, what joy!

Come per me sereno
Oggi rinacque il fió!
Come il terren fiori
Più bello e ameno!
Mai di più lieto aspetto
Amor la colorò
Del mio dilecto.

Place your hand upon my heart;
palpitating, beating you can feel it;
it is my heart, which has not the strength
to hold all my happiness.

I'm Yours!
Richard Pearson Thomas

I'll spy you and you'll spy me and, oh what a caught couple we'll be.
I'll motion you and you'll motion me, and oh, what an emotional couple we'll be.
I'll move to you and you'll move to me, and, oh, what an anxious couple we'll be.
I'm all yours so take me.
Spy my motions, move me, I'm yours!

I'll tease you and you'll tease me, and, oh, what a delighted couple we'll be.
I'll tickle you and you'll tickle me and, oh what a ticklish couple we'll be.
I'll touch you and you'll touch me and, oh, what a sensitive couple we'll be.
I'm all yours so take me.
Tease me, tickle me, touch me, I'm yours.

I'll hold you and you'll hold me and, oh, what an intimate couple we'll be.
I'll kiss you and you'll kiss me, and, oh what a passionate couple we'll be.
I'll wrestle you and you'll wrestle me and oh what a spent couple we'll be.
I'm all yours so take me!
Spy my motions, move me, tease me, tickle me, touch me, hold me, kiss me, wrestle me,
I'm yours!
TRANSLATIONS

How Many Churches?
Richard Pearson Thomas

You were so delightful.
I remember laughing—how many times?—at your naiveté.
You were so insistent on seeing ev’ry church where ever a soul had set foot to pray.
Were you just keeping score or suggesting something to me?
God, how many churches did we see?

Mystical, with sequestered voices chanting.
Tiny, dank, claustrophobic.
Cavernous, impersonal, filled with masses of tourists in lines.
And you in your Baptist innocence leading Catholic me to these shrines.

How many churches?
Just how many churches did we see?

When I Kiss You
Richard Pearson Thomas

When I kiss you, I see the hills of Montana rolling before my eyes
and I’m driving home again beneath that big Big Sky,
alone across the high northern plains,
where my grandfather’s trains used to churn west-ward toward the Divide.

When I kiss you, I see the mountains rising massive, silent and fine
wrapped in a velvet green and purple blanket of pine,
Waiting to welcome a traveler on her ride.

The light is golden now and the summer will last forever
with the hint on wind of meadow lark and fossil rocks and weeds.
I haven’t yet explored the wilderness that is you,
all your uncharted secrets, wishes and needs.
But they are more spacious by far
than all this wild land seen from a moving car.

When I kiss you, I’m lost once again in that natural space
between the mountains and valleys
and the slow hushed depths of the rivers
and the mysterious touch of your face.
TRANSLATIONS

Just Another Hour
Richard Pearson Thomas

Beyond the sea, the sun descends.
Cool evening lingers.
A shadow bends.
High above two ravens call.
Across the distant valley, echoes rise and fall.
The waiting ship far down below will sound the signal to leave,
I know.
But when it does, I will not budge.
I will not heed the warning,
I do not want to go.

Give me just another hour!
Give me just another hour at the top of the world
where I can see all eternity.
Oh, do not make me leave,
give me just another hour!

The mountains rise like silent friends.
Atop their spires, the skies ascend.
Let me soar above these towers
and fly off to discover just where the heavens end.

Give me just another hour!
Give me just another hour at the top of the world
where I can see all eternity.
Oh, do not make me leave,
give me just another hour!

The ship will drag me down
and sail off from this place I have waited so long to find.
Back toward the city of noise and garish light
and all the petty quarrels that I had left behind.

No, let me stay here all alone!
Yes, let me pray in this cathedral of stone
where I can trace the line of grace
from sea to sky to mountain
and claim it as my own.

Give me just another hour!
Give me just another hour at the top of the world
where I can see all eternity...
Just another moment or minute,
or summer or winter of lifetime to live right now,
or at the very least,
give me just another hour!
THANK YOUS

Mom, Dad, and Mallory- Thank you for always believing in me, and in the beauty of my dreams. Thank you for your continual support, and guidance. Thank you for the countless phone conversations and e-mails. Thank you for just letting me cry. Thank you for clapping at all my performances, no matter how good or bad. Thank you for the millions of other things you do that I cannot possibly all mention in this little space. Thank you for always reminding me of how strong I am—for never letting me give up. I would not be here today if it were not for you. And most importantly, thank you for your endless love. Thank you from the bottom of my heart. I am eternally grateful.

My #1- Thank you for just being you. Thank you for being the best friend I could have ever asked for and then some. Thank you for always supporting me and my dreams, and for never asking me to give them up. Thank you for the countless trips to and from Rochester, and for always being willing to sit through one more recital or concert. Thank you for reminding me to relax, and putting up with me when I spaz. Thank you for loving me— and just that.

Patrice— Thank you for teaching me how to sing— not only with my body, but with my entire being. Thank you for giving me the tools to communicate this art in a most beautiful and expressive way. Thank you for always pushing me, and encouraging me to be better than my best. Thank you for always standing up for me, even when others wouldn’t, and for always being one of my biggest fans. Thank you for telling me when I’m wrong, and for never settling until I get it right. Thank you for helping me find the courage to sing from my soul. The past two and a half years have been some of the best of my life. I am truly going to miss our work together, and as you know, I almost do not want to leave. But, I know I will be back someday— and hopefully you will welcome me once more with open arms, as you have always done. You are truly an amazing teacher and I am so blessed to have had you traveling this part of the journey with me.

My friends near and far- Thank you for giving me someone to dance with, shoulders to cry on, ears to complain with, and travel companions for amazing adventures. Thank you for not only growing with me, but for teaching me how to be a better person. No matter where we are, or where life takes us, I will always carry you in my heart.

Blaise, Dan, and Carol- Thank you for your musical genius and for sharing your gifts on this recital! I know it has been a bit of a quick and crazy ride, but thank you for your willingness to get here with nothing less but excellence. Thank you for making beautiful music with me— it has been such a joy, and I hope that we may all work together again.
THANK YOU FOR COMING!!!

A reception will be held in the Diva Lounge following the performance.
For of my beautiful parents,
Michael and Cynthia.

Your boundless love alone is reason to sing.
May this music bring to others a glimpse of what
beauty you have brought to me.