

4-16-2009

## Senior Recital: Hilary Bucell, soprano

Hilary Bucell

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ITHACA COLLEGE

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SCHOOL OF MUSIC

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.

ITHACA

## PROGRAM

Let the Bright Seraphim from <i>Samson</i> , HWV 57 (1741)	George F. Handel (1685-1759)
Dir Hirt auf dem Felsen, D. 965/Opus 129 (1828)	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Villanelle (1893) Chanson provençale L' été (1894)	Eva Dell' Acqua (1856-1944) Cécile Charminade (1857-1944) Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Les roses d'Ispahan, Op. 39, No. 4 (1884)	

## INTERMISSION

Care compagne... Sovra il sen la man mi posa from <i>La Sonnambula</i> (1831)	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Selections from Cabaret Songs <i>I'm Yours!</i> (1991) <i>How Many Churches?</i> (1989) <i>When I Kiss You</i> (1994) <i>Just Another Hour</i> (1997)	Richard Pearson Thomas (b. 1957)

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

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',  
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',  
Und singe.

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal  
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall  
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,  
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt  
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,  
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr  
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr' ich mich,  
Mir ist die Freude hin,  
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,  
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehndend klang im Wald das Lied,  
So sehndend klang es durch die Nacht,  
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht  
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,  
Der Frühling, meine Freud',  
Nun mach' ich mich fertig  
Zum Wandern bereit.

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, à tire-d'aile,  
Vers le pays où l'appelle  
Le soleil et le jasmin.  
J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle!  
'ai longtemps suivi des yeux  
Le vol de la voyageuse...  
Depuis, mon âme rêveuse  
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 lal

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

Sifflez, chantez cigales!  
Célébrez la gaité!  
La la la lal

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

Amoureuses des étoiles,  
Vous paraîssez, l'oeil 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 lal

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 lal

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

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

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

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

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

Your amiable voice may  
lull, the soul row  
The child that sleeps! Ah!

## TRANSLATIONS

L'été  
Cécile Charminade

Ah! chantez, chantez,  
Folle fauvette,  
Gaie alouette,  
Joyeux pinson, chantez, aimez!  
Parfum des roses,  
Fraîches écloses,  
Rendez nos bois, nos bois plus embaumés!  
Ah! chantez, aimez!

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

Souffle, qui passes  
Dans les espaces  
Semant l'espoir d'un jour d'été.  
Que ton haleine  
Donne à la plaine  
Plus d'éclat et plus de beauté!  
Ah! chantez, chantez!

Dans la prairie  
Calme et fleurie,  
Entendez-vous ces mots si doux.  
L'âme charmée,  
L'épouse aimée  
Béni le ciel près de l'époux!  
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!

Sun that gilds  
the Sycamores  
filled with creatures all murmuring,  
about the joy,  
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!

In the prairie of  
peace and blooming flowers  
soft words are heard.  
The soul is charmed,  
the loving couple  
is blessed by the heavens!  
Ah! Sing as you like!

## TRANSLATIONS

### 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 Leïlah! 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 Leïlah! 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 encor la fleur de l'oranger,  
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse.

The roses of Ispahan 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 Ispahan in their mossy sheath.

## TRANSLATIONS

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

Care compagne, e voi,  
Teneri amici, che alla gioia mia  
Tanta parte prendete, oh come dolci  
Scendon d'Amina al core  
I canti che v'inspira il vostro amore!  
A te, diletta,  
Tenera madre, che a sì lieto giorno  
Me orfanella serbasti, a te favelli  
Questo, dal cor più che dal ciglio espresso,  
Dolce pianto di gioia, e quest'amplesso.  
Compagne... teneri amici...  
Ah! madre... ah! qual gioia!

Come per me sereno  
Oggi rinaque il dì!  
Come il terren fiori  
Più bello e ameno!  
Mai di più lieto aspetto  
Natura non brillò;  
Amor la colorò  
Del mio diletto.

Sovra il sen la man mi posa,  
Palpitar, balzar lo senti;  
Egli è il cor che i suoi contenti  
Non ha forza a sostener.

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!

How peacefully for me  
this day is born again!  
How the earth has blossomed  
more beautiful and fair!  
Nature never was aglow  
with a happier countenance;  
love has colored it  
love of my delight.

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?

Grand and gothic.  
Baroque and over done.  
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 YOU'S

**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.*