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Senior Recital: The Stories We Carry. Hannah Cayem, soprano

Hannah Cayem

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Senior Recital: The Stories We Carry

Hannah Cayem, soprano

Lynda Chryst, piano

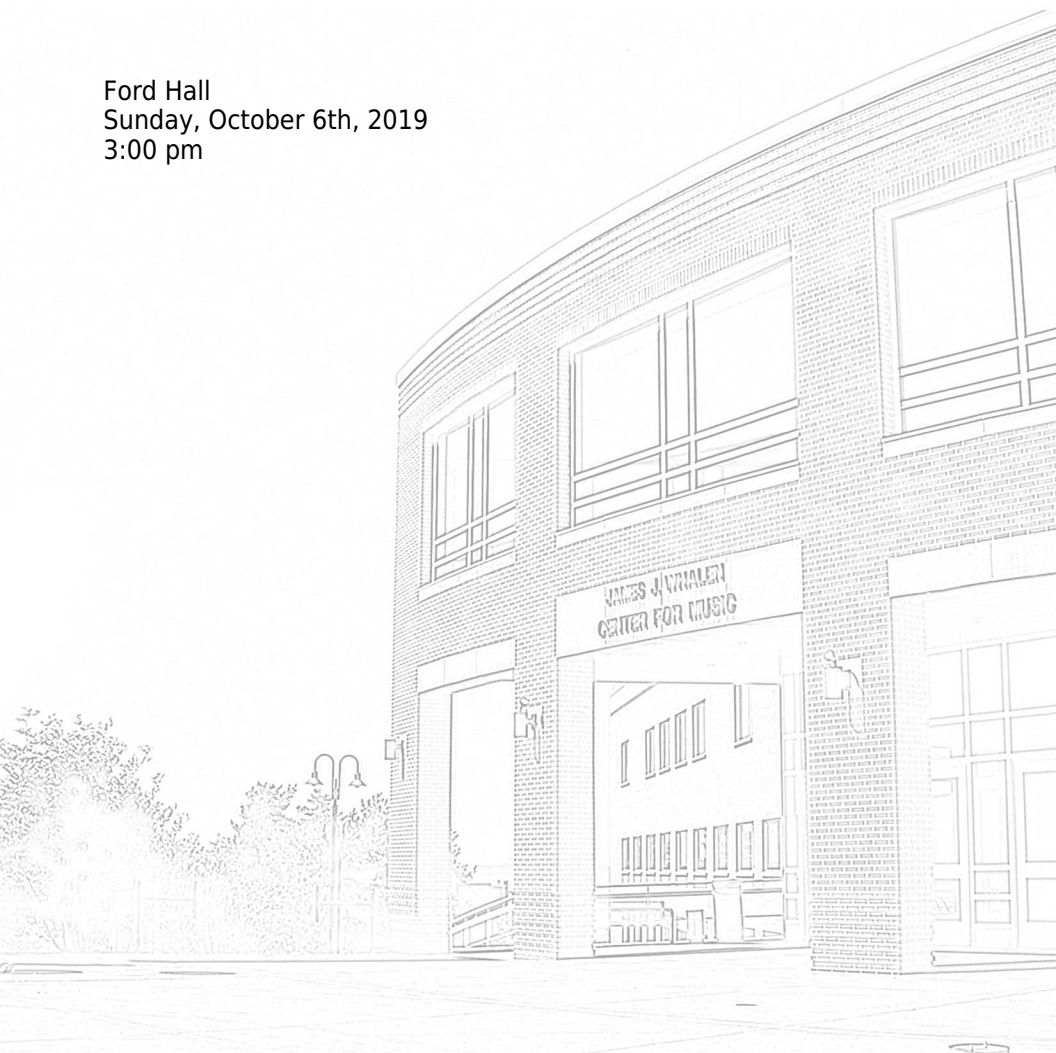
Sara Mercurio, alto saxophone

Katelyn Tai, violin

Ford Hall

Sunday, October 6th, 2019

3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Vado ma dove" from <i>Il barbero di buon cuore</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Standchen Die Nacht Ich Wollt' ein Sträusslein binden	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
I never saw another butterfly The Butterfly Yes, That's the Way Things Are Birdsong The Garden Man Proposes, God Disposes The Old House	Lori Latiman (b. 1955)

Intermission

"Emily's Aria" from <i>Our Town</i>	Ned Rorem (b. 1923)
Les deux roses	Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)
"La mésange" from <i>Douze mélodies sur des poésies russes</i>	
"Hai Luli" from <i>6 Mélodies et une havanaise</i>	
<i>Five Hebrew Love Songs</i>	Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)
Temuná Kalá Kallá Laróv Éyze Shéleg Rakút	

Translations

Vado ma dove

Vado, ma dove? Oh Dei!	I know not where I am going. Oh God!
Se de' tormenti suoi, se de' sospiri miei non sente il ciel pietà! Tu che mi parli al core, Guida i miei passi, amore; Tu quel ritegno or togli Che dubitar mi fa.	If for his torments, and for my sighs, heaven feels no pity? You who speaks to my heart, guide my steps, love; remove the hesitation that makes me doubt.

Standchen

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind, Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken. Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken. Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt, Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.	Open up, open, but softly my dear, So as to wake no one from sleep. The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly shakes A leaf on bush or hedge. So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing stirs, Just lay your hand softly on the doorlatch.
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht, Die über die Blumen hüpfen, Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht, Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen. Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.	With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves, Soft enough to hop over the flowers, Fly lightly out into the moonlit night, To steal to me in the garden. The flowers are sleeping along the rippling brook, Fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.
Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll Unter den Lindenbäumen,	Sit, here it darkens mysteriously Beneath the lindens,

Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten
soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am
Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den
Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

The nightingale over our heads

Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose, when it wakes in
the morning,
Shall glow from the wondrous
passions of the night.

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie
leise,
Schaut sich um im
weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly out of the
trees,
Looks about in a wide circle,

Now beware.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die
Garben
Weg vom Feld.

All the lights of this earth,
All flowers, all colors
It extinguishes, and steals the
sheaves
From the field.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des
Stromes,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des
Domes
Weg das Gold.

It takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the
stream,
Takes away, from the
cathedral's copper roof,
The gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der
Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie
stehle
Dich mir auch.

The shrubs stand plundered,

Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also
steal
You from me.

Ich wollt' ein Sträußlein binden

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,

Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht.

I would have made a bouquet
but dark night arrived
and there was no little flower to
be found,
or I would have brought it.

Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Thränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen

Ich nun im Garten seh.

Das wollte ich dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
Doch fing es an zu sprechen:
Ach, tue mir nicht weh!

Sei freundlich in dem Herzen,
Betracht' dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!

Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
Im Garten ganz allein,
So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,
Und kann nicht anders sein.

Then down my cheeks flowed
tears onto the clover
I saw that one small flower had
come up
now in the garden.

I wanted to pick it for you
deep in the dark clover,
but it began to speak:
"Ah, do not harm me!

"Be kind-hearted,
consider your own grief,
and do not let me
die in agony before my time!"

And if it had not spoken so,
in the garden all alone,
I would have plucked it for you,
but now that cannot be.

My sweetheart has not come,
I am so entirely alone.
In love dwells tribulation,
and it can be no different.

Les deux roses

Lève-toi, voici l'aurore,
Vois ces roses dans ma main.
Toutes deux viennent d'éclore
Sous les larmes du matin.

Le printemps partout s'éveille,
L'air est doux, plein de
senteurs,
A tes pieds la fleur vermeille
Lentement répand ses pleurs.

Voici l'heure! amant timide,
J'accourus avant le jour,
Et pour toi, dans l'herbe
humide,

Arise, it is dawn;
see these roses in my hand.
Both of them are opening
under the tears of morning.

Spring everywhere awakens,
the air is sweet, full of scents;
at your feet the rosy flower
slowly sheds its tears.

This is the hour! timid lover,
I ran up before day,
and for you, in the wet grass,

J'ai cueilli ces fleurs d'amour.

I have gathered these flowers of
love.

Viens près de celui qui t'aime

Come near to the one who loves
you

T'enivrer de leur senteur!

to become drunk with their
scent!

Viens, je veux poser moi-même

Come, I want to place, with my
own hands,

Ces deux roses sur ton cœur.

these two roses on your heart.

La mésange

Sous la feuille qui frissonne,
La mésange est de retour.
C'est elle qui de l'automne
Annonce le premier jour !

Under the rustling leaves,
the tomtit has returned.
It is who who announces
the first day of Autumn!

Elle prédit la froidure,
Les autans et les hivers,
Et cependant sa voix pure,
Monte gaiement dans les airs.

He predicts the cold,
the elements and the winters,
and yet his pure voice
rises gaily into the air.

Ah! Dis moi, voix innocente,
Qui respire le bonheur,

Ah, tell me, voice of innocence,
that breaths happiness,

Es-tu l'instrument qui chante

Are you the instrument that
sings

Sous les doigts du créateur,

under the fingers of the
Creator?

Où sens-tu l'amour de vivre
Par qui l'homme rit du sort,

Or do you feel that joy in living
through which man laughs at
his fate?

Cet amour dont il s'enivre
Même à l'heure de la mort?

That love which intoxicates him,
even in the hour of death?

Hai Luli

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
Je ne sais plus que devenir.

Mon bon ami devait venir,
Et je l'attends ici seulette.
Hai luli, hai luli,
Qu'il fait donc triste sans mon
ami

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main:
Allons ! je filerai demain,
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en
peine.

Hai luli, hai luli,
Où peut donc être mon ami

Ah! s'il est vrai qu'il soit volage,
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,

Le village n'a qu'à brûler
Et moi-même avec le village!

Hai luli, hai luli,
À quoi bon vivre sans ami

I am sad and worried,
I don't know any longer what
will happen.

My lover should have come,
and I await him here alone.

Hai luli, hai luli
Where can my lover be?

I sit in order to spin my wool,
the thread breaks in my hand.
Well then, I will spin tomorrow.
Today, I am in too much pain!

Hai luli, hai luli
How sad is it without my lover.

If he ever becomes fickle,
If he should one day abandon
me,

I shall burn down the village,
and burn myself with the
village, too.

Hai luli, hai luli,
What is the use of life without a
lover?

Temuná

Temuná belibí charuntá;	A picture is engraved in my heart;
Nodédet beyn ór uveyn ófel:	Moving between light and darkness:
Min dmamá shekazó et guféch kach otá,	A sort of silence envelopes your body,
Usaréch al paña'ich kach nófel.	And your hair falls upon your face just so.

Kalá Kallá

Kalá kallá	Light bride
Kulá shelí,	She is all mine,
U've kalút	And lightly
Tishákhílí!	She will kiss me!

Laróv

"Laróv," amár gag la'shama'im,	"Mostly," said the roof to the sky,
"Hamerchák shebeynéynu hu ad;	"the distance between you and I is endlessness;
Ach lifnéy zman alu lechán shna'im,	But a while ago two came up here,
Uveynéynu nishár sentiméter echad"	And only one centimeter was left between us."

Éyze Shéleg

Éyze shéleg!	What snow!
Kmo chalomót ktaníim	Like little dreams
<i>Noflím mehashamá im.</i>	<i>Falling from the sky.</i>

Rakút

Hu hayá malé rakút;	He was full of tenderness;
Hi haytá kasha	She was very hard.
Vechól káma shenistá lehishaér kach,	And as much as she tried to stay thus,
Pashút, uvlí sibá tová,	Simply, and with no good reason,
Lakách otá el toch atzmó,	He took her into himself,
Veheníach Bamakóm hachí rach.	And set her down in the softest, softest place.

Translations were graciously provided by Carol Kimball, Hila Plittman, IPA Source, and Lieder.net.