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Elective Recital: Sarah Kieran, soprano

Sarah Kieran

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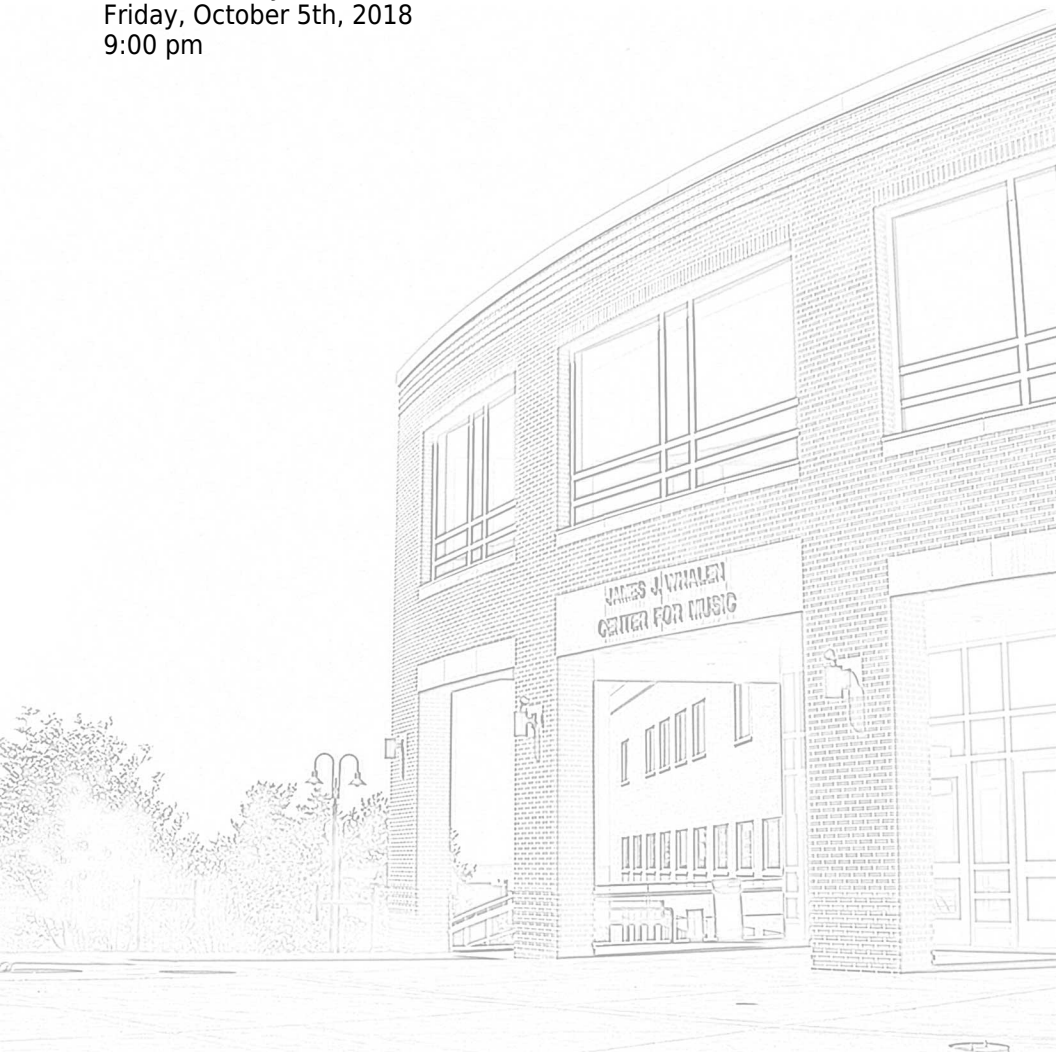
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Elective Recital:
Sarah Kieran, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano
Laura Amoriello, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday, October 5th, 2018
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Vado, ma dove?

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Chanson Triste

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Le Temps des Lilas

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

Les Filles de Cadix

Léo Delibes
(1815-1910)

Intermission

8 Gedichte aus 'Letzte Blätter', op. 10
(Selections)

I. *Zueignung*

II. *Nichts*

III. *Die Nacht*

VII. *Allerseelen*

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Slavonic Dances, op. 46
VII. *Skocna*

Laura Amoriello, secondo

Antoín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

A Horse with Wings

Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)

"Laurie's Song"
from *The Tender Land*

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Translations

Vado, ma dove?

Vado, ma dove?
O Dei!
Se de tormenti suoi,
se de sospiri miei,
non sente il ciel pieta!

I know not where I am going.
Oh God!
If for his torments,
and for my sighs,
heaven feels no pity?

Tu che mi parli al core,
guida i miei passi, amore;
tu quel ritegno or togli
che dubitar mi fa.

You who speaks to my heart,
guide my steps, love;
remove the hesitation
that makes me doubt.

Chanson Triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
un doux clair de lune d'été,
et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

In your heart sleeps a moonlight,
a soft summer's moonlight,
and to flee from this tiresome life,
I shall drown myself in your light.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
mon triste cœur et mes pensées
dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

I shall forget my past sorrows,
my beloved, when you cradle
my sad heart and my thoughts
in your calm, loving arms.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
et lui diras une ballade
qui semblera parler de nous;

Oh! Sometimes you will take
my sick head upon your knees,
and will tell it a ballad
which will speak of us;

et dans tes yeux pleins de
tristesses,
dans tes yeux alors je boirai
tant de baisers et de tendresses,
que peut-être je guérirai.

and in your eyes full of sorrows,
in your eyes then I shall drink
so many kisses and tokens of love,
that perhaps I shall healed.

Le Temps des Lilas

Le temps des lilas
et le temps des roses
ne reviendra plus
à ce printemps-ci.
Le temps des lilas
et le temps des roses est passé,
le temps des œillets aussi.

Le vent a changé,
les cieux sont moroses,
et nous n'irons plus courir,
et cueillir les lilas en fleur
et les belles roses;
le printemps est triste
et ne peut fleurir.

Oh! joyeux et doux printemps de
l'année
qui vins l'an passé, nous
enseoleiller.
Notre fleur d'amour est si bien
fanée,
Las! que ton baiser ne peut
l'éveiller!

Et toi, que fais-tu?
Pas de fleurs écloses,
point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages
frais.
Le temps des lilas
et le temps des roses
avec notre amour est mort à
jamais.

The time for lilacs
and the time for roses
will not come back again
to this spring.
The time for lilacs
and the time for roses is passed,
the time for carnations too.

The wind has changed,
the skies are morose,
and we shall never again go to run,
and gather the lilacs in bloom
and the beautiful roses;
the spring is sad
and cannot blossom.

Oh! joyful and sweet springtime of
the year
which came last year, to light us
with its sunshine.
Our flower of love is so withered,
Alas, that your kiss cannot awaken
it!

And you, what are you doing?
No flowers in bloom,
no happy sun nor cool shade.
The time for lilacs
and the time for roses
with our love has died forever.

Les Filles de Cadix

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
trois garçons, trois fillettes.
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,
et nous dansions un bolero
au son des castagnettes.

Dites moi, voisin si j'ai bonne mine
Et si ma basquine va bien, ce matin

Vous me trouvez la taille fine?
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?
Ah, ah, ah, ah, les filles de Cadix
aiment assez cela

Ah, ah, ah, ah, les filles de Cadix
aiment assez cela

La-la-la- Les filles de Cadix aiment
assez cela

Ah, ah, ah, ah!

Et nous dansions un bolero
un soir c'était dimanche.
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo

cousu d'or la plume au chapeau
et le poing sur la hanche

Si tu veux de moi
brune au doux sourire?
tu n'as qu'à le dire
cet or est à toi.

Passez votre chemin, beau sire,
passez votre chemin, beau sire!

Ah, les filles de Cadix n'entendent
pas cela

Ah, les filles de Cadix n'entendent
pas cela

La-la- les filles de Cadix
n'entendent pas cela

Ah, ah, ah, ah!

We had just seen the bull,
three boys, three girls.
On the lawn it was beautiful,
and we were dancing a bolero
to the sound of castanets.

Tell me, neighbor, if I look well,
Do you think my skirt is becoming
this morning?

Do you think my waist is slender?
Do you think my waist is slender?
Ah, ah, ah, ah the girls of Cadix like
that alot!

Ah, ah, ah, ah the girls of Cadix like
that alot!

La-la-la- The girls of Cadix like that
a lot

Ah, ah, ah, ah!

And we were dancing a bolero
one Sunday evening.
a hidalgo dressed in gold came to
us,

with a feather on his hat,
And his fist on his hip:

If you want this gold is yours
brunette with a sweet smile
you have to just say it,
this gold is for you.

Go on your way, handsome sir,
go on your way, handsome sir!

Ah, the girls of Cadix do not like
that!

Ah, ah, ah, ah the girls of Cadix do
not like that!

La-la- the girls of Cadix do not like
that!

Ah, ah, ah, ah!

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure seele,
daß ich fern von dir mich quäle.
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Eisnt hielt ich, der freiheit zecher,
Hoch den amethysten-becher,
und du segnetest den trunk.
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die bösen,
bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig ans Herz dir sank,

Habe Dank.

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
how I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,
held high the amethyst beaker,
and you blessed the drink.
Have thanks.

And you expelled the evils in it,
until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed sank upon your
heart,
Have thanks.

Nichts

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr,
meine Königin im liederreich?
Toren, die ihr seid,
Ich kenne Sie am wenigsten von
euch.

Fragt mich nach der augen farbe,

fragt mich nach der stimme ton,
fragt nach gang und tanz und
haltung,
Ach, und was weiß ich davon!

Ist die sonne nicht die quelle,
alles lebens, alles lichts?
Und was wissen von derselben,
Ich, und ihr, und alle?
Nichts, nichts!

I should name, you say,
my Queen in the realm of love?
You are fools,
for I know her less than you do.

Ask me about the colour of her
eyes,
ask me about the sound of her
voice,
ask me about her gait, posture,
and how she dances,
ah, what do I know about it?

Is the sun not the source
of all life and all light?
And about this, what do
I and you and everyone know?
Nothing, nothing!

Die Nacht

Aus dem walde tritt die nacht,
aus den bäumen schleicht sie
leise,
schaut sich um im weitem kreise,
nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
alle blumen, alle farben löscht sie
aus,
und stiehlt die garben weg vom
feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
nimmt das silber weg des stroms,
nimmt vom kupferdach des
doms, weg das gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der strauch,
rücke näher, seel an seele;
O die nacht, mir bangt,
sie stehle dich mir auch.

Night steps out of the woods,
and sneaks softly out of the
trees,
looks about in a wide circle,
now beware.

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

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

The shrubs stand plundered,
draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will
steal you from me, too.

Allerseelen

Stell auf den tisch die duftenden
reseden,
Die letzten roten astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der liebe
reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die hand, daß ich sie
heimlich drücke;
und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es
einerlei.

Gib mir nur einen, deiner süßen
blicke,
wie einst im Mai.
Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem
grabe,
ein tag im jahr ist ja den toten frei.

Komm an mein Herz,
daß ich dich wieder habe,
wie einst im Mai.

Place on the table the fragrant
mignonettes,
bring inside the last red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I can
press it secretly;
and if someone sees us, it's all the
same to me.

Just give me that look, your sweet
gaze,
as once you did in May.
Flowers adorn today each grave,
one day in the year are the dead
free.

Come close to my heart,
so that I can have you again,
as once I did in May.