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Elective Recital: Ally Brown, mezzo-soprano

Ally Brown

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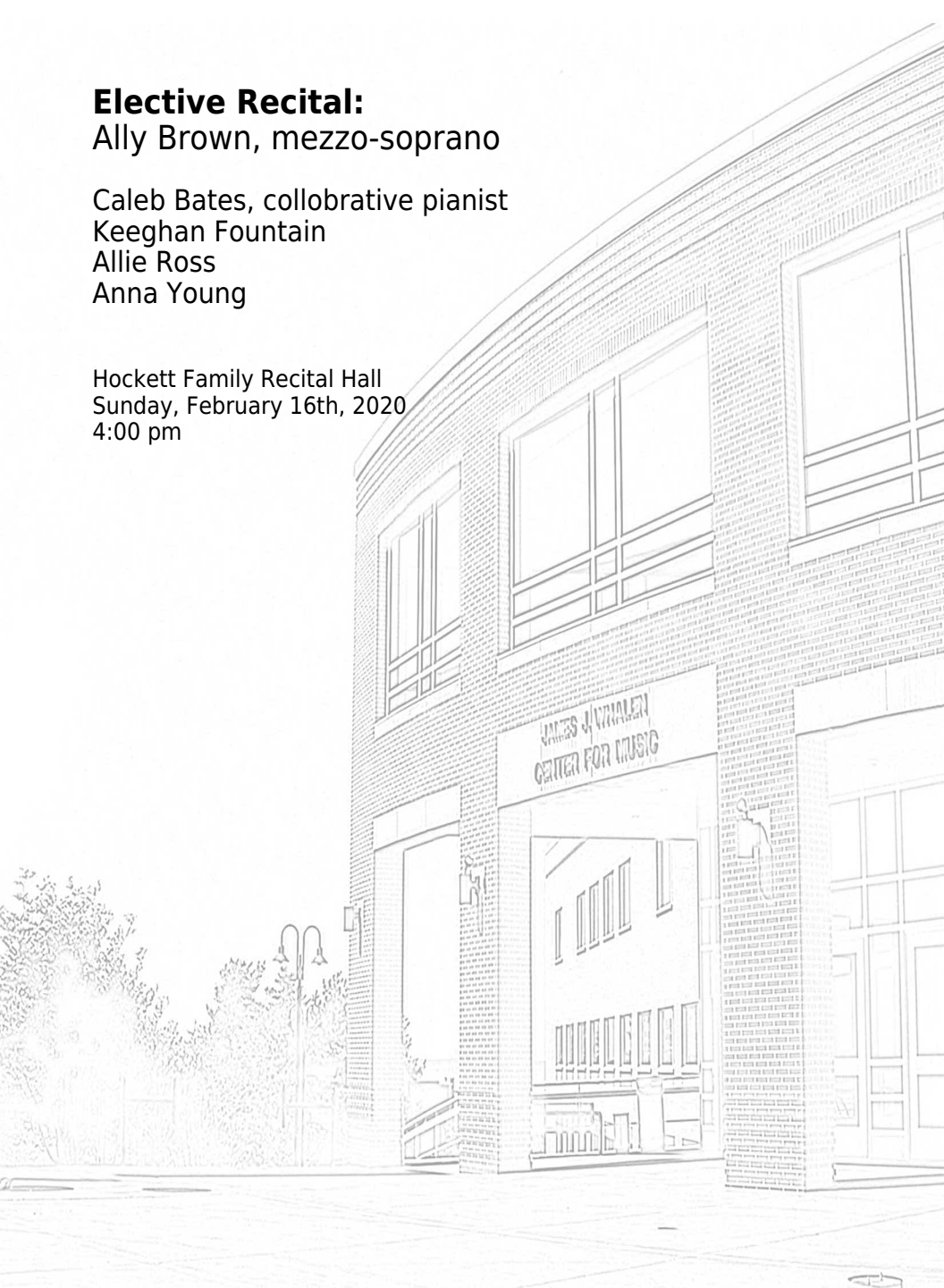
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Elective Recital:
Ally Brown, mezzo-soprano

Caleb Bates, collaborative pianist
Keeghan Fountain
Allie Ross
Anna Young

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, February 16th, 2020
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

7 Melodies, op. 2
2. *Le charme*
4. *La dernière feuille*
6. *Hébé*
Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

Gold of the Day and Night
Only of Thee and Me
Marion Bauer
(1882-1955)

Die Schöne Müllerin
5. *Am Feierabend*
Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Intermission

Lady Stardust
A song for Dylan
David Bowie
(1947-2016)

So Far Away
Your Heart is as Black as Night
Carol King
Melody Gardot

It is What It is
Come Together
Kacey Musgraves
The Beatles
Allie Ross, drums
Anna Young, bass

Instant Crush
Daft Punk
Keeghan Fountain, keys
Allie Ross, drums
Anna Young, bass

Thank You for Being My Friend
Keeghan Fountain
(b. 1998)
Keeghan Fountain, marimba

Translations

Le charme

Quand ton sourire me surprit,
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,

Mais ce qui domptait nous esprit,
Je ne pus d'abord le connaître.

Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fondre,
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.

Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme;
Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais,
Qu'en voyant ta première larme.

When your smile surprised me,
I felt a shudder through my entire
being,

But what tamed my spirit,
At first I did not recognize.

When your glance fell on me,
I felt my soul melt,
But what that emotion was,
At first I could not answer it.

What conquered me forever,
That was a charm more sad,
And I did not know that I loved you,
Until I saw your first tear.

La dernière feuille

Dans la forêt chauve et rouillée
Il ne reste plus au rameau

Qu'une pauvre feuille oubliée,
Rien qu'une feuille et qu'un oiseau,

Il ne reste plus à mon âme
Qu'un seul amour pour y chanter;

Mais le vent d'automne qui brame
Ne permet pas de l'écouter.

L'oiseau s'en va, la feuille tombe,
L'amour s'éteint, car c'est l'hiver.

Petit oiseau, viens sur ma tombe
Chanter, quand l'arbre sera vert.

In the bare and blighted forest
nothing now remains on the branches

except a poor forgotten leaf,
nothing but a leaf and a bird.

Nothing now remains in my heart
except one love which is there to
sing.

But the howling autumn wind
prevents it from being heard.

The bird flies away, the leaf falls,
the love stops burning, for it is winter.

Oh little bird, come to my tomb
to sing when the tree is green again.

Hébé

Les yeux baissés, rougissante et
candide,

Vers leur banquet quand Hébé
s'avavançait.

Les Dieux charmés tendaient leur
coupe vide,

Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.

When Hebe, with her eyes lowered,
blushing and artless
walked towards their
banqueting-table,

the gods, enchanted, would hold out
their empty cups

and the girl would fill them with
nectar.

Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse, Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l'envi.	We also, all of us, when youth comes past, jostle to hold our goblets out.
Quel est le vin qu'y verse la Déesse? Nous l'ignorons; il enivre et ravit.	What wine does the goddess pour? One we don't know, which exalts and enraptures.
Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle, Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en vain. Longtemps encor sur la route éternelle, Notre oeil en pleurs suit l'échanson divin.	Immortally graceful, Hebe smiles and walks away; there's no calling her back. For a long time still, watching the eternal road, we follow with tearful gaze the divine cup-bearer.

Am Feierabend

Hätt' ich tausend Arme zu rühren! Könnst' ich brausend Die Räder führen! Könnst' ich wehen Durch alle Haine! Könnst' ich drehen Alle Steine! Daß die schöne Müllerin Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!	If only I had a thousand arms to move! I could loudly drive the wheels! I could blow Through all the groves! I could turn All the stones! If only the beautiful miller-maid Would notice my faithful thoughts!
Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach! Was ich hebe, was ich trage, Was ich schneide, was ich schlage, Jeder Knappe thut mirs nach.	Ah, why is my arm so weak? What I lift, what I carry, What I cut, what I beat, Every lad does it just as well as I do.
Und da sitz' ich in der großen Runde, In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde, Und der Meister spricht zu Allen: Euer Werk hat mir gefallen; Und das liebe Mädchen sagt Allen eine gute Nacht.	And there I sit in the great gathering, In the quiet, cool hour of rest, And the master speaks to us all: Your work has pleased me; And the lovely maiden says "Good night" to everyone.
Hätt' ich tausend Arme zu rühren! Könnst' ich brausend Die Räder führen! Könnst' ich wehen Durch alle Haine! Könnst' ich drehen Alle Steine! Daß die schöne Müllerin Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!	If only I had a thousand arms to move! I could loudly drive the wheels! I could blow Through all the groves! I could turn All the stones! If only the beautiful miller-maid Would notice my faithful thoughts!