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Junior Recital: Taylor Braggins, soprano

Taylor Braggins

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Junior Recital:  
Taylor Braggins, soprano  
DaShay Glover, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Sunday, December 4, 2011  
3:00 p.m.
Program

Mi lagnerò tacendo  Vincenzo Righini  (1756-1812)
T'intendo, si, mio cor
D'un Genio che m'accende

L'heure exquise  Poldowski  (1880-1932)
Crépuscule du soir mystique
Dansons la Gigue

Adieu, notre petite table  Jules Massenet  (1842-1912)
from Manon

Pause

Der Gefangene  Pauline Viardot-Garcia  (1821-1910)
Zwei Rosen
Die Beschwörung

Four Child Songs, Op. 5  Roger Quilter  (1877-1953)
I. A Good Child
II. The Lamplighter
III. Where Go the Boats?

Bubbles, Beautiful Bubbles  Thomas Pasatieri  (b. 1945)
from The Goose Girl

This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Taylor Braggins is from the studio of Randie Blooding.
Notes and Translations

Vincenzo Righini (1756 - 1812)
Born in Bologna, Italy, Righini was an Italian composer and a contemporary of Mozart. After a brief career on the stage as a tenor, Righini turned to composing after suffering vocal damage. He was also a sought after voice teacher, and taught many professional singers while in Vienna and Berlin. The Twelve Arietta{s}, op. 7, are small songs that are less elaborate than arias. Many of the themes show an affinity for Mozart, and several of the songs bear hints of the coming Romantic era. *T'intendo, sì, mio cor*, especially, seems to foreshadow Rossini and Bellini.

Mi lagnerò tacendo
Mi lagnerò tacendo
del mio destino amaro,
Ma ch'io non t'amì, o caro,
non lo sperar da me,
no, non lo sperar da me.
Crudele! in che t'offendo
se resta in questo petto
il misero dileetto
di sospirar per te?

* I will lament in silence

I will lament in silence
of my fate bitter,
But that I non love you, oh dearest,
do not hope it from me,
no, do not hope it from me.
Cruel one! How can it offend you
if remains in this heart
the paltry delight
of sighing for you?

*T'intendo, sì, mio cor*

T'intendo, sì, mio cor,
con tanto palpitar!
So che ti vuoi lagnar,
che amante sei.
Ah! taci il tuo dolor,
Ah! soffri il tuo martir,
tacilo, e non tradir
gli affetti miei!

* I hear you, yes, my heart

I hear you, yes, my heart,
with so much beating!
I know that you want to complain
that in love you are.
Ah! Quiet your sorrow,
Ah! Endure your suffering,
Keep silent, and don't betray
my feelings!

D'un genio che m'accende

D'un genio che m'accende,
tu vuoi ragion da me?
No ha ragione amore,
e se ragione intende,
subito amor non è.
Un amoroso foco
non può spiegarsi mai,
di che lo sente poco,
chi ne ragiona assai,
chi ti sa dir perché.

* For the pleasure that enflames me

For the pleasure that enflames me,
you want a reason from me?
Love has no reason,
and if it understands reason,
suddenly it is not love.
An amorous fire
can never explain itself,
the day that it feels it a little,
whoever thinks much,
knows to tell you why.
Poldowski (1880 - 1932)
Poldowski was the pseudonym under which Irena Wieniawska composed music. Originally of Polish inheritance, she married into the British aristocracy in 1901 and became Lady Dean Paul. She continued to write under the name Poldowski. She wrote around 30 songs, and 16 of those, including all of those present in this set, were to verses by Paul Verlaine. All of the Verlaine settings were composed between 1915 and 1920.

L'heure exquise
La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...
O bien-aimée!
L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.
Un vaste et tendre
Apaissement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquise.

The exquisite hour
The white moon
Shines through the trees
From each branch
Comes a voice
Under the boughs...
Oh my beloved!
The pond reflects
As a deep mirror
The outline
Of the black willow
Where the wind weeps...
Let us dream, it is the hour.
A vast and tender
Calm
Seems to descend
From the heavens
with the iridescent star...
It is the exquisite hour.

Crépuscule du soir mystique
Le Souvenir avec le Crépuscule
Rougeoie et tremble à l'ardent horizon
De l'Espérance en flamme qui recule
Et s'agrandit ainsi qu'une cloison Mystérieuse où mainte floraison Dahlia, lys, tulipe et renoncule S'élance autour d'un treillis, et circule Parmi la maladive exhalaison De parfums lourds et chauds, dont le poison Dahlia, lys, tulipe et renoncule Noyant mes sens, mon âme et ma

Twilight of a Mystical Evening
Memory with Twilight
Glows and trembles on the fiery horizon
Of burning Hope that shrinks and grows
Like some mysterious partition
Where the flowers in profusion
Dahlias, lilies, tulips and marigolds
Fly round a trellis in their circulation
Among the heady exhalation
Of heavy perfumes, whose warm poison
Dahlias, lilies, tulips and marigolds
Drowning my senses, soul and
raison,
Mêle dans une immense pâmoison
Le Souvenir avec le Crépuscule.

Dansons la Gigue!
Dansons la gigue!
J'aimais surtout ses jolis yeux
Plus clairs que l'étoile des cieux,
J'aimais ses yeux malicieux.
Dansons la gigue!
Elle avait façons vraiment
De désoler un pauvre amant,
Que c'en était vraiment charmant!
Dansons la gigue!
Mais je trouve encore meilleur
Le baiser de sa bouche en fleur
Depuis qu'elle est morte à mon cœur.
Dansons la gigue!
Dansons la gigue!
Je me souviens, je me souviens
Des heures et des entretiens,
Et c'est le meilleur de mes biens.
Dansons la gigue!

Jules Massenet (1842 - 1912)
Massenet is a French composer best known for his operas. This aria is sung by the title character of the opera, Manon Lescaut. She is a young, naive, fragile girl who falls in love on her way to the convent. She runs away with the young, poor Chevalier to start a life with him. Her cousin arrives at her door, accompanied by a nobleman, with a warning that Chevalier will be abducted that evening. The nobleman offers Manon promises of a better life. In this aria, Manon contemplates the humble life she has shared with Chevalier, knowing that she must leave him.

Adieu, notre petite table
Allons! il le faut! Pour lui-même!
Mon pauvre chevalier!
Oh! Oui, c'est lui que j'aime!
Et pourtant, j'hésite aujourd'hui!
Non! je ne suis plus digne de lui!

Farewell, our little table
Come! it must be done! For his sake!
My poor Chevalier!
Oh! Yes, it is he whom I love!
And yet, I hesitate today!
No! I am no longer worthy of him!
J'entends cette voix qui m'entraîne contre ma volonté:
"Manon, tu seras reine, reine par la beauté!"
Je ne suis que faiblessé
et que fragilité!
Ah! malgré moi je sens couler mes larmes, devant ces rêves effacés!
L'avenir aura-t-il les charmes de ces beaux jours déjà passés?
Adieu, notre petite table, qui nous réunit si souvent!
Adieu, notre petite table si grande pour nous cependant!
On tient, c'est inimaginable,
Si peu de place en se serrant...
Adieu, notre petite table!
Un même verre était le nôtre,
chacun de nous, quand il buvait, y cherchait les lèvres de l'autre...
Ah! Pauvre ami, comme il m'aimait!
Adieu, notre petite table, adieu!

I hear that voice which entices me against my will:
"Manon, you shall be queen, queen by your beauty!"
I am nothing but weakness and fragility!
Ah! I feel my tears flowing in spite of myself,
before these dreams that fade!
The future will it have the charms of those beautiful days already passed?
Farewell, our little table, that brought us together so often!
Farewell, our little table, so large for us however!
We took up, it is unimaginable, so small a space when we embraced...
Farewell, our little table!
We used the same glass, each of us, when we drank from it, there we searched for the lips of the other...
Ah! Poor friend, how he loved me!
Farewell, our little table!

**Pauline Viardot-Garcia (1821 - 1910)**

Viardot was a renowned Spanish mezzo-soprano and daughter of the tenor, Manuel Garcia. She married the French literary critic, Louis Viarddot. Clara Schumann said of Pauline Viardot, "She is the most gifted woman I have ever met in my life." She inspired operas, and was an instrumental catalyst for many composers. Her writing for the piano shows influence of her teacher, Franz Liszt. French poetry predominates her songs, however she also set Italian, Russian, and German texts.

**Der Gefangene**

Ich sitz' hinterm Gitter im feuchten Gemach,
ein Adler, ein Junger, steht aasend am Fach;
mein trüber Gefährte,

**The Captive**

I sit behind the bars in the damp room,
an eagle, a young one, stands filthy in the cell;
my cheerless companion,
er aast mit Geräusch, he eats with a stir, 
er flattert und hackt at the bloody flesh. 
Er hackt es und wirft's and looks out the window, 
und zum Fenster er schaut, as though he knew 
als wär' er mit meinen my thoughts; 
Gedanken vertraut; he calls me and shrieks at me 
er ruft mich und kreischt mir with a warning word, 
ein mahndendes Wort, as though to say to me: 
alas wollt' er mir sagen: now let us fly away! 
jetzt fliegen wir fort! We'll fly to freedom, 
Wir fliegen in's Freie, it's time, yes it's time! 
ist's Zeit, ja ist's Zeit! There, where the mountains 
dahin, wo die Berge stretch out so far, 
sich dehnen so weit, where the sea glimmers 
dahin, wo das Meer glänzt in a sweep of blue, 
in bläulichem Strich, there where all that soars 
dahin, wo nur schweben are the breezes and me! 
die Lüfte und ich!

Zwei Rosen
Schlaf nicht mehr! zwei junge 
Rosen 
mit dem Früthau bring' ich Dir, with morning dew I bring to you, 
heller als bei Liebeskosen made brighter by love's caress, 
Silbertränen glün sie Dir. their silver tears glow for you. 
Frischer nach der Wetter Tosen Fresher after the raging weather 
glänzt das laub, ist rein die Luft, the leaves gleam, the breeze is pure, 
und die Blumentränen kosen and the flowers' tears caress 
heimlich mid dem Blumenduft. secretly the flowery fragrance.

Die Beschwörung
O wenn es wahr ist, dass zur Nacht, Oh, if it is true, that in the night, 
die in den Schlaf lullt alles Leben when all who live are lulled in sleep, 
und nur des Mondlichts bleiche and only the moonlight's pale 
Pracht splendor 
lässt um die Grabessteine weben, winds amongst the tombstones, 
o wenn es wahr ist, dass dann leer oh, if it is true then 
die Gräber stehn die Todten lassen, That the graves give up their dead, 
erwart' ich Dich zu umfassen. it is then that I wait to embrace you. 
Hör: Leila, mich! Komm her! Hear me Leila! Come here! 
Erschein' aus deinem Schattenreich, Appear from your shadowy realm, 
ganz wie du warst just as you were 
vor unserm Scheiden,
dem kalten Wintertage gleich, das Angesicht entstellt von Leiden.

O komm, ein ferner Stern, daher, o komm, ein Hauch, ein leis Getöne, oder in schrechenvoller Schönheit, mir ist es gleich, komm her!
Ich rief Leila darum nie, des Grabs Geheimniss zu erfahren, auch nicht zum Vorwurf gegen die, die meiner Liebe Mörder waren, auch darum nicht, weil oft noch schwer mich Zweifel quälen...Nein, zu sagen, dass treu, wie stets mein Herz geschlagen, es jetzt noch schlägt...Komm her!

as in that cold winter's day, your features distorted with suffering,
O come here, as a faraway star, o come, a breath, a gentle sound, or in some other frightening beauty, it is the same to me, come here!
I do not call Leila here to discover the secret of the grave, nor to condemn those who murdered my love, nor, though oppressive doubts torture me...No, only to say that loyally still my heart beats, and still it beats...Come here!

Roger Quilter (1877 - 1953)
Quilter was an English composer who was overwhelmingly concerned with the art song. He wrote around 140 songs in his career. This set, *Four Child Songs*, was composed in 1915 with text by Robert Louis Stevenson. They are dedicated to his sister, Norah, and depict the light-hearted, inquisitive, and innocent musings of a child.

Thomas Pasatieri (b. 1945)
The *Goose Girl* is a short children's opera written in 1980. The intended audience was children, and as such, the plot includes a princess, a prince, a greedy attendant, a talking horse, and a magic cloth with three wishes. There are mix ups, woes, and a happily ever after in the end. This aria is sung by the princess as she daydreams about her new life with the prince from the next kingdom.