Senior Recital: Shaylyn Gibson, soprano

Shaylyn Gibson

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Senior Recital:
Shaylyn Gibson, soprano

Samuel Martin, piano
Jaime Guyon, soprano

Ford Hall
Sunday March 2nd, 2014
7:00 pm
Program

Quatre Chansons de Ronsard

I. À une Fontaine
II. À Cupidon
III. Tais-tois, babillarde Arondelle!
IV. Dieu, vous gard'

Recitativo: Signora sorellina...
Terzetto: Le faccio un inchino

Darius Milhaud
(1892-1974)

Domenico Cimarosa
(1749-1801)

Jaime Guyon, soprano

Knoxville: Summer of 1915

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Intermission

Silly Eye Color Generalizations

Regina Spektor
(b. 1980)

Zigeunermelodien

I. Mein Lied ertönt
II. Ei, wie mein Triangel wunderherrlich läutet!
III. Rings ist der Wald
IV. Als die alte Mutter
V. Reingestimmt die Saiten!
VI. In dem weiten, breiten, luft'gen Leinenkleide
VII. Darf es Falken Schwinge

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

Glitter and Be Gay

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Shaylyn Gibson is from the studio of Jennifer Kay.
Translations

Quatre Chansons de Ronsard

I. À une fontaine

Écoute moi, fontaine vive,
En qui j’ai rebu si souvent,
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent,
Quand l’été ménager moissonne
Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,
Et l’aire par compas résonne
Gémissant sous le blé battu.
Ainsi toujours puisses-tu être
En religion à tout ceux,
Qui te boirons ou faîront paître
Tes vers rivages à leurs boeufs.
Ainsi toujours la lune claire
Voie à minuit au fond d’un val
Les Nymphes près de ton repaire
à mille bonds mener le bal!

Listen to me, living fountain,
from which I have drunk so often,
lying on my stomach, overlooking your
bank,
idly in the coolness of the breeze,
while thrifty summer gathers the
harvest
from the bare breast of Ceres,
and the air of the threshing floor
resounds
with groans beneath the beaten grain.
Thus may you remain forever
a sacred place for all those
who drink from you or lead for grazing
to your green shores their oxen.
And may the moonlight always
glimpse at midnight down in the valley
the nymphs around your refuge,
with a thousand leaps, leading the
dance!

II. À Cupidon

Le jour pousse la nuit
Et la nuit sombre
Pousse le jour qui luit
D’une obscure ombre.
L’automne suit l’été
Et l’âpre rage
Des vents n’a point été
Après l’orage.
Mais la fièvre d’amours
Qui me tourmente
Demeure en moi toujours
Et ne s’alente.
Ce n’était pas moi, Dieu,
Qu’il fallait poindre;
Ta flèche en d’autre lieu
Se devait joindre.
Poursuis les paresseux
Et les amuse,
Mais non pas moi, ni ceux
Qu’aime la Muse...

The day expels the night,
and the dark night
expels the day, which shines
in a dim shadow.
The autumn follows the summer
and the bitter fury
of the winds no longer blows
after the storm.
Yet the fever of love
that torments me
dwells always within me
and will not subside.
It was not I, God,
at whom you should have pointed;
your arrow should have found
another mark.
Pursue the lazy
and amuse them,
but not me, nor those
beloved by the Muse...
III. Tais-toi, babillarde Arondelle
Ah! Tais-toi, babillarde Arondelle,
Ou bien, je plumerai ton aile
Si je t'empongne, ou d'un couteau
Je te couperai la languette,
Qui matin sans repos caquette
Et m'étourdit tout le cerveau.

Ah! je te preste ma cheminet,
Pour chanter toute la journée,
De soir, de nuit, quand tu voudras.
Mais au matin ne me réveille,
Et ne m'oste quand je sommeille,
Ma Cassandre d'entre mes bras. Ah!

IV. Dieu, vous gard'
Dieu vous gard', messagers fidèles
Du Printemps, gentes hirondelles,
Huppes, coucous, rossignolets,
Tourtres, et vous oiseaux sauvages
Qui de cent sortes de ramage
Animez les bois verdelets.

Dieu vous gard', belles pâquerettes,
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,
Et vous boutons jadis connus
Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse,
Et vous thym, anis et mélisse,
Vous soyez les bien revenus.

Dieu vous gard', troupe diaprée
Des papillons, qui par la prée
Les douces herbes suçotez;
Et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles
De votre bouche baisotez.

Cent mille fois je resalue
Votre belle et douce venue.
Ô que j'aime cette saison
Et ce doux caquet des rivages,
Au prix des vents et des orages
Qui m'enfermaient en la maison!

III. Shut up, babbling swallow
Ah! Shut up, babbling swallow
or else I will tear off your wing
if I can catch you, or with a knife
I will cut out your tongue,
which chatters on and on in the mornings
and drives me out of my mind.

Ah! I will lend you my chimney,
where you can sing all day long,
all evening, all night if you want,
but in the morning, do not wake me,
and, when I am dozing, do not take
my Cassandra from my arms. Ah!

IV. God, you protect
God, you protect faithful messengers
of spring, gentle swallows,
hoopoes, cuckoos, little nightingales,
turtledoves, and you wild birds
who, with a hundred kinds of song,
enlive the green woods.

God, you protect lovely daisies,
beautiful roses, beautiful little flowers,
and you buds, once named
for the blood of Ajax and Narcissus.

And you thyme, anise and balm,
you are all welcomed back again.
God, you protect multi-colored flight
of butterflies, who, across the meadows,
the sweet grasses drink;
and you, new swarm of bees,
who kiss with your mouthes
the red and yellow flowers.

A hundred thousand times I repeatedly
salute
your beautiful and sweet coming.
Oh how I love this season
and the soft clucking on the banks,
more than the winds and storms
which have shut me in my house!
Recitativo e Terzetto
dall'opera "Il Matrimonio Segreto"

Elisetta:
Signora sorellina, ch’io le rammenti un poco ella permetta, ch’io sono la maggior, lei la cadetta: che perciò le disdice quell’invidia che mostra: e che in questa occasion meglio faria, se mi pregasse della grazia mia.

Elisetta:
My little sister, allow me to remind you that I am the eldest, you the youngest: it is therefore understandable, this envy that you show: but on this occasion ‘twould be better that you ask for my good graces.

Carolina:
Ah, ah! della sua grazia, quantunque singolare, in verità non ne saprei che fare.

Carolina:
Hah! Of your graces I would have no use indeed!

Elisetta:
Sentite la insolente? Io son Contessa, e siete voi un niente.

Elisetta:
Do you hear this insolence? I am a countess, and you are nothing.

Fidalma:
Eccoci qua: noi siamo sempre a quella. Tra sorella e sorella, chi per un po’ di fumo, chi per voler far troppo la vivace, un solo giorno qui non si sta in pace.

Fidalma:
Here we go again, we always come to this. Between sisters, one with too much pride, the other, too much spirit, a single day here cannot be spent in peace.

Elisetta:
Qual fumo ho io? Parlate!

Carolina:
Qual io vivacità, che condannate?

Elisetta:
Non ho fors’io ragione?

Carolina:
Ho dunque torto io?

Elisetta:
Am I not right?

Fidalma:
Si: deve rispettarvi.

Fidalma:
She ought to respect you.

Carolina:
Am I then wrong?

Fidalma:
No: non deve incitarvi.

Fidalma:
No, she shouldn't provoke you.

Elisetta:
Che? Fors’io la incito?

Elisetta:
What, do I provoke her?

Carolina:
Che? Fors’io la strapazzo?

Carolina:
What, do I ill-treat her?
Fidalma:
No, niente, no; non fate un tal schiamazzo.

Carolina:
Io di lei non ho invidia; non ho rincrescimento del di lei ingrandimento: sol mi dispiace che in questa occasione ha di sè stessa troppa presunzione.

Elisetta:
Il voltarmi le spalle in questo modo è un'altra impertinenza.

Carolina:
Perdono se ho mancato a sua eccellenza. Le faccio un inchino, Contessa garbata. Per essere dama si vede ch'è nata. Per altro, lei rider mi fà!

Elisetta:
Strillate, crepate; son dama e Contessa, beffar se volete, beffate voi stessa, per altro, creanza non hà!

Fidalma:
Quel fumo, mia cara, è troppo eccedente, voi siete, carina, un poco insolente, vergogna, vergogna, finitela già!

Carolina:
Sua serra non sono.

Elisetta:
Son vostra maggiore!

Carolina:
Entrambe siam figlie d'un sol genitore.

Elisetta:
Stizzosa, stizzosa!

Carolina:
Fumosa, fumosa!

Fidalma:
Finiam questa cosa, tacetevi là!

Carolina e Elisetta:
Non posso soffrire la sua inciviltà!

Fidalma:
Codesto garrire tra voi ben non stà!
Knoxville: Summer of 1915  
(Text by James Agee)

We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville, Tennessee in the time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child.

...It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession of the trees, of birds' hung havens, hangars. People go by ; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt: a loud auto : a quiet auto : people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard, and starched milk, the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber.

A streetcar raising its iron moan ; stopping ; belling and starting, stertorous ; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past, the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks ; the iron whine rises on rising speed ; still risen, faints ; halts ; the faint stinging bell ; rises again, still fainter ; fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone : forgotten. Now is the night one blue dew.

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose.
Low on the length of lawns, a frailing of fire who breathes ... Parents on porches : rock and rock. From damp strings morning glories hang their ancient faces.

The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums. On the rough wet grass of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts. We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there... They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet, of nothing in particular, of nothing at all in particular, of nothing at all. The stars are wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and they seem very near. All my people are larger bodies than mine, ... with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds. One is an artist, he is living at home. One is a musician, she is living at home. One is my mother who is good to me. One is my father who is good to me... By some chance, here they are, all on this earth ; and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth, lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the night ... May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father, oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble ; and in the hour of their taking away.

After a little I am taken in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her : and those receive me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well-beloved in that home : but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever ; but will not ever tell me who I am.
I. Mein Lied ertönt
Mein Lied ertönt ein Liebespsalm
beginnt der Tag zu sinken,
und wenn das Moos
der welke Halm Tauperlen heimlich
trinken.
Mein Lied ertönt voll Wanderlust
in grünen Waldeshallen,
und auf der Puszta weitem Plan
lass' frohen Sang' ich schallen.
Mein Lied ertönt voll Liebe auch,
 wenn Heidestürme toben;
des Bruders Brust gehoben!

II. Ei, wie mein Triangel
wunderherrlich läutet!
Ei! Ei, wie mein Triangel
wunderherrlich läutet!
Leicht bei solchen Klängen in den Tod
man schreitet!
Triangelschallen!
All! Songs, dances, love, farewell to them all!

III. Rings ist der Wald
Rings ist der Wald so stumm und still,
das Herz schlägt mir so bange;
der schwarze Rauch sinkt tiefer stets,
und trocknet meiner Wange.

Ei, meine Tränen trocknen nicht,
musst andre Wangen suchen!
Wer nur den Schmerz besingen kann,
wird nicht dem Tode fluchen.

IV. Als die alte Mutter
Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte
singen,
Tränen in den Wimpern gar so oft ihr
hingen.
Jetzt wo ich die Kleinen selber üb' im
Sange,
rieselt's mir vom Auge,
rieselt's oft mir auf die braune
Wange!

I. My song resounds
My song resounds a hymn of love
when the day begins to sink,
and when the moss
secretly waters the wilted stem with
dew-pearls.
My song resounds full of the joy of
traveling
in the green halls of the woods,
and on the Puszta's wide plane
let me ring out happy songs.
My song resounds also full of love,
when storms on the moorland rage;
when with the last breath of life,
my brothers breast is raised!

II. Oh, how wonderfully my
triangle rings!
Oh! Oh, how wonderfully my triangle
rings!
Easily in these sounds we proceed to
death!
Into death we walk, accompanied by
triangle sounds!
Songs, dances, love, farewell to them
all!

III. All around is the wood
All around is the wood, so quiet and
still,
my heart beats within me so
anxiously;
the black smoke settles deeper still
and dries my cheeks.
Ah, but my tears won't dry,
the smoke must seek out other
cheeks!
Only he who can sing of his pain
will not be cursed by death.

IV. Songs my mother taught me
When my old mother taught me to
sing,
tears so often hung in her eyelashes.
Now that I sing with my own children,
they trickle from my eyes,
they trickle down my brown cheeks!
V. Reingestimmt die Saiten
Reingestimmt die Saiten,
Bursche, tanz' im Kreise!
Heute froh, und Morgen?
Trüb' nach alter Weise!
Nächster Tag' am Nile,
an der Väter Tische
reingestimmt die Saiten,
in den Tanz dich mische!
Reingestimmt die Saiten!
Bursche, tanz' im Kreise!

V. The strings are tuned
The strings are tuned,
Lad, dance in a circle!
Today is happy, and tomorrow?
Sad are the old ways!
The following day on the Nile,
at the father's table
the strings are tuned,
join yourself in the dance!
The strings are tuned!
Lad, dance in a circle!

VI. In dem weiten, breiten
luft'gen Leinenkleide
In dem weiten, breiten, luft'gen
Leinenkleide
freier der Zigeuner
als in Gold und Seide!
Jaj! der gold'ne Dolman
schnürt die Brust so enge,
hemmt des freien Liedes
wander frohe Klänge;
und wer Freude findet
an der Lieder Schallen,
lässt das Gold, das schnöde,
in die Höle fallen!

VI. In the wide, broad, airy
linenclothes
In the wide, broad, airy linenclothes
the Gypsy is more free
than in gold and silk!
Ah! The golden dolman
constricts my breast so tightly,
the traveler's happy melodies;
and whoever finds joy
in the songs sound
lets the loathesome gold
fall to hell!

VII. Darf des Falken Schwinge
Darf des Falken Schwinge
Tatrahoh'n umrauschen,
wird das Felsennest
er mit dem Käfig tauschen?
Kann das wilde Fohlen
jagen durch die Heide,
wird's an Zaum und Zügel
finden keine Freude?
Hat Natur, Zigeuner, etwas dir
ggeben?
ja zur Freiheit schuf sie mir
das ganze Leben.

VII. If the falcon's wings
If the falcon's wings
can soar above Tatra's heights,
would it exchange its rocky nest
for a cage?
If the wild foal can
race through the moorland,
would it, on bridle and rein,
find its happiness?
Has nature, gyspy, given you
something?
Hah! For me, it has created freedom,
and my entire life!