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Faculty Recital: Rebecca Carr, soprano

Rebecca Carr

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Faculty Recital:
Rebecca Carr, soprano
Richard Montgomery, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, September 13th, 2015
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Ah! Perfido"
Concert Aria for Soprano

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Chanson perpétuelle

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

"Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém"
from *Rusalka*, Act I
"Un bel dì, vedremo"
from *Madama Butterfly*, Act II

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)
Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

"Ah! Du wollest mich nicht deinen Mund küssen
lassen"
from *Salome*, Final Scene

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Translations

Ah! Perfido

Ah! perfido, spergiuro,
Barbaro traditor, tu parti?
E son questi gl'ultimi tuoi congedi?
Ove s'intese tirannia più crudel?
Va, scellerato! va, pur fuggi da me,
L'ira de' numi non fuggirai.

Se v'è giustizia in ciel, se v'è pietà,

Congiureranno a gara tutti a punirti!
Ombra seguace, presente, ovunque vai,
Vedrò le mie vendette,
Io già le godo immaginando.
I fulmini ti veggio già balenar d'intorno.

Ah no! Fermate, vindici Dei!
Risparmiate quel cor, ferite il mio!
S'ei non è più qual era, son io qual fui,

Per lui vivea, voglio morir per lui!

Per pietà, non dirmi addio!
Di te priva che farò?
Tu lo sai, bell'idol mio!
Io d'affanno morirò.

Ah crudel! Tu vuoi ch'io mora!
Tu non hai pietà di me?
Perchè rendi a chi t'adora così barbara
mercè?
Dite voi se in tanto affanno non son
degnà di pietà?

Chanson Perpétuelle

Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé
Mon bien-aimé s'en est allé
Emportant mon cœur désolé.
Vents, que vos plaintives rumeurs,
Que vos chants, rossignols charmeurs,
Aillent lui dire que je meurs.
Le premier soir qu'il vint ici,
Mon âme fut à sa merci;
De fierté je n'eus plus souci.
Mes regards étaient pleins d'aveux.
Il me prit dans ses bras nerveux
Et me baisa près des cheveux.
J'en eus un grand frémissement.
Et puis je ne sais plus comment

Ah! Deceiver

Ah, faithless liar,
vile deceiver, thou leavest me?
and are these thy last words of parting?
Can any cruelty be harsher than thine?
Go hence, villain, flee from me!
The wrath of the gods thou wilt not
escape!

If there is justice in heaven, if there is
mercy,
everything will conspire to punish thee!
As a fleeing shadow pursuing thy path
will I see vengeance wrought;
I savor it already in my thoughts,
seeing vengeful lightnings flash around
thee.

But no, stay your wrath, ye gods!
spare his heart and strike mine!
Though he no longer is what he was, I
am unchanged;
I have lived for him - let me die for him!

For pity's sake, do not leave me;
parted from thee, how shall I live?
Thou knowest it, my beloved,
that I shall die of grief.

Ah, cruel one! Thou wantest me to die!
Hast thou no pity for me?
Why dost thou reward so cruelly my
adoring love?
In this affliction, am I not worthy of
compassion?

Song Everlasting

Trembling trees, starry sky
My beloved has gone away
Bearing with him my desolate heart.
Winds, let your plaintive noises
Let your songs, charming nightingales,
Tell him that I die.
The first night he came here,
My soul was at his mercy;
I no longer cared about my pride.
My glances were full of promise.
He took me into his trembling arms
And kissed me near the hair.
I felt a great quivering.
And then, I don't know how

Il est devenu mon amant.
Je lui disais: "Tu m'aimeras
Aussi longtemps que tu pourras."
Je ne dormais bien qu'en ses bras.
Mais lui, sentant son cœur éteint,
S'en est allé l'autre matin
Sans moi, dans un pays lointain.
Puisque je n'ai plus mon ami,
Je mourrai dans l'étang, parmi
Les fleurs sous le flot endormi.
Sur le bord arrivée, au vent
Je dirai son nom, en rêvant
Que là je l'attendis souvent.
Et comme en un linceul doré,
Dans mes cheveux défaits, au gré
Du vent je m'abandonnerai.
Les bonheurs passés verseront
Leur douce lueur sur mon front,
Et les joncs verts m'enlaceront.
Et mon sein croira, frémissant
Sous l'enlacement caressant,
Subir l'étreinte de l'absent.

Pisen Rusalky O Měsíčku

Měsíčku no nebi hlubokém,

světlo tvé daleko vidí,
po světě bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,
řekni mi, kde je můj milý!

Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,

mé že jej objímá rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění no mne.
Zasvit mu do daleka,
řekni mu, kdo tu naň čeká!

O mně-li duše lidská sní,
ať se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

Un bel dì vedremo

Un bel dì, vedremo
levarsi un fil di fumo
Sull'estremo confin del mare.
E poi la nave appare.
Poi la nave bianca

He became my lover
I said to him: "You will love me
As long as you are able."
I never slept as well as in his arms.
But he, feeling his heart fade,
Left the other day
Without me, for a foreign land.
Since I no longer have my friend,
I will die in this pool, among
The flowers under the sleeping current.
Arriving on the shoreline,
I will speak his name to the wind,
In a dream that I await him there.
And like in a gilded shroud
With hair tousled at the wind's whim,
I will let myself go.
The happy hours of the past
Will glimmer on my face,
And the green reeds will entrap me.
And my breast will believe, shuddering
Under the caress of their entwinement,
It submits to the embrace of the one
who left.

Song of the Moon

O moon high up in the deep, deep
sky,
Your light sees far away regions,
You travel round the wide,
Wide world peering into human
dwellings

O, moon, stand still for a moment,
Tell me, ah, tell me where is my
lover!

Tell him, please, silvery moon in the
sky,

That I am hugging him firmly,
That he should for at least a while
Remember his dreams!

Light up his far away place,
Tell him, ah, tell him who is here
waiting!

If he is dreaming about me,
May this remembrance waken him!
O, moon, don't disappear!

One beautiful day

One fine day, we will see
Arising a strand of smoke
Over the far horizon on the sea
And then the ship appears
And then the ship is white

entra nel porto,
romba il suo saluto.
Vedi? È venuto!
Io non gli scendo incontro, io no.
Mi metto là sul ciglio del colle
e aspetto e aspetto gran tempo
e non mi pesa la lunga attesa.
E uscito dalla folla cittadina
un uomo, un picciol punto
s'avvia per la collina.
Chi sarà? Chi sarà?
E come sarà giunto?,
che dirà? Che dirà?
Chiamerà Butterfly dalla lontana
lo senza dar risposta me ne starò
nascosta.
Un po' per celia,
un po' per non morire
al primo incontro,
ed egli al quanto in pena
Chiamerà, chiamerà:
'Piccina mogliettina
Olezzo di verbena'
I nomi che mi dava al suo venire.

Tutto questo avverrà, te lo prometto.
tienti la tua paura io con sicura fede
l'aspetto.

It enters into the port,
it rumbles its salute
Do you see it? He is coming!
I don't go down to meet him, not I.
I stay upon the edge of the hill
And I wait a long time
but I do not grow weary of the long wait
And leaving from the crowded city,
A man, a little speck
Climbing the hill.
Who is it? Who is it?
And as he arrives
What will he say? What will he say?
He will call Butterfly from the distance
I without answering stay hidden

A little to tease him,
a little as to not die
at the first meeting,
And then a little troubled
He will call, he will call,
"Little one, dear wife
Orange Blossom"
The names he called me at his last
coming.
All this will happen, I promise you this
Hold back your fears I with secure faith
wait for him.

Ah, du wolltest mich nicht deinen Mund küssen lassen, Jochanaan!

Ah! Du wolltest mich nicht deinen Mund küssen lassen, Jochanaan!

Wohl, ich werde ihn jetzt küssen!

Ich will mit meinen Zähnen hineinbeißen,

wie man in eine reife Frucht beißen mag.

Ja, ich will ihn jetzt küssen, deinen Mund Jochanaan.

Ich hab' es gesagt. Hab' ich's nicht gesagt?

Ja, ich hab' es gesagt.

Ah! Ah! Ich will ihn jetzt küssen...

Aber warum siehst du mich nicht an, Jochanaan?

Deine Augen, die so schrecklich waren, so voller Wut und Verachtung, sind jetzt geschlossen.

Warum sind sie geschlossen?

Öffne doch die Augen, erhebe deine Lider, Jochanaan!

Warum siehst du mich nicht an?

Hast du Angst vor mir, Jochanaan, dass du mich nicht ansehen willst?...

Und deine Zunge, sie spricht kein Wort, Jochanaan,
diese Scharlachnatter, die ihren Geifer gegen mich spie.

Es ist seltsam, nicht?

Wie kommt es, dass diese rote Natter sich nicht mehr rührt?

Du sprachst böse Worte gegen mich, gegen mich, Salome, die Tochter der Herodias,
Prinzessin von Judea.

Nun wohl! Ich lebe noch, aber du bist tot,

und dein Kopf, dein Kopf gehört mir.

Ich kann mit ihm tun, was ich will.

Ich kann ihn den Hunden vorwerfen und den Vögeln der Luft.

Was die Hunde übrig lassen, sollen die Vögel der Luft verzehren...

Ah! Ah! Jochanaan, Jochanaan, du warst schön.

Dein Leib war eine Elfenbeinsäule auf silbernen Füßen.

Er war ein Garten voller Tauben in der Silberlilien Glanz.

Nichts in der Welt war so weiss wie dein Leib.

Nichts in der Welt was so schwarz wie dein Haar.

In der ganzen Welt war nichts so rot wie dein Mund.

Deine Stimme war ein Weihrauchgefäß,

und wenn ich dich ansah, hörte ich geheimnisvolle Musik...

Oh! Warum hast du mich nicht angesehen, Jochanaan?

Du legtest über deine Augen die Binde eines, der seinen Gott schauen wollte.

Wohl! Du hast deinen Gott gesehen, Jochanaan, aber mich, mich, mich hast du nie
gesehn.

Hättest du mich gesehen, du hättest mich geliebt!

Ich dürste nach deiner Schönheit,

Ich hungre nach deinem Leib,

Nicht Wein noch Äpfel können mein Verlangen stillen...

Was soll ich jetzt tun, Jochanaan?

Nicht die Fluten, noch die grossen Wasser können dieses brünstige Begehren löschen...

Oh! Warum sahst du mich nicht an?

Hättest du mich angesehen, du hättest mich geliebt.

Ich weiss es wohl, du hättest mich geliebt.

Und das Geheimnis der Liebe ist grosser als das Geheimnis des Todes...

Ah! Ich habe deinen Mund geküsst, Jochanaan.

Ah! Ich habe ihn geküsst, deinen Mund,

es war ein bitterer Geschmack auf deinen Lippen...

Hat es nach Blut geschmeckt?

Nein! Doch es schmeckte vielleicht nach Liebe...

Sie sagen, dass die Liebe bitter schmecke...

Allein, was tut's? Was tut's?

Ich habe deinen Mund geküsst, Jochanaan,

Ich habe ihn geküsst, deinen Mund.

Ah! You would not let me kiss your mouth, Jochanaan!

Ah! You would not let me kiss your mouth, Jochanaan!
Well, I will kiss it now,
I will bite it with my teeth as one bites a ripe fruit.
Yes, I will kiss your mouth, Jochanaan.
I said it. Did I not say it? Yes, I said it.
Ah! Ah! I will kiss it now...
But why don't you look at me, Jochanaan?
Your eyes that were so terrible, so full of rage and scorn, are shut now.
Why are they shut?
Open your eyes, lift up your eyelids, Jochanaan!
Why don't you look at me?
Are you afraid of me, Jochanaan, that you will not look at me?...
And your tongue, it says nothing now, Jochanaan,
that scarlet viper that spat its venom upon me.
It is strange, is it not?
How is it that the red viper stirs no more?
You spoke evil words against me, against me, Salome, daughter of Herodias,
Princess of Judea!
Well, Jochanaan, I am still alive, but you are dead,
and your head, your head belongs to me.
I can do with it what I will.
I can throw it to the dogs and to the birds of the air.
That which the dogs leave, the birds of the air shall devour...
Ah! Jochanaan, Jochanaan, you were beautiful.
Your body was a column of ivory set on a silver socket.
It was a garden full of doves in the splendor of silver lilies.
There was nothing in the world so white as your body.
There was nothing in the world so black as your hair.
In the whole world there was nothing so red as your mouth.
Your voice was a censer,
and when I looked you, I heard mysterious music...
Ah! Why did you not look at me, Jochanaan?
You put over your eyes the blindfold of one who wanted to see his God.
Well! You have seen your God, Jochanaan, but me, me, me, you have never seen.
Had you seen me, you would have loved me.
I crave your beauty,
I am hungry for your body,
Neither wine nor apples can appease my desire...
What shall I do now, Jochanaan?
Neither the floods nor the great waters can quench my passion.
Oh! Why did you not look at me?
Had you looked at me, you would have loved me.
I know that you would have loved me.
And the mystery of love is greater than the mystery of death...
Ah! I have kissed your mouth, Jochanaan.
Ah! I have kissed your mouth.
There was a bitter taste on your lips.
Was it the taste of blood?
No! But perhaps it was the taste of love...
They say that love has a bitter taste...
But what does it matter? What does it matter?
I have kissed your mouth, Jochanaan.
I have kissed your mouth.