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10-25-2014

# Junior Recital: Cynthia Mickenberg, soprano

Cynthia Mickenberg

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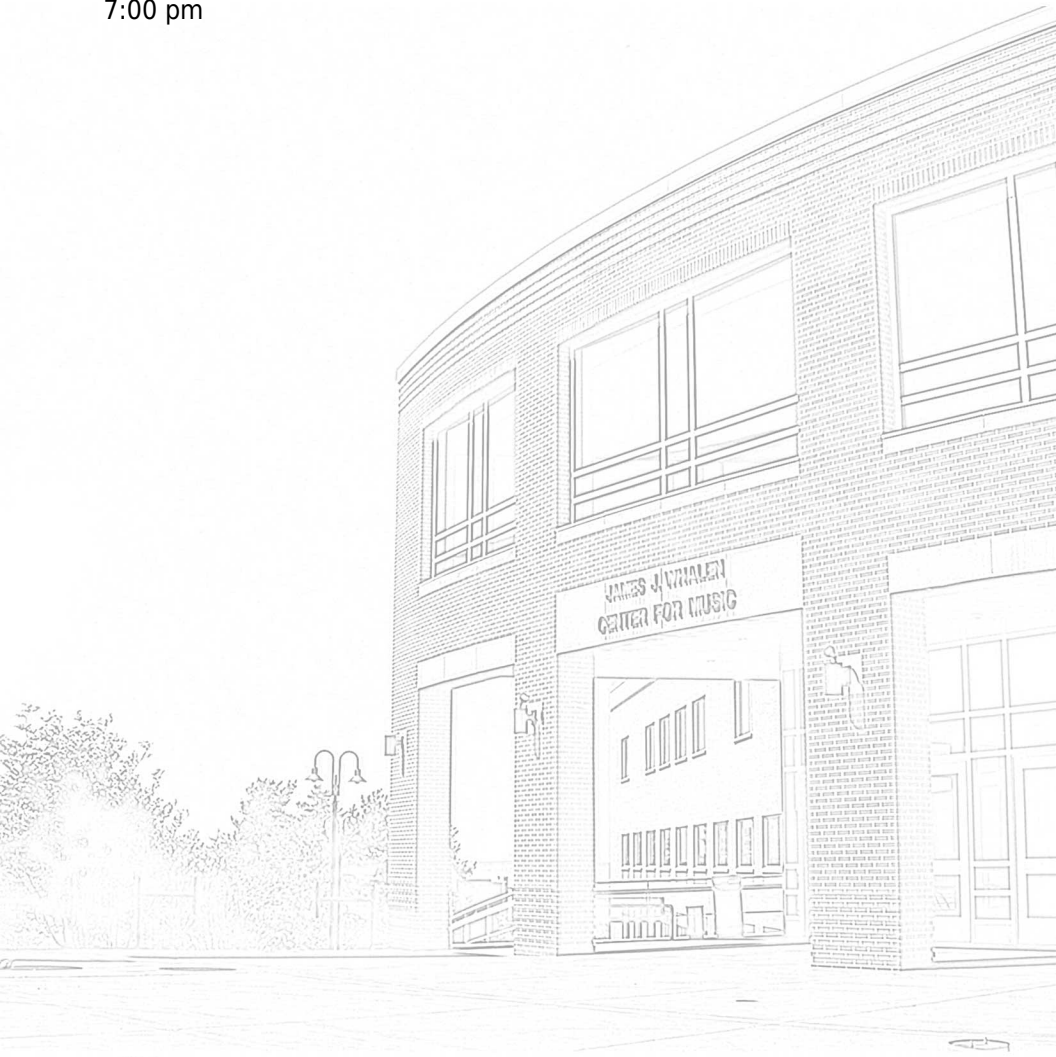
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**Junior Recital:**  
Cynthia Mickenberg, Soprano

Emmett Scott, Piano  
Christine Dookie, Flute

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Saturday, October 25th, 2014  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Và godendo  
Care selve

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Jucche!  
Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer  
Ständchen

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Quando m'en vo' from *La bohème*

Giacomo Puccini  
(1854-1924)

## Intermission

Surprised by Joy

Justin Parish  
b.1993

*Christine Dookie, Flute*

Air Vif  
C  
Violon  
Il vole

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

Rain has fallen  
Monks and raisins  
Sleep now  
Nuvoletta

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

## Translations

### Và godendo

Và godendo  
vezzoso e bello  
quel ruscello la libertà.  
E tra l'erbe con onde  
chiare  
lieto al mare correndo v`a.

The brook goes  
lightly and beautifully  
enjoying it's freedom.  
Through the brightly  
waving grass  
it flows happily towards the  
sea.

### Care selve

Care selve,  
ombre beate,  
vengo in traccia del mio  
cor!

Beloved woods,  
shadows blessed,  
I come in search of my  
beloved!

### Jucche!

Wie ist doch die Erde so  
schön, so schön!  
Das wissen die Vögelein;  
Sie heben ihr leicht  
Gefieder,  
Und singen so fröhliche  
Lieder  
In den blauen Himmel  
hinein.  
Wie ist doch die Erde so  
schön, so schön!  
Das wissen die Flüss' und  
Seen;  
Sie malen im klaren  
Spiegel  
Die Gärten und Städt' und  
Hügel,  
Und die Wolken, die drüber  
gehn!  
Und Sänger und Maler  
wissen es,

How beautiful, how  
beautiful the earth is!  
The little birds know that;  
They lift their airy feathers  
And sing such joyous  
songs,  
And sing unto the blue  
heavens.  
How beautiful, how beautiful  
the earth is!  
The rivers and lakes know  
this;  
They paint in their clear  
mirrors  
The gardens and cities and  
hills,  
And the clouds that drift  
above!  
And singers and painters  
know it,  
And so do many other folk;

Und es wissen's viel and're  
Leut'!  
Und wer's nicht malt, der  
singt es,  
Und wer's nicht singt, dem  
klingt es  
Im Herzen vor lauter  
Freud'!

And he who does not paint  
it, sings it,  
And he who does not sing  
it,  
His heart rings with it in  
sheer joy!

### **Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer**

Immer leiser wird mein  
Schlummer,  
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein  
Kummer  
Zitternd über mir.  
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich  
Rufen drauß vor meiner  
Tür:  
Niemand wacht und öffnet  
dir,  
Ich erwach' und weine  
bitterlich.  
Ja, ich werde sterben  
müssen,  
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,

My slumber grows ever  
more peaceful;  
and only like a thin veil  
now does my anxiety lie  
trembling upon me.  
Often in my dreams I hear  
you  
calling outside my door;  
no one is awake to let you  
in,  
and I wake up and weep  
bitterly.  
Yes, I will have to die;  
another will you kiss,  
when I am pale and cold.  
Before the May breezes  
blow,  
before the thrush sings in  
the forest:  
if you wish to see me once  
more,  
come, o come soon!

Wenn ich bleich und kalt.  
Eh' die Maienlülte weh'n  
Eh' die Drossel singt im  
Wald:  
Willst du mich noch einmal  
seh'n,  
Komm, o komme bald

### **Ständchen**

Der Mond steht über dem  
Berge,  
So recht für verliebte Leut';  
  
Im Garten rieselt ein  
Brunnen,  
Sonst Stille weit und breit.  
Neben der Mauer im

The moon hangs over the  
mountain,  
So fitting for love-struck  
people.  
In the garden trickles a  
fountain;  
Otherwise, it is still far and  
wide.

Schatten,  
Da stehn der Studenten  
drei,  
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und  
Zither,  
Und singen und spielen  
dabei.  
Die Klänge schleichen der  
Schönsten  
Sacht in den Traum hinein,  
sie schaut den blonden  
Geliebten  
und lispelt: "Vergiß nicht  
mein!"

Near the wall, in shadows,  
there stand the students  
three:  
with flute and fiddle and  
zither,  
they sing and play there.  
The sounds waft up to the  
loveliest of women, gently  
entering her dreams.  
She gazes on her blond  
beloved  
and whispers: "Forget me  
not!"

### **Quando m'en vo'**

Quando m'en vo'  
soletta per la via,  
la gente sosta e mira,  
e la bellezza mia  
tutta ricera in me,  
da capo a pie'.  
Ed assaporo allor  
la bramosia sottil,  
che da gli occhi traspira  
e dai palesi vezzi intender  
sa  
alle occulte beltà.  
Così l'effluvio del desìo  
tutta m'aggira  
felice mi fa!  
E tu che sai,  
che memori e ti struggi  
da me tanto rifuggi?  
So ben: le angoscie tue  
non le vuoi dir,  
Ma ti senti morir!

When I walk  
all alone down the street  
people stop and stare  
and look at my  
whole beauty  
from head to toe.  
And I taste  
the slight yearning  
which transpires from their  
eyes  
and can understand the  
hidden beauties  
of my obvious charms.  
Thus, the scent of desire is  
all around me  
it makes me happy!  
And you, while knowing,  
reminding, and longing  
you shrink from me?  
I know it very well:  
you don't want to express  
your anguish,  
but you feel as though  
you are dying!

### **Air vif**

Le trésor du verger et le  
jardin en fête,

The treasure of the orchard  
and the festive garden,

Les fleurs des champs,  
des bois, éclatent de  
plaisir,  
Hélas! hélas!  
Et sur leur tête  
le vent enfle sa voix.  
Mais toi noble océan  
que l'assaut des  
tourmentes  
Ne saurait ravager  
Certes plus dignement,  
lorsque tu te lamentes,  
Tu te prends à songer.

the flowers of the fields  
and woodlands burst with  
pleasure,  
alas! Alas!  
And above them  
the wind raises his voice.  
But you, noble Ocean  
that the assault of storms  
could not ravage,  
certainly, with more  
dignity,  
once you lament,  
you lose yourself in  
dreams.

### C

J'ai traversé les ponts de  
Cé  
C'est là que tout a  
commencé  
Une chanson du temps  
passé  
Parle d'un chevalier blessé  
D'une rose sur la chaussee,  
Et d'un corsage délacé  
Du château d'un duc  
insanse,  
Et des cygnes dans ses  
fosses  
De la prairie où vient danse  
Une éternelle fiancée  
Et j'ai bu comme un lait  
glace,  
Le long des laïcs de gloires  
fausses  
La Loire emporte mes  
pensées  
Avec des voitures versés  
Et les armes désamorçées  
Et les larmes mal effacée  
Oh ma France, ô mon  
delacee;  
J'ai traversé les ponts de  
Cé.

I have crossed the bridges  
of Cé  
It was there that it all  
began  
A song of times past  
Speaks of a wounded  
knight  
Of a rose upon the road  
And of a bodice unlaced  
Of the castle of a mad duke  
And of the swans in its  
moats  
Of the meadow where will  
dance  
An eternal fiancée  
And like cold milk I drank  
The long lay of false glories  
The Loire carries off my  
thoughts  
Along with the overturned  
cars  
And the defused weapons  
And the tears not rubbed  
away  
Oh my France, oh my  
abandoned one  
I have crossed the bridges  
of Cé.

## Violon

Couple amoureux  
aus accents méconnus  
Le violon et son joueur me  
plaisent.  
Ah! j'aime ces  
gémissements tendus  
Sur la corde des malaises.  
Aux accords sur les cordes  
des pendus  
À l'heure où les Lois se  
taisent  
Le coeur en forme de fraise

S'offre à l'amour comme  
un fruit inconnu.

Loving couple of  
misapprehended sounds  
Violin and player please  
me.  
Ah! I love these long  
wailings  
Stretched on the string of  
disquiet.  
To the sound of strung-up  
chords  
At the hour when Justice is  
silent  
The heart shaped like a  
strawberry  
Gives itself to love like an  
unknown fruit.

## Il vole

En allant se coucher le  
soleil  
Se reflète au vernis de ma  
table:  
C'est le fromage rond de la  
fable  
Au bec de mes ciseaux de  
vermeil.  
– Mais où est le corbeau? –  
Il vole.  
Je voudrais coudre mais un  
aimant  
Attire à lui toutes mes  
aiguilles.  
Sur la place les joueurs de  
quilles  
De belle en belle passent le  
temps.  
– Mais où est mon amant? –  
Il vole.  
C'est un voleur que j'ai  
pour amant,  
Le corbeau vole et mon  
amant vole,  
Voleur de coeur manque à

The sun as it sets  
Is reflected in my polished  
table:  
It is the round cheese of  
the fable  
In the beak of my silver  
scissors.  
But where's the crow?  
Stealing away.  
I'd like to sew but a  
magnet  
Attracts all my needles.  
In the square the skittle  
players play.  
Beauty after beauty passes  
the time.  
But where's my lover?  
Stealing away.  
I've a stealer for lover,  
The crow steals away and  
my lover steals,  
The stealer of my heart  
breaks his word  
And the stealer of cheese is  
absent.



sa parole  
Et voleur de fromage est  
absent.  
- Mais où est le bonheur? -  
Il vole.  
Je pleure sous le saule  
pleureur  
Je mêle mes larmes à ses  
feuilles  
Je pleure car je veux qu'on  
me veuille  
Et je ne plais pas à mon  
voleur.  
- Mais où donc est  
l'amour? - Il vole.  
Trouvez la rime à ma  
déraison  
Et par les routes du  
paysage  
Ramenez-moi mon amant  
volage  
Qui prend les coeurs et  
perd ma raison.  
Je veux que mon voleur me  
vole.

But where is happiness?  
Stealing away.  
I weep under the weeping  
willow  
I mingle my tears with its  
leaves  
I weep because I want to  
be wanted  
And because my stealer  
doesn't care for me.  
But where can love be?  
Stealing away.  
Find the rhyme to my lack  
of reason  
And along the country  
ways  
Bring me back to my  
wayward lover  
Who steals hearts and robs  
me of my senses.  
I want my stealer to steal  
me.