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# Elective Recital: Rachel E. Silverstein, mezzo-soprano

Rachel E. Silverstein

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## **Elective Recital:**

Rachel E. Silverstein, Mezzo-Soprano

Featuring:

Jenny Schulte, Mezzo-Soprano

Alexandra Wright, Soprano

and Liliana Saffa, Soprano

Accompanists

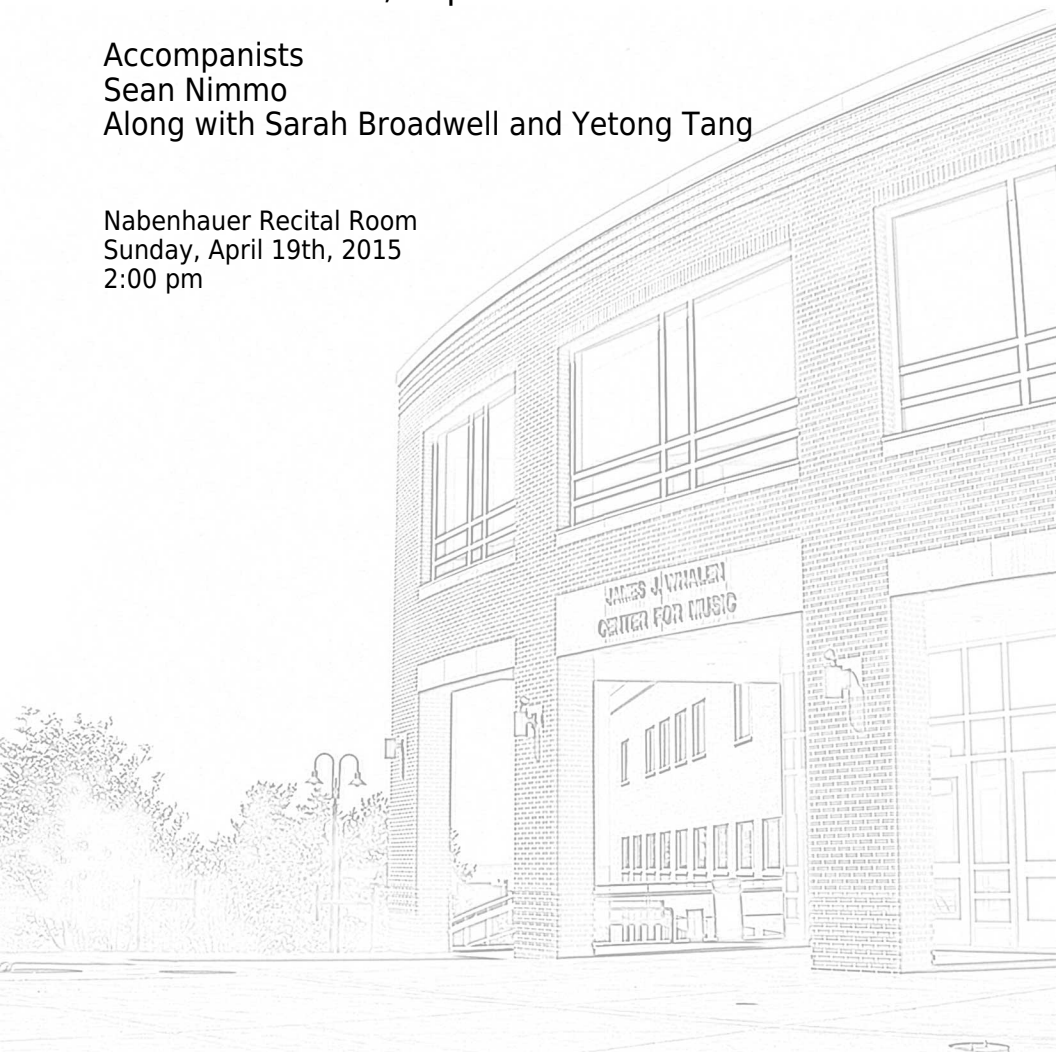
Sean Nimmo

Along with Sarah Broadwell and Yetong Tang

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Sunday, April 19th, 2015

2:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Per Pieta  
Dolente Immagine

Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

O del mio amato ben

Stephano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)

Après un rêve

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Someone to Watch Over Me

George Gershwin  
(1898-1937)

*Jenny Schulte, Mezzo-Soprano*

Wie Melodien  
Verbliches Stänchen  
An die Nachtigall

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

## Intermission

Harold Fraser-Simson

**The Hums of Pooh** (1872-1944)

Cottleson Pie  
What shall we do about poor little Tigger?  
The More it Snows  
Christopher Robin is going...

**Le Nozze di Figaro** W. A. Mozart  
Voi che sapete (1756-1791)

Sull'aria  
*Alexandra Wright, Soprano and Liliana Saffa, Soprano*  
Non so più cosa son

## Translations

### Per Pieta

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,  
Non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;  
Infelice e sventurato abbastanza il

Ciel mi fa.  
Se fedele a te son io,  
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,

Sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi il mio  
core,  
Il tuo lo sa.

For pity, my beautiful idol  
Do not tell me that I am ungrateful;  
Unhappy and unfortunate enough  
has

Heaven made me.  
That I am faithful to you,  
That I languish under your bright  
gaze,

Love knows, the gods know, my  
heart,  
And yours as well.

### Dolente Immagine

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,  
Perché s'ì squallida mi siedi  
accanto?  
Che più desideri?

Diretto pianto io sul tuo cenere  
versai finor.  
Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri

lo possa accendermi ad altra face?  
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;  
È inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,  
Why do you sit so desolate beside  
me?  
What more do you wish for?

Streams of tears have I poured on  
your ashes.  
Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred  
vows,

I could turn to another?  
Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully;  
The old flame cannot be  
extinguished.

### O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben  
perduto incanto!  
Lungi è dagli occhi miei  
chi m'era gloria e vanto!  
Or per le mute stanze  
sempre lo cerco e chiamo  
con pieno il cor di speranze?  
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!  
E il pianger m'è sì caro,  
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lui,  
triste ogni loco.  
Notte mi sembra il giorno;  
mi sembra gelo il foco.

Oh, lost enchantment  
Of my dearly beloved!  
Far from my eyes is he  
Who was, to me, glory and pride!  
Now through the empty rooms  
I always seek him and call him  
With a heart full of hopes?  
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!  
And the weeping is so dear to me,  
That with weeping alone I nourish  
my heart.

It seems to me, without him,  
Sad everywhere.  
The day seems like night to me;  
The fire seems cold to me.

Se pur talvolta spero  
di darmi ad altra cura,  
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:  
Ma, senza lui, che farò?  
Mi par così la vita vana cosa  
senza il mio ben.

If, however, I sometimes hope  
To give myself to another cure,  
One thought alone torments me:  
But without him, what shall I do?  
To me, life seems a vain thing  
Without my beloved.

## Après un rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton  
image  
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,

Tes yeux étaient plus doux,  
Ta voix pure et sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé  
Par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelas et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs  
nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines  
entrevues,

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes  
mensonges,  
Reviens, reviens radieuse,  
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

In a slumber which held your image  
spellbound

I dreamt of happiness, passionate  
mirage,

Your eyes were softer,  
Your voice pure and sonorous,  
You shone like a sky  
Lit up by the dawn;

You called me and I left the earth  
To run away with you towards the light,  
The skies opened their clouds for us,

Unknown splendours, divine flashes  
glimpsed,

Alas! Alas! sad awakening from dreams  
I call you, O night, give me back your  
lies,  
Return, return radiant,  
Return, O mysterious night.

## Wie Melodien

Wie Melodien zieht es  
Mir leise durch den Sinn,  
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es,  
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt  
es  
Und führt es vor das Aug',  
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es  
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime  
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,  
Den mild aus stillem Keime  
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

It moves like a melody,  
Gently through my mind;  
It blossoms like spring flowers  
And wafts away like fragrance.

But when captured in words,  
And placed before my eyes,  
It turns pale like a gray mist  
And disappears like a breath.

And yet, remaining in my rhymes

There hides still a fragrance,  
Which mildly from the quiet bud  
Calld forth a moist eye.

## Vergebliches Ständchen

Er: Guten Abend, mein Schatz,  
Guten Abend, mein Kind!

He: Good evening, my treasure,  
Good evening, my child!

Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,  
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,  
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

Sie: Meine Tür ist verschlossen,  
Ich laß dich nicht ein,  
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,  
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,  
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er: So kalt ist die Nacht,  
So eisig der Wind,  
Daß mir das Herz erfriert,  
Mein' Lieb' erlösch'n wird  
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie: Löschet dein' Lieb'  
lass' sie löschen nur!  
Löschet sie immerzu,  
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!  
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

I come from love of you,  
Ah, open the door,  
Open the door for me!

She: My door is locked,  
I won't let you in,  
Mother, who advises me well,  
Said if you came in,  
It would be all over for me!

He: The night is so cold,  
And the wind so icy,  
That my heart will freeze,  
And my love will be  
extinguished!  
Open for me, my child!

She: If your love starts dying,  
Then let it be extinguished!  
If it keeps dying,  
Go home to bed, and rest!  
Good night, my boy!

## An Die Nachtigall

Geuß nicht so laut der  
liebentflamnten Lieder  
Tonreichen Schall  
Vom Blütenast des  
Apfelbaums hernieder,  
O Nachtigall!

Du tönest mir mit  
Deiner süßen Kehle  
Die Liebe wach;  
Denn schon durchbebt die  
Tiefen meiner Seele  
Dein schmelzend Ach.

Dann flieht der Schlaf  
von neuem dieses  
Lager, Ich starre dann  
Mit naßem Blick  
und totenbleich und hager  
Den Himmel an.

Fleuch, Nachtigall,  
in grüne Finsternisse,  
Ins Haingesträuch,  
Und spend im Nest  
der treuen Gattin Küsse,  
Entfleuch, Entfleuch!

Do not pour forth your  
Love-enflamed songs'  
Tuneful sounds so loudly,  
Down from the blossoming  
Branch of the apple tree,  
O Nightingale!

With your sweet throat,  
You call me and  
Awaken Love within me;  
For already the depths  
Of my soul are stirred  
By your melting cry.

Sleep flees once more  
From this place,  
I stare then  
With a tearful gaze,  
Deathly pale and haggard,  
At the sky.

Fly, nightingale,  
Off into the green darkness,  
Into the bushy grove.  
And on your faithful mate  
In your nest shower kisses,  
Fly off, fly off!

## Voi Che Sapete

Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,  
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor.

You who know what love is,  
Women, see whether it's in my  
heart.

Quello ch'io provo, vi ridiro,  
E per me nuovo capir nol so.

What I am experiencing I will tell  
you,  
It is new to me and I do not  
understand it.

Sento un affetto pien di desir,  
Ch'ora e diletto, ch'ora e martir.

I have a feeling full of desire,  
That now, is both pleasure and  
suffering.

Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar,

At first frost, then I feel the soul  
burning,

E in un momento torno a gelar.

And in a moment I'm freezing  
again.

Ricerco un bene fuori di me,  
Non so chi il tiene, non so cos' e.

Seek a blessing outside myself,  
I don't know how to hold it, I don't  
know what it is.

Sospiro e gemo senza voler,

I sigh and moan without meaning  
to,

Palpito e tremo senza saper,

Throb and tremble without  
knowing,

Non trovo pace notte ne di,  
Ma pur mi piace languir cosi.

I find no peace both night or day,  
But even still, I like to languish.

Voi, che sapete che cosa e amor  
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor.

You who know what love is,  
Women, see whether it's in my  
heart.

## Sull'aria

Cosa mi narri, e che ne disse il  
Conte?

What are you saying, and what did  
the Count say?

Gli si leggeva in fronte il dispetto e  
la rabbia.

One could read in his face the spite  
and the rage.

Piano, ch' è meglio or lo porremo in  
gabbia.

Hold on there; it would be better  
now to set a trap for him.

Dov' è l'appuntamento che tu gli  
proponesti?

Where is it you were proposed to  
meet him?

In giardino.

In the garden.

Fissiamgli un loco. Scrivi.

Let's fix the exact place. Write.

Ch'io scrive... ma, signora...

I should write to him...but my  
Lady...

Eh, scrivi dico; e tutto io prendo su

Go on, I tell you to write; and I will

me stessa.  
Canzonetta sull'aria...

Sull'aria  
Che soave zeffiretto  
Questa sera spirer à  
Sotto i pini del boschetto  
Ei gi à il resto capirà.  
Certo, certo il capir à.

be responsible for everything.  
Little song on the breeze...

On the breeze  
What a gentle little sephir  
This evening will sigh  
Under the pines in the little grove.  
And the rest he'll understand.  
Certainly, certainly he'll  
understand.

## Non so piu

Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio,  
Or di foco, ora sono di ghiaccio  
ogni donna cangiar di colore,  
ogni donna mi fa palpar.  
Solo ai nomi d'amor, di diletto,  
mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto  
e a parlare mi sforza d'amore  
un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.

Parlo d'amor vegliando,  
parlo d'amor sognando,  
all'acqua, all'ombre, ai monti,  
ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,  
all'eco, all'aria, ai venti,  
che il suon de' vani accenti  
portano via con sé.

E se non ho chi m'oda.  
Parlo d'amor con me.

I no longer know what I am, what I  
do;  
Now I'm all fire, now all ice;  
every woman changes my  
temperature,  
every woman makes my heart beat  
faster.  
The very mention of love, of  
delight,  
Disturbs me, changes my heart,  
and  
Speaking of love, forces on me a  
Desire I cannot restrain!

I speak of love while I'm awake,  
I speak of love while I'm sleeping,  
to rivers, to the shadows, to  
mountains,  
to flowers, to the grass, to  
fountains,  
to echoes, to the air, to winds,  
until they carry away  
the sound of my useless words.

And if no one is near to hear me  
I speak of love to myself.



