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Senior Recital: Anastasia Sereda, soprano

Anastasia Sereda

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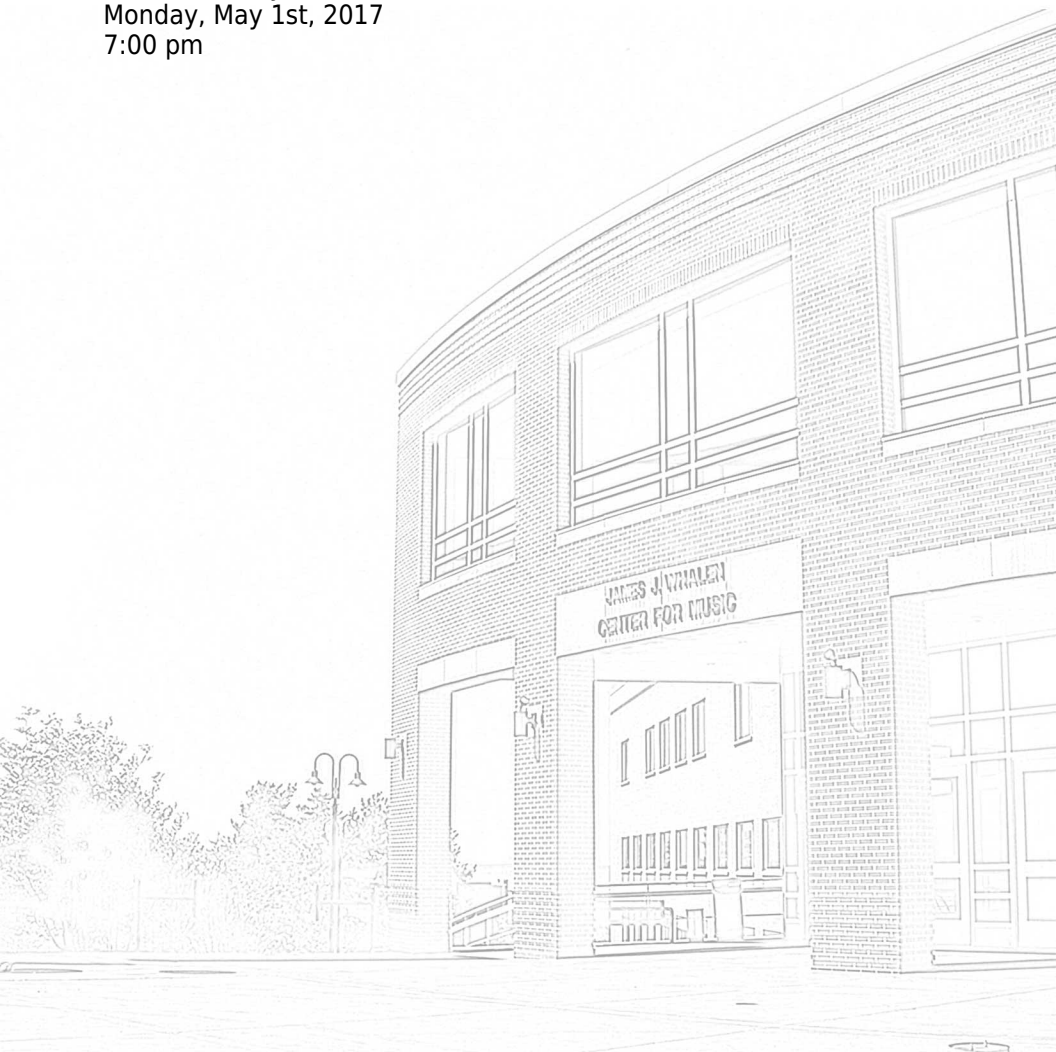
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Senior Recital:
Anastasia Sereda, soprano

Jamie Lorusso, piano
Laura Stedje, soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday, May 1st, 2017
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

L'invito
La promessa
La separazione

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Oiseaux, si tous les ans
Dans un bois solitaire

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Lost is my quiet
"Two daughters of this aged stream"
from *King Arthur*

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Lieder und Gesänge, op. 58
2. Während des Regens
3. Die Spröde

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Early Snow
1. Last night the rain spoke to me
2. Blue Iris

Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)

Notre amour

Gabriel Fauré
1845-1924

Translations

L'invito The invitation

Vieni, o Ruggiero, la tua Eloisa da te divisa non può restar: alle mie lacrime già rispondevi, vieni, ricevi il mio pregar.	Come, oh Ruggiero, to your Eloisa who cannot remain separated from you: all my tears already answer you come, receive my request.
Vieni, o bell'angelo, vien, mio diletto, sovra il mio petto vieni a posar! Senti se palpita, se amor t'invita, vieni, mia vita, vien, vieni, fammi spirar.	Come, oh handsome angel, come, my delight upon my breast come to rest! Feel it throb, love itself invites you, come, my life, come, come make me die.

La promessa The promise

Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare, No, nol credete, pupille care, Ne men per gioco v'ingannerò.	That I could ever cease to love you, No, do not believe it, dear eyes! Not even as a joke will I deceive you.
Voi che sarete e le mie faville, E voi sarete, care pupille, Il mio bel foco finch'io vivrò, ah!	You were and are my sparks and you will be, dear eyes my beautiful passion as long as I live, ah!

La separazione The separation

Muto rimase il labbro il di che ti perdei	I was speechless the day that I lost you
Ma degli'affetti miei non so cambio lafe	But my affections for you have not changed
Spariro i sogni lieti	I'll lose myself in joyous dreams
Parver tormenti l'ore quando l'afflitto core	They seem to torture the hours when the heart is afflicted
si sovvenìa dite	You say come on
Tentai lenir la penae d'altro amor fui vago	I tried to soothe the pain and the other love was faint
Ma la tua bella immagine	But your beautiful image follows me everywhere
Ah! si	Oh yes!
Per te mio bene lasciai la patria terra	For you, my love, I left my home country
Che'un mesto sol rischiara forse lontano. o cara,	That a melancholy sun illuminates perhaps far away, oh dear,
non soffriro così.	I did not bear it so.

Oiseaux si tous les ans Birds, if every year

Oiseaux, si tous les ans Vous changez de climats, Dès que le triste hiver Dépouille nos bocages; Ce n'est pas seulement Pour changer de feuillages, Ni pour éviter nos frimaïs;	Birds, if every year you leave our climates, the moment sad winter strips bare our groves; it is not solely for a change of foliage, nor to avoid our winter-weather.
Mais votre destinée Ne vous permet d'aimer, Qu'à la saison des fleurs. Et quand elle est passée, Vous la cherchez ailleurs, Afin d'aimer toute l'année.	But because your destiny will not allow you to love but in the season of flowers. And when that season is past, you search for it elsewhere, that you might love throughout the year.

Dans un bois solitaire In a solitary woods

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre Je me promenais l'autr' jour Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,	In a dark and secluded wood I walked the other day; a child was sleeping in the shade,
C'était le redoutable Amour. J'approche, sa beauté me flatte, Mais je devais m'en défier;	it was the formidable Cupid. I drew near, his beauty pleased me. but I had to sway; as he had the features of the faithless woman,
Il avait les traits d'une ingrante, Que j'avais juré d'oublier.	His lips were bright red, his complexion as lovely as hers,
Il avait la bouche vermeille,	His complexion as lovely as hers,
Le teint aussi frais que le sien, Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille;	I sigh, he awakes; Cupid wakes at the slightest thing.
L'Amour déployant ses ailes et saisissant Son arc veneer, L'une de ses flèches, cruelles en partant, Il me blesse au cœur.	Immediately spreading his wings and seizing his vengeful bow, in parting, with one of his cruel arrows, he wounds me to the heart.
Va! va, dit il aux pieds de Sylvie, De nouveau languir et brûler! Tu l'aimeras toute la vie, Pour avoir osé m'éveiller.	Go! go, he says, at the feet of Sylvie, languish and burn anew! You shall love her all you life, for having dared to awake me.

Während des Regens During the rain

Voller, dichter tropft ums Dach da, Tropfen, süßer Regengüsse, Meines Liebchens holde Küsse Mehren sich, je mehr ihr tropfet!	Drop more fully, heavier on the roof, drops of sweet rain showers, my sweetheart's lovely kisses multiply the more you drip!
Tropft ihr, darf ich sie umfassen, Lasst ihr's will sie mich entlassen; Himmel, werde nur nicht lichter, Tropfen, tropfet immer dichter!	If you drip, I may embrace her; if you stop, she will release me; Sky, do not become lighter, Drops, drip even more heavily!

Die Spröde The aloof woman

Ich sahe eine Tig'rin Im dunkeln Haine, Und doch mit meinen Tränen Konnt' ich sie zähmen. Sah auch die harten Steine, Ja Marmelsteine, Erweicht vom Fall der Tropfen Gestalt annehmen. Und du, so eine zarte, Holdsel'ge Kleine, Du lachst zu meinem Seufzen Und bitterm Grämen.	I saw a tigress In the dark grove, And yet with my tears I could tame her. I also saw that hard stones, Even marble, Softened by the fall of drops, Assume new shapes. Yet you, such a delicate, lovely little girl, You laugh at my sighs And bitter suffering.
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Notre Amour Our love

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfum que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en
rêvant.

Notre amour est chose
charmante,
Comme les chanson du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.

Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des
couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils
penchants.

Notre amour est chose
éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu
vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du
cœur.

Our love is something light
like the perfumes which the
breeze
brings from the tips of ferns
for us to inhale as we dream.

Our love is something
enchancing
like the morning's songs
in which regrets are not heard
but uncertain hopes vibrate.

Our love is something sacred
like the forests' mysteries
in which an unknown soul
quivers
and silences have voices.

Our love is something infinite
like the paths of the evening,
where the ocean, joined with
the sky,
falls asleep under slanting
suns.

Our love is something eternal
like all that has been touched
by the fiery wing of a victorious
god,
like all that comes from the
heart.