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5-5-2013

# Senior Recital: Jennifer Matthews, soprano

Jennifer Matthews

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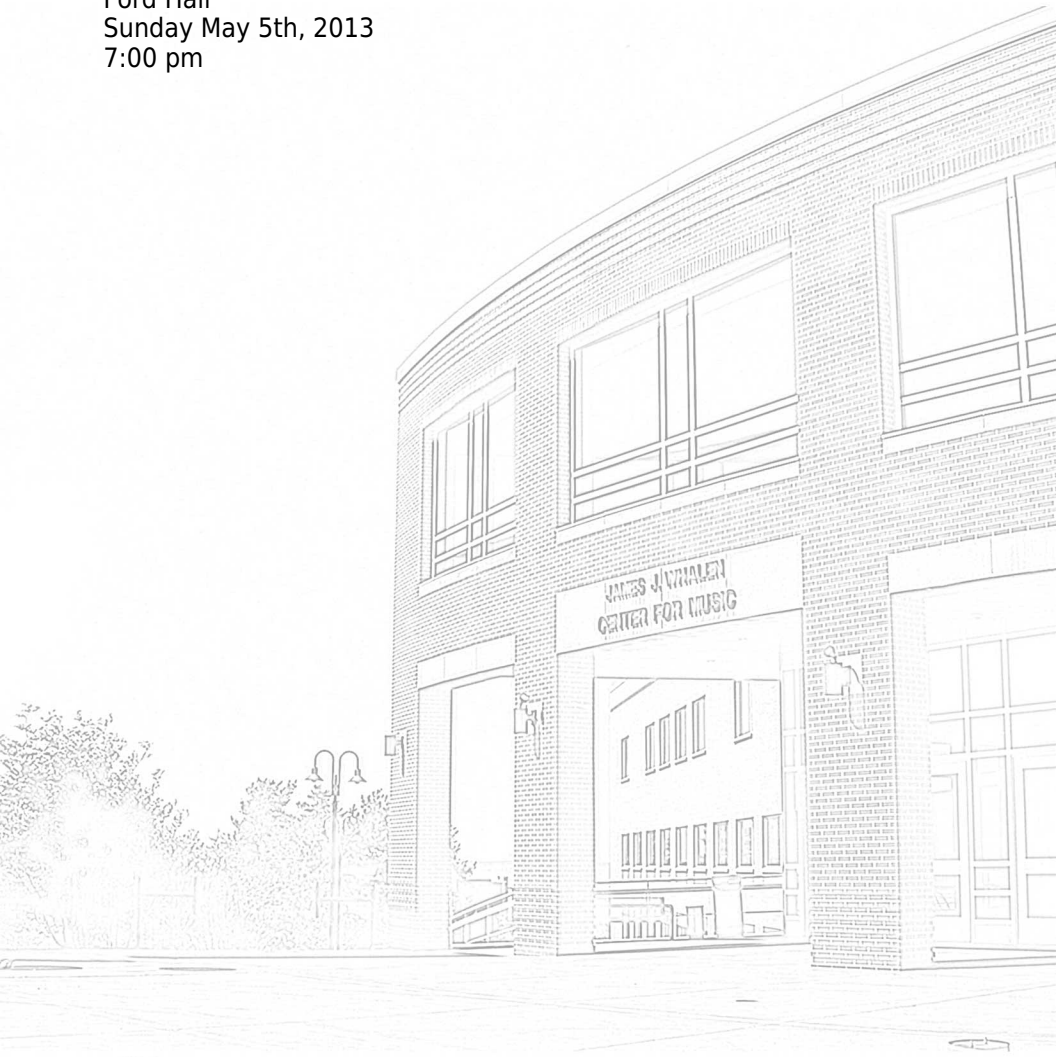
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**Senior Recital:**  
Jennifer Matthews, soprano

Richard Montgomery, harpsichord and piano  
Jacqueline Georgis, cello

Ford Hall  
Sunday May 5th, 2013  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Bois epais  
Le héros que j'attends  
Enfin, il est en ma puissance  
from *Armide*  
*Jacqueline Georgis, cello*

Jean-Baptiste Lully  
(1632-1687)

Il Barciaolo  
La zingara

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1791-1848)

Quando m'en vo  
from *La bohème*

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)

# Intermission

Stänchen  
Barkarole  
Morgen

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Selections from 6 Elizabethan Songs  
Dirge  
Diaphenia  
Sleep

Dominick Argento  
(b. 1927)

I dreamed a dream  
from *Les Mis*  
Can't help lovin' that man  
from *Show Boat*

Claude-Michel Schönberg  
(b. 1944)  
Jerome Kern  
(1885-1945)

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Jennifer Matthews is from the studio of Dr. Randie Blooding.

## Translations

### Bois épais

Bois épais, redouble ton ombre;  
Tu ne saurais être assez sombre,  
Tu ne peux pas trop cacher  
Mon malheureux amour.

Woods deep, redouble your shade;  
You cannot be dark enough,  
You cannot hide enough  
My unhappy love.

Je sens un désespoir  
Dont l'horreur est extrême,  
Je ne dois pas plus voir ce que  
j'aime,  
Je ne veux plus souffrir le jour.

I feel a despair  
Whose horror is extreme,  
I will no longer see that which I  
love,  
I want to no longer bear the day.

### Le heros que j'attends

Le heros que j'attends ne  
reviendra-t-il pas?  
Serai-je toujours languis sante  
Dans une si cruelle attente?

Won't the hero that I wait for return  
to me?  
Will I always languish my health  
In such cruel waiting?

On n'entend plus d'oiseau qui  
chante.  
On ne voit plus de fleurs qui  
naissent  
Sous nos pas.

One no longer hears bird sing.  
One no longer sees any flowers  
born  
At their feet.

L'herbe naissant parait mourante,  
Tout languit avec moi  
Dans ces lieux pleins d'appas.

The grass that is born appears  
dead  
All languishes within me  
In these places filled with charms.

## Enfin, il est en ma puissance

Enfin, il est en ma puissance,  
Ce fatal ennemy, ce superbe  
vainqueur.  
Le charme du sommeil  
Le livre à ma vengeance;  
Je vais percer son invincible coeur.  
Par lui tous mes captifs  
Sont sorties d'esclavage;  
Qu'il éprouve toute ma rage.

Quel trouble me saisit?  
Qui me fait hésiter?  
Qu'est-ce qu'en sa faveur  
La pitié me veut dire?  
Frappons... Ciel! Qui peut  
m'arreter?  
Achevons... Je frémis!  
Vengeons-nous... Je soupire!  
Est-ce ainsi que je dois ma venger  
aujourd'hui!

Ma colere s'éteint quand j'approche  
de lui.  
Plus je le voit, plus ma vengeance  
est vaine;  
Mons bras tremblant se  
refuse à mon haine.

Ah! Quelle cruauté de lui ravir le  
jou?  
A ce jeune héros tout cède sur la  
terre.  
Qui croirait qu'il fut ne  
Seulement pour la guerre?  
A semble être fait pour l'amour.  
Ne puis-je me venger à moins qu'il  
ne périsse?  
Hé! Ne suffit-il pas que l'amour le  
punisse?  
Puis-qu'il n'a pu trouver  
Mes yeux assez charmants,  
Qu'il m'aime au moins par mes  
enchantelements.  
Que, s'il se peut, je le haisse!

Venez, venez seconder mes désirs,  
Démons, transformez-vous  
En d'aimables zéphirs.  
Je cède à ce vainqueur;

Finally, it is in my power  
This fatal enemy, this superb  
victor.

The charme of sleep  
The book of my vengeance;  
I'll break his invincible heart.  
Through this, all my captives  
Have come out of slavery;  
He will feel all my rage.

What troubles me?  
What makes me hesitate?  
What is in his favor  
That I want to pity him?  
Let us strike... Heaven! Who can  
stop me?  
Let us finish... I shudder!  
Let us avenge... I sigh!  
Is this how I will how my revenge  
today!

My anger subsides when I approach  
him.  
The more I see, the more revenge  
is futile;  
My trembling arm refuses my  
hatred.

Ah! What cruelty will rob him of this  
day?  
At this young hero who cedes all  
land.  
Who would believe that he is not  
Only for war?  
A semblance made for love.  
Can I not retaliate until it perishes?  
Ah! Can I not just love the thing  
that will  
punish him?  
If he could find my lovely eyes,  
He would love me at least by  
my enchantments.  
If that is possible, I hate him!

Demons, transform yourselves  
Into friendly spirits.  
I cede to this victor;  
Mercy overcomes me,

La pitié me surmonte,  
Cachez ma faibles et ma honte  
Dans les plus reculés déserts.  
Volez, volez conduisez-nous  
Au bout de l'univers.

Hide my weakness and my shame  
In the most remote deserts.  
Fly, fly us away  
To the end of the universe.

## Il Barciaolo

Voga, voga, il vento tace,  
Pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno,  
  
Solo un alito di pace  
Par che allegri e cielo e mar:  
  
Voga, voga, o marinar.

Row, row, the wind is silent,  
The waves are pure, the sky is  
clear,  
The breathe of peace alone  
Seems of gladden both heaven and  
earth:  
Row, row, oh Sailor.

Or che tutto a noi sorride,  
  
In si tenero momento,  
All'ebrezza del contento  
Voglio l'alma abbandonar.  
Voga, voga, o marinar!

Now that everything smiles upon  
us,  
In this tender moment,  
In the intoxication of happiness  
I want us to abandon our souls.  
Row, row, of Sailor!

Chè se infiera la tempesta,  
Ambedue ne tragge a morte,  
Sarà lieta la mia sorte  
al tuo fianco vuò spirar, sì,  
al tuo fianco io vuò spirar.  
Voga, voga, o marinar!

Although the storm of life rages,  
Ferrying both of us to death,  
I will be happy with my fate  
For at your side I want to die, yes,  
I want to die at your side.  
Row, row, oh Sailor!

## La zingara

La zingara! Fra l'erbe cosparse di rorido gelo, Coverta del solo gran manto del cielo, Mia madre, esultando, la vita me diè!	The gypsy girl! On grass sprinkled with frozen dew, Covered only by the mantle of the sky, My mother, rejoicing, gave me life!
Fanciulla, sui greppi le capre emulai, Per ville e cittadi, cresciuta, danzai. Le dame lor palme distesero a me. La la la... Ah! La zingara.	As a young girl, I emulated the goats on the cliffs, Through towns and cities, I grew, I danced, The ladies extended their palms to me. La la la... Ah! The gypsy girl.
Io loro predissi le cose note, Ne feci dolenti, ne feci beate, Segreti conobbi di sdegno, d'amor. La la la... Ah! La zingara.	I would predict for them things unknown, Some I made sad, some I made happy, Secrets only I knew of anger, of love. La la la... Ah! The gypsy girl.
Un giorno la mano mi porse un donzello; Mai visto non fummi garzone piu bello: Oh! s'ei nella destra leggestimi il cor! La zingara, si!	One day, I was offered the hand of a page; I had never seen such a handsome boy: Oh! If only in my right hand could he read my heart! The gypsy girl, yes!

## Quando m'en vo

Quando m'en vo soletta per la via, La gente sosta e mira. E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me, Ricerca in me da capo a pie.	When I walk alone along the street, The people stop and stare. And the beauty within me is searched by all, Searched in me from head to toe.
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia sottil, Che da gl'occhi traspira. E dai palesi vezzi intender sa Alle occulte belta.	And I savor the subtle desire Which emulates from their eyes. And they can understand the hidden beauty Of my obvious charms.
Cosi' l'effluvio del desio Tutta m'aggira. Felice mi fa!	Thus the scent of desire Surrounds me. It makes me happy!

E tu che sai,  
Che memori e ti struggi,  
Da me tanto rifuggi?  
So ben: le angoscie tue non le vuoi  
dir,  
Non le vuoi dir,  
So ben ma ti senti morir!

And you who know  
Remembers and struggles,  
From my shunning?  
I know well how your anguish  
You do not want to admit,  
So well you want to die!

## Ständchen

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise  
mein Kind,  
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu  
wecken.  
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum  
zittert im Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und  
Hecken.  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß  
nichts sich regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke  
gelegt.

Open up, open up, but quietly my  
child,  
So as no one wakes from their  
slumber.  
The brook hardly murmurs, the  
wind barely  
Trembles a leaf on the bushes and  
hedges.  
Softly, my maiden, so that nothing  
stirs,  
Quietly lay your hand on the door  
latch.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so  
sacht,  
Um über die Blumen hüpfen,  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die  
Mondscheinnacht,  
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.  
Rings schlummern die Blüten am  
rieselnden Bach  
Und duften im Schlaf,  
Nur die Liebe ist wach.

With steps like those of elves so  
gentle,  
In order to hop over the flowers,  
Fly lightly out into the moonlight,  
And slip out into the garden to me.  
Flowers slumber all around by the  
brook,  
Spreading perfume in their sleep,  
Only love is awake.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's  
geheimnisvoll  
Unter den Lindenbäumen,  
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll  
Von unseren Küssen träumen,  
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen  
erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den  
Wonnenschauern  
Der Nacht.

Sit down, here it grows  
mysteriously dark  
Under the linden trees,  
The nightingale over our heads  
Will dream of our kisses,  
And the rose, when it awakes in the  
morning,  
Will glow brightly from the joyous  
tremblings  
Of the night.



## Barkarole

Um der fallenden Ruder Spitzen Zittert und leuchtet ein schimmernder Glanz, Flieht bei jedem Schlage mit Blitzen Hin von Wellen zu Wellen im Tanz.	About the falling oar tips A shimmering radiance trembles, That flees in every flashing stroke From wave to wave in a dance.
Mir im Busen von Liebeswonnen  Zittert und leuchtet das Herz wie die Flut, Jubelt hinauf zu den Sternen und Sonnen, Bebt zu vergeh'n in der wogenden Glut.	Within my breast, from love's rapture, My heart trembles and shines like the water Rejoicing up to the stars and sun, Trembling as it fades away in a rocking fire
Schon auf dem Felsen Durch's Grune der Platane  Seh ich das sualengetragene Dach, Und das flimmernde Licht Am Altane kundet mir, Dass die Geliebte noch wach.	Already on the cliff Through the green of the plane's trees I see a roof atop columns, And the flickering light At the balcony tells me That my sweetheart is still awake.
Fliege, mein Kahn, Und birg uns verschwiegen, Birg uns, selige Nacht des August; Sus wohl ist's, auf dem Wellen sich wiegen, Aber suser, suser an ihrer Brust.	Fly, my boat, And embrace us dicreently, Embrace us, blissfull August night; It is sweet indeed to rock upon the waves, But it is sweeter, sweeter on her breast.

## Morgen

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen, Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde, Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...	And tomorrow the sun will shine again, And on the path that I will walk, It will unite us, the happy ones, again Upon this sun-breathing earth...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen, Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen, Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen, Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen...	And to the shore, with wide, blue waves, We will descend quietly and slowly, Silently we will gaze into each other's eyes, And happiness will fall upon us silence...