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Senior Recital: Anastasia Sereda, soprano

Anastasia Sereda

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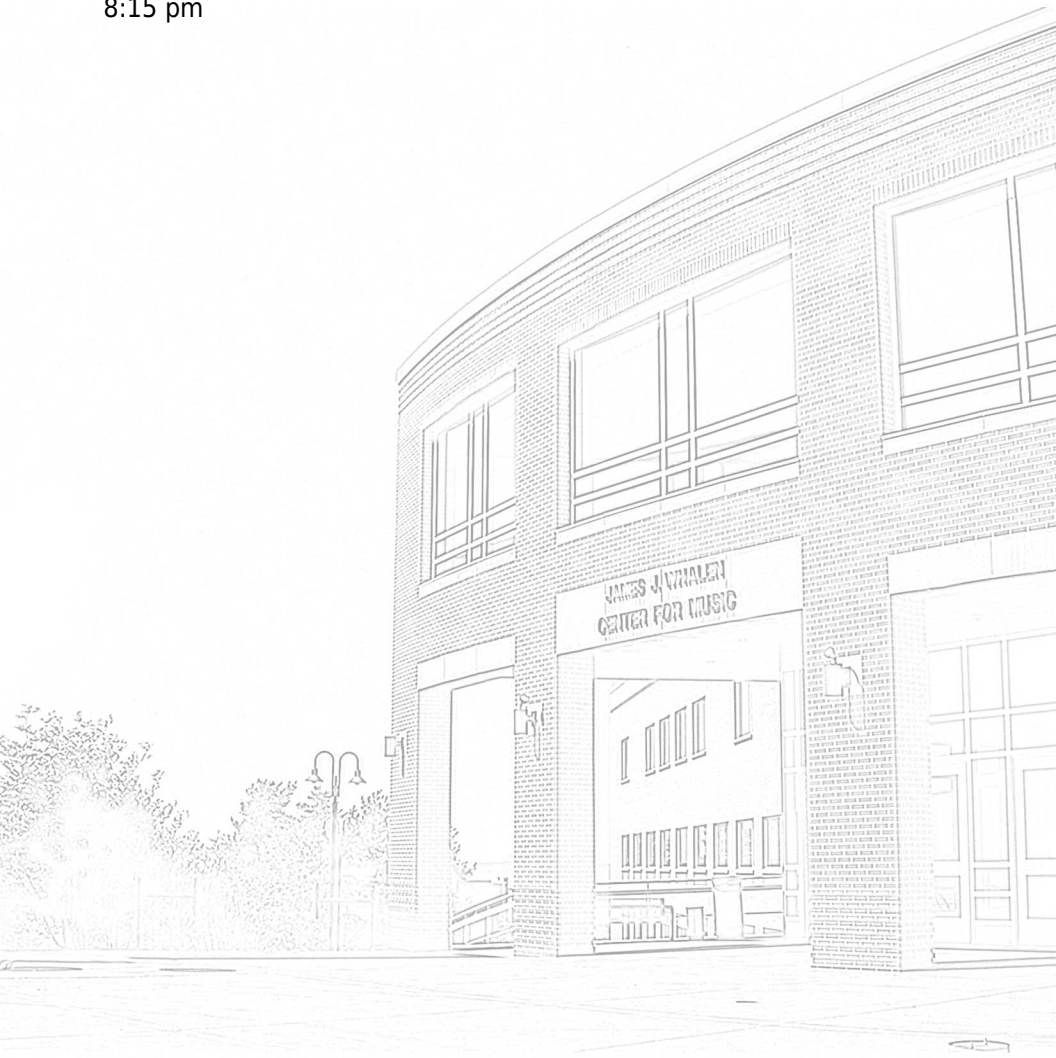
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Senior Recital:
Anastasia Sereda, soprano

Jamie Lorusso, piano

Ford Hall
Monday, April 2nd, 2018
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

La separazione

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

*Geheimes
Ständchen
Ganymed*

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Chansons du Ronsard

Darius Milhaud
(1892-1974)

1. *À une fontaine*
2. *À Cupidon*
3. *Tais-toi, babillarde*
4. *Dieu vous gard*

Intermission

Come again, sweet Love doth now invite

John Dowland
(1563-1626)

Love's philosophy

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Love went a-riding

Frank Bridge
(1879-1941)

In my garden at night
Silence of the mysterious night
Sing not to me, beautiful maiden

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Translations

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 sovvenia dite	You say come on
Tentai lenir la pena e d'altro amor fui vago	I tried to soothe the pain and the other love was faint
Ma la tua bella immago	But your beautiful image follows me everywhere
Ah! si	Oh yes!
Per te mio bene lascai la patria terra	For you, my love, I left my home country
Che'un mesto sol rischara forse lontano,	That a melancholy sun illuminates, perhaps far away,
oh cara,	oh dear,
non soffriro così.	I did not bear it so.

Geheimes Secrets

Über meines Liebchens Äugeln stehn verwundert alle Leute; ich, der Wissende, dagegen. Weiss recht gut, was das bedeute. Denn es heisst: Ich liebe diesen, und nicht etwa den und jenen. Lasset nur, ihr guten Leute, euer Wundern, euer Sehnen! Ja, mit ungeheuren Mächten, blicket sie wohl in die Runde; doch sie sucht nur zu verkünden ihm die nächste süsse Stunde.	Everyone is astonished at the eyes my sweetheart makes; But I, who understand, know quite well what they mean. For they say: I love him and not this one or that one. So, good people, cease your wondering and your longing! Yes, she may well look about her with a mightily powerful eye; But she seeks only to give him a foretaste of the next sweet hour!
---	--

Ständchen Serenade

Leise flehen meine Lieder, durch
die Nacht zu dir;
in den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!
Flusterd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
in des Mondes Lichtdes
Verräthers feindlich Lauschen
fürchte, Holde, nicht!
Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! Sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen flehen
sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
kennen Liebes schmerz.
Rühren mit den Silbertönen jedes
weiche Herz.
Lass auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr'ich dir entgegen!
Komm, beglückhe mich!

My song softly implores through the
night to you;
to the quiet grove, Sweetheart,
come down to me!
Whispering slender treetops rustle
in the moon's light;
of any betrayer's hostile listening -
do not fear, lovely one!
Do you hear the nightengale's call?
Ah, they are imploring you
with the tones of sweet
lamentation, they plead to you
for me.
They understand the heart's
longing, they know love's pain,
They touch with their silver tones
every gentle heart.
Alas, allow the bemoaned breast
within; sweetheart, hear me!
Trembling, I await to hear you!
Come, make me happy!

Ganymed Ganymede

Wie, im Morgenglanze, du rings
mich anglühst, Frühling Geliebter!
Mit tausend facher Liebeswohne
sich an meine Herze drängt deiner
eweign Wärme
heilig Gefühl, unendliche Schöne!

Dass ich dich fassen möcht' in
diesen Arm!
Ach, an deinem Busen lieg' ich, und
schmachte,
und deine Blumen, dein Gras
drängen sich an mein Herz.

Du kühlst den brennenden Durst
meines Busens,
lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall liebend
nach mir aus dem Nebelthal.
Ich komm'! Ich komme! Ach!
Wohin? Hinauf strebt's hinauf!
Es schweben die Wolken abwärts,

How, in the morning light, you glow
all around me, Beloved Spring!
With a thousand-fold rapture
my heart is filled by your eternal
warmth,
its sacred feeling, your endless
beauty!
That I might hold you in these
arms!
Ah, on your bosom I lie and
languish,
and your flowers, your grass
penetrate themselves to my
heart.
You cool the burning thirst of my
breast,
lovely morning wind!
The nightengale calls lovingly
to me from the misty vale.
I am coming! Ah! Whither? One
strives ever upwards!
The clouds float downwards,

die Wolken neigen sich der
sehnenenden Liebe.
Mir! In eurem Schooße aufwärts!
Umfangend, umfängen!
Aufwärts an deinem Busen,
allliebender Vater!

the clouds bow themselves before
the yearning love.
To me! In your lap, upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom, All-Loving
Father!

À une fontaine To a fountain

Ecoute moi, fontaine vive,
En qui j'ai rebu si souvent
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent
Quand l'été ménager moissonne
Le sein de Cérès dévêtu.
Et l'aire par compas résonne
Gémissant sous le blé battu.
Ainsi toujours, poisses tu être
En religion à tous ceux
Qui te boirent, ou fairont paitre
Tes vert rivages à leurs bœufs;
Ainsi toujours la lune claire
Voie à minuit au fond d'un val
Les nymphes près de ton repaire
A mille bonds mener le bal!

Listen to me, o living fountain,
from which I have repatedly drunk
so often
Lying down flat, overlooking your
bank,
idly in the coolness of the breeze
When thrifty summer gathers the
harvest
from the bare breast of Ceres.
And the air of the threshing floor
resounds
with groans beneath the beaten
grain.
Thus may remain forever
a sacred place
for all who drink from you, or who
pasture
their cattle on your green shores;
And may the moonlight always
glimpse
at midnight down in the valley
The nymphs around your refuge
leading the dance with a thousand
leaps!

À Cupidon To Cupid

Le jour pousse la nuit
Et la nuit sombre
Pousse le jour qui luit
D'une obscure ombre
L'automne suit l'été
Et l'âpre rage
Des vents n'a point été
Après l'orage.
Maise la fièvre d'amours
Qui me tourmente
Demeure en moi toujours

The day expels the night
and the dark night
expels the day which shines
In a dim shadow,
Autumn follows summer
and the bitter fury
of the winds no longer blows
after the storm.
But the fever of love
that torments me,
dwells in me always

Et ne s'alente
Ce n'était pas moi, Dieu
Qu'il fallait poindre
Ta flèche en d'autre lieu se devait
joindre
Pursuis les parresseux et les
amuse
Mais non pas moi, ni ceux
Qu'aime la Muse.

and will not abate.
It was not I, God,
at whom you should have pointed,
your arrow should have found
another mark.
Pursue the lazy and amuse them,
but not me, nor those
beloved by the Muse.

Tais-toi, babillarde arondelle Shut up, babbling swallow

Tais-toi, babillarde arondelle,
Ou bien je plumerai ton aile
Si je t'empongne ou d'un couteau
Je te couperai la languette
Qui matin sans repos caquette

Et m'es tourdit tout le cerveau
Je te preste ma cheminot
Pour chanter toute la journée
De soir, de nuit, quand tu voudras.
Mais au matin ne me reveille,

Et ne m'oste quand je sommeille
Ma Cassandre d'entre mes bras.

Shut up, babbling swallow,
or else I will tear off your wing
if I can catch you with a knife,
I will cut out your tongue
which chatters on and on in the
morning
and drives me crazy! Ah!
I will lend you my chimney
where you can sing all day long
all evening, all night, if you want
But do not wake me up in the
morning
and when I am dozing,
do not take my Cassandra from my
arms.

Dieu vous gard God protect you

Dieu vous gard, messagers fideles
du printemps,
gentes hirondelles, huppés,
coucous, rossignols,
Tourterelles, et vous oiseaux sauvages
Qui de cent sortes de ramages
Animez les bois verdelets.
Dieu vous gard' belles pâquerettes,
belles roses, belles fleurettes

Et vous boutons jadis connus

Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse
Et vous, thym, anis et mélisse
Vous soyez les bien revenus.

God protect you, faithful
messengers of spring,
gentle swallows, hoopoes,
cuckoos, little nightingales,
Turtledoves, and you wild birds
Who, with a hundred kinds of songs
enliven the green woods.
God protect you, lovely daisies,
beautiful roses, beautiful little
flowers;
And you buds that were once
named
for the blood of Ajax and Narcissus
And you, thyme, anise, and balm,
you are all welcomed back again.

Dieu vous gard, troupe diaprée
De papillons qui par la prée
Les douces herbes suçotez;
Et vous nouvel essaim d'abeilles,
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles
De votre bouche baisotez.
Cent mille fois je resalue
Votre belle et douce venue
O que j'aime cette saison
Et ce doux caquet des rivages
Au prix des vents et des orages
Qui m'en fermaient à la maison.

God protect you, multi-colored
flight
of butterflies, who, across the
meadows,
the sweet grasses drink;
And you, new swarm of bees,
who kiss the red and yellow flowers
with your mouths.
A hundred thousand times I
repeatedly salute
your beautiful and sweet coming;
Oh, how I love this season
And the soft clucking on the banks
more than the winds and storms
which have shut me in my house!

Ночью в саду у меня In my garden at night

Ночью в саду у меня
Плачет плакучая ива,
И безутешна она.
Ивушка, грустная ива.
Раннее утро блеснёт -
Нежная девушка - зорька
Ивушке, плачущей горько,
Слёзы кудрями сотрёт.

At night in my garden
A weeping willow weeps,
And nothing will console her,
Sad willow, sad willow tree.
With morning's first light -
Dawn, tender maiden,
From the willow, weeping bitterly,
Will wipe away the tears with her
tresses.

О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной **Silence of the mysterious night**

О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи
тайной,
Коварный лепет твой, улыбку,
взор,
Взор случайный,
Перстам послушную волос
Волос твоих густую прядь,
Из мыслей изгонять, и снова
призывать;
Шептать и поправлять былые
выраженья
Речей моих с тобой, исполненных
смущенья,
И в опьянении, наперекор уму,
Заветным именем будить ночную
мглу.

Oh, in the silence of the secret
night
your alluring babble smiles, glances
your fleeting glances,
the locks of your rick hair
Locks plait under my fingertips
I will long be trying to get rid of the
images
only to call them back again.
I will be repeating and correcting in
a whisper the
the words I've told you
the words full of awkwardness
and drunk with love, contrary to
reason
I will be awakening the night's
darkness
with a cherished name

Не пой, красавица, при мне **Sing not to me, beautiful maiden**

Не пой, красавица, при мне
Ты песен Грузии печальной;
Напоминают мне оне
Другую жизнь и берег дальний.
Увы, напоминают мне
Твои жестокие напевы И степь,
и ночь, и при луне Черты
далекой, бедной девы!
Я призрак, милый, роковой,
Тебя увидев, забываю;
Но ты поёшь, и предо мной
его я вновь воображаю.

Oh, do not sing to me, my beauty,
the songs of sorrowful Georgia
They remind me of the other life
and a remote shore
Alas! They remind me, your cruel
songs,
of that step, that night, and under
the moonlight,
the features of a poor, forgotten
maiden!
That ghost, dear fatal, I forgot when
I see you.
But you sing - and in front of me,
I imagine her again.