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10-6-2019

Senior Recital: Sage Stoakley, soprano

Sage Stoakley

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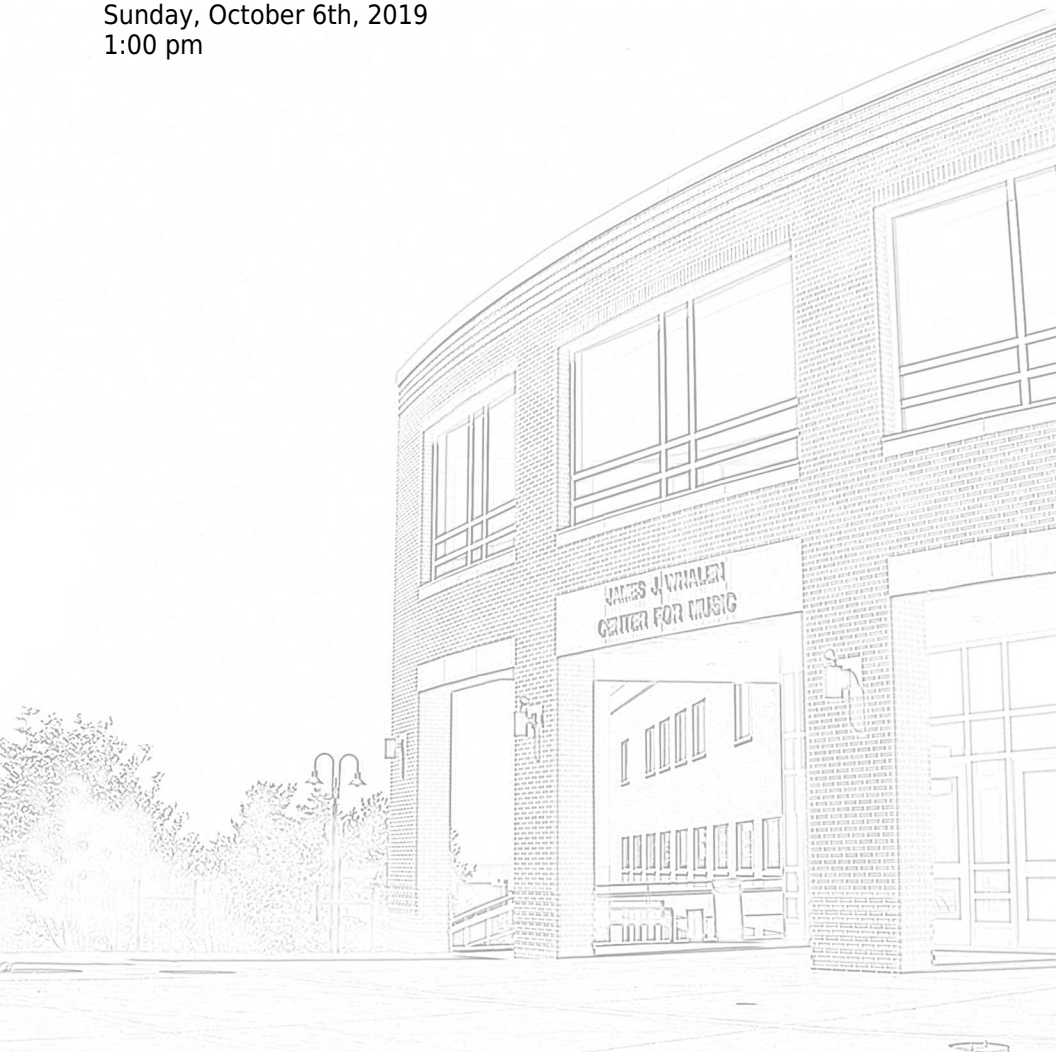
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Senior Recital:
Sage Stoakley, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano
Lucas Hickman, tenor

Ford Hall
Sunday, October 6th, 2019
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios <i>Con qué la lavaré?</i> <i>Vos me matàsteis</i> <i>De dónde venis, amore?</i> <i>De los àlamos vengo, madre.</i>	Joaquin Rodrigo (1901-1999)
Ad una stella Lo Spazzacamino	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
"Obéïssons quand leur voix appelle" from <i>Manon</i>	Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

Intermission

Heimliches Lieben Rastlose Liebe Gretchen am Spinnrade	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
"The Trees on the Mountains" from <i>Susannah</i>	Carlisle Floyd (b. 1926)
Someone Like You Taylor, the Latte Boy	Frank Wildhorn (b. 1958) Zina Goldrich (b. 1964)
"Comment le dedain..." from <i>Beatrice et Benedict</i> <i>Lucas Hickman, tenor</i>	Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Sage Stoakley is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.

Translations

Con qué la lavaré?

¿Con qué la lavaré la tez de la mi cara? ¿Con qué la lavaré, Que vivo mal penada?	With what shall I bathe The blush of my cheek? With what shall I bathe That which life has treated so sorely?
Lávanse las casadas con agua de limones: lávome yo, cuitada, con penas y dolores.	The matrons wash themselves With lemon water: I wash myself, wretched one, With sorrows and pains.

Vos me matásteis.

Vos me matásteis, niña en cabello, vos me habéis muerto. Riberas de un río ví moza virgen, Niña en cabello, vos me matásteis, Niña en cabello, vos me habéis muerto.	You have slain me, Maid with hair unbound, You have killed me. On the banks of a river I espied a handsome lass [virgin], Maid with hair unbound, You have slain me, Maid with hair unbound, You have killed me.
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De dónde venis, amore?

¿De dónde venís, amore? Bien sé yo de dónde. ¿De dónde venís, amigo? Fuere yo testigo!	From where have you come, lover? Well do I know from where! From where have you come, my friend? Perhaps I will tell!
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De los álamos vengo, madre.

De los álamos vengo, madre, de ver cómo los menea el aire. De los álamos de Sevilla, de ver a mi linda amiga,	From the poplars have I come, mother, From seeing them sway in the air, From the poplars of Seville, From seeing my lovely girlfriend.
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Ad una Stella

Bell'astro della terra,
Luce amorosa e bella,
Come desia quest'anima
Oppressa e prigioniera
Le sue catene infrangere,
Libera a te volar!

Beautiful star of the earth,
Amorous and beautiful light,
How desires this soul,
Oppressed and imprisoned,
To break its chains,
Free to fly to you!

Gl'ignoti abitatori
Che mi nascondi, o stella,
Cogl'angeli s'abbracciano
Puri fraterni amori,
Fan d'armonie cogl'angeli
La sfera tua sonar.

The unknown inhabitants
That you hide from me, oh star,
Embrace with the angels
In pure brotherly love,
Making in harmony with the angels
Your sphere to sound.

Le colpe e i nostri affanni
Vi sono a lor segreti,
Inavvertiti e placidi
Scorrono i giorni e gli anni,
Nè mai pensier li novera,
Nè li richiama in duol.

Our faults and worries
Are secrets to them there;
Carefree and calm,
The days and years run by,
With no thought of counting them,
Nor recalling them in sadness.

Bell'astro della sera,
Gemma che il cielo allieti,
Come alzerà quest'anima
Oppressa e prigioniera
Dal suo terreno carcere
Al tuo bel raggio il vol!

Beautiful star of the night,
Gem in which heaven delights,
If only this soul could rise, this soul,
Oppressed and imprisoned,
From its earthly jail
To your beautiful ray in flight.

Lo spazzacamino

Lo spazzacamin!
Son d'aspetto brutto
e nero,
Tingo ognun che mi vien presso;

Sono d'abiti mal messo,
Sempre scalzo intorno io vo.

The Chimney-sweep!
I seem ugly
and black,
I stain everyone who presses
against me;
I am badly dressed,
Ever barefoot around I go.

Ah! di me chi sia più lieto
Sulla terra dir non so.
Spazzacamin! Signori, signore, lo
spazzacamin
Vi salva dal fuoco per pochi
quattrin.

Ah! Who could be as happy as I
On earth I cannot say!
Chimney-sweep! Ladies and
gentlemen, the chimney-sweep
Will save you from fire for a few
pennies.

Ah! Signori, signore, lo
spazzacamin!

Io mi levo innanzi al sole
E di tutta la cittade
Col mio grido empio le strade
E nemico alcun non ho.

Ah, di me chi sia più lieto
Sulla terra dir non so.
Spazzacamin! Signori, signore, lo
spazzacamin
Vi salva dal fuoco per pochi
quattrin.
Ah! Signori, signore, lo
spazzacamin!

Talor m'alzo sovra i tetti,
Talor vado per le sale;
Col mio nome i fanciulletti
Timorosi e quieti io fo.

Ah, di me chi sia più lieto
Sulla terra dir non so.
Spazzacamin! Signori, signore, lo
spazzacamin
Vi salva dal fuoco per pochi
quattrin.
Ah! Signori, signore, lo
spazzacamin!

Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the
chimney-sweep!

I get up before the sun
And through all the city
With my cry I fill the streets
And I do not have one enemy.

Ah! Who could be as happy as I
On earth I cannot say!
Chimney-sweep! Ladies and
gentlemen, the chimney-sweep
Will save you from fire for a few
pennies.
Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the
chimney-sweep!

Now I rise to the rooftops
Now I go through the rooms
With my name the little children
Timid and quiet I make

Ah! Who could be as happy as I
On earth I cannot say!
Chimney-sweep! Ladies and
gentlemen, the chimney-sweep
Will save you from fire for a few
pennies.
Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the
chimney-sweep!

Obeissons quand leur voix appelle

Je marche sur tous les chemins,
aussi bien qu'une souveraine;
on s'incline, on baise ma main,
car par la beauté je suis reine!

Je suis reine!
Mes chevaux courent à grands pas;
devant ma vie aventureuse,
les grands s'avancent chapeau bas;

je suis belle, je suis heureuse!
Autour de moi tout doit fleurir!
Je vais à tout ce qui m'attire!
Et si Manon devait jamais mourir,
ce serait, mes amis, dans un éclat de
rire!

Ah! ah! ah! ah!

I go everywhere,
the equal of any sovereign;
people bow, they kiss my hand,
because I am a queen by my lovely
looks!

I am queen!
My horses race me about;
seeing the boldness of my life,
highly placed people come forward with
their hats off;

I am beautiful, I am happy!
All around me everything should flower!
I go to everything that attracts me!
And if ever Manon should die,
she would die my friends, in a burst of
laughter.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Obéissons quand leur voix appelle,
aux tendres amours,
toujours, toujours, toujours,
tant que vous êtes belle,
usez sans les compter vos jours, tous
vos jours!

Profitons bien de la jeunesse,
des jours qu'amène le printemps;
aimons, rions, chantons sans cesse,

nous n'avons encor que vingt ans!

Profitons bien de la jeunesse,
aimons, rions, chantons sans cesse,

nous n'avons encor que vingt ans! Ah!
Ah!

Le cœur, hélas! le plus fidèle,
oublie en un jour l'amour, l'amour,
et la jeunesse ouvrant son aile a disparu

sans retour, sans retour.

Profitons bien de la jeunesse,
bien courte, hélas ! est le printemps!

Aimons, chantons, rions sans cesse,
nous n'aurons pas toujours vingt ans!

Profitons bien de la jeunesse!
Aimons, chantons, rions sans cesse,

profitons bien de nos vingt ans! Ah! Ah!

Obey when their voices are calling,
beckoning us to tender loves,
always, always, always;
as long as you are beautiful,
use up your days without counting
them, all of your days!

Let's take advantage of youth,
days that spring provides;
let's love, laugh, and sing without
stopping,
while we're still only twenty!

Let's take full advantage of our youth,
let's love, laugh, and sing without
stopping
while we're still only twenty! Ha! Ha!

Even the most faithful heart, alas,
forgets love in a day, love,
and youth, spreading its wings to fly
away,
disappears, never to return, never to
return.

Let's take full advantage of our youth,
the springtime season, alas, is very
short!

Let's love, sing, and laugh without
stopping,
we won't be twenty forever!

Let's take full advantage of our youth!
Let's love, sing, and laugh without
stopping.
Let's take advantage of being twenty!
Ha! Ha!

Heimliches Lieben

O du, wenn deine Lippen mich
berühren,
so will die Lust die Seele mir
entführen;
Ich fühl' ein sanftes namenloses
Beben
Den Busen heben.

Mein Auge flammt, Gluth schwebt
auf meinen Wangen,
Es schlägt mein Herz ein unbekannt
Verlangen,
Mein Geist, verirrt in trunkner
Lippen Stammeln
Kann kaum sich sammeln.

When your lips touch me,
Desire would bear my soul away;
I feel a nameless trembling
Which swells my breast.

My eyes flame, a glow colors my
cheeks;
My heart beats with an unknown
longing;
My mind, lost in the stammering of
my drunken lips
Can hardly compose itself.

Mein Leben hängt in einer solchen
Stunde
An Deinem süßen rosenweichen
Munde,
Und will bei deinem trauten
Armumfassen
Mich fast verlassen.

O! daß es doch nicht ausser sich
kann fliehen,
Die Seele ganz in deine Seele
glühen!
Daß doch die Lippen, die voll
Sehnsucht brennen
Sich müssen trennen!

Daß doch im Kuß mein Wesen nicht
zerfließet
Wenn es so fest an deinen Mund
sich schliesset,
Und an dein Herz, das nimmer laut
darf wagen
Für mich zu schlagen!

In such a moment my life hangs
On your sweet lips, soft as roses,
And, in your dear embrace,
Life nearly deserts me.

Oh would that my life could escape
from itself,
My soul aflame in yours!
Oh that lips burning with longing
Must part!

Oh that my being might not
dissolve in kisses
When my lips are pressed so tightly
to yours,
And to your heart, which might
never dare
To beat aloud for me!

Rastlose Liebe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden
Möcht' ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.

Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach wie so eigen
Schaffet das Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich fliehen?
Wälderwärts ziehen?
Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!

To the snow, to the rain
To the wind opposed,
In the mist of the ravines
Through the scent of fog,
Always on! Always on!
Without rest and peace!

I would rather through suffering
Fight myself,
Than so many joys
Of life endure.

All the inclining
Of heart to heart,
Ah, how curiously
that creates pain!

Where shall I flee?
To the forest move?
All in vain!
Crown of life,
Happiness without peace,
Love, are you!

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach sein Kuß!

And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn!

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

Comment le dédain..

BÉATRICE

Comment le dédain pourrait-il mourir?
Vous êtes vivant!
On le verrait naître
S'il n'existait pas;
Et tant qu'ici bas
Vous osez paraître,
Pour son bon plaisir
Il ne voudra pas en sortir.

BÉNÉDICT

Aimable Dédain! on est trop heureux
D'endurer vos coups!
Aimable Dédain!
Que ne suis-je maître
De suivre vos pas!
Oui, tant qu'ici-bas
Vous daignerez
Pour charmer
Qui donc voudrait aller aux cieux?

BÉATRICE

J'ai pitié de votre ironie.

BÉNÉDICT

Moi, railler! certes, je le nie.
Mais franchement, non,
Vous avez raison.
Je suis insensible,
D'humeur inflexible,
Et c'est un vrai bonheur pour nous
Qu'adoré de toutes les femmes,
Enflammant, malgré moi, tant d'âmes,
Je ne sois point aimé de vous.

BÉATRICE

N'ayez à ce sujet aucune inquiétude!

BÉNÉDICT

Je suis insensible

BÉATRICE

N'ayez à ce sujet aucune inquiétude!

BÉNÉDICT

De vous déplaire en tout je ferai mon
étude.
J'aurais trop de chagrin de vous
désespérer!

BÉATRICE

BEATRICE

How could disdain die?
You are living!
You would see it born
if it didn't exist;
and as long as here below
you dare to appear,
for its good pleasure
it will never wish to leave.

BENEDICT

One is too happy
in enduring your blows!
Kind Disdain!
Am I not a master
at following your steps?
Yes, as long as here below
you deign to appear
to charm our eyes,
who would wish to go to the skies?

BEATRICE

Your sarcasm is pitiful

BENEDICT

I mock?? Certainly, I deny it
But frankly, no
you are right.
I am hard- hearted,
of an unyielding temperament
and it is truly fortunate for us
that, though I am adored by all women
setting so many hearts aflame in spite
of myself
I am not loved by you at all.

BEATRICE

Don't have any worries on that account

BENEDICT

I am hard hearted

BEATRICE

Don't have any worries on that account!

BENEDICT

I will make it my study to displease you
in everything
I would be mortified at driving you to
despair

BEATRICE

Vous pouvez sans effort, seigneur, vous rassurer.

You may set your mind at ease, sir, without effort

BÉATRICE ET BÉNÉDICT

Mais quel plaisir étrange
Trouvé-je à l'irriter!
Comme un cœur qui se venge
Je sens le mien bondir et palpiter.
Un frisson de colère
Me prend quand je le/la vois.
Son rire m'exaspère
Et je tremble à sa voix.

BEATRICE and BENEDICT

But what strange pleasure
I find in annoying him/her
Like a heart that takes vengeance
I feel mine jump and beat faster
A thrill of anger
seizes me when I see him/her
His/her laughter infuriates me
and I tremble at his/her voice

BÉNÉDICT

Dieu du ciel! Faites-moi la grâce
De ne pas femme m'octroyer,
Blonde surtout!

BENEDICT

God in heaven! Do me the favor
of not granting me a wife,
especially a blonde one!

BÉATRICE

Quelle menace!

BEATRICE

What a threat!

BÉNÉDICT

Mieux vaut en enfer m'envoyer.

BENEDICT

It's better to send me to hell

BÉATRICE

Dieu du ciel! Faites-moi la grâce
De ne pas m'imposer d'époux,
Barbu surtout!

BEATRICE

God in heaven! Do me the favor
of not imposing a husband on me,
especially a bearded one!

BÉNÉDICT

Quelle menace!

BENEDICT

What a threat!

BÉATRICE

Je le demande à deux genoux.

BEATRICE

I beg it on my knees!

BÉATRICE ET BÉNÉDICT

Mais quel plaisir étrange
Trouvé-je à l'irriter!
Comme un cœur qui se venge
Je sens le mien bondir et palpiter.
Un frisson de colère
Me prend quand je le/la vois.
Son rire m'exaspère
Et je tremble à sa voix.

BEATRICE and BENEDICT

But what strange pleasure
I find in annoying him/her
Like a heart that takes vengeance
I feel mine jump and beat faster.
A thrill of anger
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