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10-26-2014

Junior Recital: Leanne Averill, soprano

Leanne Averill

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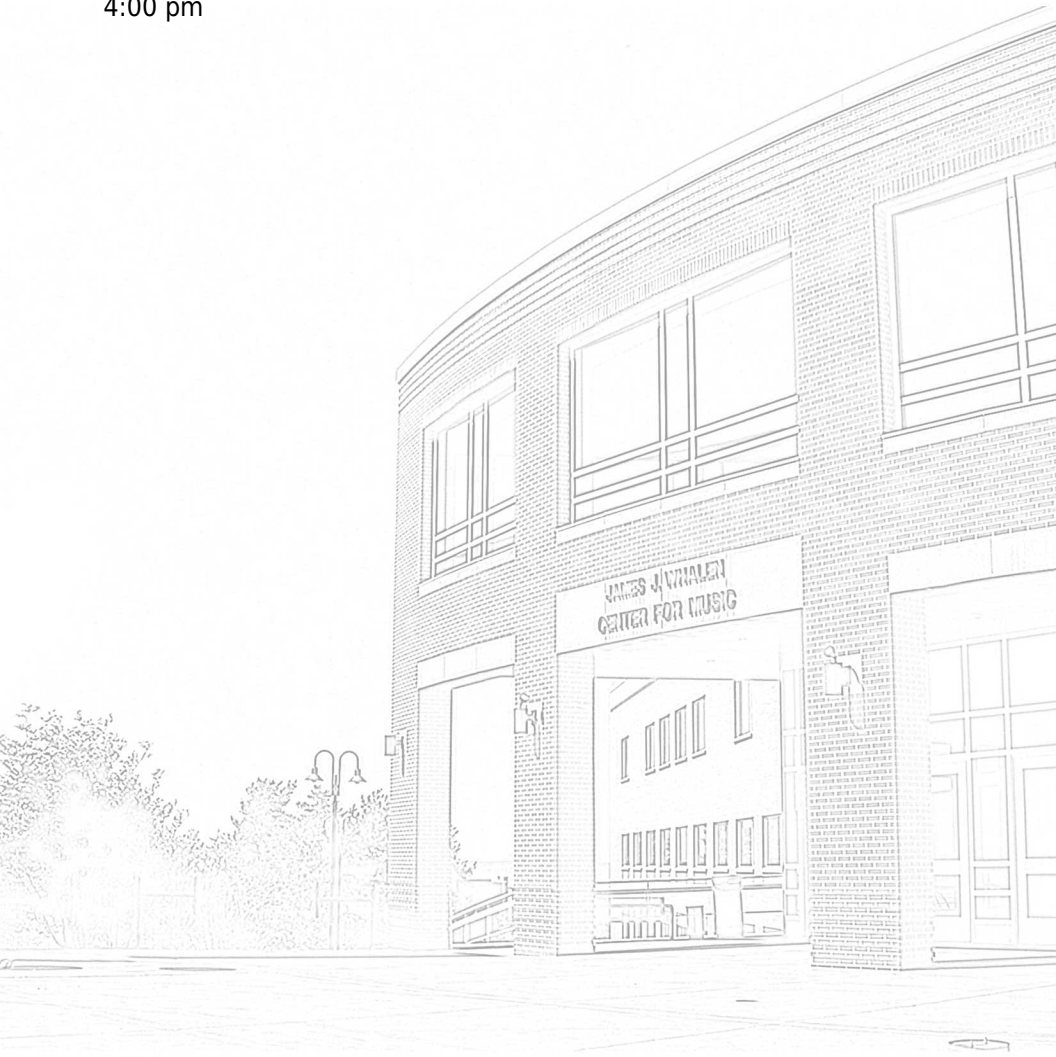
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Junior Recital:
Leanne Averill, soprano

Lynda Chryst, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, October 26th, 2014
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Tornami a vagheggiar
from *Alcina*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques
I. Chanson de la mariée
II. Là-bas, vers l'église
III. Quel galant m'est comparable
IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
V. Tout gai!

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Love in the Dictionary
Review
Primavera

Celius Dougherty
(1902-1986)

Intermission

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges
Des Mädchens Klage
Nachtlied

Felix Mendelssohn-Barthody
(1809-1847)

Blackbird
Silly Love Songs
I'll Follow the Sun

Paul McCartney
(b. 1942)

Translations

Tornami a vagheggiar Return to me to languish

Tornami a vagheggiar,
te solo vuol amar
quest'anima fedel,
caro mio bene.

Return to me to languish,
you alone it wants to love
this faithful heart,
my dear good one.

Già ti donai il mio cor;
fido sarà il mio amor;
mai ti sarò crudel,
cara mia speme.

I already gave you my heart;
faithful will be my love;
never will I be cruel to you,
my dear hope.

Chanson de la mariée Song to the bride

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi,
perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.

Awake, awake, my darling
partridge,
Open to the morning your
wings.

Trois grains de beauté, mon
coeur en est brûlé!

Three beauty marks; my
heart is on fire!

Vois le ruban d'or que je
t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes
cheveux.

See the ribbon of gold that I
bring,
To tie round your hair.

Si tu veux, ma belle, viens
nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous
sont alliés!

If you want, my beauty, we
shall marry!
In our two families, everyone
is related!

Là-bas, vers l'église Yonder, by the church

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,

Yonder, by the church,
By the church of Saint
Sideros,
The church, oh Holy Virgin,

L'église Ayio Costanndino,

The church of Saint
Constantine,

Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,

There are gathered,
Assembled in numbers
infinite,

Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus
braves!

The world's, oh Holy Virgin,
All the world's bravest
people!

Quel galant m'est comparable What galant compares with me

Quel galant m'est
comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit
passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

What gallant compares with
me,
Among those one sees
passing by?
Tell me, lady Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
pistolets et sabre aigu...

See, hanging on my belt,
My pistols and my curved
sword...

Et c'est toi que j'aime!

And it is you whom I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques Song of the lentisk gatherers

Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;

O joy of my soul,
joy of my heart,
treasure which is so dear to
me;

Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

joy of my soul and heart,
you whom I love ardently,
you are more handsome than
an angel.

Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux,
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres

Oh, when you appear,
angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a beautiful, blond angel,
under the bright sun,
Alas! all of our poor hearts

cœurs soupirent!

sigh!

**Tout gai!
All are happy!**

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!	All are happy, happy, ah, all are happy!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;	Beautiful legs, trala, which dance;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,	Beautiful legs, the dishes are dancing,
Tra la la la la...	Tra la la la la...

**Auf Flügeln des Gesanges
On Wings of Song**

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges, Herzliebchen, trag ich dich fort, Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges, Dort weiß ich den schönsten Ort; Dort liegt ein rotblühender Garten Im stillen Mondenschein, Die Lotosblumen erwarten Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.	On wings of song, my love, I'll carry you away to the fields of the Ganges where I know the most beautiful place; There lies a red-flowering garden in the serene moonlight, the lotus-flowers await their beloved sister.
Die Veilchen kichern und kosen, Und schau'n nach den Sternen empor, Heimlich erzählen die Rosen Sich duftende Märchen ins Ohr. Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen Die frommen, klugen Gazellen, Und in der Ferne rauschen	The violets giggle and cherish, and look up at the stars, The roses tell each other secretly their fragrant fairy-tales. There leap passed and listen the gentle, wise gazelles, and in the distance murmurs

Des heil'gen Stromes Well'n.

the waves of the holy
stream.

Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum,
Und Liebe und Ruhe trinken,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

There we will lay down
under the palm-tree,
and drink of love and
peacefulness,
and dream our blessed
dream.

Des Mädchens Klage The Maiden's Lament

Der Eichwald brauset, die
 Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an
 Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit
 Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die
 finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen
 getrübet.

The oak forest roars, the
 clouds move,
the maiden walks on the
 shore's green,
there the waves break with
 might, with might,
and she sings out into the
 dark night,
her eyes cloudy from
 weeping.

"Das Herz ist gestorben, die
 Welt ist leer,
Und weiter gibt sie dem
 Wunsche nichts mehr,
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind
 zurück,
Ich habe genossen das
 irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und
 geliebet!"

"My heart has died, the world
 is empty,
and it longer satisfies an of
 my wishes,
oh Holy Mother, call your
 child back to you,
I have enjoyed earthly
 happiness,
I have lived and loved!"

Nachtlied Night Song

Vergangen ist der lichte Tag;
Von ferne kommt der
 Glocken Schlag.
So reist die Zeit die ganze

Gone is the light of day;
from far comes the bell's
 tolling.
Thus passes the time the

Nacht,
Nimmt manchen mit, der's
nicht gedacht.

whole night,
carrying so many along,
without their knowing.

Wo ist nun hin die bunte
Lust,
Des Freundes Trost und
treue Brust,
Der Liebsten süßer
Augenschein?
Will keiner mit mir munter
sein?

Where now is the colorful joy,
the friend's comfort and
faithful breast,
the love's sweet glances?
Will no one be cheerful with
me?

Frisch auf denn, liebe
Nachtigall,
Du Wasserfall mit hellem
Schall!
Gott loben wollen wir vereint,
Bis daß der lichte Morgen
scheint!

Come then, dear nightingale,
you waterfall of bright sound!
Let us praise God together,
until the morning light
appears!