

3-26-2017

Junior Recital: Jenna Capriglione, mezzo-soprano

Jenna Capriglione

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Recommended Citation

Capriglione, Jenna, "Junior Recital: Jenna Capriglione, mezzo-soprano" (2017). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 2077.
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Junior Recital:

Jenna Capriglione, mezzo-soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, March 26th, 2017
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Al fonte, al prato
Tu ch'hai le penne, amore
Amarilli, mia bella

Giulio Caccini
(1551-1618)

4 Songs, op. 43
Von ewiger liebe
Die mainacht

Johannes Brahms
1833-1897

"Enfin, je suis ici"
from Cendrillon

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Intermission

3 songs, op. 3
Love's Philosophy
Now Sleeps The Crimson Petal
Fill a Glass with Golden Wine

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

I canti della sera
L'assolo canta
Alba di luna sul bosco
Tristezza crepuscolare
L'incontro

Francesco Santoliquido
(1883-1971)

Translations

Al fonte, al prato

Al fonte, al prato,	To the spring, to the meadow,
al bosco, all'ombra,	to the woods, to the shade,
al fresco fiato	to fresh breezes
che'l caldo sgombra,	that sweep the heat away;
pastor correte	run, shepherds;
ciascun ch'ha sete,	let those who are thirsty
ciascun ch'è stanco	and those who are tired
riposi il fianco.	lay down to rest.

Fugga la noia,	Chase away boredom,
fugga 'l dolore,	chase away pain,
sol riso e gioia,	let only laughter and joy,
sol caro Amore	only darling Cupid
nosco soggiorni	stay with us
ne' lieti giorni,	through days of happiness
né s'oda mai	and let neither quarrels nor
	laments
querele o lai.	ever be heard.

Tu ch'hai le penne

Tu ch'hai le penne Amore	Cupid, you who has the wings of a bird
E sai spiegarle a volo,	and knows how to use them in flight,
Deh muovi ratto un volo Fin là	fly then quickly
dov'è 'l mio core.	to where my heart is,
E se non sai la via,	If you do not know the way
Co' miei sospir t'invia.	then let my sighs lead you.
Va pur ch'il troverai	Go then: you will find it
Tra 'l velo e 'l bianco seno,	between the veil and her white bosom,
O tra 'l dolce sereno	or in the sweet serenity
De' luminosi rai,	of her bright eyes,
O tra bei nodi d'oro	or among the beautiful golden tresses
Del mio dolce tesoro.	of my sweet beloved.

Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli mia bella,
non credi, o del mio cor dolce
desio,
d'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credi lo pur, e se timor
t'assale,
prendi questo mio strale,
aprimi' il petto,
e vedrai scritto il core:
Amarilli è' l mio amore.

Amarilli, my beautiful,
do you not believe, my
heart's desire,
that you are my love?
Believe it then, and if fear
grows in you,
take Cupid's arrow
and open my chest,
and you will see written on
my heart,
Amarilli is my love.

Von ewiger leibe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald
und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun
schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht
und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie
schweiget nun auch.
Kommt aus dem Dorfe
der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten
nach Haus,
Führt sie am
Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so
mancherlei:
"Leidest du Schmach und
betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von
andern um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so
geschwind,
Schnell, wie wir früher
vereinigt sind.
Scheide mit Regen und
scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher

Dark, how dark it is in the
forest and field!
Night has fallen; the world
now is silent.
Nowhere a light
and nowhere smoke.
Yes, now even the lark is
silent.
From yonder village
there comes the young lad,
Taking his beloved home.
He leads her past the willow
bushes,
Talking so much, and of so
many things:
"If you suffer shame and if
you grieve,
If you suffer disgrace before
others because of me,
Then our love shall be ended
ever so fast
As fast as we once came
together;
It shall go with the rain and
go with the wind,
As fast as we once came

vereinigt sind."
Spricht das Mägdelein,
Mägdelein spricht:
"Unsere Liebe sie trennet
sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das
Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch
mehr.
Eisen und Stahl, man
schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt
sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können
zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig
bestehn!"

together."
Then says the maiden, the
maiden says:
"Our love shall never end!
Steel is firm and iron is firm,
Yet our love is firmer still.
Iron and steel can be recast
by the smith
But who would transform our
love?
Iron and steel can melt;
Our love, our love will have
to last forever!"

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond
durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes
Licht
über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch
zu Busch.

When the silvery moon
Shines through the fluttering
leaves,
When her pale, drowsy light
Over the field she throws,
And the nightingale warbles,
I go sadly over hill and vale.

Überhüllet von Laub
girret ein Taubenpaar Sein
Entzücken mir vor;
aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Thräne
rinnt.

Somewhere hidden in the
leaves
Two softly cooing doves fill
my heart with delight
Yet, do I turn away
Turn to shadows that are
darker
In my eye is but one tear.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild,
welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt,

Where, O vision whose smile
streams like the rosy dawn
Through the depths of my

find'
ich auf Erden dich?

soul, where
On this earth are you?

Und die einsame
Thräne Bebt
mir heißer die Wang' herab!

In my eye is but one tear,
It burns me,
Burns upon my cheek.

Enfin, je suis ici

Enfin, je suis ici...
La maison est déserte...
A revenir... j'ai réussi...
Sans être découverte;
Mais que de peine, que de
peine et de souci!

At last, I am here
The house is deserted
I have managed to return
without being discovered;
But such sadness, such
sadness and worry!

Fuyant dans la nuit solitaire,
Par les terrasses du palais,
en courant j 'ai perdu ma
pantoufle de verre!
Marraine! Marraine!
Ah! voudrez-vous me
pardonner jamais?

feeling in the night alone,
through the teraces of the
palace
while running I lost my glass
slipper!
Godmother! Godmother!
Ah! Will you ever forgive me?

A l'heure dite je fuyais... je
fuyais...
Je voyais parmi les noires
avenues...
Se dresser des statues...
Quel effroi! quel effroi!
Si grandes... si blanches,
sous des rayons de lune!
Leur yeux sans regards se
fixaient sur moi...

at the hour appointed I fled...
I fled...
I saw along the dark
avenues...
some statues...
what terror! what terror!
So large... So white...
In the moonlight!
Thier sightless eyes staring
at me...

Elles me montraient du doigt.

They pointed at me with their
finger.

Se riant de mon infortune.

They laughed at my
misfortune.

Ah! ah!
Quel effroi! quelle effroi!

Ah! Ah!
what terror! what terror!

Vous avez dû voir ma
détresse,
Marraine! Marraine!
Pour tenir ma promesse,
J'ai fait tout ce que je
pouvais!

Je courais...
Dans les profondeurs du
jardin...
Je m'égarais...
Tout était sombre...
Et je courais toujours...
toujours, toujours, toujours!

puis... m'arrêtais... soudain...
J'avais peur... j'avais peur...

Vous avez dû voir
ma détresse!
Marraine! Marraine!
Pour tenir ma promesse,
J'ai fait tout ce que je
pouvais!

Ah! j'avais peur! peur de
mon ombre...
Et je courais toujours!

Interrogeant les horizons,
 Craignant partout des
trahisons,
Je glisse, je glisse le long des
maisons
N'osant pas traverser la
place...

Un grand bruit éclate et me
glace
De sinistres frissons...

Ah! ah! ah! ah!

You must have seen my
distress,
Godmother! Godmother!
In order to keep my promise,
I have done everything I
could!

I ran...
Deep into the garden...
I got lost...
Everthing was dark...
I ran on and on...
Always, always, always!

Then... I stopped... suddenly
I was afraid... I was afraid...

You must have seen my
distress,
Godmother! Godmother!
In order to keep my promise,
I have done everything I
could!

Ah! I am afraid! Afraid of my
shadow...
And I ran on and on!

Scanning the horizons,
Fearing treachery
everywhere,
I slip, I slip, between the
houses
Daring not to cross the
square...

A loud noise rings out a
makes me freeze
With frightening shivers...

Ah! ah! ah! ah!

C'était le carillon,
le Carillon du Beffroi!
Ah!
Réconfortant mon coeur,
Il me disait en son langage,
Ah!

It was the bells,
the bells in the bell tower!
Ah!
Comforting my heart,
They say to me in their
language,
Ah!

Il me disait: je veille!
je veille, je veille.

They say to me: I shall watch
over you!
We shall watch over you.

Reprends courage! courage!
allons! courage!
Va!

Take again Courage!
Courage!
Come now! Courage!
Go!

L'assiolo canta

Vieni!
Sul bosco splende serena
la notte dell'estate e l'assiolo
canta.
Vieni, ti voglio dir quel che
non dissi mai.
E sul sentiero fioriscono le
stelle,
magici fiori.
Inoltriamoci insieme
e là nel folto ti dirò perchè
piansi
una triste sera
che non c'eri.
Inoltriamoci insieme.
Un mistero c'invita,
Odi: l'assiolo canta.

Come!
On the woods shines clear
the summer night and the
horned owl sings.
Come, I want to tell you all
that I never said before.
And on the path the stars
bloom
as magical flowers.
Let us walk in together
and there in the thick I will
reveal to you why I
cried
one unhappy evening
that you were not there.
Let us walk in together
A mystery invites us in,
Listen: the horned owl sings.

Alba di luna sul bosco

Guarda, la luna nasce tutta
rossa
come una fiamma congelata
nel cielo,

Look, a fully red moon rises
like a flame congealed in the
sky,

Lo stagno la riflette e l'acqua
mossa
dal vento
Par rabbrivire al gelo.
Che pace immensa, Il bosco
addormentato,
si riflette nello stagno.
Quanto silenzio intorno!
Dimmi: è un tramonto o
un'alba per l'amor?

It is reflected in the pond's
water that flickers
from the wind
as if shivering.
What an immense peace, the
sleepy woods,
reflected in the pond.
What silence around!
Tell me: Is it a sunset or a
dawn for love?

Tristezza Crepuscolare

È la sera.
Dalla terra bagnata sale
l'odore delle foglie morte.
È l'ora delle campane,
è l'ora in cui respiro il vano
profumo d' un
amore passato.
E sogno e piango
È la sera.
È la sera, una sera piena di
campane,
una sera piena di profumi,
una sera piena di ricordi e di
tristezze morte.
Piangete, piangete campane
della sera,
Empite tutto il cielo di
malinconia.
Ah! Piangete ancor...
Questa è l'ora dei ricordi,
è l'ora in cui l'antica fiamma
s'accende
nel cuore disperatamente e
lo brucia
Campane.
Odore di foglie morte.
Tristezze dissepolte!

It is evening.
From the wet earth rises the
scent of dead leaves.
It is time for the ringing bells,
it is for me the time to relive
the emptiness
of a bygone perfume of love.
And I dream and I cry.
It is evening.
It is evening, an evening full
of bells
an evening full of perfumes,
an evening full of memories
and bygone sadness.
Keep up your ringing cries,
oh evening bells,
do fill-up all the melancholic
sky.
Ah! You are still crying...
This is the time for
remembering,
it is the hour in which the old
flame lights up
in my heart in desperation
and burns it!
Bells.
Scent of dead leaves.
Unearthed sadness!

L'incontro

Non mi ricordo più quando
noi c'incontrammo
la prima volta ma fu certo
una lontana sera
tutta soffusa di pallide
tristezze lungo un benigno
mar!

A noi giungevano di lontano
suoni di campane e di
greggi
ed una pace strana ci veniva
dal mare.

Questo rammento!
Cosa dicemmo quel giorno,
Lo rammentate?
Io non ricordo più.
Ma che importa?
Oggi mi fiorisce in cuore
la dolcezza appassita di
quell'ora lontana.

E m'è dolce stringere nella
mia
la vostra mano bianca
e parlarvi d'amor,
anch'oggi vengono di lontano

suoni di campane e di greggi
e anch'oggi il mar come
allora ci sorride lontano.

Ma oggi forse m'amate un
poco,
non sorridete più.
Ah! La vostra mano trema.
Se oggi le belle labbra voi mi
darete
non scorderemo più questa
dolce ora d'amor!

I no longer remember when
it was that we met,
but surely the first time was
a bygone dusk
perfused with faded sadness
along a friendly sea!

The sounds of bells and birds
came to us from afar

and a strange peace washed
over us from the sea.

I do remember that!
Do you remember what I said
that day?

I no longer recall.

But who cares?

Today my heart blooms
with sweet passion from that
time long past.

It's so sweet for me to clasp

your white hand in mine
and speak to you of love,
for today, just as then, there
comes from afar

the sounds of bells and birds,
with the sea, just as then,
smiling at us in the
distance.

But maybe today you love
me a little-

you're not smiling now...

Ah! Your hand trembles.

If you'll give me your
beautiful lips today
we will never forget this
sweet moment of love!