

4-9-2017

Senior Recital: Deanna Payne, soprano

Deanna Payne

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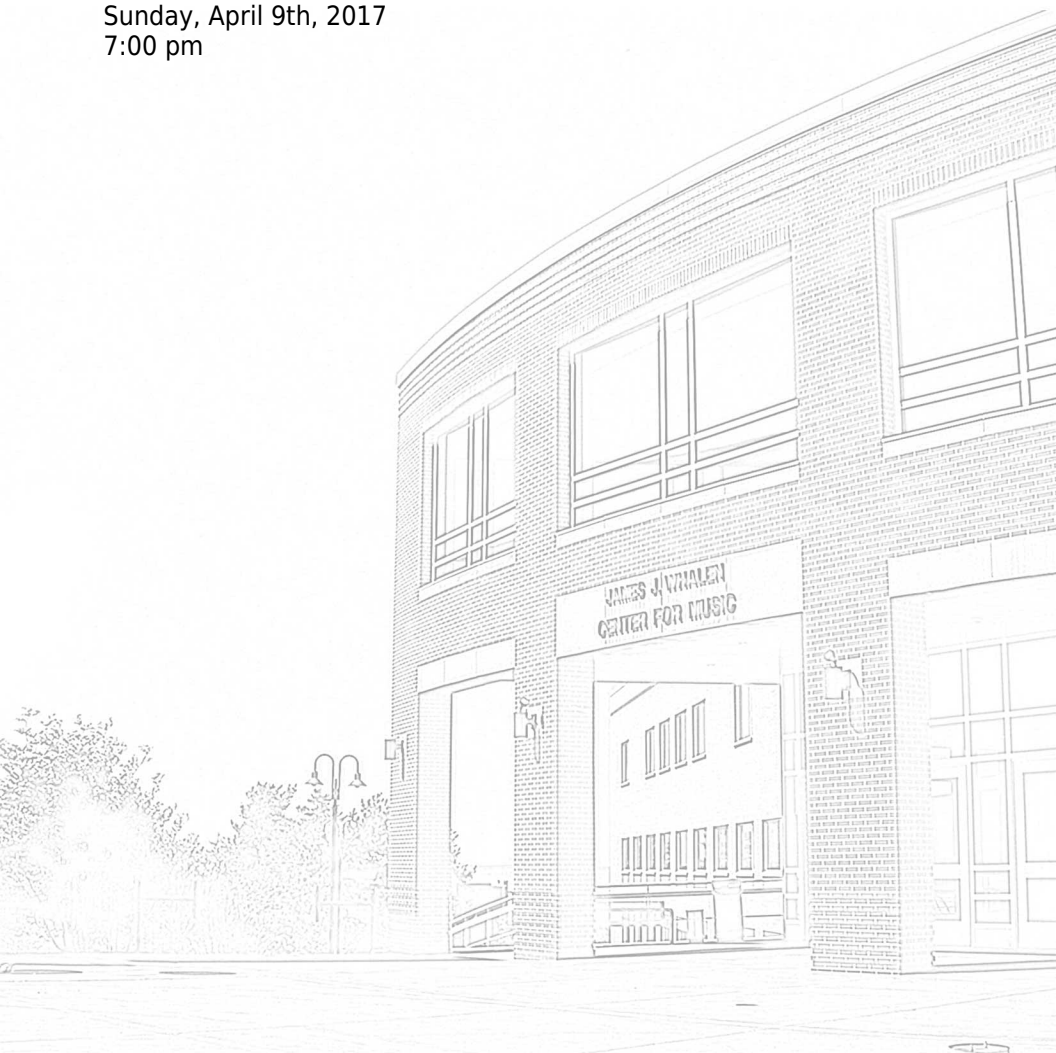
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Senior Recital:
Deanna Payne, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano
Molly DeLorenzo, cello

Ford Hall
Sunday, April 9th, 2017
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Vieni, vieni o mio diletto
Dille ch'il viver mio
Sposa son disprezzata

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Molly DeLorenzo, cello

Frauenliebe und-leben, op. 42

III. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
IV. Du Ring an meinem Finger
VII. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
VIII. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Intermission

Banalités

I. Chanson d'Orkenise
II. Hôtel
III. Fagnes de Wallonie
IV. Voyage à Paris

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

When Far From Her
Forgotten
Come, Ah Come

Amy Beeches
(1867-1944)

"Laurie's Song"
from The Tender Land

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Translations

Vieni, vieni o mio diletto

Vieni, vieni o mio diletto	Come, come, oh my beloved
Che il mio cor è tutto affetto,	For my heart is all affection
Già t'aspetta, e ognor ti chiama	It is ever awaiting and forever calls to you.
Il mio cor è tutto affetto	My heart is all affection.

Dille ch'il viver mio

Dille ch'il viver mio	Tell her that I will end my days
Col suo bel nome io chiuderò	With her lovely name upon my lips.
Poi daglo elisi ombra dolente	And that, from Elysian Fields
Pietosi baci le recherò.	I will send her pious kisses.

Sposa son disprezzata

Sposa son diprezzata,	As a wife, I am scorned
Fida son oltraggiata	A faithful women, I am insulted
Cieli che faci mai	Heavens, whatever have I done?
E pur egl'è il mio cor,	And yet, he is in my heart
Il mio sposo, il mio amor,	My husband, my love,
La mia speranza	My hope.
L'amo ma egl'è in fedel,	I love him but he is unfaithful,
Spero ma egl'è crudel,	I hope but he is cruel,
Morir mi lascierai?	Will you let me die?
O Dio manca il valor e la costanza.	Oh God, where is courage and faithfulness.

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben	I can't comprehend or believe it
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt	certainly a dream has bewitched me
Wie hatt er doch unter Allen	How could he among all others
Mich Arme erhoht und beglückt?	Chosen someone as unimportant as I to honor and make happy?
Mir wars, er habe gesprochen:	He said to me:
"Ich bin auf ewig dein,"	"I am forever yours,"

Mir vars ich traume noch
immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein,
O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht
glauben...

It seemed to me- I must still be
dreaming
It certainly can never be so,
Oh let me die in this dream
rocked on his breast
and savor a more blessed death
In endless tear of happiness.
I can't comprehend or believe
it...

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die
Lippen,
An das Herze mein.
Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen
Traum,
Ich fand allein much verloren
Im öden unendlich Raum.
Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,

Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen tiefen
Wert.
Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben

Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben

Und finden verklärt mich
In seinem Glanz.
Du Ring an meinem Finger...

You ring on my finger,
my little golden ring
I press you devoutly to my lips

And to my heart.
I have finished with dreaming
childhood's peaceful, lovely
dream
I found myself alone, lost
In a bare, infinite space.
You ring on my finger
you have just now taught me
something
you have opened my eyes
To the infinitely deep value of
life.
I want to serve him, live for
him,
to belong to him completely
to give myself up to him and
find
myself transfigured
by his radiance
You ring on my finger...

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner
Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine
Lust!
Das Glück ist die Liebe,
Die Lieb ist has Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt

On my heart, on my breast
You my delight, you my joy!

The happiness is love
the love is happiness
I have said

Und nehm's nicht zurück.
Hab' über schwenglich mich
geschätzt
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt,
Nur die da säugt,
Nur die da liebt das Kint,
Dem sie die Nahrung giebt;
Nur eine Mutter Weiss allein
Was lieben heist und glücklich
sein.
O wie bedaur' ich doch den
Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen
kann!
Du lieber, lieber Engel,
Du, du schauest mich an
Und lächlest dazu!
An meinem Herzen, an meiner
Brust
Du meine Wonne, du meine
Lust!

And I won't take it back
I thought myself overjoyed
But I'm only overjoyed now.
Only she will nurse
only she who loves the child
to whom she gives nourishment
only a mother knows alone
What it means to love and be
happy.
Oh how I pity men
Who will never feel a mother's
happiness.
You dear, dear Angel,
you, you look at me
And smile also!
Here on my heart, on my breast
You my delight, my joy!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir den ersten
Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter,
Unbarmherzger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.
Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich
hin,
Die Welt ist leer, ist leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt,
Ich bin nicht lebent mer,
Ich zieh' mich in mein Innres
Still zurück, der schleier fällt,
Da hab ich dich und mein
verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

Now you have hurt me for the
first time
It has struck me hard
you sleep, you hard,
merciless man
The sleep of death
The abandoned one looks at her
future
And the world is empty, is
empty
loved have I and lived
I am not living longer
I pull my inner self
quietly back, the veil falls
there I have you and my lost
happiness
You my world!

Chanson d'Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un vanupieds.
Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au vanupieds:
"Qu'empportes-tu de la ville?"

"J'y laisse mon coeur entire."
Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier
"Qu'appotes-tu dans la ville?"

"Mon coeur pour me marier."
Que de coeurs dans Orkenise
Les gardes riaient, riaient
Vanupieds, la route est girse
L'amour grise, ô charretier.
Les beaux gardes de la ville

Tricotaient superbement
Puis les portes de la ville
Se fermèrent lentement.

Through the gates of Orkenise
Wants to enter a carter
Through the gates of Orkenise
Wants to leave a tramp.
And the guards of the town
Ran up to the tramp
"What are you taking from the town?"
"I am leaving my whole heart."
And the guards of the town
Ran up to the carter
"What are you bringing into the town?"
"My heart for myself to marry."
What a lot of hearts in Orkenise
The guards laughed, laughed
Tramp the road is dreary
Love intoxicates, oh carter.
The handsome guards of the town
Knitted superbly
Then the gates of the town
Closed themselves slowly.

Hôtel

Ma chamber a la forme d'une
cage
Le soleil passe son bras par la
fenêtre
Mais moi qui veux fumer
Pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma
cigarette
Je ne veux pas travailler
Je veux fumer.

My room has the form of a cage
The sun passes it's arms
through the window
But I who wants to smoke
For the sake of making smoke
pictures
Light with the fire of the day my
cigarette
I do not want to work at all
I want to smoke.

Fagnes de Wallonie

Tant de tristesses plénières
Pirrent mon coeur aux fanges
désolées
Quand las j'ai resposé

So much overwhelming sadness
Took over my heart on the
desolate moors
When weary I rested

Dans les sapinières
Le poids des kilomètres
Pendant que râlait le vent
d'ouest
J'avais quitté le joli bois
Les écureuils y sont restés

Ma pipe essayait de faire des
nuages au ciel
Qui restait pur obstinément

Je n'ai confié aucun secret
Sinon une chanson énigmatique
Aux tourbières humide
Les brurères fleurant le miel
Attiraient les abeilles
Et mes pieds endoloris
Foulaient les myrtilles et les
airelle
Tendrement mariée
Nord
Nord
La vie s'y tord
En arbres forts et tors
La vie y mord la mort
A belles dents
A belles dents
Quand bruit le vent.

Among the fir tree
The weight of the kilometers
While there moaned the wind of
the west
I had left the pretty woods
The squirrels have remained
there

My pipe tried to make the
clouds in the sky
Which remained obstinately
clear

I did not confide any secret
Except an enigmatic song
to the damp peat bog
the heather fragrant with honey
Attracted the bees
And my aching feet
Trod the bilberries and
blueberries
Tenderly brought together
North
North
There life itself twists
In the trees strong and gnarled
The life bites the death
With strong teeth
With strong teeth
When howls the wind.

Voyage à Paris

Ah! La charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Qu'un jour du créer l'amour

Ah! La charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli
Ah! Quitter un pays morose
Charmante chose.

Ah! The charming thing
To leave a gloomy place
For Paris
Once upon a time it must have
created love

Ah! The charming thing
To leave a gloomy place
For Paris
Lovely Paris
Ah! To leave a gloomy place
Charming thing.