

4-3-2011

Junior Recital: Miriam Schildkret, mezzo-soprano

Miriam Schildkret

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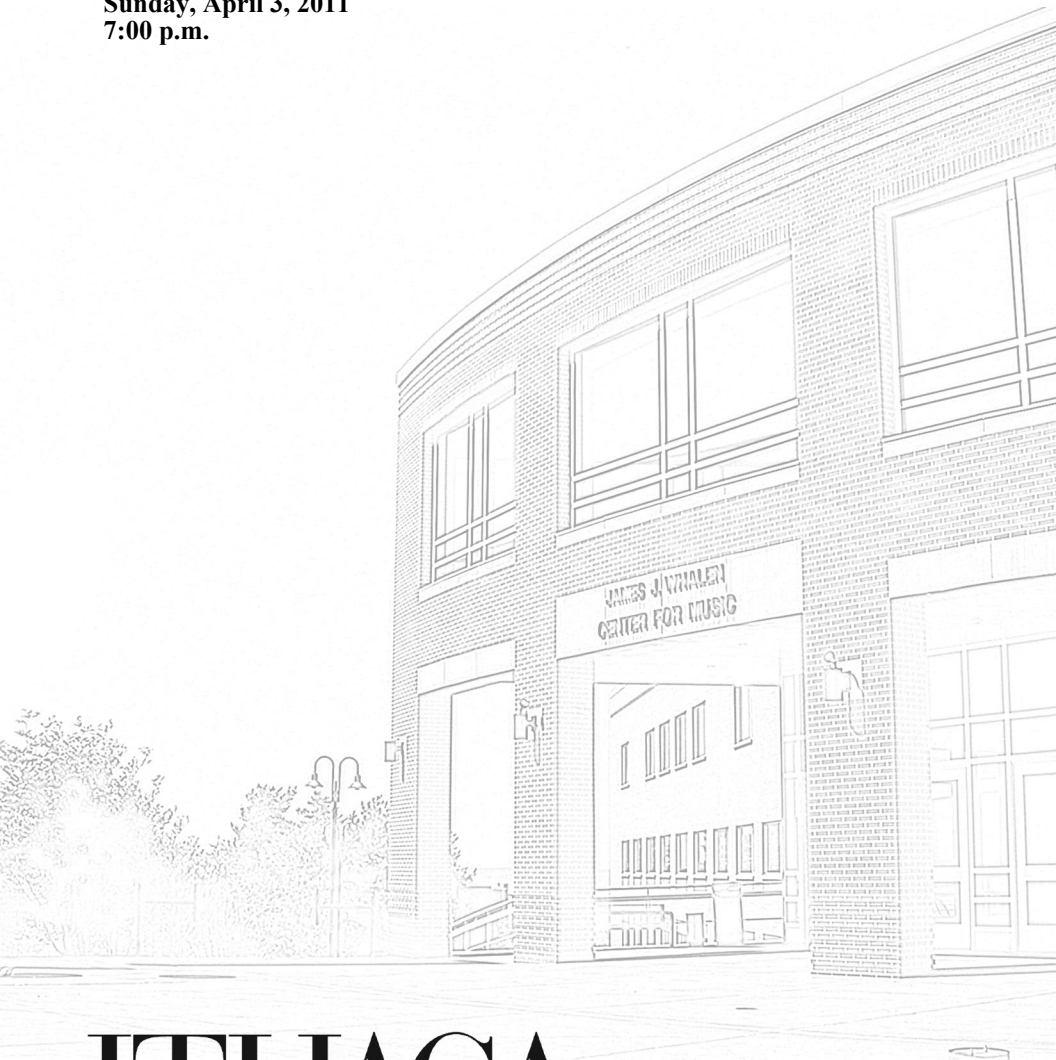
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**Junior Recital:
Miriam Schildkret, mezzo-soprano**

**David Parks, tenor
Michael Lewis, piano**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, April 3, 2011
7:00 p.m.**



ITHACA
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Program

Magnificat, BWV 243 *Et exultavit* Johann Sebastian Bach
St. Matthew Passion, BWV 244 *Erbarme dich* (1685-1750)

Villanelle Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)
Si mes vers avaient des ailes Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)
Ouvre ton coeur Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Intermission

Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

David Parks, tenor

La regata veneziana Gioachino Rossini
Anzoleta avanti la regata (1792-1868)
Anzoleta co passa la regata
Anzoleta dopo la regata

This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance.
Miriam Schildkret is from the studio of David Parks.

Translations

Et Exultavit

Et exultavit spiritus meus in deo
salutari meo.

My spirit rejoices in God my savior.

Erbarme Dich

Erbarme dich, mein Gott,
um meiner Zähren willen!
Schaue hier, Herz und Auge
weint vor dir bitterlich.
Erbarme dich, mein Gott.

Have mercy, my God,
for the sake of my tears!
Look on me, my heart and eyes
weep bitterly before you.
Have mercy, my God.

Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois.

Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles,
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,

Nous irons écouter les merles siffler;

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni;
Et l'oiseau satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de
mousse

Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce,
toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,

Et le daim, au miroir des sources,

Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis chez nous, tout heureux, tout
aisés,

En paniers, en lançant nos doigts,
Revenons, rapportant des fraises des
bois.

When the new season comes,
when the frosts vanish,
the two of us shall go, my darling,
to gather lilies-of-the-valley in the
woods.

Under our feet, picking the pearls
which one sees trembling in the
morn;
we shall go to hear the blackbirds
whistling;

Spring has come, my darling;
this is the blessed month for lovers;
and the bird smoothing its wings,
recites a poem on the rim of its nest.
Oh, come then to this mossy bank

to talk of our glorious love,
and speak to me with your sweet
voice forever!

Far, far away, straying from our path
let us chase the rabbit from his hiding
place
and startle the buck admiring his bent
antlers

in the mirror of the springs;
then so happy, so at ease,

entwining our fingers like a basket,
we'll make our way home carrying
wild strawberries.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'oiseau!
Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'esprit!
Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accouraient, nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour!

Ouvre ton coeur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour,
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?
La marguerite a fermé sa corolle.
Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.

Ouvre ton coeur,
Ô, jeune ange, à ma flamme,
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil,
Ouvre ton coeur.
Je veux reprendre mon âme.
Ouvre ton coeur,
Ô, jeune ange, à ma flamme.
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil,
Ouvre ton coeur!

Anzoleta avanti la regata

Sul palco sventola la gran bandiera,

guarda, si guardala, valla a pigliar!
Hai a recarmela prima di sera,
o più tra gli uomini non ti mostrar.

In poppa, Momolo, non indugiar!

Va voga, spingila la gondoletta,
nè il primo premio ti può mancar.
Va là, ricordati la tua diletta

If my verses had wings

My verses, sweet and frail, would fly
to your beautiful garden
if my verses had wings
like a bird!
They would fly, glittering,
to your cheerful fireside
if my verses had wings
like the mind!
To you, pure and faithful,
they would hasten, night and day,
if my verses had wings
like love!

Open your heart

The daisy has closed its crown,
twilight has closed the eyes of day,
darling, will you keep your word?
The daisy has closed its
crown.
Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart,
oh young angel, to my ardor,
may a dream charm your slumber,
open your heart.
I want to take back my soul.
Open your heart,
oh young angel, to my ardor.
Like a flower opens to the sun,
Open your heart!

Anzoleta before the race

On the bandstand a large flag is
waving,
Look, see it there, go get it!
Come back with it by evening,
or never show your face in public
again.
Into the boat, Momolo, don't hesitate!

Row the gondola with all your might,
and you cannot fail to win first place.
Go, remember your sweetheart,

che in ansia trepida ti sta a guardar.

In poppa, Momolo, non indugiar!
In poppa, Momolo, corri a volar!

Anzoleta co passa la regata

Sono qua, non vedi?
Curvi stanno in sovra al remo,
ahi la meta è ancor lontana,
gira il vento a tramontana,
poveretti, io tutta tremo,
la corrente è in lor favor.
Il mio Momolo l'hai visto?
Or lo scorgo, egli è secondo.

Ah! che smania! mi confondo,
ahi! balzar mi sento il cor.
Su coraggio, voga, voga,
pria di giunger alla meta
spiega tutta la tua foga,
e nessun ti vincerà.
Caro, par ch'ei voli,
li ha passati tutti quanti,
mezza barca sta davanti,
ah comprendo, ei mi guardò!

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Prendi un bacio, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo di cor;
su riposati che è ora
ch'io t'asciughi quel sudor.
Ah t'ho visto, m'hai guardata
sul poggiolo nel passar
e pensai racconsolata:
un bel premio ei de' pigliar
sì un bel premio è la bandiera,
quando è rossa di color;
non un sol, Venezia intera
ti proclama vincitor.
Prendi un bacio, benedetto
no hai pari nel vogar,
per famiglia per traghetto
niun a petto ti può star!

who is watching in anxious
trepidation.

Into the boat, Momolo, don't hesitate!
Into the boat, Momolo! Hurry! Fly!

Anzoleta when the boats pass

There they are, don't you see?
They are bent over their oars,
and the finish line is still far off.
The wind is blowing;
poor things, I am trembling,
but the current is in their favor.
Have you seen my Momolo?
Now I spot him, he is in second
place.

Ah! What madness! I'm lost.
Ah! I feel my heart pounding.
Be brave, row, row,
reaching the finish,
use all your force
and no one can beat you.
My darling seems to be flying,
he has passed all the others,
he is half a boat ahead,
Oh, I understand, he looked at me!

Anzoleta after the race

Take a kiss, and another
dearest Momolo, from my heart;
rest now
while I dry your brow.
Ah I saw you, you looked at me
on the balcony as you passed,
and I thought, consolingly:
he is going to get a good prize.
Yes the flag is a good prize
when it is red.
Not just one, but all of Venice
proclaims you the victor.
Take a kiss, blessed one,
you have no equal in rowing,
through all the generations of
gondoliers
none can compare to you!

Upcoming Events

April

5 - 7:00pm - Ford - *Immaculate Conception School Spring Concert*, led by Junior Choral Student Teachers

5 - 8:15pm - Hockett - *Faculty Showcase*

6 - 8:15pm - Hockett - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, *Jorge Grossman and Jeffrey Meyer, conductors*

7 - 8:15pm - Hockett - Faculty Recital: Ivy Walz

8 - 7:00pm - Hockett - Tuba Ensemble

9 - 7:00pm - Hockett - Faculty/Guest Recital: Dolce Flutes

9 - 8:15pm - Ford - High School Gospel Invitational Concert

10 - 4:00pm - Ford - Wind Ensemble, *Jonathan Musgrave, graduate conductor*

10 - 9:00pm - Nab - Flute Ensemble

12 - 8:15pm - Ford - *Rachel S. Thaler Concert Pianist Series*: Nobuyuki Tsujii, piano

14 - 8:15pm - Hockett - Ithaca Wind Quintet

15 - 8:15pm - Hockett - **Faculty Recital**: Dawn Pierce, mezzo-soprano

16 - 3:00pm - Ford - **Ithaca International Conducting Masterclass Concert** with the Cornell Symphony Orchestra

16 - 4:00pm - Hockett - **Faculty Recital**: Timothy Rosenberg, saxophone

17 - 1:00pm - Hockett - **Faculty Recital**: Marc Webster, bass

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