

3-23-2014

Elective Recital: Jacob Cordie, tenor and Ava Borowski, soprano

Jacob Cordie

Ava Borowski

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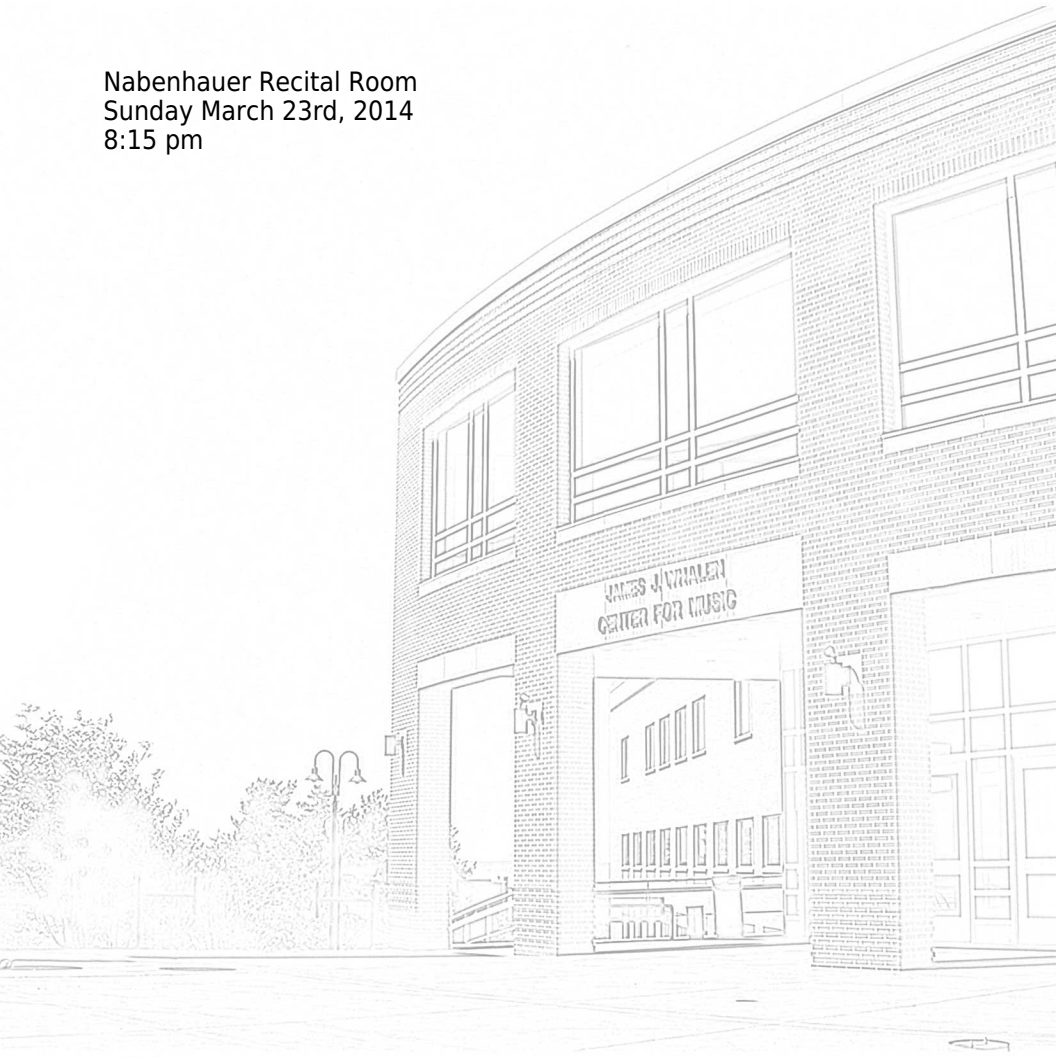
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Joint Recital:
Jacob Cordie, tenor
Ava Borowski, soprano

Kamila Swerdloff, piano
Brendan Fox, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Sunday March 23rd, 2014
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Beggar's Song	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
The Vagabond	Ralph Vaughn Williams (1872-1958)
Sure on this Shining Night	Samuel Barber
Belief	Alexander Sage Oyen
Meine Leibe ist grün	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Wie Melodien zieht es mir Immer liser wird Botschaft	

Intermission

Mattinata	Ruggero Leoncavallo (1857-1919)
O del mio amato ben	Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
Vainement, ma bienaimée <i>from Le Roi d'Ys</i>	Éduard Lalo (1823-1892)
Goodbye <i>from I love you because: a modern day musical love story</i>	Joshua Salzman and Ryan Cunningham
Per pietà, bell'idol mio Ma rendi pur contento Who is There <i>from A Hand of Bridge</i>	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Oh, Happy We <i>from Candide</i> <i>Jacob Cordie and Ava Borowski</i>	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Translations

Meine Liebe ist grün

Meine Liebe is grün wei der
Fliederbusch,
und mein Lieb ist schön wie die
Sonne,
die glänzt wogl herab auf den
Fliederbusch
und füllt ihn mit Duft mit
Wonne.

My love is as green as the lilac
bush,
and my love is as fair as the
sun,
which gleams down on the lilac
bush
and fills it with frangrance and
bliss.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der
Nachtigall,
und wiegt in blühendem Flieder,

und jauchzet und singet vom
Dut berauscht
viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

My soul has the wings of a
nightingale
and rocks itself in blooming
lilac,
and intoxicated by the
fragrance, cheers and sings
a good many love-drunk songs.

Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es,
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

It moves like a melody,
Gently through my mind;
It blossoms like spring flowers
And wafts away like fragrance.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt
es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erbلاßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

But when it is captured in
words,
And placed before my eyes,
It turns pale like a gray mist
And disappears like a breath.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime

Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

And yet, remaining in my
rhymes
There hides still a fragrance,
Which mildly frm the quiet bud
My moist eyes call forth.

Immer leiser wird

Immer leiser wird mein
Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein
Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür"
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.

My slumber grows ever more
peaceful;
and only like a thin veil now
does my anxiety
lie trembling upon me.
Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door;
no one is awake to let you in,
and I wake up and weep
bitterly.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehen,
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:

Yes, I will have to die;
another will you kiss,
when I am pale and cold.
Before the May breezes blow,
before the thrush sings in the
forest:

Willst du einmal noch mich
sehen,
Komm, o komme bald!

if you wish to see me once
more,
come, o come soon!

Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und
lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht hinwegzufliehn!

Blow, breeze, gently and
lovingly
about the cheeks of my
beloved;
play tenderly in her locks,
do not hasten to flee far away!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe;

If perhaps she is then to ask,
how it stands with poor
wretched me,

Sprich: Unendlich war sein
Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;

tell her: "Unending was his woe,
highly dubious was his
condition;

Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,

However, now he can hope
magnificently to come to life
again.

denn du, Holde,
Denkst an ihn.

For you, lovely one,
are thinking of him!"

Mattinata

L'aurora, di bianco vestita, Già l'uscio dischiude al gran sol,	The dawn, dressed in white, already the door has opened to the large sun,
Di già con le rose sue dita	and with the rose colored tipped fingers
Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!	caresses the myriads with flowers!
Commosa da un fremito arcano Intorno il creato già par, E tu non ti desti, ed invano	A mysterious trembling seems to disturb all nature, yes you will not get up, and vainly
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar	I stand here sadly and sing.
Metti anche tu la veste bianca e schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!	Dress yourself, too, in white and open the door to your serenader!
Ove non sei, la luce manca, ove tu sei nasce l'amor!	Where you are not, all is dark, where you are, love is born!

O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!	Oh, the lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei chi m'era gloria e vanto!	Far from my sight is who to me was glory and pride!
Or per le mute stanze sempre lo cerco e chiamo. con pieno il cor di speranze.	Now through the silent rooms I always seek her and call with a heart filled with hope.
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan! E il pianger m'è sì caro,	But I seek in vain, I call in vain! And the weeping to me is so dear,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.	since I nourish my heart with tears alone.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni loco.

Notte mi sembra il giorno
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero.
Ma, senza lei, che farò?

Mi par così la vita, vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

To me, without her, every place
is sad.

Day seems as night to me
fire seems cold to me.
However, if sometimes I hope
to give myself another,
I am tormented by one thought.
But without her, what would I
do?

To me life seems so empty
without my beloved.

Vainement, ma bienaimée

Puisqu'on ne peut fléchir ces
jalouses gardiennes.
Ah! laissezmoi conter mes
peines et mon émoi.

Vainement, ma bienaimée, on
croit me désespérer;
près de ta porte fermée
je veux encor demeurer!

Les soleils pourront s'éteindre,
les nuit replacer les jours,
sans t'accuser et sans me
plaindre.
Là, je resterai toujours!

Je le sais, ton âme est douce,
et l'heure bientôt viendra
où la main qui me repousse,
vers la mienne se tendra!

Ne sois pas trop tardive
à te laisser attendre,
si Rozeen bientôt n'arrive,
je vais, hélas! mourir.

Since I cannot get by these
jealous guardians,
Ah! I will sing to you of my
sorrows and my emotions.

Vainly, my beloved, one
believes I despair,
near to your closed door
I wish to still dwell!

The suns will die out,
the nights replace the days,
without you to accuse and
without me to complain,
there, I will always stay!

I know, that your soul is
gentle,
and the hour soon will come,
where the hand that repulses
me,
towards mine it will reach out!

Do not delay too long,
in showing me pity,
if Rozeen does not arrive soon,
I am going, alas, to die.

Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
infelice e sventurato
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.

Se fedele a te son io,
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,
sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol
do not tell me that I am
ungrateful;
unhappy and unfortunate
enough
has heaven made me.

That I am faithful to you,
that I languish under your bright
gaze,
Love knows, the gods know,
my heart knows, and yours
knows.

Ma rendi pur contento

Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core,
e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affani miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Only make happy
The heart of my beautiful [lady],
And I will pardon you, love
If my own [heart] is not glad.

Her troubles I fear
More than my own troubles,
Because I live more in her
Than I live in myself.