

3-29-2014

Graduate Recital: Lynn Craver, soprano

Lynn Craver

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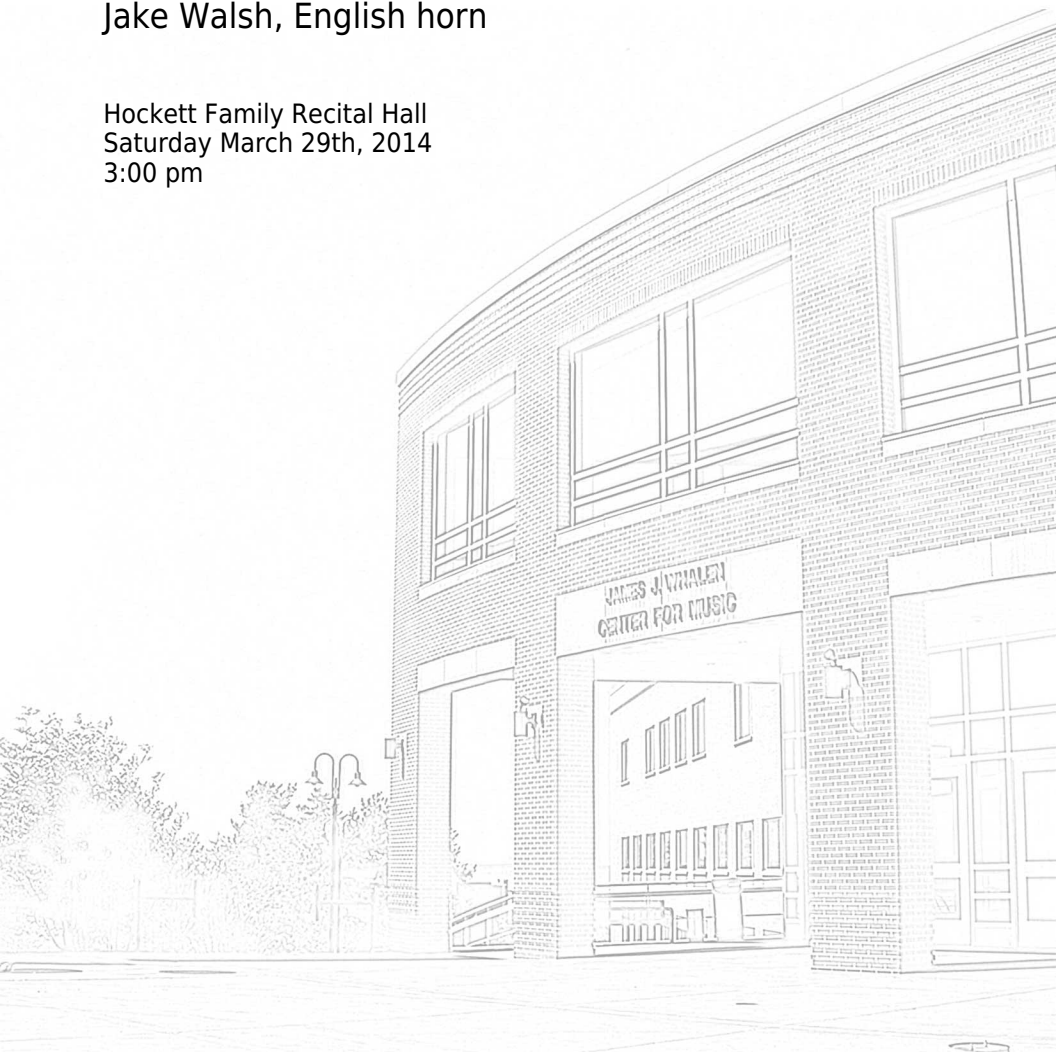
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Graduate Recital:

Lynn Craver, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano
Vanessa A. Davis, clarinet
Stanley Howard, bassoon
Ariel Palau, oboe
Jake Walsh, English horn

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday March 29th, 2014
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Piangero la sorte mia
from Giulio Cesare

George Fredric Handel
(1685-1759)

Quatre chansons de jeunesse
Pantomime
Claire de lune
Pierrot
Apparition

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Pastorale

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

Vanessa A. Davis, Stanley Howard, Ariel Palau, Jake Walsh

Пленившись розой, соловей

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov
(1872-1908)

Vanessa A. Davis

Vocalise

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1902-1943)

Par le rang et par l'opulence - Salut a la
France!
from La Fille du Regiment

Gaetano Donizetti
(1828-1837)

Intermission

Knoxville: Summer of 1915

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Translations

Piangerò la sorte mia, from Giulio Cesare

E pur così in un giorno perdo fasti e
grandezze?

Ahi fato rio!

Cesare, il mio bel nume, è forse
estinto;

Cornelia e Sesto inermi son,
né sanno darmi soccorso.

O dio! Non resta alcuna speme
al viver mio.

Piangerò la sorte mia,
sì crudele e tanto ria, finché vita
in petto avrò.

Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno il
tiranno
e notte e giorno fatta spettro
agiterò!

Pantomime

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue Sur
son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise De sentir
un cœur dans la brise Et
d'entendre en son cœur des
voix. Ah!

I will weep for this fate of mine

And so thus in a day I lose pomp
and grandeur?

Ah, fate unjust!

Caesar, my beloved god, is perhaps
dead;

Cornelia and Sesto are helpless,
and are unable to render me
assistance.

O God! There remains no hope
in my life.

I will weep for this fate of mine,
so cruel and so unjust, as long as I
have life
in my breast.

But when dead and become a
ghost, I will
haunt the tyrant both day and
night!

Pantomime

Pierrot, who is no Clitandre,
empties a flask without delay,
and, ever practical, cuts into a
pâté.

Cassandre, at the end of the
avenue, sheds an unnoticed
tear for his disinherited
nephew.

That scoundrel Harlequin schemes
the abduction of
Columbine
and piouettes four times.

Columbine dreams, surprised at
feeling a heart in the breeze
and at hearing voices in her
heart. Ah!

Claire de Lune

Votre âme est un paysage
choisi Que vont charmant
masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode
mineur, L'amour vainqueur et la
vie opportune.

Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur, Et leur chanson se
mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et
beau, Qui fait rêver, les
oiseaux dans les arbres, Et
sangloter d'extase les jets
d'eau, Les grands jets d'eau
sveltes parmi les marbres.

Pierrot

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule
contemple, Ayant fini les noces
d'Arlequin, Suit en songeant le
boulevard du Temple.

Une fillette au souple casaquin En
vain l'agace de son oeil
coquin;

Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse
Faisant de lui sa plus chère
délice, La blanche lune aux
cornes de taureau Jette un
regard de son oeil en coulisse
À son ami Jean Gaspard
Deburau. Ah!

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen
landscape charmed by
masques and bergamasques,
Playing the lute and dancing and
almost sad beneath their
fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
of victorious love and fortunate
living.

They do not seem to believe in their
happiness, and their song
mingles with the moonlight,

With the calm moonlight, sad and
beautiful, which sets the birds
in the trees dreaming, and
makes the fountains sob with
ecstasy, the tall slender
fountains among the marble
statues.

Pierrot

Good old Pierrot, at whom the
crowd contemplates, having
finished Harlequin's wedding,
Dreamily walks along the
Boulevard du Temple.

A girl in a flowing blouse vainly
teases him with a mischievous
eye;

And meanwhile, mysterious and
smooth, making him her
sweetest delight, The white
moon, bull-horned, casts a
sideways glance at her friend
Jean Gaspard Deburau. Ah!

Apparition

La lune s'attristait. Des
séraphins en pleurs Rêvant,
l'archet aux doigts, dans le
calme des fleurs vaporeuses,
tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant
sur l'azur des corolles.

C'était le jour béni de ton premier
baiser. Ma songerie aimant à
me martyriser S'enivrait
savamment du parfum de
tristesse Que même sans
regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au
cœur qui l'a cueilli.

J'errais donc, l'oeil rivé sur le pavé
vieilli

Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux,
dans la rue Et dans le soir,
tu m'es en riant apparue et
j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau
de clarté Qui jadis sur mes
beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté
passait, laissant toujours de ses
mains mal fermées neiger de
blancs bouquets d'étoiles
parfumées.

Пленившись розой, соловей

Пленившись розой, соловей
И день и ночь поёт над ней;
Но роза молча песням внемлет.

На лире так певец иной Поёт для
девы молодой
А дева милая не знает

Кому поёт он отчего Печальны
песни так его.

Apparition

The moon grew sad. Seraphims
in tears dreaming, bows at
their fingers, in the calm
of misty flowers trailed
dying violas of white sobs
sliding over the blue of
corollas.

It was the blessed day of your first
kiss. My reverie, fond of
tormenting me, became
knowingly drunk on the
perfumed sadness that, without
bitter aftertaste, the harvest of
dreams leaves in the reapers
heart.

I wandered then, my eyes fixed on
the aged cobblestones.

When, with the sun in your hair, in
the street and in the evening,
you appeared to me laughing
and I thought I had seen the
fairy with a hat of light who
passed in my beautiful dreams
as a spoiled child, always
dropping from her half closed
hands a snow of white
bouquets of perfumed stars.

The Rose Enslaves The Nightingale

The rose enslaves the nightingale
and day and night it sings on her;
But the rose, silent, does not heed
the song.

A youth on a lyre sings to a young
maiden
But the sweet maiden does not
know

Who sings and why the song is full
of sorrow.

**Par le rang et par l'opulence -
Salut a la France!**

C'en est donc fait,
et mon sort va changer...
et personne en ce lieu
ne vient me protéger!

Par le rang et par l'opulence, en
vain l'on a cru m'éblouir:
il me faut taire ma souffrance et ne
vivre que de souvenirs!
Sous les bijoux et la dentelle,
je cache un chagrin sans espoir...
Ah!? quoi me sert d'être si belle, lui
seul, il ne doit pas me voir?

O vous à qui je fus ravie, Dont j'ai
partagé le destin Je donnerais
toute ma vie pour pouvoir
vous serrer la main!

Revenez!
Souvenirs! Revenez! Revenez!

Ah! salut a la France!
A mes beaux jours! A l'esperance!
A mes amours!
Salut a la France!
A l'esperance! A mes amis!
Salut a la gloire! Voila
pour mon coeur, avec la victoire,
l'instant du bonheur!
Ah! salut a la France!

**They have tried to dazzle me -
Hurray for France!**

So it's all settled,
my fate is about to change...
and there is no one here
to protect me!

They have tried in vain to dazzle
me with rank and luxury:
I must hide my suffering and live on
memories!
Beneath these jewels and lace,
I conceal a sadness without hope...
Ah, what use is it for me to be
beautiful when he alone cannot
see me?

Oh you from whom I was abducted,
with whom I had shared a
destiny, I would give my whole
life to be able to hold your
hand!

Return!
Memories! Return! Return!

Ah! Hurrah for France!
For happy times! For hope!
For love!
Hurrah for France!
For hope! For my friends!
For honour and glory!
My heart rejoices:
Victory and happiness are one!
Ah! Hurrah for France!