

3-30-2014

Elective Recital: Annina Hsieh and Josi Petersen, sopranos

Annina Hsieh

Josi Petersen

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Joint Recital:

Annina Hsieh and Josi Petersen, sopranos

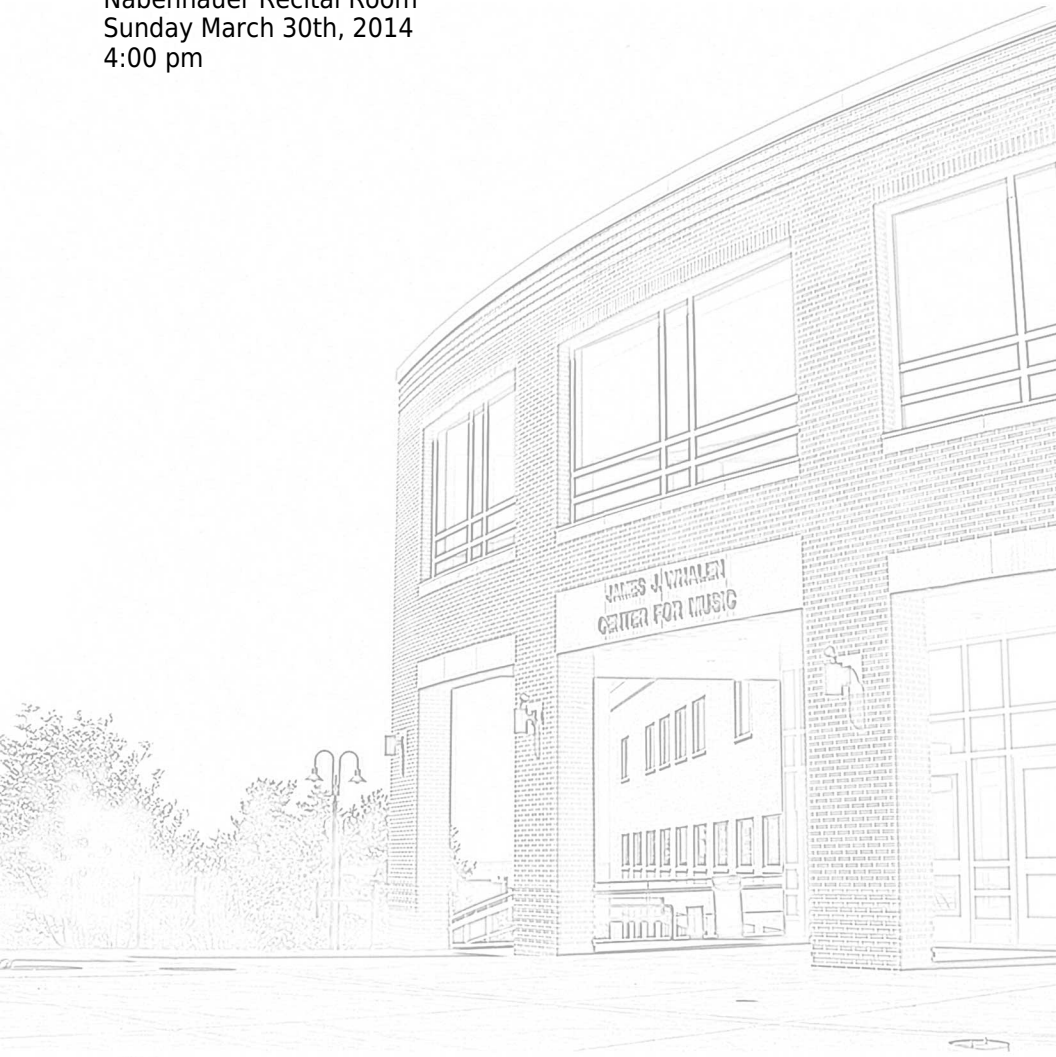
Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

John McQuaig, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Sunday March 30th, 2014

4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Prenderò quel brunettino
from *Così fan tutte*
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto
from *Don Giovanni*
Deh vieni, non tardar
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Fantoches
Nuit d'étoiles

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Verschwiegene Liebe
Er ist's!

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Intermission

Weep You No More

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

i carry your heart

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Diaphenia

Dominick Argento
(b. 1927)

The Bird

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Love's Philosophy

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Music, when soft voices die

Ernest Gold
(1921-1999)

Ma rendi, pur contento

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

La gita in gondola
Duetto buffo di due gatti

Gioachino Rossini
(1792 - 1868)

Translations

Prenderò quel brunettino

Dorabella:

Prenderò quel brunettino,
Che più lepido mi par.

Fiordiligi:

Ed intanto io col biondino

Vo' un po' ridere e burlar.

Dorabella:

Scherzosetta ai dolci detti
Io di quel risponderò.

Fiordiligi:

Sospirando i sospiretti
Io dell'altro imiterò.

Dorabella:

Mi dirà: "Ben mio, mi moro."

Fiordiligi:

Mi dirà: "Mio bel tesoro."

Fiordiligi & Dorabella:

Ed intanto che diletto,
Che spassetto io proverò!

Dorabella:

I will take the dark one,
Who seems more witty to me.

Fiordiligi:

And meanwhile, with the blonde
one,

I wish to laugh a little and joke.

Dorabella:

Playfully with sweet words
I will respond to him.

Fiordiligi:

Sighing the little sighs
of the other I will imitate.

Dorabella:

To me he will say: "Beloved mine, I
die."

Fiordiligi:

To me he will say: "My beautiful
treasure."

Fiordiligi & Dorabella:

And meanwhile, what delight,
What amusement we will have!

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,
la tua povera Zerlina!

Starò qui come agnellina
le tue botte ad aspettar!

Lascero straziarmi il crine,
lascero cavarmi gli occhi,
e le care tue manine
lieta poi saprò baciare! ecc.
Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!

Pace, pace, o vita mia!

In contenti ed allegria
notte e di vogliam passar!

Beat me, beat me, oh dear Masetto,
your poor Zerlina.

I will remain here like a little lamb,
awaiting your blows.

You can tear my hair out,
you can carve out my eyes,
and your dear hands

I will happily kiss.

Ah! I see, you do not have the
heart!

Peace, peace, oh life mine,

in happiness and joy
day and night we will spend.

Deh vieni, non tardar

Giunse alfin il momento
che godrò senz'affanno
in braccio all'idol mio.
Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto,
a turbar non venite il mio diletto!
Oh come par che all'amoroso foco
l'amenità del loco,
la terra e il ciel risponda,
come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Deh, vieni, non tardar, o gioja bella,
vieni ove amore per goder t'appella,
finchè non splende in ciel notturna face,
finchè l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo
tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza
l'aura,
che col dolce susurro il cor ristaura.
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca,
ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescia.
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante
ascose.
Vieni, vieni!
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

At last the moment has arrived
that I will enjoy without worry
in the arms of my beloved.
Timid worries, get out of my heart,
do not come to disturb my pleasure!
Oh how it seems that my firey passion
is echoed in this comfortable place,
the earth and the heaven respond,
just as the night is good for my
deception!

Ah, come, do not delay my handsome
lover,
come where love calls you to
enjoyment,
before the torch of the night sky rises,
while the air is still dark and the world is
quiet.
Here murmurs the stream, here plays
the breeze,
which with sweet whispering restores
the heart.
Here laughs the little flowers and the
grass is cool,
here everything entices you to
pleasures of love.
Come, dearest mine, among these
sheltering trees.
Come, come!
I want to crown your brow with roses.

Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassemble,
Gesticulent noirs sous la lune,
Cependant l'excellent docteur Bolonais
Cueille avec lenteur des simples
Parmi l'herbe brune.
Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse demi-nue,
En quête de son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
whom an evil plot have brought
together,
gesticulate rudely under the moon,
Meanwhile, the excellent doctor of
Bologna
leisurely gathers some herbs
among the brown grass.
Then his daughter, a saucy little thing,
under the bower, very furtively,
she gathers half-naked,
In search of her handsome Spanish
pirate,
of whom an amorous nightingale
proclaims the distress at the top of its
voice.

Nuit d'étoiles

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,

Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie vient éclore
au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cettes rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Night of stars, beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your
fragrance,
sad lyre that sighs,
I dream of loves former.

The serene melancholy now blooms
in the depths of my heart,
and I hear the soul of my love
quiver in the woods dreaming.

I see again at our fountain
your eyes blue as the sky;
this rose, it is your breath,
and these stars are your eyes.

Verschwiegene Liebe

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein,
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht,
Als die Wolken, die fliegen,
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schön wie die Nacht.

Over treetops and crops
and off into the moonlight,
who could ever guess them,
who could comprehend them?
Thoughts themselves lull/rock,
the night is discreetly silent,
thoughts are free.

Only one could guess it,
who on her has thought
in the rustling of the grove,
when no one is awake,
except the clouds that fly,
my love is discreetly silent
and beautiful as the night.

Er ist's!

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süsse, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser
Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab' ich vernommen!

Spring lets its blue ribbon
flutter again in the breeze;
a sweet, familiar scent
sweeps with promise through the
land.

Violets are already dreaming,
want to arrive soon.
Listen, from a distance a soft
harp-tone!
Spring, yes, it is you!
I have heard your coming!

Ma rendi pur contento

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

Just make then happy
the heart of my beautiful one,
and I will forgive you, Cupid,
even if my heart remains unhappy.

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

I fear her sighs
more than my sighs,
because I live more in her,
than in myself.

La gita in gondola

Voli l'agile barchetta
voga, voga marinar
or ch'Elvira mia diletta
a me in braccio sfida il mar.

Fly agile little boat
row, row boatman,
now that Elvira my delight
is in my arms, confront the sea.

Brilla in calma la laguna
una vela non appar
palli detta e in ciel la luna
tutto in vita a sospirar.

The calm lagoon sparkles,
not a sail appears,
the moon is pale in the sky,
inviting everything to sigh.

Voga, voga marinar...

Row, row boatman...

Se ad un bacio amor t'invita
non temer mio bel tesor

If love invites you to a kiss,
do not be afraid, my beautiful
treasure,

tu saprai che sia la vita
sol nel bacio del amor.

you will know what life is
only in the kiss of love.

Ma già un zeffiro sereno
dolce ondeggia il mar...
vieni Elvira a questo sen'
vieni e apprendi a palpitar!

But already a soft breeze
gently ripples the sea...
come, Elvira, to my breast.
come and feel how it beats!

Voga, voga marinar...

Row, row boatman...

Duetto buffo di due gatti

Miau...

Meow...