

4-19-2014

Graduate Recital: Cherisse Williams, soprano

Cherisse Williams

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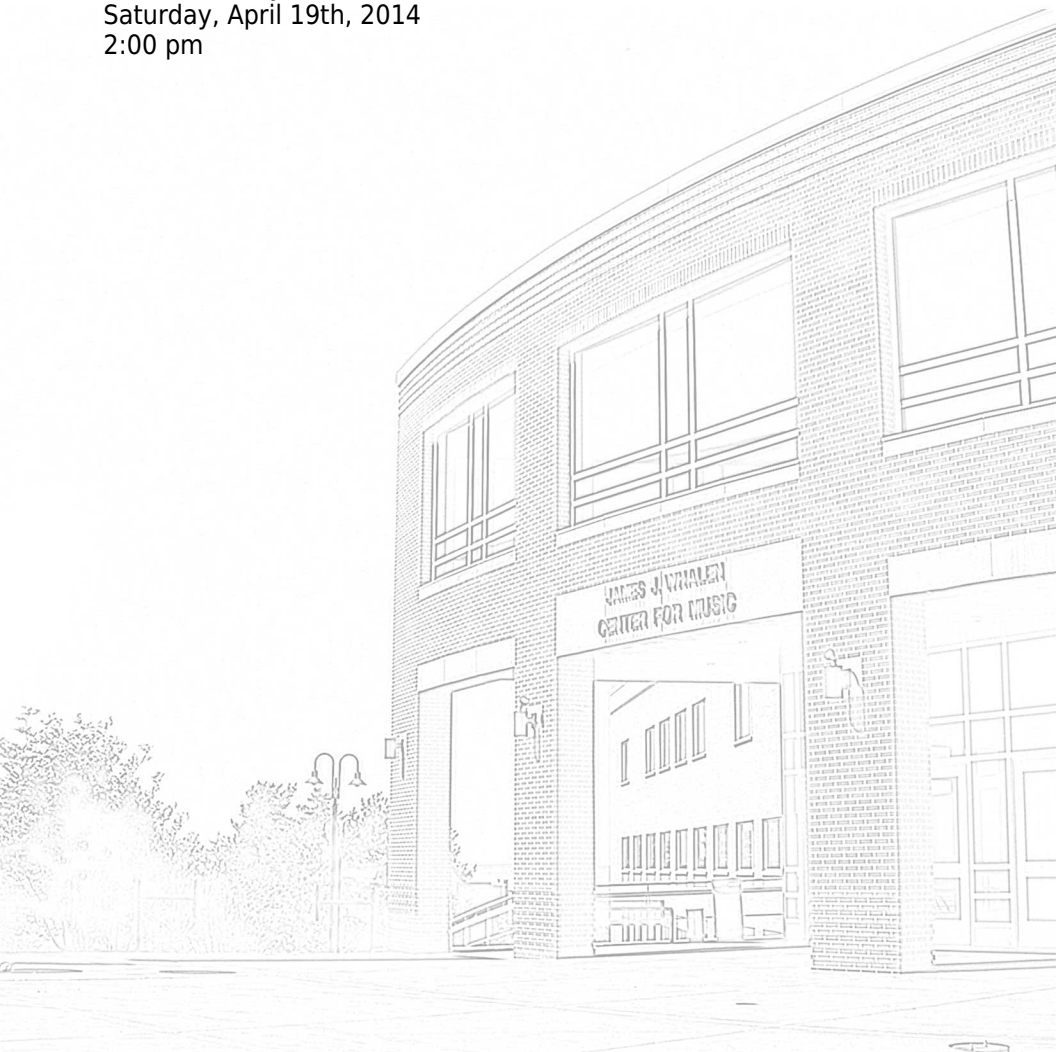
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Graduate Recital:
Cherisse Williams, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano
Michelle Schlosser, clarinet

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, April 19th, 2014
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Malinconia, ninfa gentile
Ma rendi pur contento
Per pietá bell'idol mio

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Le charme
Le colibri
Sérénade Italienne

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Michelle Schlosser, clarinet

Intermission

Tornami a vaghegiar

from Alcina

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Night
Song to the Dark Virgin
Hold Fast to Dreams
Sympathy

Florence Price
(1887-1953)

Doll Song
from Les Contes d'Hoffmann

Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

Translations

Malinconia, ninfa gentile

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,
la vita mia consacro a te;
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
ai piacer veri nato non è.

Melancholy, gentle nymph,
I devote my life to you.
One who despises your pleasures
Is not born to true pleasures.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
m'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,
né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
né mai quel monte trapasserò.

I asked the gods for fountains and
hills;
They heard me at last; I will live
satisfied
Even though, with my desires, I
never
Go beyond that fountain and that
mountain.

Ma rendi pur contento

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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.

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

Le charme

Quand ton sourire me surprit,
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,

Mais ce qui domptait nous esprit,
Je ne pus d'abord le connaître.

Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fondre,
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.

Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme;
Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais,
Qu'en voyant ta première larme.

When your smile surprised me,
I felt a shudder through my entire
being,

But what tamed my spirit,
At first I did not recognize.

When your glance fell on me,
I felt my soul melt,
But what that emotion was,
At first I could not answer it.

What conquered me forever,
That was a charm more sad,
And I did not know that I loved you,
Until I saw your first tear.

Le colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,

Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes
fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe
dans l'air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources
voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la
mer,
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs
divines
S'ouvre et porte au cœur un
humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se
pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe
rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu
tarir!

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu
mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

The hummingbird, the green prince
of the heights,

Feeling the dew and seeing the
sun's clear light

Shining into his nest of woven
grass,

Shoots up in the air like a gleaming
dart.

Hurriedly he flies to the nearby
marsh

Where the waves of bamboo rustle
and bend,

And the red hibiscus with the
heavenly scent

Opens to show its moist and
glistening heart.

Down to the flower he flies, alights
from above,

And from the rosy cup drinks so
much love

That he dies, not knowing if he
could drink it dry.

Even so, my darling, on your pure
lips

My soul and senses would have
wished to die

On contact with that first
full-fragrant kiss.

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh', In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh', Und singe.	When on the highest peak I stand And look down into the valley below And sing and sing,
Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall Der Klüfte.	Then from the distant vale's dark depths The echo soars up towards me, The echo of the chasm.
Je weiter meine Stimme dringt, Je heller sie mir wieder klingt Von unten.	The farther my voice carries, The brighter it echoes back From below, from far below.
Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir, Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr Hinüber.	My sweetheart lives so far away, That's why I long to be with her, Such longing, o such longing!
In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich, Mir ist die Freude hin, Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich, Ich hier so einsam bin.	By deepest grief I am consumed, I am robbed of every joy. Hope has left me here on earth, Left me full of loneliness.
So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied, So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht, Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht Mit wunderbarer Macht.	The sound of longing was heard in the wood, The sound of longing ran through the night, Lifting hearts up to heaven With miraculous power.
Der Frühling will kommen, Der Frühling, meine Freud', Nun mach' ich mich fertig Zum Wandern bereit Je weiter meine Stimme dringt, Je heller sie mir widerklingt	But now Spring is on its way, Spring, that gladdens my heart, And I make myself ready To go out walking. The farther my voice carries, The brighter it echoes back.

Tornami a vagheggiar

Tornami a vagheggiar,
te solo vuol' amar
quest' anima fedel,
caro, mio bene, caro!

Già ti donai il mio cor
fido sarà il mio amor;
mai ti sarò crudel,
cara mia spene.

Return to me
Only you it wants to love
My faithful soul wishes to love you.
My dear beloved.

I have already give you my heart,
My love will be forever true.
I will never be cruel to you,
You, my dearest hope.

Doll Song

Les oiseaux dans la charmille
Dans les cieux l'astre du jour,
Tout parle à la jeune fille d'amour!

Ah! Voilà la chanson gentille
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah!

Tout ce qui chante et résonne
Et soupire, tour à tour,
Emeut son coeur qui frissonne
d'amour!
Ah! Voilà la chanson mignonne
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah!

The birds in the arbor,
The sky's daytime star,
Everything speaks to a young girl of
love!

Ah! This is the gentile song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!

Everything that sings and
resonates
And sighs, in turn,
Moves his heart, which shudders of
love!
Ah! This is the lovely song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!