

4-27-2014

Junior Recital: Ellen Jackson, soprano

Ellen Jackson

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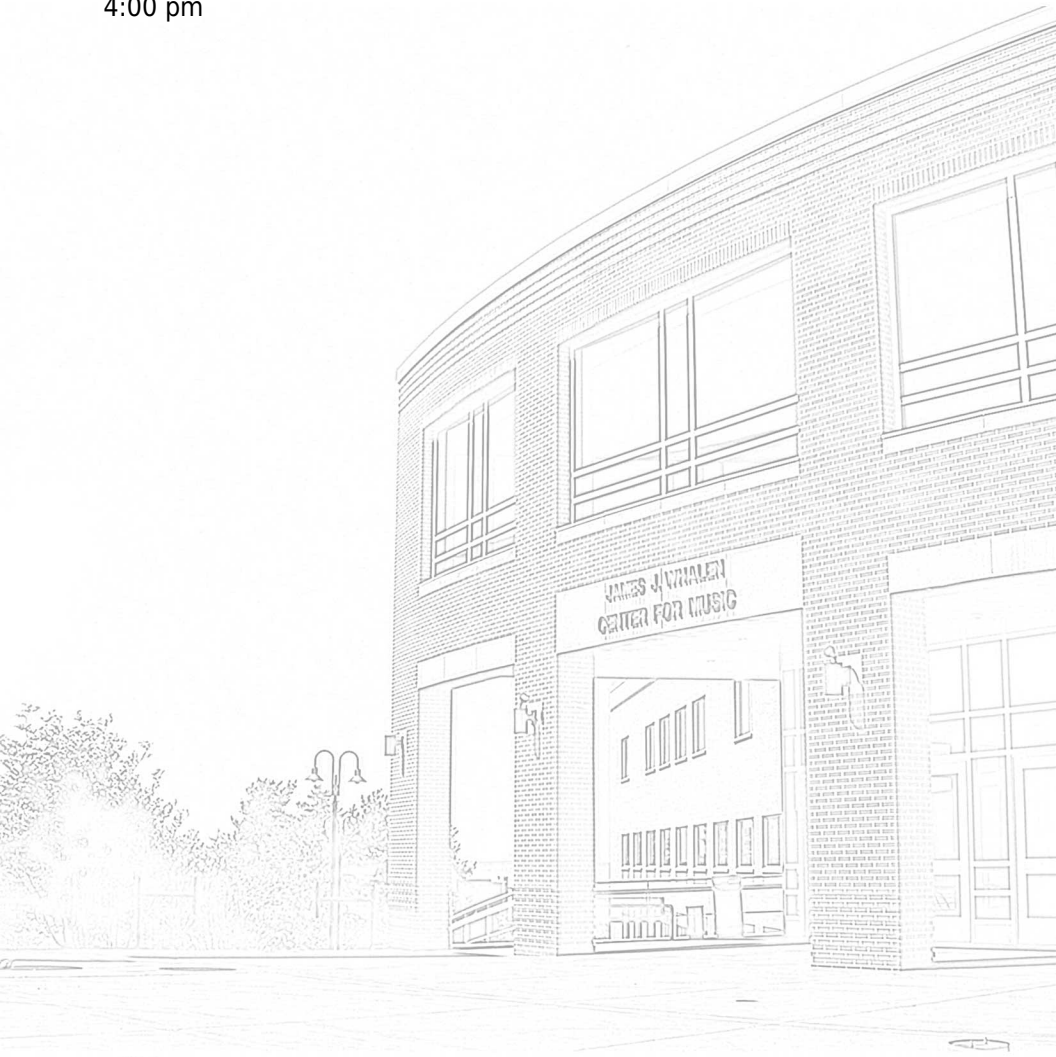
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Junior Recital:
Ellen Jackson, soprano

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, April 27th, 2014
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

È amore un ladroncello
from *Così fan tutte*

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Liederkreis nach Gedichten von Friedrich Rückert
Zeislein
Bescheidung
O Süsse Mutter
Süßes Begräbnis
Irrlichter

Carl Loewe
(1796-1869)

Sposa son disprezzata

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Intermission

Four Songs
In Time of Silver Rain
Heart
Carolina Cabin
Lonely People

Jean Berger
(1909-2002)

La Courte Paille
Le sommeil
Quelle aventure!
La reine du coeur
Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu
Les anges musiciens
Le carafon
Lune d'Avril

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Translations

È amore un ladroncello

È amore un ladroncello,
Un serpentello è amor,
Ei toglie e dà la pace,

Come gli piace ai cor.
Per gli occhial seno appena,

Un varco aprir sa fa,
Che l'anima in catena,
E toglie libertà.
Porta dolcezza e gusto,
Se tu lo la sci far,
Ma t'empie di disgusto
Se tenti di pugnar.
Se nel tuo petto ei siede,
S'egli ti becca qui,
Fa tutto quel ch'ei chiede
Che anch'io farò così.

Is love a little thief,
a little serpent is love.
He takes away and gives back the
peace,
As he pleases, to the hearts.
Through the eyes to the bosom no
sooner
a path opened has he,
than the soul he enchains
And takes away freedom.
He brings sweetness and pleasure
if you let him have his way ;
But he fills you with loathing
if you try to fight him back.
If in your breast he settles
if he pecks at you here,
do everything that he asks,
For also I will do thus.

Liederkreis

Zeislein

Zeislein, wo ist dein Häuslein?

Hoch im Baum, aus Moos und
Flaum,
Aus zarten Blüten reislein,

Da ist, mein Häuslein.

Zeislein, wer wohnt im Häuslein?

Mein Schätzlein hold true wie Gold,
Das allerliebste Zeislein,

Das wohnt im Häuslein.

Little bird, where is your little
house?

High in the tree, of moss and fluff,
of delicate rice blossoms,

There is my little house.

Little bird, who lives in the little
house?

My little sweetheart noble and true
as gold
the dearest little bird

that lives in the little house.

Bescheidung

Sei bescheiden, nimm für liebe,
Was zu geben ihr beliebt.
Gieb dich immer ganz in Liebe,
Wenn sie auch nicht ganz sich
giebt.

Wie die Blum' im Wiesenthale

An der Sonne sich erquickt,
Wenn auch sie nicht alle Strahle

Nur nach einer Blume schickt.
Ist ihr reiche Macht gegeben,
Hohe Sonneneigenschaft,
Dass sie junges frisches Leben
In erstorbnen Busenschaft,
Ach, dass sie die macht nur hegte
Zu ertheilen auch den Tod,
Dass nicht stets der Wunsch sich
regte,
Stets die Sehnsucht bliebe roth!

Dich an einem Blick zu sonnen,
Ist dir's nicht zum Leben g'nug?
Willst du, Herz, die vollen Bronnen
Leeren gar auf einen Zug?
Sitze doch beim Liebesmahle
Still an angeweis'ner Statt
Bleib, o Durst, bei deiner Schale,
Hunger werde satt!

Be humble, take preferably,
That which she prefers to give.
Give yourself entirely up to love,
Even if love does not give itself
entirely.

O how just like the flowers in the
meadow

come to life in the sun,
even if she doesn't send all of her
rays

Rather just one, to only one flower.
If rich power is given to her,
the properties of the sun,
that she young, fresh life
may produce in a morbid breast,
If only she had the power
to dole out death,
So that the wish will not continually
occur

So that the desire will always
remain red!

To sun-bathe yourself in one look,
Is that not enough for you in life?
Do you want, heart, the full springs
To empty in one fell swoop?
Sit by your favorite meal,
quietly at your assigned place,
Stay, o thirst, within your container,
Hunger become stilled!

O Süsse Mutter

O süsse Mutter, ich kann nicht
spinnen,
Ich kann nicht sitzen im Stüblein
innen,
Im engen Haus;
Es stockt das Rädchen, es reisst
das Fädchen,
O süsse Mutter, ich muss hinaus.
Der Frühling gucket hell durch die
Scheiben,
Wer kann nun sitzen, wer kann nun
bleiben
Und fleissig sein?
O lass mich gehen, o lass mich
sehen,
Ob ich kann fliegen, wie Vögelein,

O sweet mother, I cannot spin,
I cannot sit in the small room
inside,
in the narrow house;
The wheel is getting stuck, the
thread is tearing
O sweet mother, I must go out.
Spring looks out brightly through
the window pane
Who can now sit, who can now rest
And diligent be?
O let me go, o let me see,
if I can fly like the little bird,

O lass mich sehen, o lass mich
 lauschen,
 Wo Lüftlein wehen, wo Bächlein
 rauschen,
 Wo Blümlein blüh'n.
 Lass mich sie pflücken, und schön
 mir schmücken
 Die braunen Locken, o süsse
 Mutter,
 Mit buntem Grün.
 Und kommen Knabe in wilden
 Haufen,
 So will ich traben, so will ich laufen,

 Nicht stille steh'n;
 Will hinter hecken mich hier
 verstecken
 Bis sie mit Lärmen vorüber geh'n.
 Bringt aber Blumen ein frommer
 Knabe,
 Die ich zum Kranze just nöthig
 habe,
 Was soll ich thun?
 Darf ich wohl nickend, ihm
 freundlich blickend,
 O süsse mutter, zur Seit ihm ruh'n?

O let me see, o let me listen,

 Where the little winds blow, where
 the little creeks rush,
 Where the little flowers bloom.
 Let me pick them and beautify
 myself
 the brown lock, o sweet mother,

 With colorful greenery.
 And come boys in wild groups,

 thus I want to trot, thus I want to
 run,
 not still stay;
 I will hide myself here behind the
 hedges,
 until they have passed by loudly.
 Bring rather flowers a pious boy,

 that I happen to need for a garland,

 What should I do?
 Am I allowed approvingly and in a
 friendly manner,
 o sweet mother, to remain by his
 side?

Süsses Begräbnis

Schäferin, ach, wie haben sie dich
 so süss begraben!
 Alle Lüfte haben gestöhnet,
 Maien glocken zu Grab dir getönet,

 Glühworm wollte die Fackel tragen,

 Stern ihm selbst es tät versagen.

 Nacht ging Schwarz in Trauerflören,
 Und all ihre Schatten gingen in
 Chören.
 Die Thränen wird dir das
 Morgenroth weinen,
 Und den Segen die Sonn' aufs Grab
 dir scheinen.

Sheperdess, ah, how sweetly they
 have laid you to rest!
 All the breezes have moaned,
 the Lillies-of-the-Valley tolled their
 bells at your grave,
 the glowworm wanted to carry a
 torch,
 But the star itself denied the
 glowworm the task.
 Night wore black mourning flowers,
 And all its shadows came in chorus.

 Dawn will weep tears for you,
 And the sun will shine to bless your
 grave.

Irrlichter

Irrlichter, die Knabe, die laufen und traben, Mit Luft sich beschuhend, nichts nutziges thuend, Besprechen sich gerne beim Schein der Laterne.	Will-o-the wisps, the boys, they run and tramp, they are shod with air, doing useless mischief, They like to discuss their doings with each other by the glow of the lantern.
Was hast du gethan? O sage mir an.	What did you do? Oh tell me.
Es sah mit dem Rumpfe ein Frosch aus dem Sumpfe; Das hat mich verdrossen, ich brannt ihm zum Possen Die Schnauze mit Feuer, er quäkt ungeheuer.	A frog's torso was peeking from out of a swamp; That annoyed me, for a joke I burned His snout with fire, he croaked tremendously.
So sage mir nun, was war denn dein Thun?	So tell me now, what was it that you did?
Ein Hirsch kamm mit Zacken, Ich setzt auf den Nacken mich zwischen die Hörner, Da fuhrer durch Dörner mit Schnauben und Rasen Ich fiel auf die Nasen.	A stag with antlers came along, I sat myself upon his neck between his horns, at that he raced through the thorns with a snorting and hurtling, I fell on my nose.
Nun sage du schnell, was tatest du, Gesell?	Now you tell me quickly what did you do, comrade?
Es trugen die Winde, mich gar zu geschwinde, Eh' ich michs versehen, ein Dorf sah ich stehen;	The winds carried me far too swiftly, Before I knew it I was a village,
Da bellten die Hunde, da wich ich zur Stunde.	The dogs barked there, I immediately took myself off.
Nun du, zu gut Nacht, was hast du gemacht?	And now, for a good night, what did you do?
Ein Wanderer, der Wege nicht kannte noch Stege, Er sah mich zum Leuchter, Mir immer nach keucht er, Da loscht ich die Funken, da war er versunken.	A wanderer who knew neither roads nor pathways, chose me as his guiding light, he kept following me, panting, Then I extinguished my little spark, and he was sunk.
Und aus ist das Wort, dann hüpfen sie fort.	And the conversation is over then they hop off.

Sposa son disprezzata

Sposa, son disprezzata,
Fida, son oltraggiata,
Cieli che feci mai?
E pur egl'è il mio cor,
Il mio sposo, il mio amor,
La mia speranza.
L'amo ma egl'è infidel
Spero ma egl'è crudel,
Morir mi lascerai?
O dio manca il valor
E la costanza.

Wife, I am scorned,
faithful, I am insulted,
Heavens what have I done ever?
And yet he is my heart,
my husband, my love,
My hope.
I love him but he is unfaithful
I hope but he is cruel,
Will you let me die?
O God valor is missing
And constancy.

La Courte Paille Le sommeil

Le sommeil est en voyage,
Mon Dieu ! où est-il parti?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit;
Il pleure dans son lit cage,
Il pleure depuis midi.
Ou le sommeil a-t-il mis
Son sable et ses rêves sages?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
Il se tourne tout en nage,
Il sanglote dans son lit.
Ah! Reviens sommeil,
Sur ton beau cheval de course!
Dans le ciel noir,
La Grande Ourse a enterré le soleil
Et rallumé ses abeilles.
Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,
Il ne dira pas bonjour,
Il ne dira rien demain,
À ses doigts, au lait, au pain
Qui l'accueillent dans le jour.

Sleep is traveling,
My god! Where has it gone?
I'm rocking my little one;
he cries in his crib,
He's been crying since noon.
Where did sleep put
his sand and his wise dreams?
I'm rocking my little one;
he turns while swimming,
He sobs in his bed.
Ah! Come back, sleep,
On your beautiful race horse!
In the black sky,
the big bear has buried the sun
And has turned on his bees.
If the child does not sleep well,
he will not say hello,
he won't say anything tomorrow
to his fingers, to milk, to bread
Which welcome him into the day.

Quelle aventure!

Une puce, dans sa voiture,
Tirait un petit éléphant
En regardant les devantures
Où scintillaient les diamants.

Mon Dieu! Quelle aventure!
Qui va me croire, s'il m'entend?

L'éléphanteau, d'un air absent,
Suçait un pot de confiture.
Mais la puce n'en avait cure,
Elle tirait en souriant.
Mon Dieu! Que cela dure
Et je vais me croire dément!
Soudain, le long d'une clôture,

La puce fondit dans le vent
Et je vis la jeune éléphant
Se sauver en fendant les murs.
Mon Dieu! La chose est sûre,
Mais comment le dire à maman?

A flea, in his car,
was pulling a small elephant
in looking at the store fronts
Where the diamonds were
twinkling.

My God! What an adventure!
Who will believe me, if they hear
me?

The little elephant, in an absent air,
Was sucking a jar of jelly.
but the flea didn't care,
She pulled while smiling.

My God! How this continues
and I will believe myself to be mad!
All of the sudden, along an
enclosure,

the flea melted in the wind
and I saw the young elephant
Save himself by splitting the walls.
My God! The thing is sure,
But how to say it to mom?

La reine du coeur

Mollement accoudée à ses vitres de
lune,

La reine vous salue d'une fleur
d'amandier.

C'est la reine de coeur.

Elle peut, s'il lui plait,

Vous mener en secret vers
d'étranges demeures

Où il n'est plus de portes,

De salles ni de tours

Et où les jeunes mortes viennent
parler d'amour.

La reine vous salue; hâtez-vous de
la suivre

Dans son château de givre

Aux doux vitraux de lune.

Gently leaning on her windowpanes
of moon,

The queen gestures to you with an
almond flower.

She is the queen of hearts.

She can, if she wishes,

lead you in secret into strange
dwellings

where there are no more doors,

or rooms, or towers,

And where the young dead come to
talk of love.

The queen salutes you; hasten to
follow her

into her hoar-frosted castle

With smooth stained-glass moon
windows.

Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
Le chat a mis ses bottes,
Il va de porte en porte,

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
The cat has put on his boots,
he goes from door to door,

Jouer, danser, danser, chanter.
Pou, chou, genou, hibou.
"Tu dois apprendre à lire,
À compter, à écrire,"
Lui crie-t-on de partout.
Mais rikketikketau,
Le chat de s'esclaffer
En rentrant au chateau
Il est le chat botté!...

Playing, dancing, dancing, singing.
Pou, chou, genou, hibou.
"You must learn to read,
to count, to write,"
Everyone calls out to him.
But rikketikketau,
The cat bursts out laughing
in returning to his castle:
He is Puss in Boots!

Les anges musiciens

Sur les fils de la pluie,
Les anges du jeudi jouent
longtemps de la harpe.
Et sous leurs doigts, Mozart Tinte,

Délicieux, en gouttes de joie bleue
Car c'est toujours Mozart
Que reprennent sans fin
Les anges musiciens qui,
Au long du jeudi,
Font chanter sur la harpe la
douceur de la pluie.

Upon the threads of the rain,
The Thursday angels play on the
harp for a long time.
And under their fingers, Mozart
tinkles,
deliciously in drapes of blue joy
since it is always Mozart
which is played endlessly
by the musician angels who,
all day Thursday,
Make their harps sing the
sweetness of the rain.

Le carafon

"Pourquoi, se plaignait la carafe,
N'aurais-je pas un carafon?
Au zoo, madame la giraffe
N'a-t-elle pas un girafon?"
Un sorcier qui passait par là,
A cheval sur un phonographe,
Enregistra la belle voix de soprano
de la carafe
Et la fit entendre à Merlin.
"Fort bien, dit celui-ci, fort bien!"
Il frappa trois fois dans les mains
Et la dame de la maison
Se demande encore pourquoi
Elle trouva, ce matin-là,
Un joli petit carafon
Blotti tout contre la carafe
Ainsi qu'au zoo, le girafon
Pose son cou fragile et long
Sur le flanc clair de la girafe.

"Why, lamented the carafe,
couldn't I have a baby carafe?
At the zoo, Mrs. Giraffe -
doesn't she have a baby giraffe?"
A wizard who was riding by
astride a phonograph
Recorded the beautiful soprano
voice of the carafe
and played it for Merlin.
Very well, said he, very well!
He clapped his hands three times -
And the lady of the house
still asks herself why
she found, that morning,
a pretty little baby carafe
leaning up against the carafe
just as in the zoo, the baby giraffe
leans its long and fragile neck
against the smooth flank of the
giraffe.

Lune d'Avril

Lune, belle lune, lune d'Avril,	Moon, beautiful moon, moon of April,
Faites-moi voir en mon dormant	make me see in my dreams
Le pêcher au cœur de safran,	the peach tree with a heart of saffron,
Le poisson qui rit de grésil,	the fish that laughs at sleet,
L'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,	the bird that, far away, like a horn,
Doucement réveille les morts	sweetly wakens the dead
Et surtout le pays	and above all the country
Où il fait joie, où il fait clair,	where there is joy, where it is bright,
Où soleilleux de primevères,	where, sunny with springtime,
On a brisé tous les fusils.	they have broken all the rifles.
Lune, belle lune, lune d'Avril, lune.	Moon, beautiful moon, moon of April, moon.