

5-1-2014

Junior Recital: Scott Irish-Bronkie, baritone

Scott Irish-Bronkie

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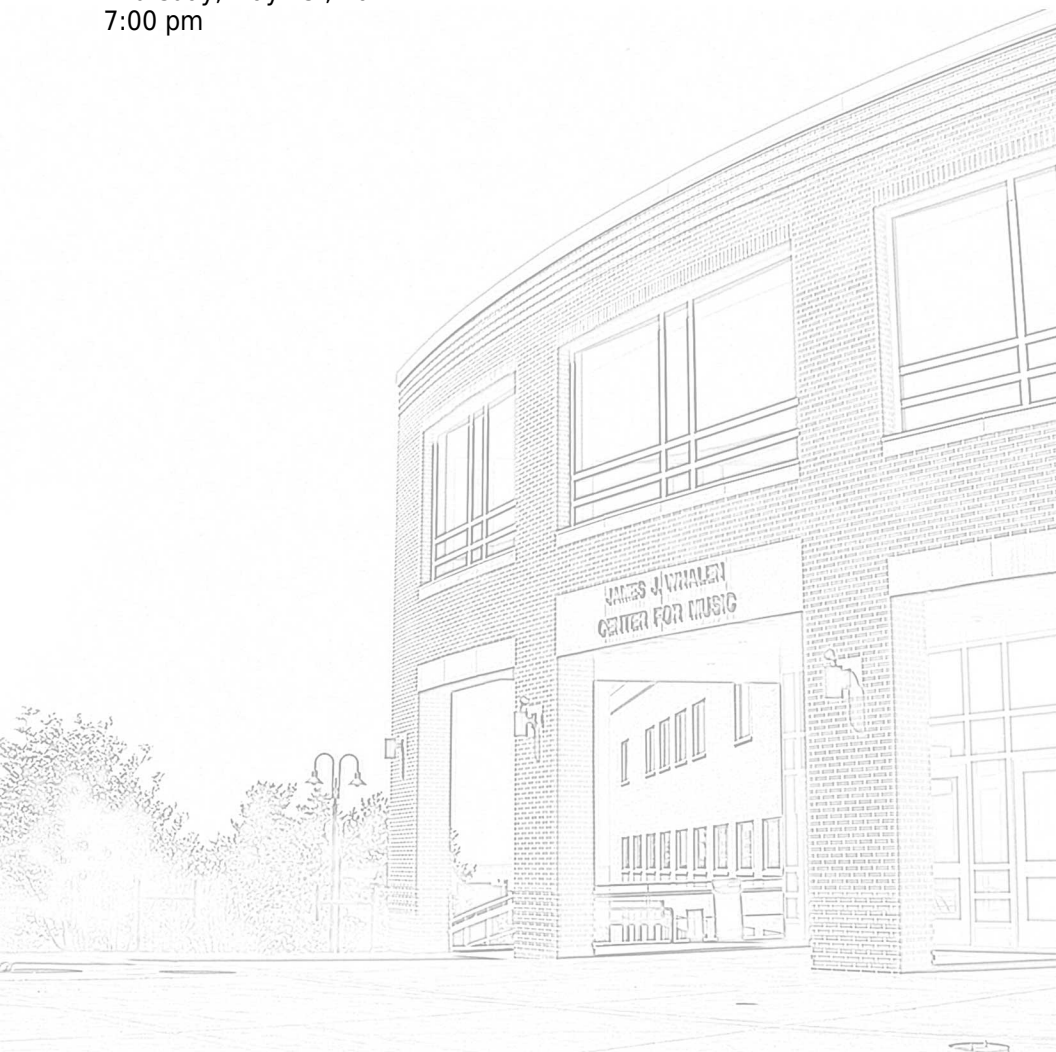
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Junior Recital: Scott Irish-Bronkie, baritone

In collaboration with Brendan Fox

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Thursday, May 1st, 2014
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Le Violette
Toglietemi la vita ancor

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

Lydia
Les Berceaux
Mandoline

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Dichterliebe
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Intermission

Vaghissima Smbianza
O del mio amato ben
Amorosi miei giorni...

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

A Shorpsire Lad
Lovliest of Trees
When I was One and Twenty
Think no more, Lad
Is my Team Plouging?

George Butterworth
(1885-1916)

Le violette

Rugiadose, odorose violette graziose,
Voi vi state vergognose,
mezzo ascose fra le voglie,
E sgridate le mie voglie,
che son troppo ambiziose.

Dewy, fragrant violets charming,
you stand there modestly,
half hidden among the leaves,
and ridicule my wishes,
which are too bold.

Toglietemi la vita ancor

Toglietemi la vita ancor,
crudeli cieli,
se mi volete rapir il cor,
toglietemi la vita ancor.

Take away from me the life also,
cruel heavens,
if from me you want to take my heart,
take away from me the life also.

Negatemi i rai del di,
sever sfere,
se vaghe siete del mio dolor,
toglietemi la vita ancor.

Deny me the light of day,
severe spheres,
if desirous you are of my sadness,
take away from me the life also.

Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues,
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues.

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
and on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparklingly
The fluid golden tresses which you
loosen.

Le jour qui lui est le meilleur;
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers decolombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

This shinning day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein:
Les délices comme un essaim,
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse!

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A devine fragrance in your breast:
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours!
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie.
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir, mourir toujours!

I love you and die, oh my love!
Kisses have carried away my soul.
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

Les berceaux

Le long du quai, les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.

Along the quays, the large ships,
Rocked silently by the surge
Do not heed the cradles
Which the hands of the women rock.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

But the day of farewells will come,
For the women are bound to weep,
And the inquisitive men
Must dare the horizons that lure them!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

And on that day the large ships,
Fleeing from the vanishing port,
Feel their bulk head back
By the soul of the far away cradles.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.

C'est Tricis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clintandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
And there is eternal Clitander,
And there is Damis, who for many cruel
ladies
Fashions many tender verses.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Their short silken vests,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their gaiety
And their soft blueshadows

Tourbillonnet dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the trembling of the breeze.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,

Als alle Knospen sprangen,

Da ist in meinen Herzen

Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,

Als alle Vögel sangen,

Da hab' ich ihr gestanden

Mein sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wonderously beautiful month of
May,

When all the buds burst open,

Then in my heart

Love unfolded too.

In the wonderously beautiful month of
May,

When all the birds sang,

Then I confessed to her

My longing and my desire.

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Viel blühende Blumen hervor,

Und meine Seufzer werden

Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,

Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',

Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen

Das Lied der Nachtigall.

Out of my tears go forth

Many flowers in bloom,

And my sighs become

A choir of nightingales.

And if you are fond of me, little one,

I will give you all the flowers,

And before your window shall ring

The song of the nightingale.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,

Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.

Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine

Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die

Eine,

Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,

Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne,

Ich liebe alleine die Kleine,

Die Feine, die Reine, die Eine, die Eine!

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,

I loved them once all with the rapture of
love.

I love them no more, I love alone

The little one, the fine, the pure, the
only one.

She herself, the well of all love

Is rose and lily and dove and sun,

I love alone the little one,

The fine, the pure, the only one!

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',

So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;

Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,

So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,

Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;

Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!

So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

When I look into your eyes,

Then all my grief and sorrow vanish;

But when I kiss your lips,

I become all well again.

When I lean on your breast,

I feel the joy of heaven descending;

But when you say: I love you!

Then I must weep bitterly.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.
Dad Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

I want to plunge my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily shall breathe resoundinly
A song of my beloved,
The song shall shiver and tremble,
Like the kiss from her lips,
That she has given me once
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse heilige Cöln.
Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldendem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildtnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.
Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein,
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der liebsten genau.

In the Rhine, buy the holy stream,
There is mirrored in the waves,
With its great Cathedral,
The great, holy Cologne.
In the Cathedral there is a picture
Painted on golden leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has sent its friendly radiance.
Flowers and little angels
Float around our Blesses Virgin;
Her eyes, her lips, her sweet cheeks,
Resemble my sweetheart's exactly.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch
bricht,
Ewig velor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in
Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens
Nacht,
Das weiss ich längst.
Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch
bricht.
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht deines Herzens
Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen
frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend
bist.
Ich grolle nicht, ich grolle nicht.

I bear no grudge, even though my heart
may break,
Eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.
Though you are shining in your
diamonds' splenour,
No ray falls into the darkness of your
heart,
I've known it well for a long time.
I bear no grudge, even though my heart
may break.
For I saw you in my dreams,
And I saw the darkness in your heart,
And saw the snake that feeds upon
your heart,
I saw, my love, how utterly wretched
you are.
I bear no grudge, I bear no grudge.

Vaghiissima sembianza

Vaghiissima sembianza d'antica donna
amata,
chi, dunque, v'ha ritratta contanta
simiglianza
ch'io guardo, e parlo, e credo d'avervi a
me
davanti come ai bei dì d'amour?

La cara rimembranza che in cor mi s'è
destata
si ardente v'ha già fatta rinascere la
speranza,
che un bacio, un voto, un grido d'amore
più non chiedo che lei che muta è
ognor.

Beautiful portrait of a past love,
who was it that painted you with such
clarity
that I look at you and speak to you as if
you were here
standing before me as once in the
beautiful days of love?

The tender memories that have been
awakened in my heart
so passionately have revived my hopes,
for a kiss, a promise, a word of love
no more than this I do not ask of her
who is forever silent.

O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!

Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre la cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze.
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

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.

Oh, the lost enchantment of my dearly
beloved!

Far from my sight is
the one who was my glory and pride!
Now through the silent rooms
I always seek her and call
with a heart filled with hope.
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And yet my weeping is dear to me,
since I nourish my heart with tears
alone.

Everywhere seems sad without her.
Day seems as night to me;
fire seems cold to me.
However, if sometimes I hope
to give myself to another,
I am tormented by one thought:
But, without her, what would I do?
To me life seems so empty
without my beloved.

Amorosi miei giorni

Amorosi miei giorni,
chi vi potrà mai più scordar,
or che di tutti i beni adorni,

date pace al mio core
e profumo ai pensieri?
Poter così, finché la vita avanza,
non temer più gli affanni
d'una vita d'inganni,
sol con questa speranza:
che un suo sguadro sia tutto il mio
spleandor
e un suo sosorriso sia tutto il mio
tesoro!

Chi di me più beato,
se accanto a sé così non ha
un dolce e caro oggetto amato,
sì che ancor no può dire
di saper cos'è amore?

Ah ch'io così, finché la vita avanza,
più non tema gli affanni
d'una vita d'inganni,
sol con questa speranza:
che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio
splendor
e un sup sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

Loves of my life,
who could ever forget you,
now that I am enriched with all your
blessings,
you give peace to my heart
and perfume to my thoughts?
To be able, as I grow older,
to no longer fear the anxieties
of a life filled with betrayal,
and to live with this one hope:
that my joy could be one of your
glances,
and that in one of your similes may be
my worldly treasure!

Who could be more blessed than I,
if he does not have his side
a lover so sweet and dear,
so that still not can one say
and can still not say that he knows what
true love is?

Ah, thus as I grow older,
to no longer fear the anxieties
of life filled with betrayal,
and to live with this one hope:
that my joy could be one of your
glances,
and that in one of your similes may be
my worldly treasure!