

9-20-2014

Senior Recital: Jennifer Giustino, soprano

Jennifer Giustino

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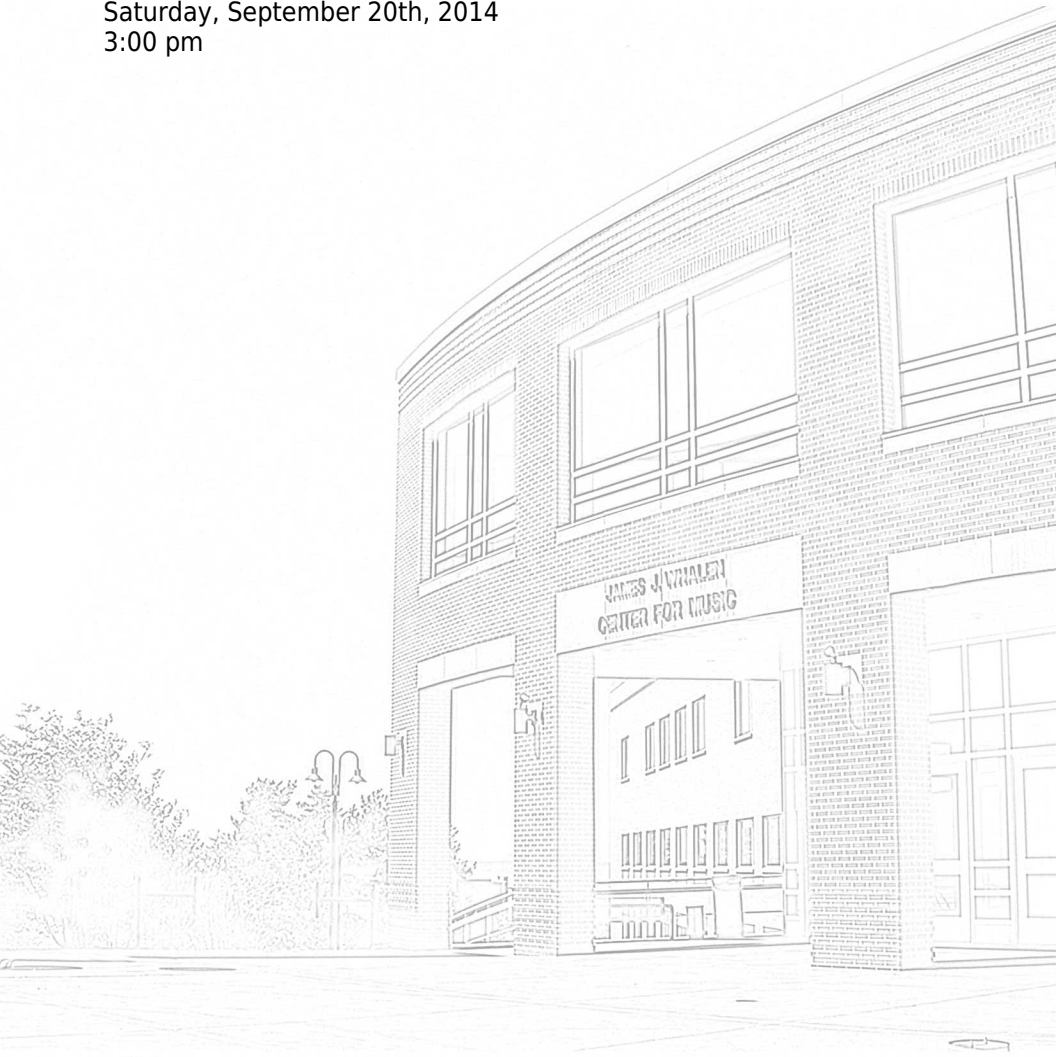
Giustino, Jennifer, "Senior Recital: Jennifer Giustino, soprano" (2014). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 728.
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Senior Recital:
Jennifer Giustino, Soprano

Kathy Hansen, Collaborative Pianist
Ryan Pereira, Clarinet

Ford Hall
Saturday, September 20th, 2014
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Seis Canciones Castellanas
I. Allá arriba en aquella montaña
III. Llámale con el pañuelo
VI. Mañanita de San Juan

Jesús Guridi
(1886-1961)

L'esule
La Danza

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Ryan Pereira, Clarinet

Intermission

Chacun le Sait

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Le Grillon
Ouvre ton coeur

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Snake
The Haughty Snail King
Animal Passion

Jake Heggie
b. 1961

Translations

Seis Canciones Castellanas Six Castilian Songs

I. Allá arriba, en aquella montaña,
yo corté una caña,
yo corté un clavel.
Labrador ha de ser, labrador,
que mi amante lo es.
No le quiero molinero,
que me da con el maquiladero.
Yo le quiero labrador,
que coja las mulas
y se vaya a arar
ya la medianoche
me venga a rondar.
Entra labrador
si vienes a verme.
Si vienes a verme
ven por el corral,
sube por el naranjo,
que seguro vas.
Entra labrador
si vienes a verme.

III. Llámale con el pañuelo,
llámale con garbo y modo.
Echale la escarapela
al otro lado del lomo.
Llámale majo al toro.
Torero tira la capa;
torero tira el capote;
mira que el toro te pilla,
mira que el toro te coge.
Majo, si vas a los toros,
no llesves capa pa torear;
que son los toros muy bravos
y a algún torero le van a matar.

VI. Mañanita de San Juan,
levántate tempranito
y en la ventana verás
de hierbabuena un poquito.
Aquella paloma blanca
que pica en el arcipiés,
que por dónde la cogeria,

I. Over there on the mountains,
I cut a sugar cane,
I cut a carnation.
A farmer, a farmer,
my beloved must be.
I do not want a miller,
who places me in his mill.
I want a farmer,
who takes the mule
and plough,
and comes around in
the middle of the night.
Enter farmer,
if you come to see me.
If you come to see me,
come through the farmyard,
climb up the orange tree
in order to be sure.
Enter farmer,
if you come to see me.

III. Call him with your scarf,
call him with honor and pride.
Toss your rosette over the side
of his shoulder.
Tease him, entice him.
Torero, cast your cloak;
fling your cape;
do not let the bull seize you,
do not let the bull catch you.
Young men, if you go
do not take a cape to harass them,
because the bulls are very brave
and many Toreros get killed by
them.

VI. The little morning of San Juan,
rises very early,
and in the windows you will see
a little of the mint.
Over there where a white dove
picks the leaves,
perhaps I will catch it there,

que por dónde la cogeré;
si la cojo por el pico
se me escapa por los pies.
Coge niña la enramada,
que la noche está serena
y la música resuena
en lo profundo del mar.

yes I will catch it there;
if I catch it by its beak,
it will escape by the feet.
Listen girl, go to the harbour
for the night is serene
and the music echos
in the depths of the sea.

L'esule The Exile

Qui sempre ride il cielo,
qui verde ognor la fronda,
qui del ruscelo l'onda
dolce mi score al pie';
ma questo suol non é
La Patria mia.

Here the sky is always laughing,
here the boughs are always green,
here the brook's wave
is sweet as it flows over my feet;
but this soil is not
my homeland.

Qui nell'azzurro fluto
sempre si specchia il sole:
i giglie le viole
crescono intorno a me;
ma questo suol non é
La Patria mia.

Here the blue river
always reflects the sun:
the lilies the violets
bloom inside me;
but this soil is not
my homeland.

Le vergini son vaghe
come le fresche rose
che al loro crin compose
amor pegno di fe';
ma questo suol non é
la Patria mia.

The virgins are pretty
like fresh roses
that they put in their hair,
tokens of their faithful love;
but this soil is not
my homeland.

Nell'Itale contrade
é una città Regina;
la Ligure marina
sempre le bagna il pie'.
La ravisate, ell'é La Patria mia.

In the Italian regions
there is a royal city,
Ligurian coasts
that always bathe your feet.
That I recognize, that is my
homeland.

La Patria mia ell'é.

My homeland, is that.

La Danza The Dance

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia si salterà,
l'ora è bella per danzare
chi è in amor non mancherà.

Presto in danza a tondo a tondo,
donne mie venite quà,
un garzon bello e giocondo a
ciascuna toccherà,
finchè in ciel brilla una stella e la
luna splenderà.
Il più bel con la più bella tutta notte
danzerà.

(Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche,
mamma mia, si salterà.
La la ra la ra...)

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
già s'avvanza si ritira
e all'assalto tornerà.
Serra, serra colla bionda colla bruna
va quà e là,
colla rossa vè a seconda colla
smorta fermo sta!
Viva il ballo a tondo a tondo

sono un Rè, sono un Bascià,
è il più bel piacer del mondo la più
cara voluttà.

(Mamma mia, mamma mia...

Already the moon dips into the sea,
My goodness, she'll jump right in,
the hour is beautiful for dancing,
and no one in love would want to
miss it.

Swiftly dancing round and round,
dear ladies come to me,
a handsome smiling fellow, joyful
with each touch
as long as the stars and moon shine
in the sky.

The most handsome with the most
beautiful will dance all night.

(Mamma mia, my goodness,
already the moon dips into the sea,
mamma mia, my goodness,
She'll jump right in.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche,
my goodness, she'll jump right in!
La la ra la ra...)

Jump, jump, turn and turn,
every couple circling round,
back and forth and over again
and return where you began.
Hold on tightly to the blonde, take
the brunette here and there,
take the redhead who goes to
where the second still is!
Long live the dance round and
round

I'm a king, a Pacha too,
this is the greatest pleasure on
earth, the dearest passion.

(Mamma mia, my goodness...

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen The Shepherd on the Rock

Wenn auf dem höchsten
Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe
Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe.

When, from the highest
Rock up here,
Down to the valley
Deep I peer,
And sing,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor
der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

Far from the valley dark and deep
Echoes rush through,
in upward sweep,
The chasm.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.
Mein Liebchen wohnt
so weit von mir,
Drum seh'n' ich mich so heiß
nach hir hinüber.

The farther that my voice resounds,
So much the brighter it rebounds
From under.
My darling lives
so far from me,
I long to be with her
over there.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.
So seh'nend klang im Wald das Lied,
So seh'nend klang es durch die
Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

I am consumed in misery,
I have no use for cheer,
Hope has on earth eluded me,
I am so lonesome here.
So longingly did sound the song,
So longingly through wood and
night,
My heart is drawn to the sky
With wonderful power.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit

The Springtime is coming,
The Springtime, my cheer,
Now must I make ready
On wanderings to fare.

Chacun le sait Everyone Knows It

Chacun le sait, chacun le dit,
Le régiment par excellence
Le seul à qui l'on fass' crédit

Dans tous les cabarets de France...
Le régiment, en tous pays,
L'effroi des amants des maris...
Mais de la beauté bien suprême!

Everyone knows, everyone says,
The regiment above all.
The only one to which everyone
gives credit.

In all the taverns of France...
The regiment, in all countries,
The terror of lovers of husbands.
But definitely superior to the
beautiful!

Il est là, il est là,
Il est là, morbleu!
Le voilà, le voilà,
Le voilà, corbleu!
Il est là, il est là, le voilà,
Le beau Vingt-et-unième!

It is there, it's there,
It is there, The devil!
Over there, over there,
Over there, by Jove!
It is there, it is there, it is there,
The handsome Twenty-first!

Il a gagné tant de combats,
Que notre empereur, on le pense,
Fera chacun de ses soldats,
A la paix, maréchal de France!
Car, c'est connu le régiment
Le plus vainqueur,
Le plus charmant,
Qu'un sexe craint,
et que l'autre aime.

He won so many battles,
Our emperor, it is thought,
Will make each of his soldiers,
A peace, Marshal of France:
For it is known the regiment,
The most victorious,
The most charming,
Is feared by one sex,
and loved by the other.

Il est là, il est là,...

It is there, it's there...

Le Grillon The Cricket

Grillon solitaire ici comme moi,
Voix qui sors de terre,
Ah! réveille-toi!
Quand j'étais petite
Comme ce berceau,
Et que Marguerite
Filait son fuseau,
Quand le vent d'automne
Faisait tout gémir,
Ton cri monotone
M'aidait à dormir.
Grillon solitaire,
Voix qui sors de terre,
Ah! réveille-toi pour moi!

Solitary cricket, alone here like me,
Voice that rises from the earth,
Oh! awake!
When I was a little girl,
Small as this cradle,
And Marguerite
Would sit at her spindle;
When the autumn wind
Would make everything creak,
Your monotonous cry
Would help me to sleep.
Solitary cricket,
Voice that rises from the earth,
Awake for me! Awake.

Seize fois l'année
A compté mes jours;
Dans la cheminée
Tu niches toujours,
Je t'écoute encore
Aux froides saisons,
Souvenir sonore
Des vieilles maisons!
J'attise la flamme,
C'est pour t'égayer,
Mais il manque une âme
Une âme au foyer!
Grillon solitaire,
Voix qui sors de terre,
Ah! réveille-toi pour moi!

Qu'il a moins de charmes,
Ton chant, qu'autrefois!
As-tu donc nos larmes
Aussi dans la voix?
Pleures-tu l'aïeule,
La mère et la sœur?
Vois! je peuplé seule
Ce foyer du cœur!...
L'âtre qui pétille,
Le cri renaissant,
Des voix de famille
M'imitent l'accent;
Mon âme s'y plonge,
Je ferme les yeux,
Et j'entends en songe
Mes amis des cieux.
Grillon solitaire,
Voix qui sors de terre,
Ah! réveille-toi pour moi!

Sixteen years
I have seen pass;
In the chimney
You stay nestled.
I hear you still
In the cold seasons,
You, the echoing
Memory of old houses!
I fan the fire
To cheer you;
But there is a soul missing,
A soul from this home!
Solitary cricket,
Voice that rises from the earth,
Awake for me! Awake.

Your song is less charming
Than once it was!
Do you then have our tears
In your voice as well?
Do you mourn the grandmother,
The mother and sister?
See how I alone inhabit
This home of the heart!...
The crackling hearth,
The renewed cry,
Family voices
Imitate my accent;
My soul buries itself in the sound,
I close my eyes,
And hear in a dream
My friends heaven.
Solitary cricket,
Voice that rises from the earth,
Awake for me! Awake.

**Ouvre ton coeur
Open Your Heart**

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.

Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?
Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.
Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à
ma flamme,
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.

Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

The daisy has closed its petals,
The shadow has closed its eyes for
the day.

Beauty, will you speak with me?
Open your heart to my love.
Open your heart, o young angel, to
my flame
So that a dream may enchant your
sleep.

I wish to reclaim my soul,
As a flower turns to the sun!