

10-11-2014

## Senior Recital: Emmalouise St. Amand, soprano

Emmalouise St. Amand

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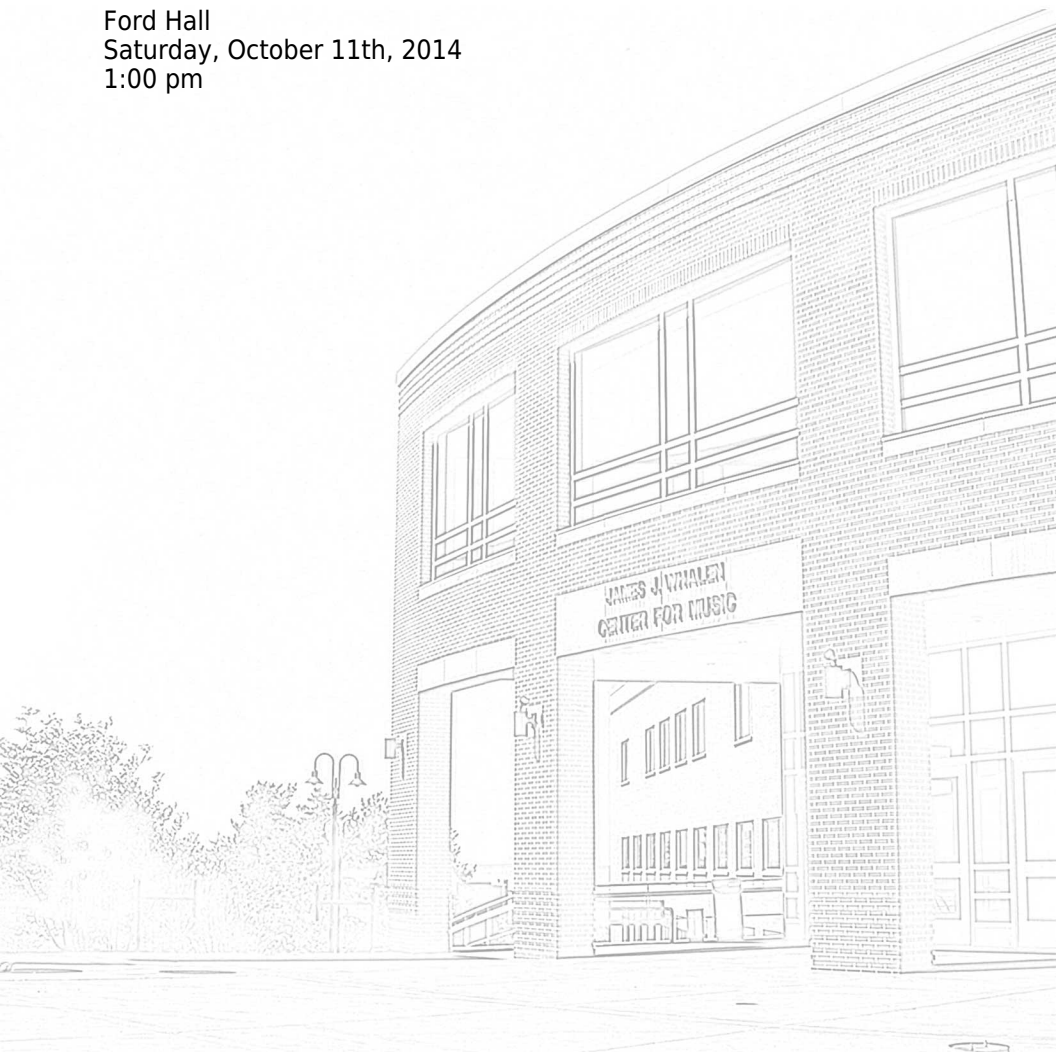
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**Senior Recital:**  
Emmalouise St. Amand, Soprano

Amy Brinkman-Davis, Piano

Ford Hall  
Saturday, October 11th, 2014  
1:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

## Program

*Chanson d'avril*  
*Ouvre ton coeur*  
*Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe*

Georges Bizet  
1838-1875

*Come In*  
*Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*  
*The Lordly Hudson*

Ned Rorem  
1923-

*Blute nur*  
*-from Matthäuspasion, BWV 244*

J. S. Bach  
1685-1750

## Intermission

*Ophelia Lieder:*

- I.
- II.
- III.
- IV.
- V.

Johannes Brahms  
1833-1897

*Deità silvane*  
*I. I fauni*  
*II. Musica in horto*  
*III. Egle*  
*IV. Acqua*  
*V. Crepusculo*

Ottorino Respighi  
1879-1936

## Translations

Chanson d'avril

April Song

Lève-toi! lève-toi! le printemps  
vient de naître!

Wake up! Wake up! The spring  
is being born!

Là-bas, sur les vallons, flotte un  
réseau vermeil!

There below, in the valley, floats  
a silver web!

Tout frissonne au jardin, tout  
chante et ta fenêtre,

Everything rustling in the  
garden, everything singing at  
your window

Comme un regard joyeux, est  
pleine de soleil!

Like a joyful look, is full of sun!

Du côté des lilas aux touffes  
violette,

In the bunches of lilacs,  
flowering violet,

Mouches et papillons bruissent  
à la fois

Flies and butterflies buzz at the  
same time

Et le muguet sauvage,  
ébranlant ses clochettes,

And the wild lily-of-the-valley,  
shaking its little bells,

A réveillé l'amour endormi dans  
les bois!

Wakes up love, sleeping in the  
woods!

Puisqu'Avril a semé ses  
marguerites blanches,

Since April has sowed its white  
marguerites,

Laisse ta mante lourde et ton  
manchon frileux,

Leave your heavy coat and your  
chilly cuff

Déjà l'oiseau t'appelle et tes  
soeurs les pervenches

Already the bird calls you, and  
your sisters, the violets,

Te souriront dans l'herbe en  
voyant tes yeux bleus!

Smile at you in the green grass,  
when they see your blue  
eyes!

Viens, partons! au matin, la  
source est plus limpide;

Come, lets go! In the morning,  
the spring is more clear,

Lève-toi! viens, partons!  
N'attendons pas du jour les  
brûlantes chaleurs;

Wake up! Come! Let's not wait  
til the day's scorching heat!

Je veux mouiller mes pieds dans  
la rosée humide,

I want to wet my feet in the  
damp dew

Et te parler d'amour sous les  
poiriers en fleurs.

And speak to you of love  
beneath the flowering pear  
trees.

Ouvre ton coeur

Open your heart

La marguerite a fermé sa

The marguerite has closed its

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!

Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe

Puisque rien ne t'arrête en  
cet heureux pays,  
Ni l'ombre du palmier, ni le  
jaune maïs,  
  
Ni le repos, ni l'abondance,  
  
Ni de voir, à ta voix, battre le  
jeune sein  
De nos sœurs, dont, les soirs,  
le tournoyant essaim  
Couronne un coteau de sa  
danse,  
Adieu, beau voyageur. Hélas!  
Adieu.

Oh ! Que n'es-tu de ceux  
Qui donnent pour limite à  
leurs pieds paresseux  
Leur toit de branches ou de  
toiles!

petals  
The shadow has closed the  
eyes of day.  
Beautiful one, will you keep  
your word?  
  
Open your heart to my love

Open your heart, oh young  
angel, to my desire  
Like a dream charms your  
sleep.  
I want to take back my soul.  
Like a flower opens to the  
sun,

Farewell of the Arabian  
Hostess

Since nothing can keep you  
in this happy land,  
Neither the shadow of the  
palms, nor the yellow  
corn,  
  
Nor the repose, nor the  
abundance.  
  
Nor the sight, at the sound of  
your voice,  
Of the beating of the young  
breasts of our sisters  
Who, in the evenings, in a  
whirling swarm,  
Crown the hills with their  
dance.  
Farewell, beautiful voyager.  
Alas! Adieu.

Oh, why aren't you one of  
those  
Who limit their lazy feet to  
their roofs of branches or  
canvas.

Qui, rêveurs, sans en faire,  
écoutent les récits,  
Et souhaitent, le soir, devant  
leur porte assis,  
De s'en aller dans les étoiles  
!  
Helás. Adieu. Adieu! Beau  
voyager.

Si tu l'avais voulu, peut-être  
une de nous,  
O jeune homme, eût aimé te  
servir à genoux

Dans nos huttes toujours  
ouvertes;  
Elle eût fait, en berçant ton  
sommeil de ses chants,  
Pour chasser de ton front les  
moucheons méchants,  
Un éventail de feuilles  
vertes.

Si tu ne reviens pas, songe  
un peu quelquefois  
Aux filles du désert, sœurs à  
la douce voix,  
Qui dansent pieds nus sur la  
dune;

O beau jeune homme blanc,  
bel oiseau passager,  
Souviens-toi, car peut-être, ô  
rapide étranger,  
Ton souvenir reste à plus  
d'une!  
Helás. Adieu. Adieu!  
Bel étranger.  
Souviens-toi!

Who, dreaming, idle, listen to  
stories  
And wish, in the evening,  
before their open doors  
To fly away to the stars.  
Alas. Adieu. Adieu! Beautiful  
voyager.

Had you wanted it, perhaps  
one of us  
Oh young man, would have  
served you on our knees,  
in our huts, always open.

She would have made, while  
rocking you to sleep with  
her songs,  
A green fan to chase away  
the flies from your  
forehead.

If you never return, dream a  
little sometimes  
Of the desert girls, sisters of  
sweet voices  
Dancing with naked feet in  
the dunes.  
Oh handsome white man,  
beautiful bird of passage,  
Remember, for perhaps, oh  
rapid stranger, Your  
memory rests in more  
than one of them!  
Alas! Adieu. Adieu! Beautiful  
stranger.  
Remember!

Blute nur

Bleed Only

Blute nur, oh liebes Herz!

Bleed only, beloved heart!

Ach, ein Kind das du erzogen  
Das an deine Brust gezogen  
Droht den Pfleger zu  
ermorden  
Es ist zur Schlange worden!

Ah, a child that you raised,  
That suckled at your breast,  
Threatens to murder its  
nurse.  
It has become a snake!

### Ophelia Lieder

I.

I.

Wie erkenn' ich dein  
Treulieb  
Vor den andern nun?  
An den Muschelhut und  
Stab.  
Und den Sandalschuh'n.

How should I your true love  
know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.

Er ist lange tot und hin,  
Tot und hin, Fräulein!  
Ihm zu Häupten ein Rasen  
grün,  
Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein.

He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass green  
turf,  
At his heels a stone.

II.

II.

Sein Leichenhemd weiß wie  
Schnee zu sehn,  
Geziert mit Blumensegen,  
Das still betränt zum Grab  
muß gehn  
Von Liebesregen.

White his shroud as the  
mountain snow,  
Larded with sweet flowers;  
Which bewept to the grave  
did go  
With true-love showers.

III.

III.

To-morrow is Saint

Auf morgen ist Sankt  
Valentins Tag,  
Wohl an der Zeit noch früh,  
Und ich 'ne Maid am  
Fensterschlag  
Will sein euer Valentin.

Er war bereit, tät an sein  
Kleid,  
Tät auf die Kammertür,  
Ließ ein die Maid, die als  
'ne Maid  
Ging nimmermehr herfür.

Bei unsrer Frau und Sankt  
Kathrein  
Oh Pfui! Was soll das sein?  
Ein junger Mann tuts' wenn  
er kann  
Beim Himmel 'sist nicht  
fein!

Sie sprach: "eh' ihr  
gescherzt mit mire, gelobt  
ihr mich zu frein!  
Ich brach's auch nicht,  
beim Sonnenlicht, wärst du  
nicht kommen rein!  
IV.

Sie trugen ihn auf der  
Bahre bloß,  
Leide, ach, leide!  
Und manche Trän' fiel in  
Grabes Schoß --  
N'unter, hin'unter  
Und ruhft ihr ihn, n'unnter

Denn traut lieb Fränzel ist  
all meine Lust.

V.

Und kommt er nicht mehr

Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your  
window,  
To be your Valentine.  
Then up he rose, and  
donn'd his clothes,  
And dupp'd the  
chamber-door;  
Let in the maid, that out a  
maid  
Never departed more.

By Gis and Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame!  
Young men will do't, if they  
come to't;  
By cock their are to blame.

Quoth she, before you  
tumbled me,  
You promised me to wed.  
So would I ha' done, by  
yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to  
my bed.

IV.

They bore him barefaced  
on the bier  
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey  
nonny  
And in his grave rain'd  
many a tear.  
You must sing a-down  
a-down  
An you call him a-down-a

For bonny sweet Robin is  
all my joy!  
V.

And will he not come



zurück?  
Und kommt er nicht mehr  
zurück?  
Er ist Tot, o weh!  
In dein Todesbett geh,  
Er kommt ja nimmer  
zurück.

Sein Bart war so weiß wie  
Schnee,  
Sein Haupt dem Flachse  
gleich:  
Er ist hin, er ist hin,  
Und kein Leid bringt  
Gewinn:  
Gott helf' ihm ins  
Himmelreich!

again?  
And will he not come  
again?  
No, no, he is dead:  
Go to thy death-bed:  
He will never come again.

His beard was as white as  
snow,  
All flaxen was his poll;  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan;  
God ha' mercy on his soul!

### Deità silvane

*I Fauni*  
S'odono al monte i  
saltellanti rivi  
Murmureggiare per le forre  
astruse,  
S'odono al bosco gemer  
cornamuse  
Con garrito di pifferi giulivi.

E i fauni in corsa per  
dumeti e clivi,  
Erti le corna sulle fronti  
ottuse,  
Bevono per lor nari camuse  
Filtri sottili e zeffiri lascivi.

E, mentre in fondo al gran  
coro alberato  
Piange d'amore per la vita  
bella  
La sampogna dell'arcade  
pastore,  
Contenta e paurosa  
dell'agguato,  
Fugge ogni ninfa più che

*The Fauns*  
One hears in the hills the  
bubbling brooks  
Murmuring through the  
dark ravines,  
One hears in the woods the  
groan of bagpipes  
With the chirp of merry  
fifes.

And the fauns racing over  
hills and thickets,  
Their horns erect above  
their broad foreheads,  
Drink through their blunt,  
nostrils  
Subtle potions and  
lascivious winds.

And, beneath the great  
choir of trees,  
Weeping for love of the  
beautiful life  
Are the bagpipes of the  
arcadian shepherd.  
Happy and fearful of the

fiera snella,  
Ardendo in bocca come  
ardente fiore.

*Musica in horto*

Uno squillo di cròtali  
clangenti  
Rompe in ritmo il silenzio  
dei roseti,  
Mentre in fondo agli aulenti  
orti segreti  
Gorgheggia un flauto  
liquidi lamenti.

La melodia, con tintinnio  
d'argenti,  
Par che a vicenda s'attristi  
e s'allieti,  
Ora luce di tremiti inquieti,  
Or diffondendo lunghe  
ombre dolenti:

Cròtali arguti e canne  
variotocche!,  
Una gioia di cantici  
inespressi  
Per voi par che dai chiusi  
orti rampolli,

E in sommo dei rosai, che  
cingon molli  
Ghirlande al cuor degli  
intimi recessi,  
S'apron le rose come molli  
bocche!

*Egle*

Frondeggia il bosco d'uberi  
verzure,  
Volvendo i rii zaffiro e  
margherita:  
Per gli archi verdi un'anima  
romita  
Cinge pallidi fuochi a ridde

impending ambush,  
The nymphs flee, faster  
than slender beasts,  
Their ardent lips like  
blazing flowers!

*Music in the garden*

A ring of cymbals breaks in  
rhythm the silence of the rose  
garden  
While at the end of the  
fragrant, secret gardens  
A flute trills its liquid  
lamentations.

The melody, with the jingle  
of silver,  
Seems to, at turns, sadden  
and gladden:  
Now trembling, nervous  
light  
Now casting long, sad  
shadows.

Sharp cymbals and  
many-sounding pipes!  
A joy of inexpressible  
hymns  
For you, seems to rise from  
the closed gardens.

And, at the height of the  
rose gardens,  
Winding soft garlands  
around the hearts' intimate  
recesses,  
The roses open like soft  
mouths.

*Egle*

In the full-foliaged wood  
The streams turn blue and  
white.  
Among the green arcs, a  
lonely soul  
Winds pale fires into dark  
tangles.

oscuere.

E in te ristretta con le mani  
pure  
Come le pure fonti della  
vita,  
Di sole e d'ombre mobili  
vestita  
Tu danzi, Egle, con  
languide misure.

E a te candida e bionda tra  
li ninfe,  
D'ilari ambagi descrivendo  
il verde,  
Sotto i segreti ombracoli  
del verde,  
Ove la più inquieta ombra  
s'attrista,  
Perle squillanti e liquido  
ametista  
Volge la gioia roca delle  
linfe.

*Acqua*

Acqua, e tu ancora sul tuo  
flauto lene  
Intonami un tuo canto  
variolungo,  
Di cui le note abbian l'odor  
del fungo,  
Del musco e dell'esiguo  
capelvenere,

Sì che per tutte le sottili  
vene,  
Onde irrighi la fresca  
solitudine,  
Il tuo riscintillio rida e  
sublùdii  
Al gemmar delle musiche  
serene.

Acqua, e, lung'hessi i  
calami volubili  
Movendo in gioco le

And in you, closed with  
pure hands,  
Like the pure fountain of  
life,  
Clothed in moving sun and  
shadow  
You dance, Aegle, with  
languid steps.

And to you, white and  
blond among the nymphs  
With merry step describing  
the green,  
Beneath the secret  
shadows of green  
Where the most nervous  
shadow is saddened  
Brilliant pearls and liquid  
amethyst  
Turns the joy of the saps  
raw.

*Water*

Water, and you again, on  
your gentle flute,  
Sing for me one of your  
varied songs,  
Of which the notes smell of  
mushrooms,  
Moss, and tiny maidenhair  
ferns.

Yes, all the thin veins,  
That irrigate the fresh  
solitude  
Your glittering laugh and  
ripple  
Bejewels the serene music.

Water, and, along your  
shifting reeds  
The cerulean fingers move  
in play.  
Alternating long shadows

cerulee dita,  
Avvicenda più lunghe  
ombre alle luci,

Tu che con modi labili  
deduci  
Sulla mia fronte intenta e  
sulla vita  
Del verde fuggitive ombre  
di nubi.

*Crepuscolo*

Nell'orto abbandonato ora  
l'edace  
Muschio contende all'ellere  
i recessi,  
E tra il coro snelletto dei  
cipressi  
S'addorme in grembo  
dell'antica pace Pan.

Sul vasto marmoreo  
torace,  
Che i convovoli infiorano  
d'amplessi,  
Un tempo forse con canti  
sommessi  
Piegò una ninfa il bel torso  
procace.

Deità della terra, forza  
lieta!,  
Troppo pensiero è nella tua  
vecchiezza:  
Per sempre inaridita è la  
tua fonte.  
Muore il giorno, e nell'alta  
ombra inquieta  
Trema e s'attrista un canto  
d'allegrezza:  
Lunghe ombre azzurre  
scendono dal monte.

with light.

You deduce on my intent  
forehead  
And on the life of the  
green,  
Fleeting shadows of clouds.

*Twilight*

In the abandoned garden,  
Where the devouring moss  
fights the ivy for the  
recesses,  
In the thin choirs of  
cypresses  
Asleep in the lap of an  
ancient peace is Pan.

On the vast marble torso  
Embraced by blooming  
morning glories,  
A time in which, perhaps,  
A nymph, with soft songs,  
Bent her provocative torso.

Gods of the earth, forces of  
joy!  
Too pensive, and, in your  
old age,  
Your fountains are forever  
dried up.  
The day dies, and in the  
high, nervous shadow,  
A song of joy trembles and  
saddens.  
Long blue shadows  
descend from the mountain.