

10-24-2014

## Junior Recital: Kristi Spicer, soprano

Kristi Spicer

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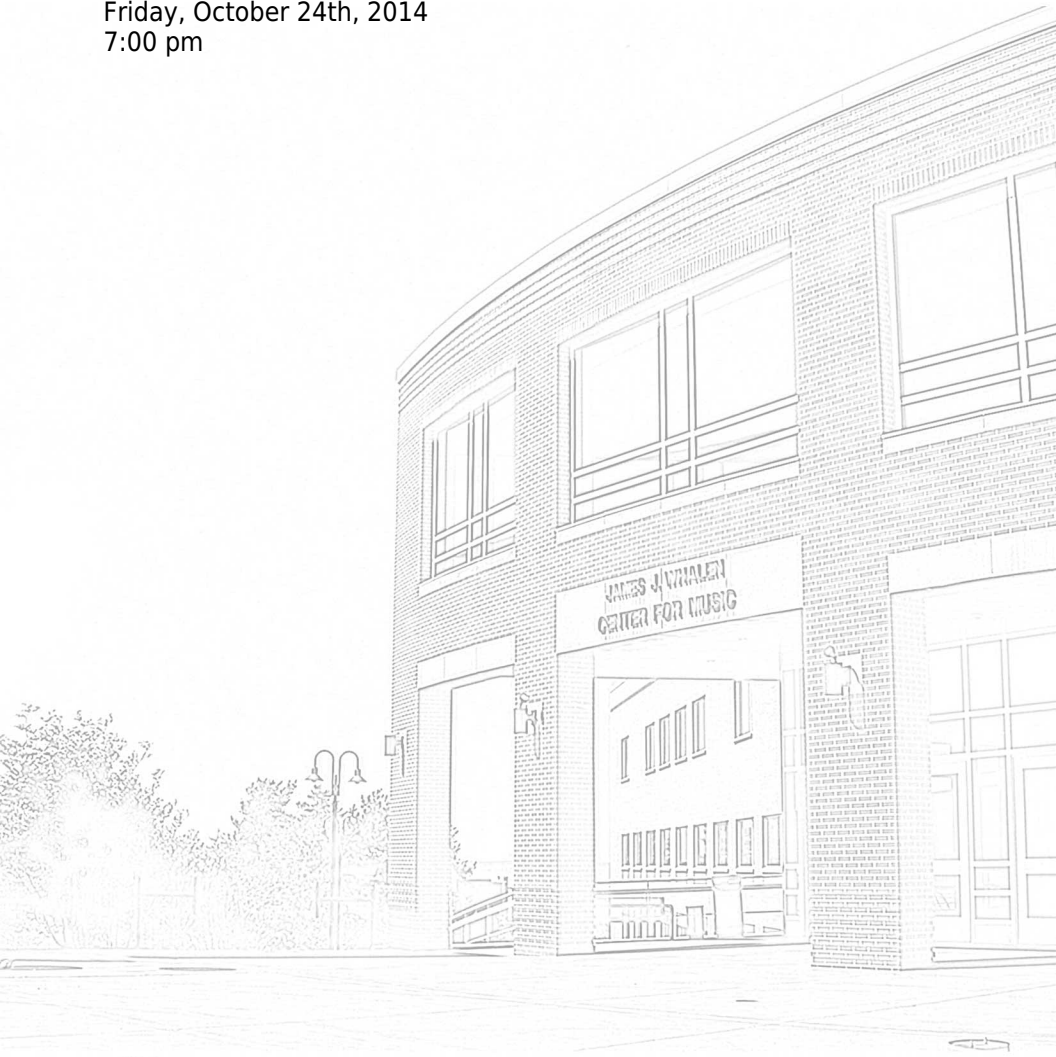
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**Junior Recital:**  
Kristi Spicer, Soprano

Richard Montgomery, Piano  
Leanne Contino, Soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Friday, October 24th, 2014  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Amor commanda  
Affanni del pensier

George Frideric Händel  
(1685-1759)

Du gai Soleil

Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

Haï luli

Pauline Viardot  
(1821-1910)

Écrin

Cécile Chaminade  
(1857-1944)

Les filles de Cadix

Léo Delibes  
(1836-1891)

The Flower Duet

Léo Delibes  
(1836-1891)

*Leanne Contino, Soprano*

## Intermission

Ganymed  
Lied der Mignon

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Fairy Lullaby

Amy Beach  
(1867-1944)

See how they love me

Ned Rorem  
(1923)

Where the music comes from

Lee Hoiby  
(1926-2011)

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Kristi Spicer is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.

## **Translations**

### **Amor Commanda (Love Commands)**

Servasi alla mia bella,  
E si tenti a  
Un così nobile impegno;  
L'amor nell'alme grandi  
Non è ermora mai  
D'cceslse imprese tanto più,  
Quando de valor mercede fian  
Del caro idolo mio l'amor, la fede.

Cherishing my beloved,  
And holding to  
Such a noble commitment;  
Love in great souls  
Is never a hindrance  
In accomplishing great endeavors.  
And is even of greater value  
Since love and faith are the rewards  
from my beloved

Amor commanda, onore invita,  
Più bell'impegno  
D'esor la vita,  
Nò, non si dà.  
Già l'alma accesa  
Di bella gloria  
Corre all'impresa  
E di vittoria sicura è già.

Love commands, honor invites,  
A more noble way  
In leading one's life  
No, there does not exist.  
Already the-soul afire  
With beautiful glory  
Rushes into action,  
And is already certain of victory.

### **Alfanni del pensier (Pains of thought)**

Affanni del pensier,  
Un sol momento  
Datemi pace almen,  
E poi tornate.

Pains of thought,  
For a single moment  
Give me peace,  
And then return.

### **Du Gai Soliel (The Gay Sun)**

Frere! Voyez!  
Voyez le beau bouquet!  
J'ai mis, pour le Pasteur, le jardin au  
pillage!  
Et puis,  
L'on va danser!  
Pour le premier menuet  
C'est sur vous je compte...  
Ah! Le somber visage!  
Mais aujourd'hui,  
Monsieur Werther,  
Tout le monde est joyeux!  
Le Bonheur est dans l'air!

Brother! Look!  
Look at the beautiful bouquet!  
I have pillaged from the garden for  
the pastor.  
And afterwards,  
We are going dancing!  
For the first minuet  
It is on you I count...  
Ah! The somber face!  
But today,  
Mr. Werther,  
All the world is joyous!  
The happiness is in the air!

Du gai soleil,  
Pleine de flamme,  
Dans l'azur resplendissant,  
La pure clarté descend  
De nos fronts jusqu'à notre âme.  
Tout le monde est joyeux;

Le bonheur est dans l'air!

Et l'oiseau  
Qui monte aux cieux  
Dans la brise qui soupire,

Est revenu pour nous dire

Que Dieu permet d'être heureux!  
Tout le monde est joyeux;

Le bonheur est dans l'air!

Tout le monde est heureux!

From the cheerful sun,  
Full of flame,  
In the azure brilliant,  
The pure light descends  
From our foreheads to our soul.  
All the world is joyous!

The happiness is in the air!

And the bird  
Which climbs into the sky  
On the breeze which sighs,

Has come-back for us to tell

That God permits us to be happy!  
All the world is joyous!

The happiness is in the air!

All the world is joyous!

## **Haï luli (Ah alas)**

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,  
Je ne sais plus que devenir!  
Mon bon ami devait venir,  
Et je l'attends ici seulette.  
Haï luli! Haï luli!  
Où donc peut être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,  
Le fil se casse dans ma main.  
Allons, je filerai demain;  
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!  
Haï luli! Haï luli!  
Ah, qu'il fait triste sans son ami!

Si jamais il devient volage,  
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,  
Le village n'a qu'à brûler

Et moi-même avec le village!  
Haï luli! Haï luli!  
À quoi bon  
Vivre sans ami?

I am sad, I am troubled,  
I do not know what will happen!  
My good friend ought to come,  
And I await him here alone.  
Ah alas, ah alas!  
Where indeed can my friend be?

I sit down to spin my wool,  
The thread breaks in my hand.  
Let's go, I will spin tomorrow;  
Today I am in too much pain!  
Ah alas! Ah alas!  
How sad it is without my friend!

If ever he becomes faithless,  
If one day he should abandon me,  
The only thing is for the village to  
burn

And myself with the village.  
Ah alas! Ah alas!  
What use is it  
To live without my friend?

## **Écrin (The Casket of Jewels)**

Tes yeux malicieux  
Ont la couleur de l'émeraude.  
Leurs purs reflets délicieux  
Egaient l'humeur la plus grimaude.  
Dans leurs filets capricieux  
Ils ont pris  
Mon coeur en maraude.  
Tes yeux malicieux  
Ont la couleur de l'émeraude.

Your mischievous eyes  
Are the color of emeralds.  
Their pure, reflected rays  
Cheer the gloomiest moods.  
In their capricious nets  
They have caught  
My searching heart.  
Your mischievous eyes  
are the color of emeralds.

Tes lèvres de satin  
Sont un nid de chaudes caresses,  
Un fruit savoureux qui se teint  
De rayonnements de tendresse.  
Et ton baiser, comme un lutin,  
Verse d'ineffables ivresses.

Your satin lips  
Are a nest of hot caresses,  
A tasty fruit flavored  
With rays of tenderness,  
And your kiss, like an elf,  
Pours out indescribable  
intoxication.

Tes lèvres de satin  
Sont un nid de chaudes caresses.

Your satin lips  
Are a nest of hot caresses.

Ton âme est un bijou,  
Le diamant de ma couronne;  
C'est le plus délicat joujou  
De mon amour qu'elle enfleuronne;  
C'est le parfum  
Qui me rend fou,  
Le doux charme  
Qui m'environne.  
Ton âme est un bijou,  
Le diamant de ma couronne!

Your soul is a jewel,  
The diamond in my crown.  
It's the most delicate toy  
Of my flower scented love.  
It's the perfume  
That drives me mad,  
The sweet charm  
That surrounds me.  
Your soul is a jewel,  
The diamond of my crown!

## **Les Filles de Cadix (The Girls of Cadix)**

Nous venions de voir le taureau,  
Trois garçons, trois fillettes.  
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,

Et nous dansions un boléro  
Au son des castagnettes:  
Dites-moi, voisin,  
Si j'ai bonne mine,  
Et si ma basquine  
Va bien, ce matin.

We just saw the bull,  
Three boys, three little girls  
On the lawn it was a beautiful  
day,  
And we were dancing a bolero  
To the sound of castanets;  
Tell me, neighbor,  
If I look well,  
And if my bodice  
Goes well, this morning,

Vous me trouvez la taille fine?...  
Ah! ah! Les filles de Cadix  
Aiment assez cela.

Et nous dansions un boléro  
Un soir,  
C'était dimanche.  
Vers nous s'en vint  
Un hidalgo cousu d'or,

La plume au chapeau,  
Et la poing sur la hanche:  
Si tu veux de moi,  
Brune au doux sourire,  
Tu n'as qu'a le dire,  
Cet or est à toi.  
Passez votre chemin, beau sire.  
Ah! Ah! Les filles de Cadix  
N'entendent pas cela.

Do you find my waist slim?  
Ah! Ah! The girls of Cadix  
Rather like that.

And we were dancing a bolero  
One evening,  
It was Sunday,  
Toward us came  
A dashing Spaniard Extremely  
wealthy,  
A plume in his hat,  
And his hand on his hip:  
"If you want me,  
Brunette with the sweet smile,  
You have only to say it,  
And this gold is yours."  
Pass on your way, good sir.  
Ah! Ah! The girls of Cadix  
Don't listen to that.

## Flower Duet

Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs  
Jettent déjà leur ombre  
Sur le ruisseau sacré, qui coule  
calme et sombre,  
Éveillé par le chant des oiseaux  
tapageurs!

Oh ! maîtresse,  
C'est l'heure ou je te vois sourire,

L'heure bénie où je puis lire  
Dans le cœur toujours fermé de  
Lakmé!

Sous le dôme épais  
Où le blanc jasmin  
À la rose s'assemble  
Sur la rive en fleurs,

Riant au matin  
Viens, descendons ensemble!

Doucement glissons  
De son flot charmant,  
Suivons le courant fuyant  
Dans l'onde frémissante,  
D'une main nonchalante,  
Viens, gagnons le bord,

Look Mallika! Lianes are in bloom  
Casting downward their shadows  
Over the sacred stream that flows  
calm and somber  
Awakened by the sound of the  
song-happy birds!

Oh! Mistress  
This is the time when I see you  
smile,

The time when I can read  
Lakmé's secrets hidden in her  
heart!

Under the thick dome  
Where the white jasmine  
With the roses entwined together  
On the river bank covered with  
flowers,

Laughing in the morning  
Let us descend together!

Gently floating  
On its charming risings,  
On the river's current  
On the shining waves,  
One hand reaches,  
Reaches for the bank,

Où la source dort et,  
L'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.  
Sous le dôme épais  
Où le blanc jasmin,  
Ah! descendons  
Ensemble!

Where the spring sleeps,  
And the bird, the bird sings.  
Under the thick dome  
Where the white jasmine,  
Ah! calling us  
Together!

Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte  
subite,  
Sempare de moi,  
Quand mon pre va seul leur ville  
maudite;  
Je tremble, je tremble deffroi!

I, don't know what overcame me,  
  
To fill my heart full of fear,  
When my father goes down alone to  
the doomed city;  
I tremble, I tremble, my dear!

Pour que le Dieu Ganea le protge,  
Jusqu ltang o sbattent joyeux  
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,  
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Ganesha will watch over his  
protege,  
Up to the pond where the merry do  
play  
With wings of snow swans are  
swimming,  
Come let us pick the lotus blue.

Oui, prs des cygnes aux ailles de  
neige,  
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus  
ensemble.

Oh yes, let's go where white swans  
are swimming,  
And let us pick the lotus blue  
together.

## **Ganymed (Ganymede)**

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herz drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!

How in the morning light  
you glow around me,  
Beloved Spring!  
With love's thousand-fold bliss,  
To my heart presses  
The eternal warmth  
Of sacred feelings,  
And endless beauty!

Daß ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!

Would that I could clasp  
You in these arms!

Ach, an deinem Busen  
Lieg' ich, schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.

Ah, at your breast  
I lie and languish,  
And your flowers and your grass  
Press themselves to my heart.



Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.

You cool the burning  
Thirst of my breast,  
Lovely morning wind!  
The nightingale calls  
Lovingly to me from the misty vale.

Ich komm', ich komme!  
Wohin? Ach, wohin?

I am coming, I am coming!  
But whither? To where?

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehnenenden Liebe.  
Mir! Mir!  
In eurem Schosse  
Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfängen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Allliebender Vater!

Upwards I strive, upwards!  
The clouds float  
Downwards, the clouds  
Bow down to yearning love.  
To me! To me!  
In your lap  
Upwards!  
Embracing, embraced!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
All-loving Father!

### **Lied der Mignon (Song of Mignon)**

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiß, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freude,  
Seh ich ans Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.

Only one who knows longing  
Knows what I suffer!  
Alone and cut off  
From all joy,  
I look into the firmament  
In that direction.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
Mein Eingeweide.  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiß, was ich leide!

Ach! he who loves and knows me  
Is far away.  
I am reeling,  
My entrails are burning.  
Only one who knows longing  
Knows what I suffer!