

11-8-2014

Junior Recital: Leanne Contino, soprano

Leanne Contino

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Junior Recital:

Leanne Contino, Soprano

Birds & Other Melodies

Emmett Scott, Piano

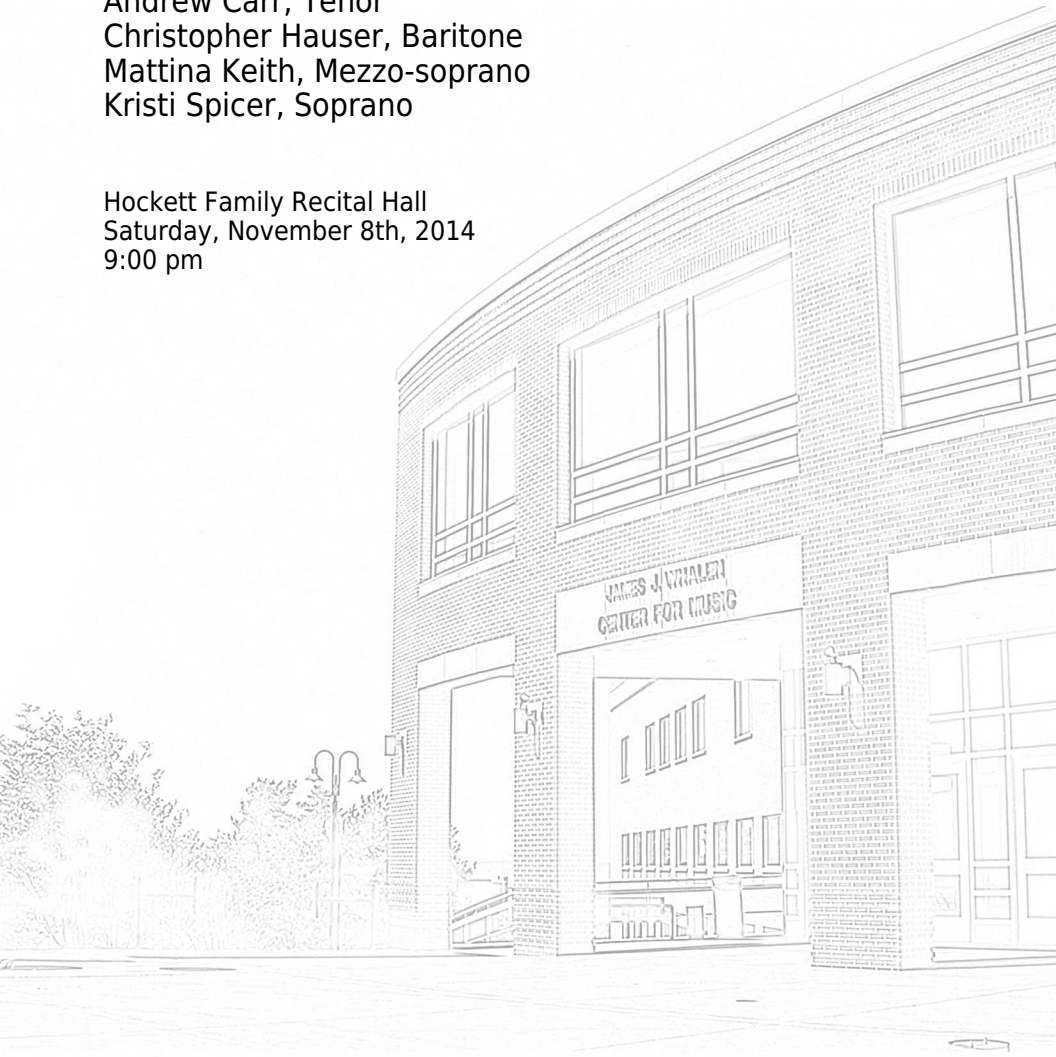
Andrew Carr, Tenor

Christopher Hauser, Baritone

Mattina Keith, Mezzo-soprano

Kristi Spicer, Soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, November 8th, 2014
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Sweet Suffolk Owl
Waterbird
Birds U.S.A

Richard Hundley
(b.1931)

Neue Liebe
Ständchen
Nach Suden

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Fanny Mendelssohn (1805-1847)

Ch'io Mai Vi Possa

Georg Friedrich Händel
(1685-1759)

Feeling Good

arranged by Miggy Torres
b.1992

Kristi Spicer

Intermission

Deh Vieni Non Tardar
Le Nozze de Figaro

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1991)

Mandoline
Nuit d'Etoile
Fantoches

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

A Nightengale Sang in Berkeley Square

Music by Manning Sherwin
(1902-1974)
Arranged by Gene Puerling
(1929-2008)

Andrew Carr, Christopher Hauser, Mattina Keith

Translations

Neue Liebe

Durch den Wald, im
Mondenscheine,
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reuten;
Ihre Hörner hört ich klingen,
Ihre Glöcklein hört ich läuten.
Ihre weißen Rößlein trugen
Güldnes Hirschgeweih und flogen
Rasch dahin, wie wilde Schwäne
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.
Lächelnd nickte mir die Königin,

Lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten.
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe,
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

In the moonlit forest

I watched the elves a-riding,
I heard their horns sound
I heard their bells ring.
Their white horses, with
golden antlers, flew on
swiftly, like white swans
travelling through the air
The queen nodded at me and
smiled
smiled, as she rode overheard
was it because of my new love?
Or does it mean death?

Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.
Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei,
Mit Flöt und Geig und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.
Die Klänge schleichen der
Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
sie schaut den blonden Geliebten

und lispelt: Vergiß nicht mein!

The moon hangs over the
mountain,
So fitting for love-struck people.
In the garden trickles a fountain;
Otherwise, it is still far and wide.
Near the wall, in shadows,
there stand the students three:
with flute and fiddle and zither,
they sing and play there.
The sounds waft up to the
loveliest of women, gently entering
her dreams.
She gazes on her blond beloved
and whispers: "Forget me not!"

Nach Süden

Von allen Zweigen schwingen
sich wandernde Vögel empor,
weit durch die Lüfte klingen
hört man den Reisechor,
nach Süden, nach Süden
in den ewigen Blumenflor.
Ihr Vöglein singt munter
hernieder,
wir singen lustig hinaus,
wenn dann der Lenz kommt,
kehren wir wieder,
wieder in Nest und Haus,
von Süden! Jetzt aber hinaus!

From every branch there leaps
a migratory bird,
sounding far throughout the skies

that one hears a traveling chorus
going to the south, to the south,
to the land of everlasting flowers.

You little birds sing gaily up
there,
we sing merrily out;
when spring comes,
we shall return,
return to nest and house,

from the south! But now - away!

Ch'io Mai Vi Possa

Ch'io mai vi possa
lasciar d'amare,
No, nol credete, pupille care,
Ne men per gioco v'ingannerò.
Voi foste e siete le mie faville,
E voi sarete, care pupille,
Il mio bel foco finch'io vivrò.

That I will ever be able
to stop loving you
No, don't believe it, dear eyes!
Not even to joke would I deceive you
about this.
You alone are my sparks,
and you will be, dear eyes,
my beautiful fire as long as I live,
ah!

Deh Vieni non Tardar

Giunse alfin il momento
Che godrò senza affanno
In braccio all'idol mio!
Timide cure, Uscite dal mio petto,
A turbar non venite il mio diletto!
Oh, come par
che all'amoroso foco
L'amenità del loco,
La terra e il ciel risponda!
Come la notte
i furti miei seconda!
Deh, vieni, non tardar,
o gioia bella,
Vieni ove amore
per goder t'appella.
Finché non splende in ciel
notturna face
Finché l'aria è ancor bruna
e il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel,
qui scherza l'aura,
Che dolce sussurro il cor ristaura;
Qui ridono i fioretti,
e l'erba è fresca:
Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adesca.
Vieni, ben mio: tra queste piante
ascose
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

The moment finally arrives
When I'll enjoy without haste
In the arms of my beloved!
Fearful anxieties, get out of my heart!
Do not come to disturb my delight.
Oh, how it seems
that to amorous fires
The comfort of the place,
Earth and heaven respond,
as the night
responds to my ruses.
Oh, come, don't be late,
my beautiful joy
Come where love calls
you to enjoyment
until the night's torches no longer
shine in the sky
As long as the air is still dark
and the world is quiet.
Here the river murmurs
and the light plays
that restores the heart with sweet
ripples
Here, the flowers laugh
and the grass is fresh:
Here everything brings one to love's
pleasres
come my dear, among these hidden
plants
I want to crown you with roses.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.
Leurs courtes vestes de soie,

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.
There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal
Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many
a

Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise

Nuit d'Etoile

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.
La sereine mélancolie vient
éclore
au fond de mon coeur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.
Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les
cieux;
Cettes rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,
Qu'un mauvais dessein
rassembla,
Gesticulent noirs sous la lune,
Cependant l'excellent docteur
Bolonais
Cueille avec lenteur des simples
Parmi l'herbe brune.
Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse demi-nue,
En quête de son beau pirate
espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détesse à tue-tête.

Heartless woman, wrote many a
tender verse. Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,
Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the
breeze.

Starry night, beneath your
pinions, be-
neath your breeze and your
perfumes,
Lyre, in sorrow, softly sighing,
I dream of a love long past.
Melancholy, so sadly tranquil, fills
with gloom
my poor weary heart.
And I hear your dear soul, my
darling,
Quivering in the dreamy wood.
I watch here at this, your small
fountain your blue eyes like the sky;
This rose, it is my dear hope,
And these fair stars they are your
eyes.

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
brought together by some evil
scheme gesticulate, black beneath
the moon. Meanwhile, the learned
doctor
from Bologna slowly gathers
medicinal herbs in the brown
grass.
Then his sassy-faced daughter
sneaks underneath the arbor
half-naked, in quest
Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
whose distress a languorous
nightingale deafeningly proclaims.