

12-6-2014

## Elective Recital: Michael Galvin, bass and Ann-Marie Iacoviello, soprano

Michael Galvin

Ann-Marie Iacoviello

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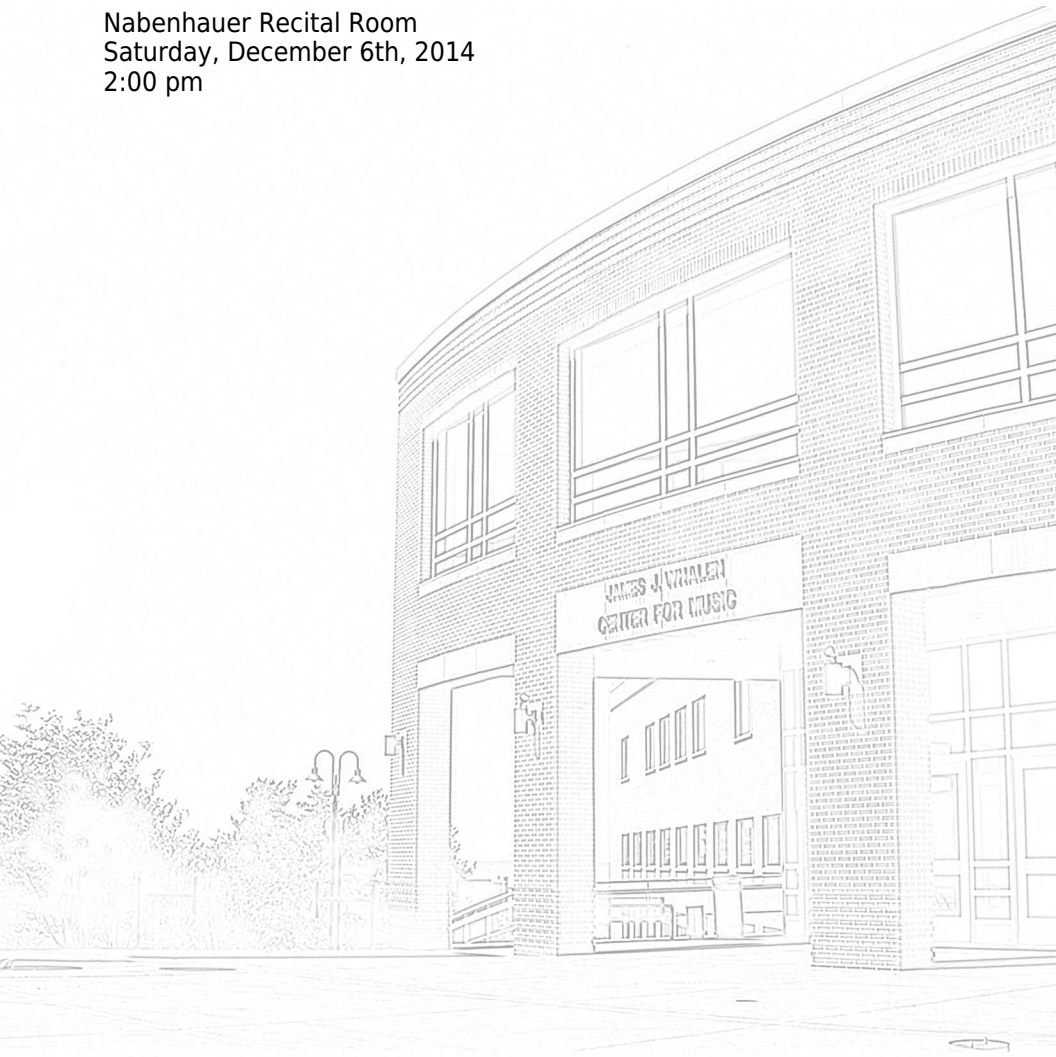
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**Joint Recital:**  
Michael Galvin, bass  
Ann-Marie Iacoviello, soprano

Sarah Broadwell  
Benjamin Pawlak

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Saturday, December 6th, 2014  
2:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

## Program

O Ruddier than the Cherry  
*Acis and Galatea*  
La Pastorella dell' alphi

George Frideric Handel  
1685-1789

Gioachino Rossini  
1792-1868

Ecco la sconsolata donna  
*L'incoronazione di Poppea*  
L'orgia

Claudio Monteverdi  
1567-1643

Gioachino Rossini  
1792-1868

Der Lindenbaum  
Wasserflut  
Auf dem Flusse

Franz Schubert  
1797-1828

Lachen und Weinen  
Seligkeit  
Les Filles de Cadix

Franz Schubert  
1797-1828

Leo Delibes  
1836-1891

## Intermission

Soir  
Nocturne

Gabriel Fauré  
1845-1924

Where the Music Comes From

Lee Hoiby  
1926-2011

Glitter and Be Gay  
*Candide*

Leonard Bernstein  
1918-1990

## Translations

### Ecco la sconsolata donna

Ecco, la sconsolata donna,  
assunta all'impero per  
patir il servaggio:  
O gloriosa del mondo  
imperatrice,  
sovra i titoli eccelsi  
degli'insigni avi tuoi  
conspicua e grande.

Here is the disconsolate  
woman, raised to the  
throne to suffer servitude:  
Oh glorious empress of the  
world,  
even more distinguished and  
great than the lofty titles  
of your renowned  
ancestors.

La vanità del pianto  
degli'occhi imperiali  
è ufficio indegno.  
Ringrazia la Fortuna, che con  
i colpi, i colpi suoi  
t'accresce gli'ornamenti.  
La cote non percossa non  
può mandar faville;  
tu dal destin colpita produci  
a te medesima  
  
alti splendori di vigor, di  
fortezza,  
glorie maggiori assai che la  
bellezza.  
Ma la virtù costante,  
usa a bravar le stelle, il fato,  
e'l caso,  
giàmmai non vede occaso.

The indulgence of weeping  
from the imperial eyes  
is an unworthy undertaking.  
Give thanks to Fate, who,  
with her blows, increases  
your beauty.  
A whetstone cannot give off  
sparks if it is not struck;  
you, punished by destiny,  
have produced within  
yourself  
the lofty virtues of strength  
and fortitude,  
glories far greater than  
beauty.  
But constant virtue,  
which can defy the stars, fate  
and chance,  
shall never diminish.

### La Pastorella dell' alphi

Son bella pastorella,  
Che scende ogni mattino  
Ed offre un cestellino  
Di fresche frutta e fior.  
Chi viene al primo albore  
Avrà vezzose rose  
E poma rugiadosa-  
Venite al mio giardin. Ahu.

I'm the pretty shepherdess,  
Coming down every morning  
I offer a little basket  
With fresh fruit and flowers.  
Whoever comes at dawn  
Will have some pretty roses  
And dew sprinkled apples  
Come all to my garden. Ahu.

Chi nel notturno orrore  
Smarrì la buona via,  
Alla capanna mia  
Ritroverà il camin.  
Venite, o passaggiero,  
La pastorella è qua,  
Ma il fior del suo pensiero  
Ad uno sol darà. Ahu.

Whoever in night's frightness  
Loses his way  
At my little hut  
Will find his path again.  
Come, o traveller  
The shepherdess is here,  
But her tenderest thoughts  
Address to one alone. Ahu.

## L'orgia

Amiamo, cantiamo  
Le donne e il liquor,  
Gradita è la vita  
Frà Bacco ed Amor.  
Se Amore ho nel core,  
Ho il vin nella testa,  
Che gioia che festa,  
  
Che amabile ardor.  
Amanda, scherzando,  
Trincando liquor,  
M'avvampo, mi scampo  
Da noie e dolor.  
Cantiam, gradita è la vita  
Fra Bacco ed Amor!  
Danziamo, catiamo,  
Alziamo il bicchier,  
Ridiam, sfidiam  
I tristi pensier!  
Regina divina,  
La madre d'amor,  
Guiliva ravniva  
Rinuova ogni cor.  
Balzante, spumante  
Con vivo bollor,  
E il vino divino  
Del mondo signor.  
Già ballo traballo  
Che odor, che vapor  
Si beva ribeva

Let's love and sing  
Of woman and wine,  
Life is a joy  
Between Bacchus and Amor.  
I've got love in my heart,  
And wine in my head,  
What a pleasure, what a  
feast  
  
What a lovely passion.  
Loving and joking,  
Drinking some wine  
Animates me and calms  
My sorrow and pain.  
Let's sing, life is a joy  
Between Bacchus and Amor!  
Let's dance and sing  
Let's raise the glass  
Let's laugh and forget  
Our sorrow and pain!  
O divine queen,  
Mother of love  
With joy renew  
Every heart.  
Leaping, sparkling,  
Foaming over with life  
Is the wine divine  
Ruler of the world.  
Already I dance, I stagger.  
What smell, what steam.  
So drink, over and over again

Con sacro furor.  
Catiam, gradita è la vita  
Fra Bacco ed Amor!

In a holy frenzy.  
Let's sing, live is a joy  
Between Bacchus and Amor!

## Der Lindenbaum

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore  
da shteht ein Lindenbaum;  
ich träumt in seinem  
Schatten  
so manchen süßen Traum.  
Ich schnitt in seine Rinde  
so manches liebe Wort;  
es zog in Freud und Leide  
zu ihm mich immerfort.  
Ich muß' auch heute  
wandern  
vorbei in tiefer Nacht,  
da hab' ich noch im Dunkel  
di Augen zugemacht.  
Und seine Zweige rauschten,  
als riefen sie mir zu:  
Komm her zu mir, Gezelle,  
hier findest du deine Ruh!

Die kalten Winde bliesen  
mir grad ins Angesicht;  
der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,  
ich wendete mich nicht.  
Nun bin ich mance Stunde  
entfernt von jenem Ort,  
und immer hör' ich's  
rauschen:  
du fändest Ruhe dort!

At the fountain, near the  
gate,  
there stands a Linden tree;  
I've dreamt in its shadows  
so many sweet dreams.  
I carved on its bark  
so many loving words;  
I was always drawn to it  
whether in joy or sorrow.  
Today, too, I had to pass it  
in the dead of night,  
and even in the darkness  
I had to close my eyes.  
And its branches rustled,  
as if calling to me:  
"Come here, to me, friend,  
here you will find your  
peace!"

The frigid wind blew  
straight in my face;  
my hat flew from my head,  
but I did not turn back.  
Now I am many hours  
away from that spot,  
and still I hear the rustling:  
there you would have found  
peace!

## Wasserflut

Manche Trän' aus meinen  
Augen  
ist gefallen in den Schnee;  
seine kalten Flocken zaugen  
durstig ein das heiße Weh'.  
Wenn die Gräse sprossen  
wollen,  
weht daher ein lauer Windt,  
und das Eis zerspringt in  
Schollen  
und der weiche Schnee  
zerrinnt.

Schnee du weißt von meinem  
Sehnen;  
sag', wohin doch gent dein  
Lauf?

Folge nach nur meinen  
Tränen,  
nimmt dich bald das Bächlein  
auf.

Wirst mit ihm die Stadt  
durchziehen,  
munt're Straßen ein und aus;

fühlst du meine Tränen  
glühen,  
da ist meiner Liebsten Haus,

Many tears from my eyes  
have fallen in the snow;  
its cold flakes drink in  
thirstily my hot grief.  
When it is time for the grass  
to sprout,  
a mild wind will blow here,  
and the ice will break into  
pieces  
and the soft snow will melt.

Snow, you know of my  
longing,  
say, whither then goes your  
course?

If you but follow my tears,  
the brook will soon gather  
you up.  
With it, you will pass through  
the town,  
in and out of its lively  
streets;  
if you feel my tears burning,  
that will be my sweetheart's  
house.

## Auf dem Flusse

Der du so lustig rauschtest,  
du heller, wilder Fluß,  
wie still bist du geworden,  
gibst keinen Scheidegruß.  
Mit harter, starrer Rinde  
hast du dich überdeckt,  
liegst kalt und unbeweglich  
im Sande ausgestreckt.

You who rushed so merrily,  
you clear, wild stream,  
how quiet you have become,  
you offer no parting words.  
With a hard, solid crust  
you have clothed yourself.  
You lie cold and motionless,  
stretched out in the sand.

In deine Dekke grab' ich  
mit einem spitzen Stein  
den Namen meiner Liebsten  
und Stund' und Tag hinein:  
den Tag des ersten Grußes,  
den Tag, an dem ich ging;  
um Nam' und Zahlen windet

sich ein zerboch'ner Ring.  
Mein Herz, in diesem Bache  
erkenntst du nun dein Bild?

Ob's unter seiner Rinde

wohl auch so reißend  
schwillt?

On your surface I carve  
with a sharp stone  
the name of my beloved  
and the hour and the day:  
the day of our first meeting,  
the day I went away;  
names and numbers  
entwined

by a broken ring.  
My heart, in this brook  
do you recognize your own  
image?

is there, under the surface,  
too,

a surging torrent?

## Lachen und Weinen

Lachen und Weinen zu  
jeglicher stunde  
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so  
mancherlei Grunde.  
Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust,

Und warum ich nun weine  
Bei des Adendes Scheine,  
Ist mir selv' nicht bewußt.

Weinen und Lachen zu  
jeglicher Stunde  
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so  
mancherlei Grunde.  
Abends weint' ich vor  
Schmerz;  
Und warum du erwachen  
Kannst am Morgen mit  
Lachen,  
Muß ich dich fragen, o Herz.

Laughter and tears at any  
hour

Rest on love in so many  
ways.

In the morning I laugh for  
joy,

And why I know weep  
In the evening glow,  
Is something unknown to me.

Tears and laughter at any  
hour

Rest on love in so many  
ways.

In the evening I weep for  
sorrow;

And why you can awake  
In the morning with laughter,

I must ask you, o my heart.



## Seligkeit

Freuden sonder Zahl  
Blühhn im Himmelsaal  
Engeln und Verklärten,

Wie die Väter lehrten.  
O da möcht ich sein,  
Und mich ewig freun!  
Jedem lächelt trauf  
Eine Himmelsbraut;  
Harf und Psalter klinget,  
Und man tanzt und singet.

O da möcht' ich sein,  
Und mich ewig freun!  
Lieber bleib' ich hier,  
Lächelt Laura mir  
Einen Blick, der saget,  
Daß ich ausgeklaget.  
Selig, dann mit ihr,  
Bleib' ich ewig hier!

Joys without number  
Bloom in heaven's hall  
Of angels and transfigured  
beings,  
Just as our fathers taught us.  
O, there I would like to be  
And rejoice forever!  
Upon everyone dearly smiles  
A heavenly bride;  
Harp and psalter resound,  
And everyone dances and  
sings.

O, there I would like to be  
And rejoice forever!  
But I'd rather remain here  
If Laura would smile at me  
With one glance that said  
I should end my lamenting.  
Blissfully then with her,  
I would stay here forever!

## Les Filles de Cadix

Nous venions de voir le  
treau  
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?  
Vous me trouvez la taille  
fine?  
Les filles de Cadix aiment  
assez cela!  
Et nous dansions un boléro,

We have just seen the  
bullfight,  
Three young fellows, three  
girls;  
It was lovely on the lawn,  
And we danced a bolero  
To the sound of castanets.  
Tell me, neighbor,  
Do I look well,  
And is my skirt  
Becoming this morning?  
Do you find I have a dainty  
finger?  
The girls of Cadix like that  
very much!  
And we danced a bolero

Un soir c'était Dimanche,  
Vers nous s'en vient un  
hidalgo

Cousu d'or, la plume au  
chapeau,  
Et le poing sur la hanche:  
Si tu veux de moi,  
Brune au doux sourire,

Tu n'as qu'à le dire,--  
Cet or est à toi.  
Passez votre chemin beau  
sire...  
Les filles de Cadix  
n'entendent pas cela!

Et nous dansions un boléro,  
Au pied de la colline...  
Sur le chemin passait Diégo

Qui pour tout bien n'a qu'un  
manteau  
Et qu'une mandoline:  
La belle aux doux yeux,

Veux-tu qu'à l'église demain  
te conduise  
Un amant jaloux?

Jaloux! Jaloux! Quelle sottise!  
Le filles de Cadix craignent  
ce défaut-là!

One Sunday night—  
There came toward us a  
hidalgo

Attired in gold, the feather  
on his hat,  
And his hand on his hip:  
If you want me,  
Brunette with the charming  
smile,

You need only to say so, --  
This gold is yours.  
Be on your way, handsome  
sir...  
The girls of Cadix don't listen  
to such things!

And we danced a bolero  
At the foot of the hill...  
By the road, Diego was  
passing,

All his possessions, a cloak  
And a mandolin:  
Pretty maiden with the  
tender eyes,

Would you like a jealous  
lover  
To take you to church  
tomorrow?

Jealous! Jealous! How silly!  
The girls of Cadix fear such a  
bad trait!

## Soir

Voici que les jardins de la  
Nuit von fleurir.

Les lignes, les couleurs, les  
sons deviennent vagues:  
Vois! le dernier rayon  
agonise à tes bagues,

All of the sudden, the  
gardens of the night  
begin to blossom.

The lines, the colors, the  
sounds become indistinct  
See! The last rays die on  
your ring,

Ma sœur, enten-ty pas  
quelque chose mourir?  
Mets sur mon front tes mains  
fraîches comme une eau  
pure,  
Mets sur mes yeux tes mains  
douces comme des fleurs,  
Et que mon âme ou vit le  
goût secret des pleurs,  
Soit comme un lys fidèle et  
pâle a ta ceinture!  
C'est la pitié qui pose ainsi  
son doigt sur nous,  
Et tout ce que la terre a de  
soupirs qui montent,  
Il semble qu'à mon cœur  
enivré,  
le racontent  
Tes yeux levés au ciel, si  
tristes et si doux!

My sister, do you not hear  
something die?  
Place your hands, cool as  
pure water, on my face  
Place your hands, gentle as  
flowers, on my eyes  
And let my soul, with its  
secret taste of tears,  
Be like a lily at your waist,  
faithful and pale!  
It is Pity that places his finger  
upon us,  
And all the sighs that arise  
from the earth,  
It seems, to my enraptured  
heart,  
they are expressed  
In your eyes, lifted to the  
sky, so sad and gentle.

### Nocturne

La nuit, sur le grand mystère,  
entr'ouvre ses écrins bleus:  
Autant de fleurs sur la terre,  
Que d'é toiles dans les cieux!  
On voit ses ombres  
dormantes  
S'éclairer à tous moments,  
Autant par les fleurs  
charmantes  
Que par les astres  
charmants.  
Moi, ma nuit au sombre voile  
N'a, pour charme et pour  
clarté,  
Qu'une fleur et qu'une étoile  
Mon amour et ta beauté!

The night, on the great  
mystery,  
half-opens its caskets blue;  
as many flowers on the  
earth,  
as there are stars in the sky!  
One sees the flowers  
sleepings  
brightening at every  
moment,  
as much by the flowers  
charming,  
as by the stars charming.  
As for me, my own darkly  
veiled night  
has nothing for charm and  
light,  
but one flower and one star,  
my love and your beauty!