

2-3-2013

Elective Recital: Annie Barrett, mezzo soprano and Sarah Welden, soprano

Annie Barrett

Sarah Welden

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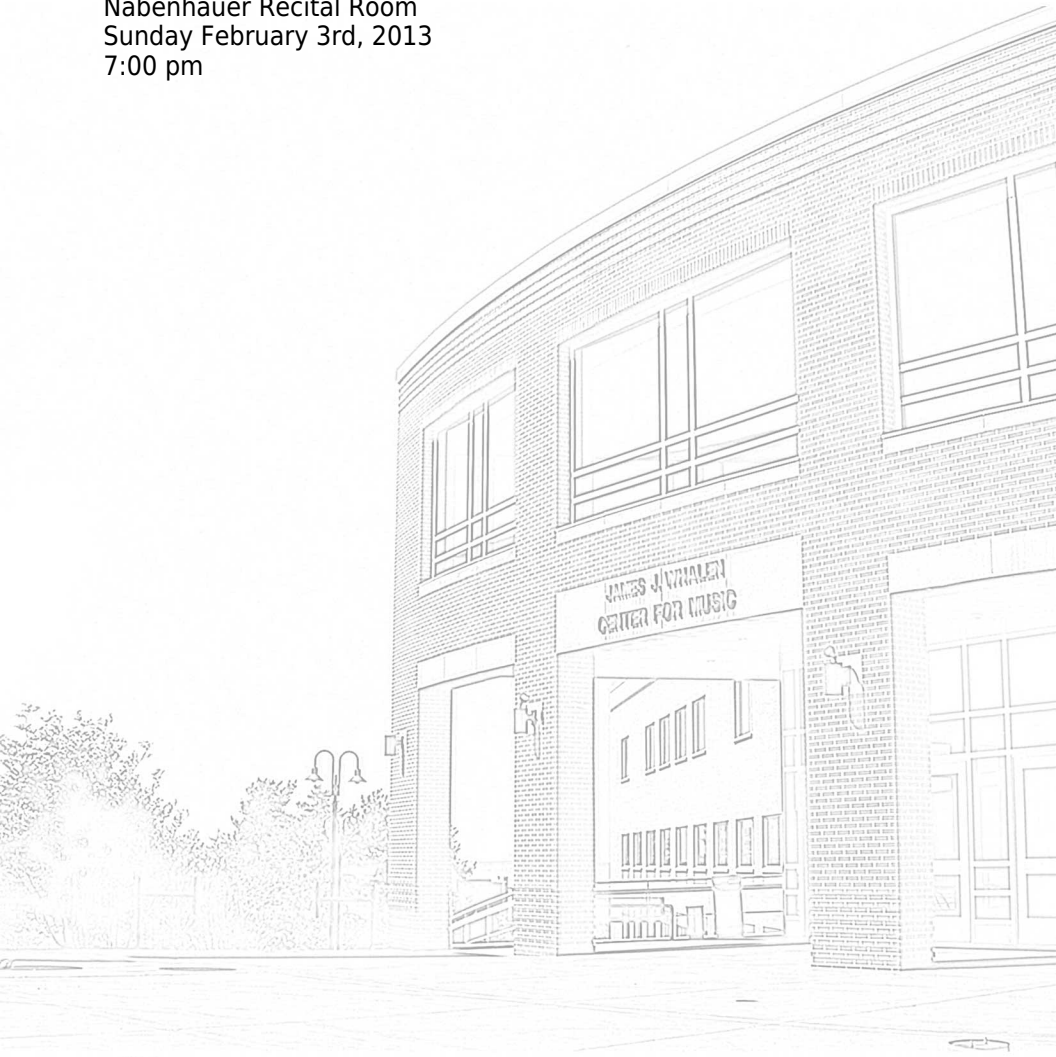
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Joint Recital:

Annie Barrett, mezzo soprano and
Sarah Welden, soprano

Francine Darling and Paul Tine, accompanists

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Sunday February 3rd, 2013
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Faites-lui mes âveux
Faust

Annie Barrett

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

La Cita in Gondola
La Promessa

Sarah Welden

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Scherza Infida
Ariodante

Annie Barrett

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Intermission

Romance
Jane

Sarah Welden

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Ridente la Calma

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Barcaiolo

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Annie Barrett

The Bird
The Mountains are Dancing

Sarah Welden

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Sous le dôme épais
Lakmé

Annie Barrett
Sarah Welden

Léo Delibes
(1836-1891)

Translations

Faites-Lui mes aveux

Faites- Lui mes aveux, portez mes voeux, Feurs écloses près d'elle, dites-lui qu'elle est belle, quemon coer nuit et jour languit d'amour! révélez à son âme le secret de ma flame! Qu'il s'exhale avec vous, parfums plus doux	Carry to her my confessions, take my wishes Flowers in bloom near her tell her, that she is beautiful that my heart night and day languishes with love! Reveal to her soul the secret of my passion! And may your fragrant scents waft over to her!
Fanéé! Hélas! Ce sorcier que Dieu damne m'a porté malheur! Je ne puis sans qu'elle se fane toucher une fleur! Si je trempais me doigts das l'eau bénite! C'est là que chaque soir vient prier Marguerite! Voyons maintenant! Voyons vite! Elles se fanent? No! Satan, je ris de toi!	Withered! Alas! That sorcerer whom God damns has brought me misfortune I cannot without it withering touch a flower! What if I dipped my fingers in holy water! Its here that every one evening comes to pray Marguerite! Let's see now! Let's see quickly! Are they withering? No! Satan I laugh at you!
C'est en vous que j'ai foi, parlez pour moi! Qu'elle puisse connaître l'émoi qu'elle a fait naître et don't mon coer trouble n'a point parlé! Si l'amour l'effarouche, que la fleur sur sa bouche sache au moins déposer un doux baiser!	I trust you lovely flowers, speak to her for me! That she may know the feeling that she has aroused, which my troubled heart has not yet dared reveal to her if love frightens her, let this flower at least know how to place a gentle kiss upon her mouth!

La Cita in Gondola

Voli l'agile barchetta,
voga, voga, o marinar,
orch'Elvira mia diletta
me in braccio sfida il mar.

Brilla in calma la laguna,
una vela non appar,
palli detta e in ciel la luna,
tutto in vita a sospirar.

Voga, voga, o marinar...
Se ad un bacio amor t'invita,
non temer mio bel tesor,

tu saprai che sia la vita
sol nel bacio del amor.

Ma già un zeffiro sereno
dolce ondeggia il mar...
vieni Elvira a questo seno,

vieni e apprendi a palpitar!

Fly, quick little boat,
row, row, o boatman,
now that my sweet Elvira
is in my arms, challenge the
sea.

The lagoon shimmers in calm,
Not a sail is in view,
The pale moon crosses the sky,
Everything invites our sighs.
row, row, o boatman ...

If love invites you to a kiss,
Don't be afraid my precious
one,

You will realize that life exists
Only in the kiss of love.

But already a soft breeze
Sweetly ripples the sea...
Come, Elvira, to my heart,
Come and discover how it
beats!

La Promessa

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 could ever cease to love
you,
No, don't believe it, dear eyes;
Not even in jest will I ever
deceive you.

You were and are my love's
flame,

And you will be, dear eyes,
My true love as long as I live.

Scherza infida

Scherza infida in grembo
al drudo.
Io tradito a morte in braccio

per tua colpa
ora men vo.

Ma a spezzar l'indegno laccio,
ombra mesta, e spirto ingudo

per tua pena io tornero

Frolic, Faithless one in the
embrace of your lover.
I, betrayed, in death's embrace,

because of your fault now
I go forth.

But to break the vile bond,
as a shade sad and spirit
fleshless,

for your punishment I shall
return.

Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,

L'âme douce, l'âme odorante

Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis

Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils
chassée,

Cette âme adorable des lys?

N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste

De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais

D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?...

The vanishing and suffering
soul,

The sweet soul, the fragrant
soul

Of divine lilies that I have
picked

In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds
chased it,

This charming soul of the lilies?

Is there no longer a perfume
that remains

Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you
enveloped me

In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?...

Jane

Je pâlis et tombe en langueur:
Deux beaux yeux m'ont blessé
le cœur.

I pale and fall into listlessness:
Two beautiful eyes have
wounded my heart.

Rose pourprée et tout humide,
Ce n'était pas sa lèvre en feu;
C'étaient ses yeux d'un si beau
bleu
Sous l'or de sa tresse fluide.

Rose crimson and all watery,
It was not her lip on fire;
It was her eyes of a such
beautiful blue
Beneath the gold of her flowing
tresses.

Je pâlis et tombe en langueur:
Deux beaux yeux m'ont brisé le
cœur.

I pale and fall into listlessness:
Two beautiful eyes have broken
my heart.

Toute mon âme fut ravie!
Doux étaient son rire et sa voix;

All my soul was enraptured!
Her laugh and voice were
sweet;

Mais ses deux yeux bleus, je le
vois,
Ont pris mes forces et ma vie!

But, her two blue eyes, I see,
Have taken my strength and my
life!

Hélas! la chose est bien
certaine:
Si Jane repousse mon vœu,

Alas! The thing that is most
certain:

Dans ses deux yeux d'un si
beau bleu
J'aurai puisé ma mort prochaine.

If Jane rejects my desire,
In her two eyes of a such
beautiful blue
I will find my death
immediately.

Ridente la calma

Ridente la calma
Nell'alma si desti;

Let smiling calm
be awakened in the soul,

Né resti più segno
Di sdegno e timor,

nor let a sign any longer remain
of anger and fear.

Tu vieni, frattanto,
Astringer mio bene,
Le dolce catene
Sì grate al mio cor

In the meantime you come,
my beloved, to tighten
the sweet chains
so welcome to my heart.

Il Barcaiolo

Voga, voga il vento tace,
pura è l'onda il ciel sereno,

Row, row, the wind is silent,
Pure is the wave, the sky is
clear,

solo un alito di pace
par che allegri e cielo e mar

The breath of peace alone
Seems to gladden both heaven
and earth

voga, voga o marinar.

Row, row, o sailor

Or che tutto a noi sorride

Now that everything smiles
upon us

In sì tenero momento,
all'ebbrezza del contento
voglio l'alme abbandonar.
Voga, voga, o marinar.

At this tender moment,
To the intoxication of happiness
I want us to abandon our should
Row, row o sailor

Voga, voga il vento tace,
pura è l'onda il ciel sereno,

Row, row, the wind is silent,
Pure is the wave, the sky is
clear,

ed un'alito di pace
par che allegri e cielo e mar

and breath of peace alone
Seems to gladden both heaven
and earth

Chè se infiera la tempesta
Ambidue ne tragge a morte

Although the storm (of life)
rages
And ferries us both to death

Sarà lieta la mia sorte
Altuo fianco vuo spirar, sì,

My fate will be happy
For I want to die at your side,
yes,

Sous le dôm épais

Viens, Malika, les lianes en fleur
jettent déjà leur ombre
Sur le ruisseau sacré qui coule,
calme et sombre
Éveillé parle chant des oiseaux
tapageurs!

Oh, maîtresse,
c'est l'heure où je te vois sourire,

L'heure bénie où je puis lire dans le
coeur 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
Suivons le courant
en suivant le courant fuyant

Dans l'onde frémissante
D'une main nonchalante
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort et
l'oiseau chante.

Mais je ne sais quelle crainte
S'empare de moi
Quand mon père va seul à leur ville
maudite,
Je tremble d'effroi!

Pour que le Dieu Ganeça le protège,
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus

Come, Mallika, the vines in bloom
already cast their shade
over the sacred stream which runs,
calm and gloomy
wakened by the song of the noisy
birds!

Oh, mistress,
it is the hour when I see you
smiling,
the blessed hour when I can read
into the heart always closed of
Lakmé!

Under the dome thick
where the white jasmin
with the rose blends,
over the banks in bloom,
laughing in the cool morning
come, et us go down together.

Gently let us slip in,
following the current
while following the current fleeting.

In the waves quivering,
with a hand unhurried
Come let us reach the bank
where the source sleeps, the bird
sings

But I do not know what fear sudden
takes hold of me
As My father goes alone to their city
accursed
I tremble with fear

So that the god Ganeça may
protect him
Up to the pond where frolic happily
The swans with wings of snow
Let us go gather the lotus blue.