

3-22-2015

Senior Recital: Scott Irish-Bronkie, baritone

Scott Irish-Bronkie

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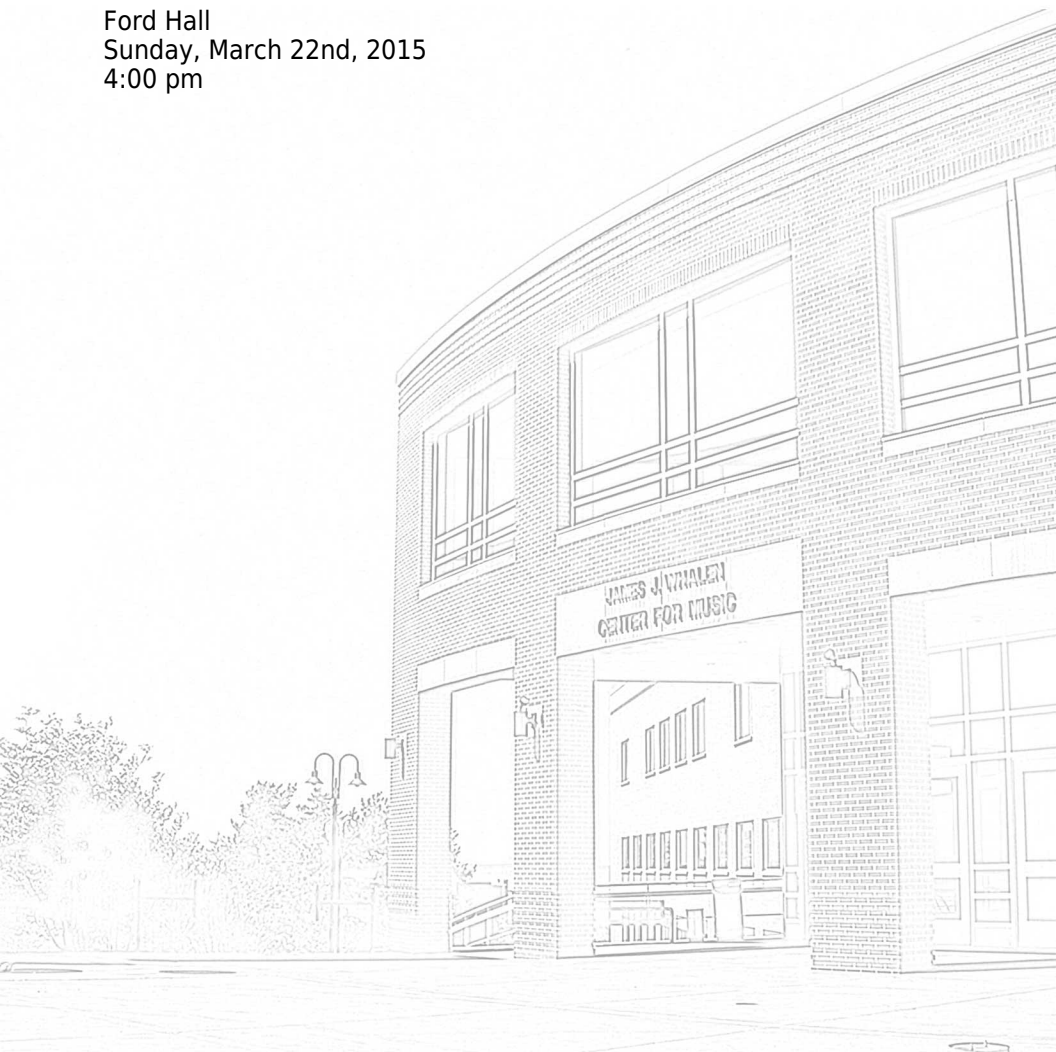
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Senior Recital:
Scott Irish-Bronkie, baritone

In collaboration with Brendan Fox

Ford Hall
Sunday, March 22nd, 2015
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Samson <i>Total Eclipse</i>	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Le Charme Sérénade Italienne Le Colibri	Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
Breit' über mein Haupt Du meines Herzens Krönelein Morgen! Zueignung	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Bella sicome un angelo	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Intermission

Three Shakespeare Songs Op.6 <i>Come Away Death</i> <i>O Mistress Mine</i> <i>Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind</i>	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
In Solitaria Stanza Il poveretto	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
On The Street Where You Live	Music by: Loewe Lyrics by: Lerner

Translations

Le Charme

Quand ton sourire me surprit,
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,
Mais ce qui domptait mon esprit,
Je ne pu d'abord le connaître.

When I caught your smile,
I felt all my being atremble,
But what has conquered my mind,
I did not know at first.

Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fondre,
Mais ce qui serait cet émo,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.

When your glance rested on me,
I felt my soul melting,
But what this emotion might be,
I could not explain at first.

Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,
Ce fut unplug douloureux charme;
Et je n' ai su que je t'aimais
Qu'en voyant ta première larme.

What conquered me forever,
Was a much sadder charm;
And I only realized I loved you
When I saw you shed your first tear.

Sérénade Italienne

Partons en barque sur la mer
Pour passer la nuit aux étoiles.

Let us go in a boat on the ocean
To pass the night among the stars.

Vois, il soufflé juste assez d'air
Pour enfler la toile des voiles.

See, the breeze is just blowing enough
To swell the cloth of the sails.

Le vieux pêcheur italien
Et ses deux fils, qui nous conduisent
Écoutent mais n'entendent rien
Aux mots que nos bouches se dissent.

The old Italian fisherman
And his two sons, who guide us,
Hear but do not understand
The words that we speak to each other.

Sur la mer calme et sombre vois,
Nous pouvons échanger nos âmes,
Et nul ne comprendra nos voix,
Que la nuit, le ciel et le lames.

On the ocean calm and somber, see,
We can exchange our souls,
And no one will understand our voices,
But the night, the sky and the waves.

Le Colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soliel clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans
l'air.

The green humming bird, king of the
hills,
Seeing the dew and the bright sun
Glitter on his nest, woven of fine
grasses,
Like a light breeze escapes into the air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'acoka rouge aux oduers divines

He hurries and flies to the nearby
springs,
Where the reeds make the sound of the
sea,
Where the red hibiscus, with its
heavenly scent,

S'ouvre porte au Coeur un humide
éclair.

Unfolds and brings a humid light to the
heart.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,

Towards the golden flower he descends,
alights,

Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose

And drinks so much love from the rosy
cup

Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

That he dies, not knowing if he could
have drained it!

Sur ta lèvre, pure, ô ma bien aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,

On our pure lips, oh my beloved,
My soul likewise would have wanted to
die,

Du premier baiser, qui l'a parfumée.

Of the first kiss, which has perfumed it.

Breit' über mein Haupt

Breit' über mein Haupt dein schwarzes
Harr,

Let your raven hair fall upon my head,

Neig' zu meir dein Angesicht,

Bring your face closer to me, -

Da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar

There streams into my soul so brightly
and clearly

Mir diener Augen Licht.

The light of your eyes.

Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht,

I do not wish for the sun's splendor
above,

Nich der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,

Nor for the radiant wreath of the stars:

Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht,

I want only the darkness of your raven
locks,

Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

And the brightness of your glance.

Du meines Herzens Krönelein

Du meines Herzens Krönelein,

You. little crown of my Heart,

Du bist von laut' rem Golde,

You are of pure gold;

Wenn andere daneben sein,

Surrounded by others

Dann bist du noch viel holde.

You appeareven lovelier.

Die andern tun so gern gescheut;

When others display their cleverness,

Du bit gar sanft und stille,

You are so sweet and quiet,

Dass jedes Herz sich dein erfreaud,

That every heart is given joy

Dein Glück ist's, nicht dein Wille.

Because of your charm, not your design.

Die andern suchen Lieb' und Gunst

The others seek love and gain

Mit tausend falschen Worten;

With thousands of false words;

Du ohne Mund und Augenkunst

You, artless in speech and glance,

Bist wert an allen Orten.

Prove your worthiness in every way.

Du bist, als wie die Ros' im Wald,

Youa are like the forest rose.

Sie weiss nichts von ihrer Blüte,

Which is not aware of its blossom's
beauty, -

Doch jedem, der vorüber wallt,

Yet, to everyone who passes by,

Erfreaud sie das Gemüte.

It gives delights and inspiration.

Morgen!

Und Morgen wird die Sonne
wiederscheinen,
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen
werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder
einen
Inmitten diesser sonnenatmenden
Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam
niedersteigen,
Stumm warden wir uns in die Augen
schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen...

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
And on the path that I will follow,
It shall again unite us, happy ones,
Upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the wide shore, with its blue
waves,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless, we shall look into each
other's eyes,
And upon us will descend the muted
silence of happiness...

Zueignung

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quale,
Liebe macht die Herzens krank,
Habe Dank!

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank!

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig, ans Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

Ah, you know it, dear soul,
That, far from you, I languish,
Love causes hearts to ache, -
To you my Thanks!

Once, drinking to freedom,
I raised the amethyst cup,
And you blessed the drink,
To you my Thanks!

You exorcised the evil spirits in it,
So that I, as never before,
Cleansed and freed, sank upon your
breast,
To you my Thanks!

Bella siccome un angelo

Bella siccome un angelo in terra
pellegrino.
Fresca siccome un giglio che s'apre sul
mattino.
Occhio che parla e ride, sguardo che i
cor conquide, Ah!
Chioma che vincel'ebano, sorriso
incantator!

Alma innocente, ingenua, che se
medesma ignora.
Modestia impareggiabile, bontá che
v'innamora.

Beautiful as an angle on earth as
apilgrim.
Fresh as a lily that opens in the
morning.
Eyes that speak and laugh, a glance
that the heart conquers, Ah!
Hair that surpasses ebony, a smile
enchanting!

Soul innocent, ingenuous, that she
herself ignores.
Modesty incomparable, goodness that
will make you fall in love.

Amiseri pietosa, gentil, dolce
amorosa! Ah!
Il ciel l'ha fatta nascere Per far beato un
cor!

For the poor she is full of pity, gentle,
sweet, loving! Ah!
The heaven her-has made to be born to
make blesses a heart!

In solitaria stanza

In solitaria stanza
Languè per doglia atroce;
Il labbro è senza voce,
Senza respirare il sen,
Come in deserta aiuola,
Che di rugiade è priva,
Sotto alla vampa estiva
Molle narcisso svien.

In a solitary room,
The language is a horrible pain;
His mouth is silent
His breast without breath,
Like in a deserted flower-bed,
That is deprived of dew,
Beneath the blaze of summer,
The weak narcissus wilts.

Io dall'affanno oppresso,
Corro pe vie remote
E grido in suon che puote
Le rupi intenerir
Salvate, o Dei pietosi,
Quella beltà celesta;
Voi forse non sapreste
Un'altra Irene ordir.

I, from desire oppressed,
I run through life's remote pathways,
And cry out in a sound that could
Crumble the cliffs.
Save, oh God piteous,
This heavenly beauty;
You perhaps might not know
Another Irene to conspire against.

Il Poveretto

Passegger, che al dolce aspetto,
Par che serbi un gentil cor,
Porgi un soldo al poveretto
Che dan man digiuno è ancor.

Passerby, with the sweet appearance
I think you have a kind heart,
Give a penny to the poor one
Who near to you is hungry.

Fin da quando era figliuolo
Sono stato militar
E pugnando pel mio suolo
Ho trascorso e terra e mar;

Since the time of my boyhood
I was a soldier
And fighting for my homeland
I have traveled land and sea;

Ma or che il tempo su me pesa,
Or che forza più non ho,
Fin la terra che ho difesa,
La mia patria m'oblìò.

But now that I am old,
Now that I no more have strength,
In the end the soil that I defended,
My country forgets me.