

3-31-2015

## Junior Recital: Megan Benjamin, soprano

Megan Benjamin

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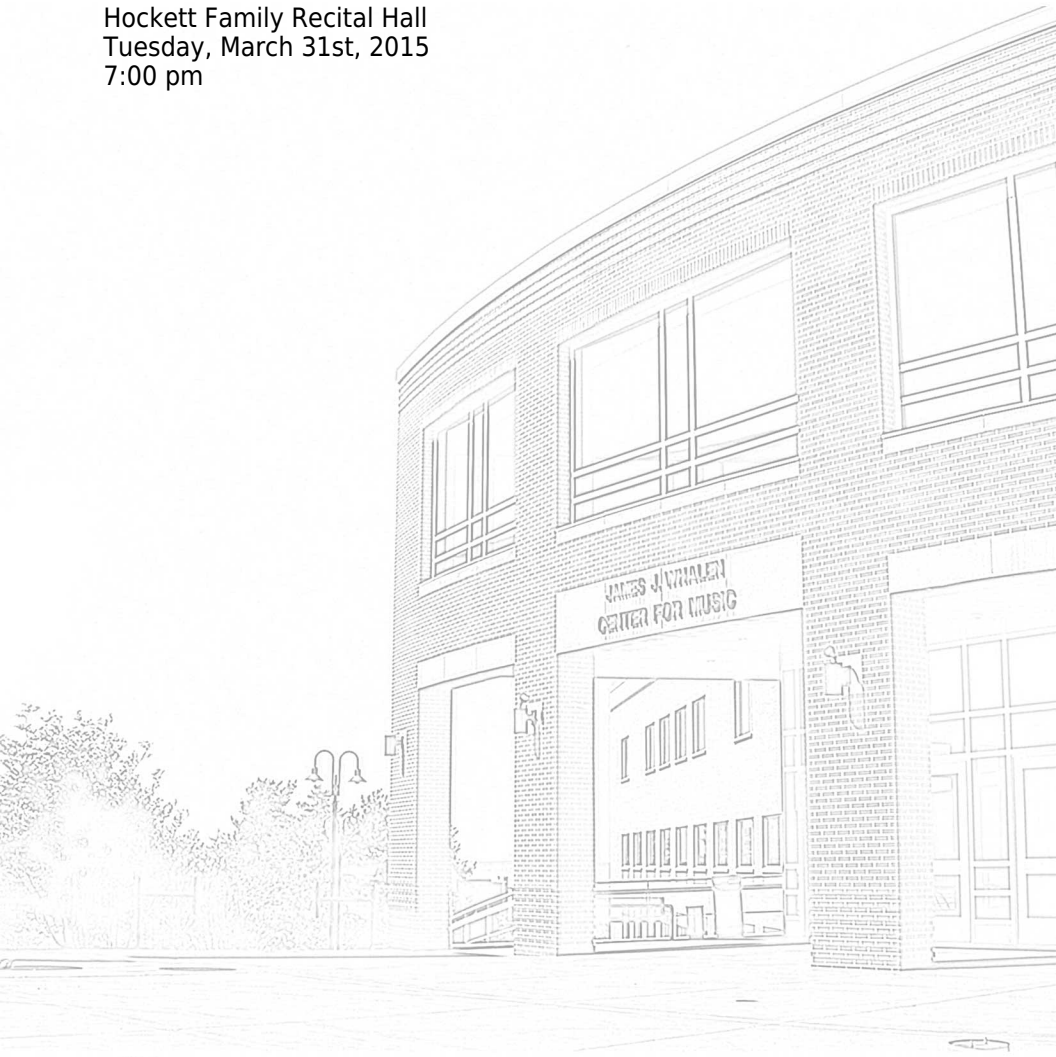
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**Junior Recital:**  
Megan Benjamin, soprano

Blaise Bryski, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Tuesday, March 31st, 2015  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

La regata veneziana: Tre canzonette in dialetto veneziano I. Anzoleta avanti la regata II. Anzoleta co passa la regata III. Anzoleta dopo la regata	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
The year's at the spring Ecstasy Fairy Lullaby	Amy Marcy Cheney Beach (1867-1944)
Mein Herr Marquis from <i>Die Fledermaus</i>	Johann Strauss II (1825-1899)

# Intermission

Das Veilchen Als Luise die Briefe Abendempfindung	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Villanelle	Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)
Le mariage des roses	César Franck (1822-1890)
Les filles de Cadix	Léo Delibes (1836-1891)
Lion Tamer from <i>The Magic Show</i>	Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)
If You Hadn't, But You Did from <i>Two on the Aisle</i>	Jule Styne (1905-1994)

## Translations

### Anzoleta avanti la regata

**Là su la machina xe la bandiera,**  
varda, la vedistu, vala a ciapar.  
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,  
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.  
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta,  
nè el primo premio te pol mancar.

Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta  
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar.

### Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, i xe qua,  
vardeli, vardeli, povereti  
i ghe da drento,  
ah contrario tira el vento,  
i gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?  
ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.  
Ah! che smania! me  
confondo,  
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su, coraggio, voga, voga,  
prima d'esser al paletto  
se ti voghi, ghe scometo,  
tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Caro, caro, par che el svola,  
el li magna tuti quanti  
meza barca l'è andà avanti,  
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

### Anzoleta before the race

There on the stage is the flag,  
look, can you see it?, go for it!  
Come back with it tonight  
or else you can run away and hide.  
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't  
gawp!

Row the gondola with heart and  
soul,  
then you cannot help but win the  
first prize.

Go, think of your Anzoleta,  
who's watching you from this  
balcony.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't  
gawp!

Once in the boat, Momolo, fly!

### Anzoleta when the race passes

They're coming, they're coming,  
look, look at them, the poor things!,  
they row hard!  
ah, the wind is against them,  
but the tide is running their way.

My Momolo, where is he?  
ah! I see him, he's the second,  
Ah! I'm in a fidget! I get  
confused,  
I feel my heart trembling.

Come on, row!, row!,  
before you reach the pole,  
if you keep on rowing, I'll lay a  
bet you'll leave all the others  
behind.

Dear boy, he seems to be flying,  
he's beating the others hollow,  
he's gone half a length ahead,  
ah, I understand: he looked at  
me.

## **Anzoleta dopo la regata**

**Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,**  
caro Momolo, de cuor;  
qua destrachite che xe ora  
de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'o visto co passando  
su mi l'ocio ti a butà  
e go dito respirando:  
un bel premio el ciaparà,

sì, un bel premio in sta bandiera,  
che xe rossa de color;  
gha parlà Venezia intiera,  
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto,  
a vogar nissun te pol,  
de casada, de tragheto  
ti xe el megio barcarol.

## **Mein Herr Marquis**

Mein Herr Marquis, ein Mann wie  
Sie  
Sollt' besser das verstehn,  
Darum rate ich, ja genauer sich

Die Leute anzuseh'n!  
Die Hand ist doch wohl gar zo  
fein, ah!  
Dies Füßchen so zierlich und  
klein, ah!  
Die Sprache, die ich führe,

Die Taille, die Tournüre,  
Dergleichen finden Sie  
Bei einer Zofe nie!  
Gestehn müssen Sie fürwahr,  
Sehr komisch dieser Irrtum war!

Ja, sehr komisch, ha ha ha,  
Ist die Sache, ha ha ha!  
Drum verzeih'n Sie, ha ha ha,  
Wenn ich lache, ha ha ha!

Sehr komisch, Herr Marquis, sind  
Sie!

## **Anzoleta after the race**

Have a kiss!, another one!,  
dear Momolo, from my heart;  
rest here, for it's high time  
to dry this sweat.

Ah, I saw you when, as passing,  
you threw a glance at me  
and I said, breathing again:  
he's going to win a good prize,

indeed, the prize of this flag,  
that is the red one;  
the whole Venice spoke:  
she declared you the winner.

Have a kiss, God bless you!,  
no one rows better than you,  
of all the breeds of gondoliers  
you're the best.

## **My Lord Marquis**

My Lord Marquis, a man like  
you  
Should better understand  
Therefore, I advise you to look  
more

Closely at people!  
This hand is surely far too  
fine, ah!  
This foot so dainty and  
small, ah!  
The manner of speaking which I  
have

My waist, my bustle,  
These would never be found  
On a lady's maid!  
You really must admit,  
This mistake was very comical!

Yes, very comical, ha, ha, ha  
Is this matter, ha, ha, ha!  
So pardon me, ha, ha, ha  
If I laugh, ha, ha, ha!

You are very comical, Lord  
Marquis!

Mit dem Profil im griech'schen  
Stil  
Beschenkte mich Natur  
Wenn nicht dies Gesicht schon  
genügend spricht,  
So seh'n Sie die Figur!  
Schau'n durch die Lorgnette Sie  
dann, ah!  
Sich diese Toilette nur an, ah!  
Mir scheint wohl, die Liebe  
Macht Ihre Augen trübe,  
Der schönen Zofe Bild  
Hat ganz Ihr Herz erfüllt!  
Nun sehen Sie sie überall,  
Sehr komisch ist fürwahr der Fall!

With this profile in a Grecian  
style  
Being a gift of nature  
If this face doesn't  
say enough,  
Just look at my figure!  
Just look through your lorgnette,  
ah!  
At this outfit, ah!  
It seems to me that love  
Has clouded your eyes,  
Has clouded your eyes,  
The image of your chambermaid  
Has quite filled your heart!  
Now you see her everywhere,  
This is truly a very comical  
situation!

### **Das Veilchen**

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,  
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.  
Da kam eine junge Schäferin  
Mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem  
Sinn  
Daher, daher,  
Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich  
nur  
Die schönste Blume der  
Natur,  
Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,  
Bis mich das Liebchen  
abgepflückt  
Und an dem Busen  
mattgedrückt!  
Ach nur, ach nur  
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam  
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen  
nahm,  
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.  
Es sank und starb und freut' sich  
noch:  
Und sterb ich denn, so sterb ich  
doch  
Durch sie, durch sie,  
Zu ihren Füßen doch.

### **The Violet**

A violet in the meadow stood,  
Humble and unknown;  
It was a dear sweet violet.  
Then came a young shepherdess  
With a light step and happy mood  
Along, along  
The meadow along, and sang.

Oh! thought the violet, if I were  
only  
The most beautiful flower of  
nature,  
Oh, just a little while,  
Until plucked by my  
sweetheart  
And pressed her bosom  
onto me!  
Oh just, oh just  
A quarter of an hour long!

Oh! but oh! the girl came  
And did not heed the violet  
and  
Trampled the poor violet.  
It sank and died happily  
still:  
And I die then, so I die  
then  
Through her, through her,  
At her feet yet.

Das arme Veilchen!  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

**Als Luise die Briefe ihres  
ungetreuen Liebhabers  
verbrannte**

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie  
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde  
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu  
Grunde,  
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,  
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen  
wieder,  
Und all' die schwärmerischen  
Lieder,  
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir  
allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr  
Lieben,  
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr  
hier.  
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch  
geschrieben,  
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in  
mir.

**Abendempfindung**

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist  
verschwunden,  
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;

So entfliehn des Lebens schönste  
Stunden,  
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte  
Szene,  
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;

Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes  
Träne  
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie  
Westwind leise,  
Eine stille Ahnung zu),  
Schließ ich dieses Lebens

The poor violet!  
It was a dear sweet violet.

**As Luise Was Burning the  
Letters of Her Unfaithful Lover**

Generated by ardent fantasy  
in a rapturous hour  
brought into this world -  
Perish,  
you children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your  
existence,  
so I restore you now to the fire,  
with all your rapturous  
songs.  
For alas! he sang them not to me  
alone.

I burn you now, and soon, you  
love-letters,  
there will be no trace of you  
here.  
Yet alas! the man himself, who  
wrote you,  
may still perhaps burn long in  
me.

**Evening sensations**

Evening it is; the sun has  
vanished,  
And the moon streams with silver  
rays;

Thus flee Life's fairest  
hours,  
Flying away as if in a dance.

Soon away will fly Life's colorful  
scenes,  
And the curtain will come rolling  
down;

Done is our play, the tears of a  
friend  
Flow already over our grave.

Soon, perhaps (the thought  
gently arrives like the west wind -  
A quiet foreboding)  
I will part from life's

Pilgerreise,  
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem  
Grabe weinen,  
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,  
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch  
erscheinen  
Und will himmelauf euch wehn.

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen  
mir und pflücke  
Mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,  
Und mit deinem seelenvollen  
Blicke  
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach!  
schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu  
weihn;  
Oh, sie wird in meinem  
Diademe  
Dann: die schönste Perle sein!

### **Villanelle**

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,  
Quand auront disparu les froids,  
Tous les deux, nous irons, ma  
belle,  
Pour cueillir le muguet aux  
bois;  
Sous nos pieds égrénant les  
perles  
Que l'on voit, au matin trembler,  
Nous irons écouter les merles  
Siffler

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;  
C'est le mois des amants  
béné  
Et l'oiseau, satinant son  
aile,  
Dit ses vers au rebord  
du nid  
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de  
mousse

Pour parler de nos beaux amours,  
Et dis-moi de ta voix si  
douce:  
Toujours!

pilgrimage,  
And fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep over my  
grave,  
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,  
Then, o Friends, I will appear  
And waft you all heavenward.

And you, bestow also a little tear  
on me, and pluck  
Me a violet for my grave,  
And with your soulful  
gaze,  
Look then gently down on me.

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!  
Do not be ashamed to  
cry;  
Oh, those tears will be in my  
diadem  
Then: the fairest pearls!

### **Villanelle**

When the new season comes,  
When the cold has vanished,  
Together we shall stroll, my  
darling,  
To gather the thrush of the  
woods:  
Under our feet shine the  
pearls  
We see trembling in the morning,  
We will go listen to the blackbirds  
Singing

The spring has come, my darling;  
This is the blessed month of  
lovers  
And the bird preening his soft  
wing,  
Sings his verses on the edge of  
his nest  
Oh! Come then to this bank of  
moss

To speak of our beautiful love,  
And tell me with your voice so  
sweet:  
Always!



Loin, bien loin égarant nos  
courses,  
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,  
Et le daim au miroir des  
sources  
Admirant son grand bois penché  
Puis chez nous tout heureux,  
tout aises,  
En paniers, enlaçant nos  
doigts,  
Revenons rapportant des  
fraises  
Des bois.

### **Le mariage des roses**

Mignonne, sais tu comment,  
S'épousent les roses?  
Ah! cet hymen est charmant!

Quelles tendres choses  
Elles disent en ouvrant  
Leurs paupières closes!  
Mignonne, sais tu comment  
S'épousent les roses?

Elles disent: "Aimons  
nous!  
Si courte est la vie!  
Ayons les baisers plus doux,  
L'âme plus ravie!  
Pendant que l'homme, à genoux,  
Doute, espère, ou prie!  
Ô mes soeurs, embrassons  
nous  
Si courte est la vie!"

Croix-moi, mignonne, crois  
moi,  
Aimons nous comme elles,  
Vois, le printemps vient à toi,  
Et, des hirondelles  
Aimer est l'unique loi  
À leurs nids fidèles.  
Ô ma reine suis ton roi,  
Aimons nous comme elles.

Excepté d'avoir aimé,  
Qu'est-il donc sur terre?  
Notre horizon est fermé,  
Ombre, nuit, mystère!  
Un seul phare est allumé,  
L'amour nous l'éclaire!  
Excepté d'avoir aimé,

Far, very far straying from our  
course,  
We make the hidden rabbit flee,  
And the deer, mirrored in the  
spring  
Admires his great lowered antlers  
Then to our home we will return,  
all content,  
Like baskets entwined are our  
fingers,  
Let us return bringing some  
strawberries  
Of the woods.

### **The marriage of roses**

My dear one, do you know  
how the roses marry?  
Ah! It's a charming ceremony!

Such tender things  
They say as they open  
And close their lids!  
My sweet, do you know  
how the roses marry?

They say, "Let us love each  
other!  
Life is so short!  
Let us have the sweetest kisses,  
the most ravished soul!  
While man, on his knees,  
doubts, hopes or prays!  
My sisters, let us embrace each  
other  
Life is so short!"

Believe me, my dear one, believe  
me,  
let us love each other as they do.  
Look, spring is coming to you,  
And for the swallows  
Love is the only law  
In their faithful nests.  
My queen, I am your king,  
Let us love as they do.

Unless you have loved,  
what use is life on this earth?  
Our horizon is closed,  
Shadow, night, mystery!  
Only one lamp is lit  
Love lights our way!  
Unless you have loved,

Qu'est-il donc sur terre?

What use is life on this earth?

### Les filles de 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.  
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?...  
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'à le dire,  
Cet or est à toi.  
Passez votre chemin, beau sire...  
Ah!  
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!  
Ah!  
Les filles de Cadix craignent ce  
défaut là!

### The Girls of Cadix

We have just seen the bullfight,  
Three boys, three young 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 my waist slim?  
Ah!  
The girls of Cadix like that very  
much.

And we danced a bolero  
One evening, it was Sunday,  
There came towards us a dashing  
Spaniard  
Attired in gold, a feather 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."  
Be on your way, handsome sir.  
Ah!  
The girls of Cadix don't listen to  
such things!

And we danced a bolero,  
At the foot of the hill.  
On the road, Diego was passing,  
All his possessions, a  
cloak,  
And a mandolin:  
"Beauty with the gentle eyes,  
Do you want to go to church  
tomorrow, escorted by  
A jealous lover?  
Jealous! Jealous! What  
foolishness!  
Ah!  
The girls of Cadix fear that  
fault!