

4-2-2015

## Junior Recital: Jacob Cordie, tenor

Jacob Cordie

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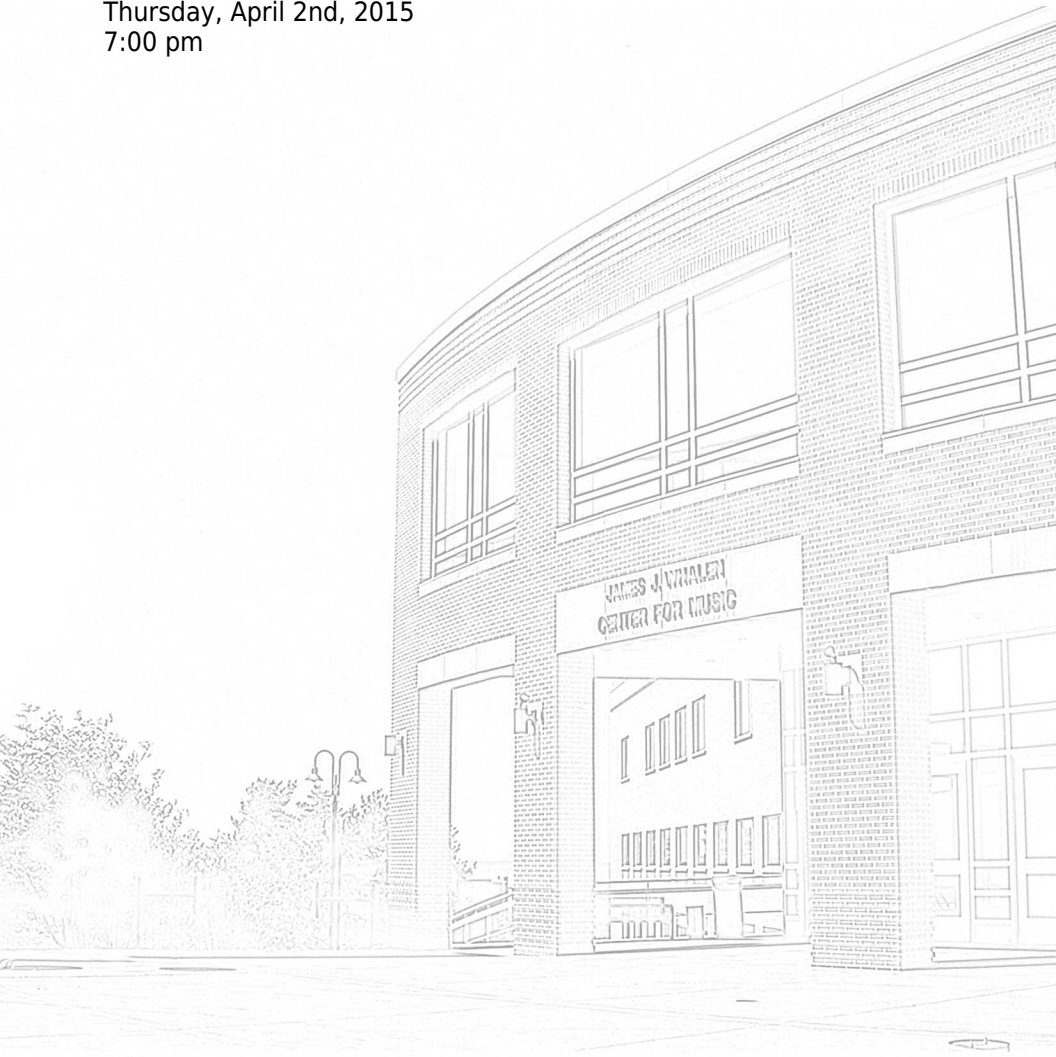
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**Junior Recital:**  
Jacob Cordie, Tenor

Accompanist  
Ni Zhang

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Thursday, April 2nd, 2015  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

## Program

In Native Worth from <i>The Creation</i>	F. J. Haydn 1732-1809
Sonntag Minnelied Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden from <i>Die Schöne Magelone</i>	Johannes Brahms 1833-1897
Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques <i>i. Chanson de la mariée</i> <i>ii. Là-bas, vers l'église</i> <i>iii. Quel galant m'est comparable</i> <i>iv. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques</i> <i>v. Tout gai!</i>	Maurice Ravel 1875-1937

## Intermission

De miei bollenti spiriti from <i>La Traviata</i>	Giuseppe Verdi 1813-1901
Dolente immagine di Fille mia Ma rendi pur contento	Vincenzo Bellini 1801-1835
Sure on this shining night The Daisies There's nae lark The Secrets of the Old Beggar's Song	Samuel Barber 1910-1981

## Translations Sonntag

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n, ich sah es an einem Sonntag wohl vor der Türe steh'n: das tausendschöne Jungfräulein, das tausendschöne Herzelein, wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär heute bei ihr!	This whole week, I have not seen my delicate sweetheart. I saw her on Sunday standing in front of the door: that thousand-times beautiful girl, that thousand-times beautiful heart, would God, would God, I were with her today!
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So will mir doch die ganze Woche das Lachen nicht vergeh'n, ich sah es an einem Sonntag wohl in die Kirche geh'n: das tausendschöne Jungfräulein, das tausendschöne Herzelein, wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär heute bei ihr!	This whole week, my laughing has not ceased; I saw her on Sunday, going to church: that thousand-times beautiful girl, that thousand-times beautiful heart, would God, would God, I were with her today!
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## Minnelied

Holder klingt der Vogelsang, wenn die Engelreine, die mein Jünglingsherz bezwang wandelt durch die Haine.	Delightfully sound the birdsongs, when the pure angel, who conquered my young heart wanders through the wood.
Röter blühen Tal und Au, grüner wird der Wasen, wo die Finger meiner Frau Maienblumen lasen.	Redder bloom the valleys and meadows, green becomes the grass, where the fingers of my lady are picking little mayflowers.

Ohne sie ist alles tot,  
welk sind Blüt' und Kräuter;  
und kein Frühlingsabendrot  
dünkt mir schön und heiter.

Without her, everything is  
dead.  
Blossoms and herbs are  
wilted;  
and no spring sunset  
would seem to me as fair and  
fine.

Traute, minnigliche Frau,  
wollest nimmer fliehen;  
dass mein Herz, gleich dieser  
Au,  
mö'g' in Wonne blühen!

Darling, lovely woman,  
never wish to flee;  
that my heart, as well as this  
meadow,  
might bloom in joy!

### **Sind es schmerzen, sind es Freuden**

Sind es Schmerzen, sind es  
Freuden,  
die durch meinen Busen  
ziehn?  
Alle alten Wünsche scheiden,  
tausend neue Blumen blühn.

Are these sorrows or are  
these joys  
which tug at my breast?  
All the old desires leave;  
a thousand new flowers  
bloom.

Durch die Dämmerund der  
Tränen  
seh' ich ferne Sonnen stehn,  
welches Schmacten! welches  
Sehnen!  
wag' ich's? soll ich näher  
gehn?

Through the dusk of tears  
I see suns standing in the  
distance,  
what languishing, what  
longing!  
Do I dare? Shall I move  
closer?

Ach, und fällt die Träne  
nieder,  
ist es dunkel um mich her;  
dennoch kömmt kein Wunsch  
mir wieder,  
zukunft ist fon Hoffnung leer.

Ah, and when my tears are  
falling,  
it is dark around me;  
yet if my desires do not  
return,  
the future is empty of hope.

So schlage denn, strebendes  
Herz,  
so fließet denn, Tränen,

So beat then, my ambitious  
heart,  
so flow down then, my tears,

herab,  
ach, lust ist nur tieferer  
Schmerz,  
leben is dunkles Grab,

Ohne Verschulden  
soll ich erdulden?  
Wie ist's, daß mir im Traum  
alle gedanken  
auf und nider schwanken!  
Ich kenne mich noch kaum.

O, hört mic, ihr gütigen  
Sterne,  
O höre mich, grünende Flur,  
du, Liebe, den heiligen  
Schwur:  
bleib' ich ihr ferne,  
sterb' ich gerne.  
Ach, nur im Licht von ihrem  
Blick  
wohnt Leben und Hoffnung  
und Glück!

ah, joy is only a deeper pain,  
life is a dark grave,

without guilt,  
should I then suffer?  
How is it that in my dreams  
all my thoughts  
tremble up and down?  
I scarcely know myself  
anymore.

O, hear me, kindly stars,  
O hear me, green meadow,  
and you, my love, hear my  
holy oath:  
if I remain far from her,  
I will die gladly.  
Ah, only in the light of her  
gaze  
dwell life and hope and  
happiness!

### **Chanson de la mariée**

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi,  
perdrix mignonne, ouvre  
au matin tes ailes.  
Trois grains de beauté, mon  
cœur en est brûlé!  
Vois le ruban d'or que je  
t'apporte, pour le nouer  
autour de tes cheveux.  
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens  
nous marier!  
Dans nos deux familles, tous  
sont alliés!

Awake, awake, my darling  
partridge, open to the  
morning your wings.  
Three beauty marks; my  
heart is on fire!  
See the ribbon of gold that I  
bring to tie round your  
hair.  
If you want, my beauty, we  
shall marry!  
In our two families, everyone  
is related by marriage!

### **Là-bas, vers l'église**

Là-bas, vers l'église,  
vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,  
l'église, ô Vierge sainte,

Yonder, by the church,  
by the church of Ayio Sidero,  
the church, o blessed Virgin,

l'église Ayio Costanndino,  
se sont réunis,  
rassemblés en nombre infini,  
du monde, ô Vierge sainte,  
du monde tous les plus  
braves!

the church of Ayio  
Costanndine,  
there are gather,  
assembled in numbers  
infinite,  
the world's, o blessed Virgin  
all the world's most decent  
folk!

### **Quel galant m'est comparable**

Quel galant m'est  
comparable,  
d'entre ceux qu'on voit  
passer?  
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

What gallant compares with  
me,  
among those one sees  
passing by?  
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,  
pistolets et sabre aigu...

See, hanging on my belt,  
my pistols and my curved  
sword...

Et c'est toi que j'aime!

And it is you whom I love!

### **Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques**

Ô joie de mon âme,  
joie de mon cœur,  
trésor qui m'est si cher;  
joie de l'âme et du cœur,  
toi que j'aime ardemment,  
tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

O joy of my soul,  
joy of my heart,  
treasure which is so dear to  
me,  
joy of my sound and heart,  
you whom I love ardently,  
you are more handsome than  
an angel.

Ô lorsque tu parais,  
ange si doux  
devant nos yeux,  
comme un bel ange blond,  
sous le clair soleil,

O when you appear,  
angel so sweet,  
like a fine, blond angel,  
under the bright sun,  
alas! all of our poor hearts  
sigh!

hélas! tous nos pauvres  
cœurs soupirent!

### **Tout gai!**

Tout gai, gai! Ha, tout gai!  
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;

Everyone is joyous, joyous!  
Beautiful legs, tireli, which

belle jambe, la vaisselle  
danse,  
tra la lai!

dance,  
beautiful legs; even the  
dishes are dancing!  
Tra la lai!

### **De' miei bollenti spiriti**

Lunge da lei per me non v'ha  
diletto!

Away from her there is no joy  
for me!

Volaron già tre lune dacché  
la mia Violetta

Three months have already  
flown by since my  
Violetta

agi per me lasciò, dovizie,  
amori

has renounced comfort,  
riches, lovers

e le pompose fester ov'agli  
ommaggi avvezza

and the ostentatious parties  
where, used to the  
appreciation of all,

vedea svhiavo ciascun di sua  
bellezza.

everyone was a slave to her  
beauty.

Ed or contenta in questi  
ameni luoghi

And now happy in these  
pleasant surroundings

tutto scorda per me.

she forgets all for me.

Qui presso a lei io rinascere mi  
sento,

Here near to her I reborn  
myself feel,

e dal soffio d'amor  
rigenerato

and by the breath of  
renewed love

scordo ne' gaudi suoi tutto il  
passato.

in my joy I forget all of the  
past.

De' miei bollenti spiriti il  
giovane ardore

The youthful passion of my  
ardent spirit

ella temprò col placido  
sorriso dell'amor!

she has tempered with the  
calm smile of love!

Dal dì che disse: vivere io  
voglio a te fedel,

Since the day that she said:  
"I want to live with you,  
faithful to you alone,"

dell'universo immemore io  
vivo quasi, io vivo quasi  
in ciel.

ignoring all else, I live as if in  
heaven.

### **Dolente immagine di Fille mia**



Dolente immagine di Fille  
mia,  
perché sì squallida mi siedì  
accanto?  
Che più desider? Dirotto  
pianto  
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,  
why do you sit so desolate  
beside me?  
What more do you wish for?  
Streams of tears  
have I poured on your ashes.

Temi che immemore de' sacri  
giuri  
io possa accendermi ad altra  
face?  
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in  
pace;  
è inestinguibile l'antico  
ardor.

Do you fear that, forgetful of  
sacred vows,  
I could turn to the passion of  
another?  
Shade of Phillis, rest  
peacefully;  
the old flame of love cannot  
be extinguished.

### **Ma rendi pur contento**

Ma rendi pur contento  
della mia bella il core,  
e ti perdono, amore,  
se lieto il mio non è.

Only make happy  
the heart of my beautiful  
lady,  
and I will pardon you, love  
if my own heart is not glad.

Gli affanni suoi pavento  
più degli affanni miei,  
perché più vivo in lei  
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Her troubles I fear  
more than my own troubles,  
because I live more in her  
that I live in myself.