

4-2-2015

Junior Recital: Josi Petersen, soprano

Josi Petersen

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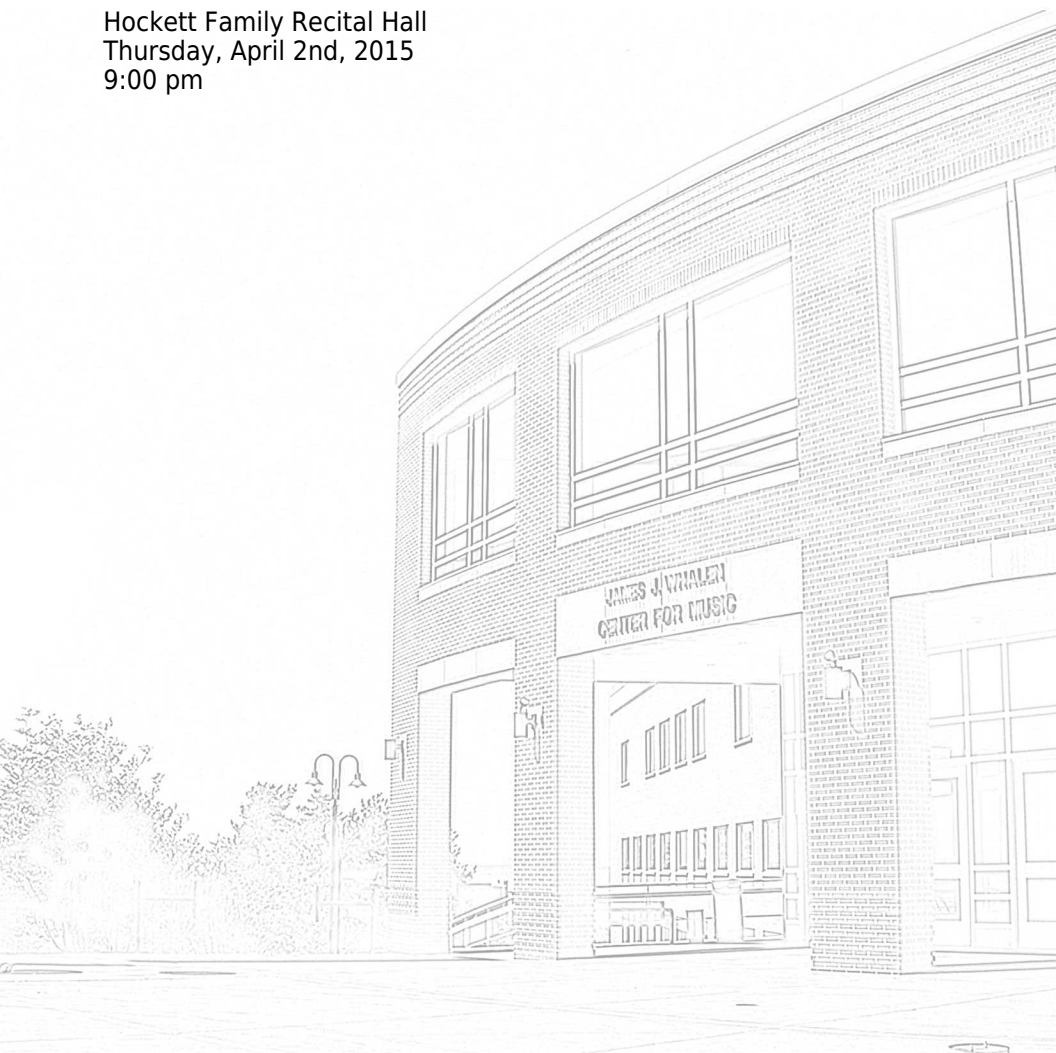
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Junior Recital:
Josi Petersen, soprano

John Mcquaig, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Thursday, April 2nd, 2015
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion
from *Messiah*
I know that my Redeemer liveth
from *Messiah*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Perduta ho la pace
Stornello
Il tramonto

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Drei Lieder aus Schillers "Wilhelm Tell"
Der Fischerknabe
Der Hirt
Der Alpenjäger

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Intermission

Cinq mélodies populaires Grecques
Chanson de la mariée
Là-bas, vers l'église
Quel galant m'est comparable
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
Tout gai!

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Laurie's Song
from *The Tender Land*
Thank you, thank you all
from *The Tender Land*

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Translations

Perduta ho la pace

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

I have lost the peace,
I have, in my heart, a million woes;
Ah, no, no more hope,
never to find.

M'è buio di tomba
ov'egli non è;
Senz'esso un deserto
è il mondo per me.

It's dark as the grave
where he is not;
Without him, a desert
is the world for me.

Mio povero capo
confuso travolto;
Oh misera, il senno,
il senno m'è tolto!

My poor head
is crazy to me;
Oh misery, the mind
is torn apart!

S'io sto al finestrello,
ho gl'occhi a lui solo;
S'io sfuggo di casa,
sol dietro a lui volo.

Out the window,
I look only for him;
If I leave the house,
I only search for him.

Oh, il bel portamento;
oh, il vago suo viso!
Qual forza è nei sguardi,
che dolce sorriso!

Oh, the beautiful poise,
oh, the dreamy face!
What strength in his glances,
that sweet smile!

E son le parole
un magico rio;
Qual stringer di mano,
qual bacio, mio Dio!

And his words,
a magic river;
What handclasp,
what kiss, my God!

Anela congiungersi
al suo il mio petto;
Potessi abbracciarlo,
tenerlo a me stretto!

If I, breathless, rejoin
his breast to mine;
could I embrace him,
keep him close to me!

Baciario potessi,
far pago il desir!
Baciario!
e potessi baciata morir.

If I could kiss him,
satisfy my desire!
To kiss him!
And to die from being kissed!

Stornello

Tu dici che non m'ami... anch'io non t'amo...	You say you don't love me... I also don't love you.
Dici non vi vuoi ben, non te ne voglio.	You say you don't want me, I don't want you.
Dici ch'a un altro pesce hai teso l'amo.	You say you have another fish on the line.
Anch'io in altro giardin la rosa coglio.	I also pick roses in another garden.
Anco di questo vo'che ci accordiamo:	Also on this I want us to come to an agreement:
Tu fai quel che ti pare, io quel che voglio.	You do what you think you best, I will do what I want.
Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.	I am free, each is their own master.
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.	I am a servant to all and servant to none.
Costanza nell'amor è una follia; Volubile io sono e me ne vanto. Non tremo più scontrandoti per via,	Fidelity in love is a folly; I am fickle and brag about it. I do not tremble to see you on the street,
Né, quando sei lontan mi struggo in pianto.	Nor, when you're away, do I fret in tears.
Come usignuol che uscì di prigionia Tutta la notte e il dì folleggio e canto.	Like a nightingale out of captivity, All night and day long I'll frolic and sing.
Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.	I am free, each is their own master.
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.	I am a servant to all and servant to none.

Il tramonto

Amo l'or del giorno che muore Quando il sole già stanco declina, E nell'onde di queta marina Veggio il raggio supremo languir. In quell'ora mi torna nel core Un'età più felice di questa; In quell'ora dolcissima e mesta Volgo a te, cara donna, il sospir.	I love the dying hour of the day When the sun sets, already tired, In waves of the quiet seashore I see the last rays fade. In that hour I return in my heart to a time more happy than this; In that hour sweet and sad My sighs turn to you, dear lady.
L'occhio immoto ed immoto il pensiero, Io contemplo la striscia lucente	The eye is still and still the thought, I contemplate the shining streak

Che mi vien dal seren, dal sereno
occidente
La quiete solcando del mar
E desio di quell'aureo sentiero
Ravviarmi sull'orma infinita
Quasi debba la stanca mia vita
Ad un porto di pace guidar.

That shines on me from the calm
west
The quiet plowing of the sea.
And I desire that golden path
To return me to the infinite trail
That must guide my tired life
to a peaceful port.

Der Fischerknabe

Es lächelt der See, er ladet zum
Bade,
Der Knabe schlief ein am grünen
Gestade,
Da hört er ein Klingen,
Wie Flöten so süß,
Wie Stimmen der Engel
Im Paradies.

The lake smiles, it invites one to
swim,
the boy falls asleep on the green
shore,
he hears a ringing sound,
as sweet as flutes,
like voices of angels
in Paradise.

Und wie er erwachet in seliger Lust,
Da spülen die Wasser ihm um die
Brust,
Und es ruft aus den Tiefen:
Lieb' Knabe, bist mein!
Ich locke den Schläfer,
Ich zieh ihn herein.

And how he awakens in blissful
delight,
the waters spashing over his chest,
and there calls from the depths:
Dear boy, you are mine!
I lure the sleeper,
I draw him in!

Der Hirt

Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
Der Senne muß scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin.

You meadows, farewell,
you sunny pasturelands!
The herdsman must depart,
for summer is past.

Wir fahren zu Berg, wir kommen
wieder,
Wenn der Kuckuck ruft, wenn
erwachen die Lieder,
Wenn mit Blumen die Erde sich
kleidet neu,
Wenn die Brunnlein fließen im
lieblichen Mai.

We travel to the mountain and will
return,
When the cuckoo calls, when the
songs awaken,
when the earth with flowers is
clothed anew,
When the springs flow in lovely
May.

Der Alpenjäger

Es donnern die Höh'n, es zittert der Steg, Nicht grauet dem Schützen auf schwindlichem Weg. Er schreitet verwegen Auf Feldern von Eis, Da pranget kein Frühling, Da grünet kein Reis;	The heights thunder, the narrow bridge trembles, but nothing causes the hunter to fear on his dizzying path. He strides boldy upon the ice-fields, here there is no spring splendor. no branch turns green;
Tief unter den Füßen ein nebliches Meer, Erkennt er die Städte der Menschen nicht mehr; Durch den Riß nur der Wolken Erblickt er die Welt, Tief unter den Wassern Das grünende Feld.	and below his feet is a sea of mist he can see the towns of man no longer; only through a tear in the clouds does he catch a glimpse of the world far below the mist a field is turning green.

Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne, Ouvre au matin tes ailes. Trois grains de beauté, mon coeur 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!	Wake-up, wake-up, partridge pretty, Open your wings to the morning. Three beauty marks, my heart is ablaze from them! See the ribbon of gold I bring you, to use to tie up your hair. If you wish, my beauty, come we shall marry! In our two families, all are related by marriage!
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Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église, Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro, L'église, ô Vierge sainte, L'église Ayio Costannidino, Se sont réunis, Rassemblés en nombre infini, Du monde, ô Vierge sainte, Du monde tous les plus braves!	Down there by the church, by the church of Saint Sideros, the church, oh Virgin saint, the church Saint Constantine, they are gathered, brought together in infinite numbers, of the world, oh Virgin saint, the bravest people in the world!
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Quel Galant m'est comparable

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

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

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

See, hanging on my belt,
pistols and a curved sword...
And it is you whom I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon coeur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du coeur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

Oh joy of my soul,
joy of my heart,
treasure which is so dear to me,
joy of the soul and heart,
you whom I love passionately,
you are more beautiful than an
angel.

Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs
soupirent!

Oh when you appear,
angel so sweet,
before our eyes,
like a beautiful blond angel,
beneath the bright sun,
Alas! all our poor hearts sigh!

Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la lai...

All are happy, happy! Ah, all are
happy!
Beautiful leg, tirela, which dances;
beautiful leg; the dishes are
dancing!
Tra la lai...