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Senior Recital: Ellen Jackson, soprano

Ellen Jackson

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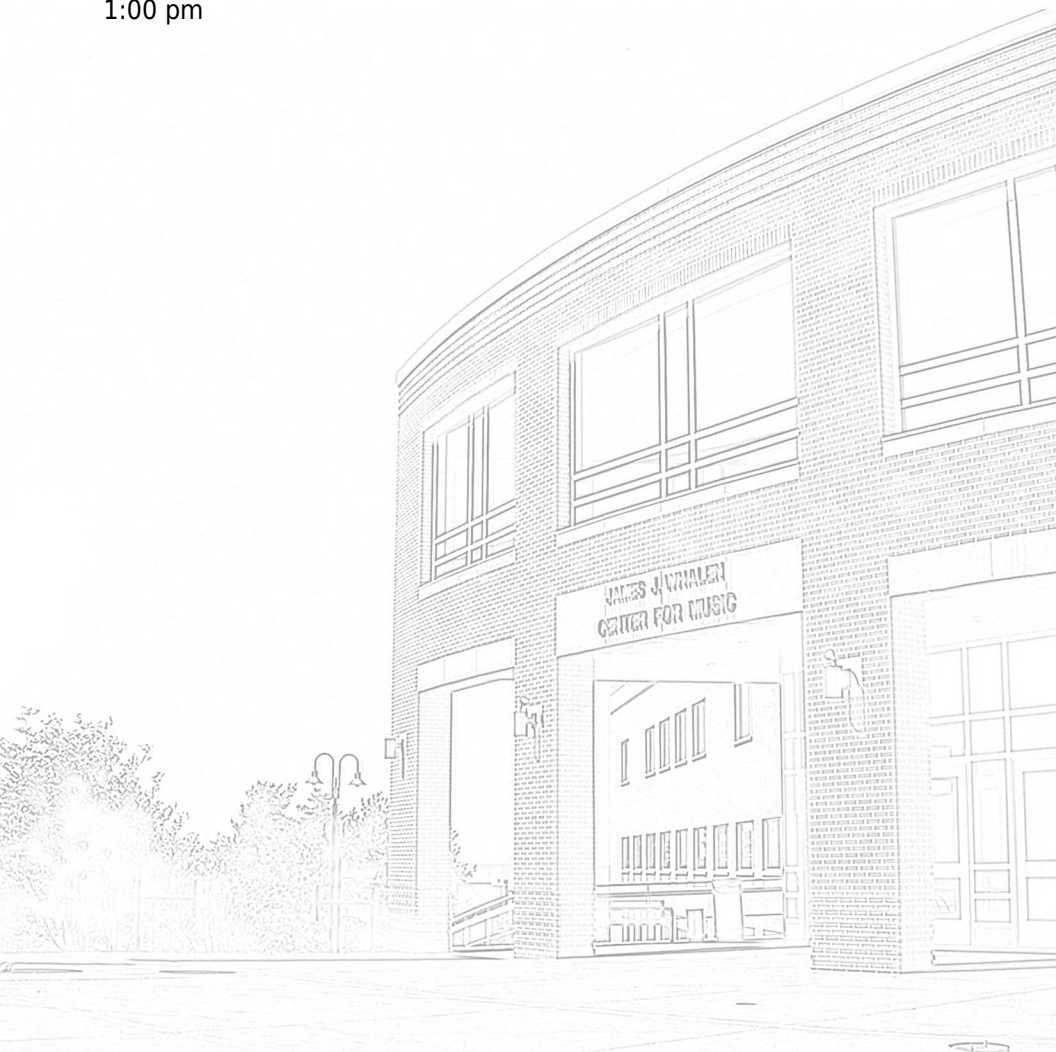
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Senior Recital:
Ellen Jackson, soprano

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

Ford Hall
Saturday, April 4th, 2015
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Brettli-Lieder

Galathea
Der genügsame Liebhaber
Einfältiges Lied
Mahnung
Jedem das Seine

Arnold Schönberg
(1874-1951)

Quattro Rispetti, Op. 11

I.
II.
III.
IV.

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari
(1876-1948)

Aire de Lia

from *L'Enfant prodigue*

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Intermission

La chanson du fou

La coccinelle

Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Cabaret Songs

1. Tell me the truth about love
2. Funeral blues
3. Johnny
4. Calypso

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. Performance. Ellen Jackson is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.

Translations Brettli-Lieder

Galathea

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor
Verlangen,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,
Weil sie so entzückend sind.
Wonne die mir widerfahre,

Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.
Nimmer wehr mir, bis ich
ende,

Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.
Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich
glühe,

Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.
Und was tät ich nicht, du
süsse

Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.
Aber deinen Mund enthülle,
Mädchen,

Meinen Küssen nie,

Denn in seiner Reize Fülle

Kusst ihn nur die Phantasie.

Ah, I'm burning with desire,

Galathea, lovely child,
just to kiss your cheeks,
for they are so charming.
How I yearn for those
caresses,

Galathea, lovely child,
just to kiss your hair,
for it is so enticing.
Evermore my heart
demands,

Galathea, lovely child,
just to kiss your hands,
for they are so tempting.
Ah, just see, I burn, I freeze,

Galathea, lovely child,
just to kiss your hands
for they are so alluring.
And what I wouldn't do, my
sweet,

Galathea, lovely child,
just to kiss your feet
for they are so tempting.
But to my kisses, darling
maiden,

revealed your lips should
never be,

for the fullness of their
charm

are found only in fantasy.

Der genügsame Liebhaber

Meine Freundin hat eine
schwarze Katze
Mit weichem Knisterndem
Sammetfell,

My girlfriend has a black cat
with a softly rippling velvet
hide,

Und ich, ich hab' eine
blitzblanke Glatze,
Blitzblank und glatt und
silberhell.
Meine Freundin gehört zu
den üppigen Frauen,
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das
ganze Jahr,
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer
Katze zu krauen,
Mein Gott ihr behagt halt das
sammtweiche Haar.
Und komm' ich am Abend die
Freundin besuchen,
So liegt die Mieze im Schosse
bei ihr,
Und nascht mit ihr von dem
Honigkuchen
Und schauert, wenn ich leise
ihr Haar berühr.
Und will ich mal zärtlich tun
mit dem Schatze,
Und dass sie mir auch einmal
"Eitschi" macht,
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf
meine Glatze,
Dann streichelt die Freundin
die Katze und lacht.

Einfältiges Lied

König ist spazieren
gangen,
Bloss wie ein Mensch
spazieren gängen,
Ohne Szepter und ohne
Kron',
Wie ein gewöhnlicher
Menschensohn.
Ist ein starker Wind
gekommen,
Ganz gewöhnlicher Wind
gekommen,
Ohne Ahnung, wer das wär',

and I, I have a bald, shiny
head
smooth and shiny and silvery
bright.
My girlfriend is a voluptuous
woman,
she lies upon the couch all
year long,
busily stroking the fur of her
cat
my god, she loves to touch
that velvety fur.
In the evening, when I come
to visit,
the kitty lies in her lap,
and eats honeyed cookies
with her
and shudders when I gently
ruffle its fur.
So when I wish to be tender
with my sweet
and so that she would cuddle
with me, too -
I'll put the cat upon my bald
pate,
then she'll pet the cat and
laugh.

The king went out for a
walk,
like an ordinary man upon a
walk,
without a scepter and
without a crown,
like a regular man.

A strong wind began to blow,
a quite ordinary wind began
to blow,
without knowing who it was

Fällt er über den König her.

Hat ihm den Hut vom Kopf
gerissen,

Hat ihn über's Dach
geschmissen,

Hat ihn nie mehr
wiedergesehn!

Seht ihr's! Da habt ihr's!

Das sag' ich ja!

Treiben gleich Allotria!

Es kann kein König ohne
Kron',

Wie ein gewöhnlicher
Menschensohn

Unter die dummen Leute
gehn!

Mahnung

Mädel sei kein eitles
Ding,

Fang dir keinen
Schmetterling,

Such dir einen rechten Mann,
Der dich tüchtig küssen kann
Und mit seiner Hände Kraft,

Dir ein warmes
Nestchenschaft.

Mädel, mädel, sei nicht
dumm,

Lauf nicht wie in Traum
herum,

Augen auf! Ob Einer kommt,

Der dir recht zum Manne
taugt.

Kommt er, dann nicht lang
bedacht!

Klapp! Die Falle zugemacht.
Liebes Mädel sei gescheit,

at all,
upon the king the wind did
fall.

It ripped the hat from off his
head,

and it hurtled over the roof,
nevermore to be seen!

There you see it! There you
have it!

I told you so!

What a joke!

One can't be a king without a
crown,

who, like an ordinary man,
goes up and down among
the foolish folk.

Woman, don't be such a
vain creature,
don't catch yourself a
butterfly.

But seek a real man,
one who can truly kiss you,
and with the power in his
hands
can build you a warm little
nest.

Woman, woman, don't be
foolish,
don't run around as in a
dream,

keep watch! In case one
appears,

who might be the right man
for you.

If he arrives, don't think
about it for long!

Bam! Spring the trap.

Lovely woman, be wise,

Nütze deine Rosenzeit!
Passe auf und denke dran,
dass du,
Wenn du ohne Plan
Ziellos durch das Leben
schwirrst,
Eine alte Jungfer wirst.
Liebes Mädel sei gescheit,
Nütze deine Rosenzeit.
Passe auf und denke dran!
Denke daran.

use your beauty while it is in
bloom,
pay attention and think
about it, for,
if you do not have a plan,
and stumble aimlessly
through life,
you'll become an old maid.
Lovely woman, be wise,
use your beauty while it is in
bloom,
pay attention and think
about it,
think about it.

Jedem das Seine

Ebenes Paradenfeld
Kasper in der Mitte hält
Hoch auf seinem Gaul.
König, Herzog um ihn 'rum,
Gegenüber Publicum,
Regimenter bum bum bum,
Das marschirt nicht faul.
Luft sich voller Sonne trinkt,
Helm und Bayonett das
blinkt,
Sprüht und gleisst und
glänzt.
Schattiger Tribünensitz,
Bravo! Hurrah! Ulk und Witz.
Operngläser Augenblitz.
Hin und her scharwentz.
Neben mir wer mag das sein,

There on a flat
paradeground
Kaspar holds the center up
on his high horse.
A king, a duke gathered
around
and on the opposite side, the
public;
with the ranks bang bang
bang
marching strictly, as one.
Drinking the air awash with
sunlight,
helmet and bayonet
glittering,
bubbling, shimmering and
sparkling.
In the shadowy reviewing
stand,
Bravo! Hurray! Jests and
jokes.
Lightning-like glanced
through opera glasses.
Parading back and forth.
And next to me, who could
that be?
charmingly not so terribly

Reizend nicht so furchtbar
 fein,
 Doch entzückend shick.
 Wird man kritisch
 angeschaut,
 Heimlich ist man doch
 erbaut,
 Und die Hüfte sehr vertraut
 Kuppelt die Musik.
 Kaspar nimm was dir gebührt
 Und die Truppe recht
 geführt,
 Schutze dich und us.
 Aber jetzt geliebter Schatz,
 Schleunig vom Paradeplatz.
 Hinterm Wall ein Plätzchen
 hat's
 Fern von Hinz und Kunz.
 Und da strecken wir uns hin,
 Ich und meine Nachbarin,
 Weit her tönt's Trara.
 Welche Lust Soldat zu sein,
 Welche Lust es nicht zu sein,
 Wenn still fein allein
 Zu zwein wir et cetera.

elegant
 yet enchantingly chic.
 If one were to look critically
 senses secretly heightened,
 with hips moving trustingly,
 coupled with the music.
 Kaspar, take what you've
 earned,
 and what this garrison has
 led you to,
 protect yourself and us.
 But, now, my dear one
 let's hurry from the
 paradeground
 behind that wall there is a
 little place
 far from the glint and
 hubbub.
 And there we will lie down,
 I and my neighbor.
 For afar, we hear "Tan-ta-ra!"
 What joy to be a soldier
 what joy not to be one
 when finally the two of us
 are quietly alone together, et
 cetera.

Quattro Rispetti, Op. 11

I.

Un verde praticello senza
 piante
 È l'immagine vera del mio
 amante.
 Un mandorlo fiorito all'acqua
 in riva
 È dell'amante mio l'immagine
 viva.

A green lawn without
 trees
 is the true likeness of my
 lover.
 An almond-tree in bloom by
 the water's edge
 is of my lover the living
 image.

Tutti i raggi del sole e delle
stelle
Sono l'imagin di sue luci
belle.
Il dolce olezzo di giovane
fiore
È l'immagine vera del mio
amore.
Amante, amore!
O vieni avaccio a ristorarmi il
core!

All the rays of the sun and of
the stars
are the image of his beautiful
eyes.
The sweet fragrance of
young flowers
is the true likeness of my
beloved.
Lover, beloved!
O come quickly to refresh my
heart!

II.

Jo dei saluti ve ne mando
mille
Quante sono nel ciel minute
stelle,
Quante d'acque nei fiumi
sono stille,
Quante dentro all'inferno son
faville
E di grano nel mondo son
granelle
E quante primavera foglie
adorna
Che si bella e gentile a noi
ritorna!

I of greetings to you send
thousands
as many as are in heaven
small stars,
as many as of water in the
streams there are drops
as many as within hell there
are sparks
and of grain in the world
there are seeds
and as many as the leaves
that adorn spring
when so beautiful and tender
to us it returns.

III.

E tanto c'e pericol ch'io ti
lasci
Quanto in mezzo del mar

Fare un giardino
A torno a torno un muricciuol
di sassi
Ed in quel mezzo porvi un
gelsomino.
E quando il gelsomino sarà
fiorito
Allora il nosto amor sarà
finito!

And so much is the risk
that I leave you
as much as in the middle of
the sea
to make a garden
all around a low wall of rock
and in that center you place
a jasmine.
And when the jasmine will be
in bloom
then our love will be ended!

IV.

O si che non sapevo
sospirare:
Del sospirar mi son fatta
maestra!
Sospir se sono a tavola a
mangiare,
Sospir se sono in camera
soletta,
Sospir se sono a ridere e a
burlare,
Sospir se sono con quella e
con questa,
Sospiro prima sospirando poi;
Sospirare mi fanno gli occhi
tuoi.
Sospiro prima e sospiro fra
un anno
E gli occhi tuoi sospirare mi
fanno.

O one that knew not how to
sigh:
Of sighing I have made
myself mistress!
I sigh if I am at the table
eating,
sigh if I am in the bedroom
alone,
sigh if I am laughing and
jesting,
sigh if I am with that one and
this one,
I sigh before sighing
afterwards:
your eyes cause me to sigh.
I sigh at first and I sigh in a
year
and your eyes cause me to
sigh.

Aire de Lia

L'année en vain chasse
l'année!
A chaque saison ramenée,
Leurs jeux et leurs ébats
M'attristent malgré moi:
Ils rouvrent ma blessure
Et mon chagrin s'accroît...
Je viens chercher la grève
solitaire...
Douleur involontaire!
Efforts superflus!
Lia pleure toujours
L'enfant qu'elle n'a plus!...
Azaël! Azaël!
Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...
En mon coeur maternel
Ton image est restée.
Azaël! Azaël!
Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...

Year in vain pursues year!
At each season returning
their games and their frolics
sadden me despite myself:
they reopen my wound
and my grief increases...
I come to seek the solitary
beach...
Involuntary pain!
Superfluous efforts!
Lia cries still
for the child she no longer
has...
Azael! Azael!
Why have you left me?
In my maternal heart
your image has stayed.
Azael! Azael!
Why have you left me?...

Cependant les soirs étaient
doux,
Dans la plaine d'ormes
plantée,
Quand, sous la charge
récoltée,
On ramenait les grands
boeufs roux.
Lorsque la tache était finie,
Enfants, vieillards et
serviteurs,
Ouvriers des champs ou
pasteurs,
Louaient, de dieu la main
bénie.
Ainsi les jours suivaient les
jours
Et dans la pieuse famille,
Le jeune homme et la jeune
fille
Echangeaient leurs chastes
amours.
D'autres ne sentent pas le
poids
De la vieillesse; heureux
dans leurs enfants,
Ils voient couler les ans sans
regret
Comme sans tristesse...
Aux coeurs inconsolés
Que les temps sont
pesants!...
Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi
m'as-tu quittée?
Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...

Yet the evenings were sweet,
in the plain of elm trees,
when under the collected
harvest,
we drove the great red oxen.
When the task was done,
children, old people and
servants,
farm workers or sheperds,
would praise from god the
blessed hand.
So the days followed the
days
and in the pious family,
the young man and the
young girl
exchanged their chaste love.
Others do not feel the weight
of old age; Happy in their
children,
they see pass the years
without regret
as without sadness...
To hearts inconsolable
how the times are heavy!...
Azael! Azael! Why have you
left me?
Why have you left me?...

La chanson du fou

Au soleil couchant,
Toi qui va cherchant fortune,
Prends garde de choir;
La terre, le soir, est brune.
L'océan trompeur couvre de

To the setting sun,
You who go seeking fortune,
Take care of falling;
The Earth, the evening, is
brown.
The soaking ocean, covered

vapeur
La dune.
Vois, a l'horizon, aucune
maison, aucune!
Maint voleur te suit,
La chose est, la nuit,
commune.
Les dames des bois
Nous gardent parfois
rancune.
Elles vont errer;
Crains d'en rencontrer
quelqu'une.
Les lutins de l'air
Vont danser au clair de lune.

in vapor,
The dune.
See on the horizon, no
house, none!
Many a thief follows you,
The thing is, the night,
communal.
The ladies of the woods
Look at us occasionally
begrudgingly.
They will wander;
Fear of encountering
someone.
The goblins of the air
will dance to the clair de
lune.

La coccinelle

Elle me dit: "Quelque chose
me tourmente,"
Et j'aperçus son cou de
neige,
Et, dessus, un petit insecte
rose.
J'aurais dû, - mais, sage ou
fou,
À seize ans, on est farouche!
J'aurais dû... oh! Oui j'aurais
dû
Voir le baiser sur sa bouche
Plus que l'insecte à son cou!

On eût dit un coquillage,
Dos rose et taché de noir:
Les fauvettes pour nous voir

Se penchaient dans le
feuillage...
Sa bouche fraîche était là!...
Hélas! Hélas! Je me penchais
sur la belle...
Et je pris la coccinelle mais...
Le baiser s'envola!...

She said to me: "Something's
itching me."
And I saw her snow-white
neck,
and on it a small rose-colored
insect.
I should have, - but, right or
wrong,
at sixteen one is shy -
I should have... oh! Yes I
should have
seen the kiss on her lips
rather than the insect on her
neck!
Like a shell it shone;
red back speckled with black.
The warblers, to catch a
glimpse of us,
craned their necks in the
branches.
Her fresh mouth was there!...
Alas! I leaned over the lovely
girl,
and dislodged the ladybird,
but the kiss flew away!

"Fils, apprend comme on me
nomme:"

Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu!...

"Les bêtes sont au bon
Dieu!..."

Mais la bêtise est
à l'homme!..."

Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu!...

Hélas! J'aurais dû... oui...

Hélas! J'aurais dû!...

"Son, learn my name,"

said the insect from the blue
sky...

"creatures belong to our
lord!..."

but cretins belong to man."

Said the insect from the blue
sky!...

Alas! I should have... yes...

Alas! I should have!...

Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe

Puisque rien ne t'arrete

En cet heureux pays,

Ni l'ombre du palmier;

Ni le jaune maïs,

Ni le repos, ni l'abondance,

Ni de voir à ta voix battre le
jeune sein

De nos soeurs, dont, les
soirs,

Le tournoyant essaim

Couronne un coteau de sa
danse;

Adieu, beau voyageur!

Hélas! Adieu!

Oh que n'es-tu de ceux

Qui donnent pour limite

À leurs pieds paresseux

Leur toit de branches ou de
toiles!

Qui, rêveurs, sans en faire,

Écoutent les recits,

Et souhaitent le soir,

Devant leur porte assis,

De s'en aller dans les étoiles!

Hélas! Adieu! Beau

Since nothing holds you

to this happy land,

neither the shade of a palm
tree

nor the yellow corn,

neither rest nor abundance

nor seeing at your voice beat
the youthful breast

of our sisters, who, in the
evenings,

like that of a hive of bees

crowns the hill with her
dance;

Adieu, handsome traveler!

Alas! Adieu!

Oh, why aren't you one of
those

who give limit

to their lazy feet

their own roofs of branches
or canvas!

Who, dreamers, without
making any,

listen to stories,

and dream in the evening,

seated in front of their doors,

to fly away into the stars!

Alas! Adieu! Handsome

voyageur!
Si tu l'avais voulu, peut-être
une de nous,
O jeune homme eût aimé

Te servir à genoux
Dans nos huttes toujours
ouvertes.
Elle eût fait, en bercant ton
sommeil
De ses chants, pour chasser
de ton front
Les moucherons méchants,
Un éventail de feuilles
vertes.

Si tu ne reviens pas, songe
un peu quelquefois
Aux filles du desert, soeurs
à la douce voix,
Qui dansent pieds nus sur la
dune,
O beau jeune homme blanc,
Bel oiseau passager,
souviens-toi;
Car peut-être, o rapide
étranger, ton souvenir
Reste à plus d'une! Hélas!

Adieu! Bel étranger!
Hélas! Adieu! Souviens-toi.

traveler!
Had you wished it, perhaps
one of us,
o young man, would have
liked
to serve you kneeling
in our huts that are always
open.
She would have lulled you to
sleep
with her songs, to chase from
your face
the evil flies,
with a fan of green leaves.

If you do not return, think a
bit sometimes
on the desert's daughters,
soft-voiced sisters
dancing barefoot on the
dune,
handsome young white man,
lovely bird of passage,
remember,
for perhaps, oh rapid
stranger, your memory
remains in the more than
one of them!
Adieu! Handsome stranger!
Alas! Adieu! Remember.