

4-23-2015

Junior Recital: Ava Borowski, soprano

Ava Borowski

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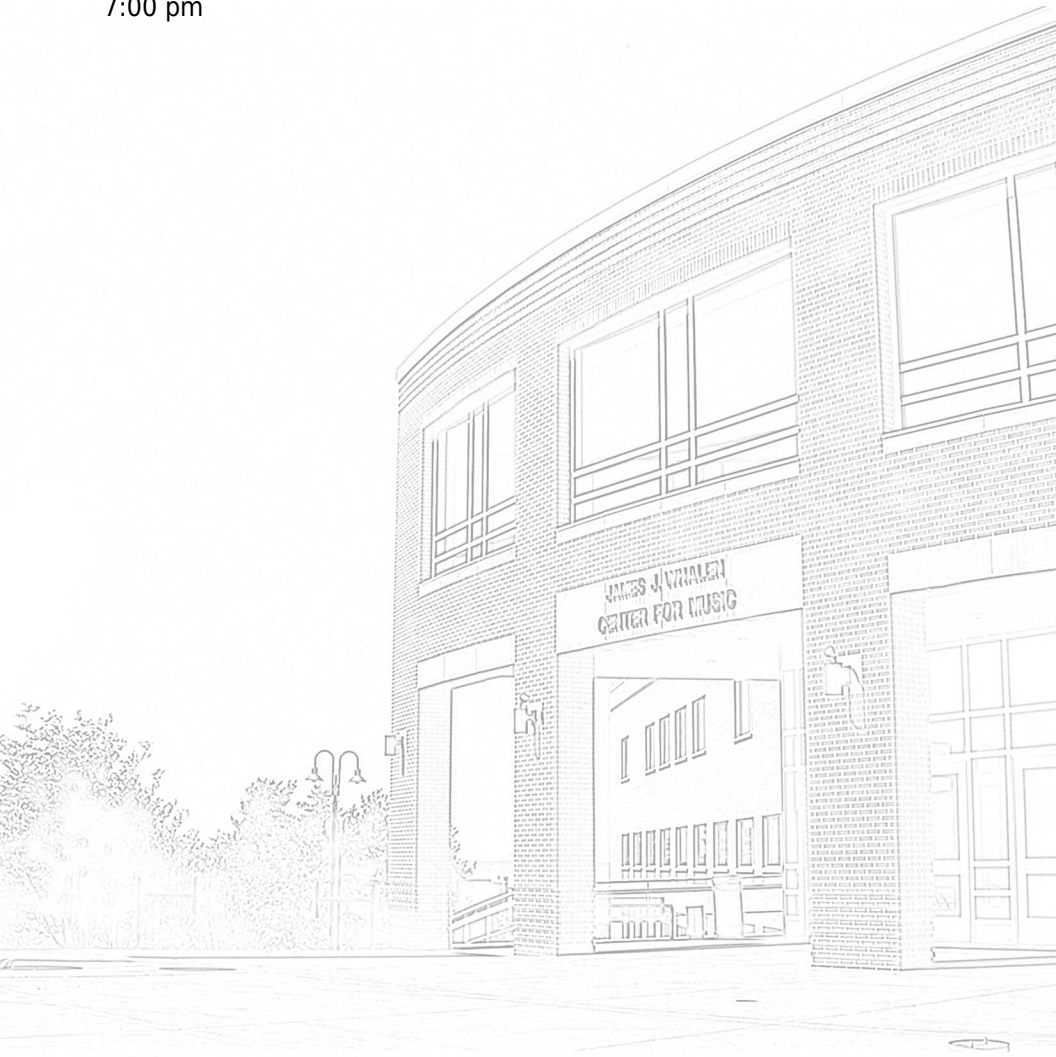
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Junior Recital:
Ava Borowski, soprano

Blaise Brisky, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Thursday, April 23rd, 2015
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Porgi, amor
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Fleur Jetée
Chanson De L'Alouette

Cécile Chaminade
(1857-1944)
Emmanuel Chabrier
(1841-1894)

Rain Has Fallen
Sleep Now
I Hear an Army

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Intermission

La zingara
Il sospiro

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Zueignung
Die Nacht
Allerseelen

Richard Strauss
(1894-1949)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Performance. Ava Borowski is
from the studio of Randie Blooding.

Translations

Porgi, amor

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro,
Al mio duolo, a'miei sospir!
O mi rendi il mio tesoro,

O mi lascia almen morir.

O Love, give me some remedy,
For my sorrow, for my sighs!
Either give me back my
treasure,
Or at least let me die.

Fleur Jetée

Emporte ma folie Au gré du
vent,
Fleur enchantant cueillie
Et jetée an rêvant.
Emporte ma folie Au gré du
vent.

Comme la fleur fauchée Périt
l'amour;
La main qui t'a touchée,
Fuit ma main sans retour.
Comme la fleur fauchée Périt
l'amour.

Que le vent qui te sèche Ô
pavre fleur;
Tout à l'heure si fraîche,
Et demain sans couleur;
Que le vent qui te sèche,
Sèche mon coeur!

Carry off my folly at the whim
of the wind,
Flower I sang and picked
And threw away as I dreamed
Carry off my folly at the whim
of the wind

As fades the flower, perishes
love;
The hand that I touched
Flees my hand forever.
As fades the flower, perishes
love;

The wind that withers you, O
poor flower;
Just now so fresh,
And tomorrow so colorless;
The wind that withers you,
Withers my heart!

Chanson De L'Alouette

Hélas! À l'esclavage
Vous qui montrez l'essor,
Daignez attendre encor
L'alouette est sauvage.
Il faut l'apprivoiser
Aux libertés nouvelles
Où son coeur va puiser,
Vers ta flamme, baiser,
Pour rait bruler ses ailes!

Pourtant, je les souhaite,
Et l'essor et l'air pur
Qui rempliront d'azur

Alas! In slavery
You show that the growth,
Deign to wait again
The lark is wild.
We must tame
It's new freedoms,
Where it's heart will draw
To your flame, kiss,
For it would burn it's wings.

Still, I wish,
The rise and the clean air
Who azure fill

Le coeur de l'alouette!
Bientôt viendra l'éveil
Des aurores nouvelles
Dans le ciel plus vermeil
Vers ta flamme, Soleil,
Elle ouvrira ses ailles!

The heart of the Lark!
Soon will come the
awakening,
New lights,
In the sky of red,
To your flame, Sun,
It will open it's wings!

La zingara

La zingara, la zingara
Fra l'erbe cosparsa di
rorido gelo,
Coverta del solo
gran manto del cielo
Mia madre esultando
La vita me diè.

The gypsy girl, the gypsy
girl
On the grass sprinkled with
frost,
Covered by only the
large mantle of the sky,
My mother, rejoicing,
the life to me given.

Fanciulla, sui greppi le
capre emulai;
Per ville e
cittadi, Cresciuta, danzai,
Le dame lor palme
distesero a me.

A young girl on the
cliffs, the goats I emulated;
through the towns and
cities, I grew, I danced, the
ladies, their
palms extended to me.

La ra la. La zingara.

La ra la. The gypsy girl.

Il loro predissi le cose
non note, ne feci dolenti
ne feci beate,
segreti conobbi di sdegno,
d'amor.

I for them would predict
the things
not noticed, some I made
sad,
some I made happy,
Secrets I knew of anger, of
love.

La ra la. La zingara.

La ra la. The gypsy girl.

Un giorno la mano
Mi porse un donzello;
Mai visto non fummi
garzone
Più bello;
Oh! s'ei nella destra
leggessimi il cor!

One day the hand
of a page was offered to
me;
I had never seen a
handsome boy
more attractive;
Oh! if he in the right would
read to me his heart!

Il sospiro

Donna infelice, stanca
d'amore
L'eterno sonno chiedi all'avel?
Deh! Non rammenti, che qui
v'è un core
che, te perduta, perduto ha il
ciel.

L'Eden ridente quaggiù la
speme,
Rinnovellata ci può donar;
Se implori morte, moriamo
insieme
angiol mio care, non mi
lasciar.

Ma se ricusi ch'or teco stretto
nel riso eterno debba salir
onde la vita mi resti in petto,
dammi l'estremo caldo sospir.

Unhappy woman, weary of
love,
Are you asking for eternal
slumber in the grave?
Please! Know that a heart is
here
which having lost you, has
lost heaven.

Renewed hope can give us
smiling Eden down here;
If you implore death, let us
die together,
my dear angel do not leave
me.

But if you refuse that now,
close to you
I may rise into eternal
splendor,
while there is still life in my
bosom,
give me the ultimate warm
sigh.

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure
Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich
quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen
krank, Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit
Zecher,
Hoch den
Amethysten-Becher,
Und de segnetest den
Trank, Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die
Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie
gewesen,
Heilig, heilig, an Herz dir

Yes, you know it, dearest
soul,
How I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,
Held high the amethyst
beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Have thanks.

And you exorcised the evils
in it,
Until I, as I had never been
before,
Blessed, blessed, sank
upon your heart,
Have thanks.

sank, Habe Dank.

Die Nacht

Aus dem Welde tritt die
Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie
leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem
Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
löscht sie aus
Und stiehlt die Garben weg
vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des
Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des
Doms,
Weg das gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der
Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie
stehle
Dich mir auch.

Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly from the
trees,
Looks about in a wide circle,
Now beware.

All the lights of this earth,
Il flowers, all colors it
extinguishes
And steals the sheaves from
the field.

It takes everything that is
dear,
Takes the silver from the
stream,
Takes away, from the
cathedral's copper roof,
The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also
steal
You from me.

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die
duftenden Reseden,
Und laß und wieder von der
Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand,
Daß ich sie heimlich drücke;
Und wenn man's sieht, Mir ist
es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner
süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet,
Heut auf jedem Grabe,

Place on the table the
fragrant mignonettes,
And let us speak again of
love,
As once we did in May.

Give me your hand,
so that I can press it secretly;
and if someone sees us, it's
all the same to me.
Give me only your sweet
gaze,
As once in May.

Sending off their fragrance,
Flowers adorn each grave

Ein tag in Jahre ist ja den
Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz,
Daß ich dich wieder haber,
Wie einst im Mai.

today.
One day in the year is free for
the dead.
Come close to my heart,
So that I may have you again,
As once in May.