

4-1-2012

Junior Recital: Janine Colletti, soprano

Janine Colletti

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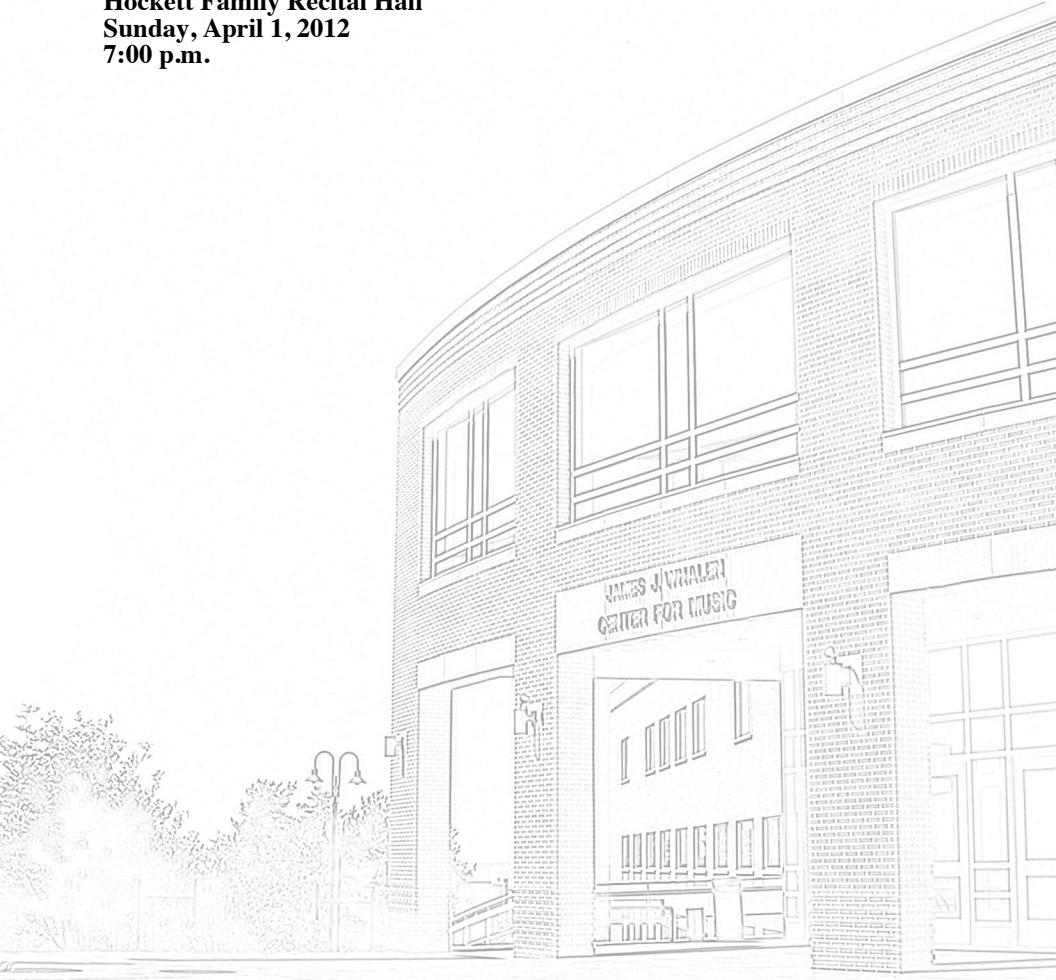
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**Junior Recital:
Janine Colletti, soprano**

**Michael Gaertner, piano
Rachel Schlesinger, oboe
Jeff Porzio, oboe**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, April 1, 2012
7:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Selections from *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson* Aaron Copland
Nature, the Gentlest Mother (1900-1990)
Why Do they Shut Me Out of Heaven?
Heart, We Will Forget Him
Going to Heaven!
The Chariot

Deux Mélodies De Guillaume Apollinaire Francis Poulenc
Montparnasse (1899-1963)
Hyde Park

Aria: Schafe können sicher weiden Johann Sebastian Bach
from *The Hunting Cantata* BWV 208 (1685-1750)
Rachel Schlesinger, Oboe
Jeff Porzio, Oboe

Intermission

La Bonne Cuisine: Four Recipes Leonard Bernstein
Plum Pudding (1918-1990)
Ox-Tails (Queues de Boeuf)
Tavouk Geunksis
Rabbit at Top Speed (Civet à Toute Vitesse)

La Regata Veneziana Gioacchino Rossini
Anzoleta avanti la regata (1792-1868)
Anzoleta co passa la regata
Anzoleta dopo la regata

Sexy Lady Ben Moore
(b. 1960)

This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance.
Janine Colletti is from the studio of Brad Hougham.

Texts and Translations

Nature, the gentlest mother

Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest, -
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon, -
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

Why do they shut Me out of Heaven?

Why do they shut Me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?
But I can sing a little minor
Timid as a Bird

Wouldn't the angels try me
Just once more
Just see if I troubled them
But don't shut the door.

Oh, if I were the gentleman
In the white robes
And they were the little hand that knocked
Could I forbid?

Why do they shut Me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?

Heart, we will forget him

Heart, we will forget him
You and I, tonight.
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

Going to Heaven!

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how, -
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven! -
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown";
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

Going to Heaven!
I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

The Chariot

Because I could not stop for Death --
He kindly stopped for me --
The carriage held but just ourselves --
and Immortality.

We slowly drove -- he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labour, and my leisure too
For His Civility --

We passed the school, where children played,
Their lessons scarcely done.
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
a swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

Montparnasse

Ô porte de l'hôtel avec deux plantes
vertes
Vertes qui jamais
Ne porteront de fleurs
Où sont mes fruits? Où me
planté-je?
Ô porte de l'hôtel un ange est devant
toi
Distribuant des prospectus
On n'a jamais si bien défendu la
vertu
Donnez-moi pour toujours une
chambre à la semaine
Ange barbu vous êtes en réalité
Un poète lyrique d'Allemagne
Qui voulez connaître Paris
Vous connaissez de son pavé
Ces raies sur lesquelles il ne faut pas
que l'on marche

Oh hotel door with two green plants
green, which will never
bear any flowers,
Where are the fruits of my labor?
Where do I plant myself?
Oh hotel door, an angel stands
outside you
handing out leaflets
(virtue has never been so well
defended)
Give me indefinitely a room at the
weekly rate.
Bearded angel, you are in reality
a lyric poet from Germany
who wants to know Paris.
You know about its paving-stones
there are lines which one must not
step.

Et vous rêvez
D'aller passer votre Dimanche à
Garches
Il fait un peu lourd et vos cheveux
sont longs
Ô bon petit poète un peu bête et trop
blond
Vos yeux ressemblent tant à ces deux
grands ballons
Qui s'en vont dans l'air pur
À l'aventure.

Hyde Park

Les Faiseurs de religion
Prêchaient dans le brouillard
Les ombres près de qui nous
passions
Jouaient à collin maillard

À soixante-dix ans
Joues fraîches de petits enfants
Venez venez Eléonore
Et que sais-je encore

Regardez venir les cyclopes
Les pipes s'envolaient
Mais envollez-vous-en regards
impénitents
Et l'Europe l'Europe

Regards sacrés
Mains enamourées
Et les amants s'aimèrent
Tant que prêcheurs prêchèrent

Schafe können sicher weiden

Schafe können sicher weiden,
Wo ein guter Hirte wacht.
Nur wo Recht und Weisheit
schalten,
Können Ruh' und Friede walten
Und was Länder glücklich macht.

And you dream
of spending you Sunday in Garches.

The weather is a bit oppressive and
your hair is long;
Oh good little poet, a little stupid and
too blond.
Your eyes look so much like two big
balloons
floating off in the pure air
wherever chance takes them.

The makers of religion
Preached in the fog
The shadows near where we passed
Played blind man's bluff

In seventy years
Fresh cheeks of little children
Come along, come along Eléonore
And who knows what else

See the great eye approach
The pipes fly away
But you must fly away in obstinate
glances
And Europe, Europe!

Sacred glances,
Enamored hands,
And the lovers loved each other
As preachers preached

Sheep may safely graze

Sheep May Safely Graze,
Where a good shepherd watches.
Turn where only Right and Wisdom
Can exercise peace and rest
And what makes the lands happy

Plum Pudding

Deux cents cinquante grammes de raisins de Malaga
Deux cents cinquante grammes de raisins de Corinthe;
(Raisins de Corinthe)
Deux cents cinquante grammes de graisse de rognon de boeuf,
et cent vingt-cinq grammes de mie de pain émiettée:
(de pain émiettée!)
Soixante grammes de sucre en poudre ou de cassonade;
un verre de lait;
un demi verre de rhum or d'eau-de-vie;
trois oeufs;
un citron!
Muscade, gingembre, cannelle en poudre, mélangés (en tout la moitié d'une cuillère à café)
sel fin la moitié d'une cuillère à café.

Queues de Boeuf

La queue de boeuf n'est pas un mets à dédaigner.

D'abord avec assez de queues de boeuf
on peut faire un pot au feu passable.

Le queues qui ont servi à faire le pot au feu
peuvent être mangées,
pannées,
et grillées, and servies
avec une sauce piquante ou tomate.

La queue de boeuf n'est pas un mets à dédaigner.

Now first you take eleven pounds of juicy Concord grapes
combine with equal parts of extra fine tokays.

(Be sure they are juicy)

And then you take two cups or so of breadcrumbs into which
you melt a pound or so of butter, fat, or lard.

(Use Spry, or use Crisco!)

Eleven cups of sugar (either brown or white or powdered);

a glass of milk,
and half a glass of Bacardi or brandy;

three eggs,
and a lemon.

Now nutmeg, powdered cinnamon, and ginger, all together making half a teaspoon of condiment
which you combine with half a teaspoon full of table salt.

Ox-Tails

Are you too proud to serve your friends an oxtail stew?

You're wrong! For if you have enough of them
you'll find you can make a fine ragout.

Remove the tails which you have used to make the stew,
and then you can bread them,
and grill them,
and prepare them with a sauce.
You'll find them delicious and and different and so tempting.

Are you too proud to serve your friends an oxtail stew?

Tavouk Geunksis

Tavouk Guenksis, poitrine de poule;
Faites bouillir une poule,
dont vous prendrez les blancs;
Vous les pilerez de façon à ce qu'ils
se mette en charpie.

Puis mêlez-les, mêlez-les
avec une bouillie,
comme celle cidessus,
comme celle cidessus,
du Mahalebi

Tavouk Guenksis, poitrine de poule.

Civet à Toute Vitesse

Lorsqu'on sera très pressé,
voici une manière de confectionner
un civet de lièvre que je
recommande!

Dépecez le lièvre comme pour le
civet ordinaire:

Mettez-le dans une casserole ou un
chaudron avec son sang et son foie
écrasé!

Une demi livre de poitrine de porc

(coupée en morceaux)
une vingtaine de petits oignons

(un peu de sel et poivre);
un litre et demi de vin rouge.
Faites bouillir à toute vitesse,
Faites bouillir à toute vitesse.
Au bout de quinze minutes environ,

lorsque la sauce est réduite de
moitié,
approchez un papier enflammé,
de manière à mettre le feu au ragoût.

Lorsqu'il sera éteint,
liez la sauce avec une demi livre de
buerre manié de farine...
Servez.

Tavouk Geunksis, so oriental!
Put a chicken to boil,
young and tender and sweet;
then in the Arab manner you slice it
up into pieces.

Then boil flour and water,
and add to it the chicken;
then prepare it as above,
in the manner we described
for Mahallebi.

Tavouk Geunksis, a Turkish heaven

Rabbit at Top Speed

When you have a sudden guest,
or you're in an awful hurry, may I
say, here's a way to make a rabbit
stew in no time.

Take apart the rabbit in the ordinary
way you do.

put it in a pot or in a casserole, or a
bowl with all its blood and with its
liver mashed.

Take half a pound of breast of pork
finely cut

(as fine as possible)
add little onions with some pepper
and salt

(say twenty-five or so);
a bottle and a half of rich claret.
Boil it up, don't waste a minute,
on the very hottest fire.

When boiled a quarter of an hour or
more
the sauce should now be half of what
it was before.

Then you carefully apply a flame,
as they do in the best, most
expensive cafés

After the flame is out,
just ass the sauce to half a pound of
butter and mix it together

And serve

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,
né 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.

Anzoelta co passa la regata

I xe qua, i xe qua, vardeli, vardeli,
povereti i ghe da drento,
ah contrario tira el vento,
ma 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 paeto 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

Over there the flag is flying,
Look, you can see it, no go for it.
Bring it back to me this evening
Or run away and hide.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't
start gawping!

Row the gondola with heart and soul,

Then you cannot help being first.
Go on, think of your Anzoleta
Watching you from this balcony.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't
start gawping!

Once in the boat, Momolo, go with
the wind!

Anzoleta during the race

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! The excitement's too much for
me,
My heart's racing like mad.

Come on, keep it up, row, row,
You must be the first to finish,
if you keep on rowing, I'll lay a bet
you'll leave all the others behind.

Dear boy, he's almost flying,
he's beating the others hollow,
he's gone half a length ahead,
ah, I understand: he's seen 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.

Anzoleta after the race

Have a kiss!, another one!,
dear Momolo, from my heart;
now relax, for it's the time to the dry
the sweat from your body.

Ah, I saw you when, as you passed,
throwing 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;
all of Venice is talking about you,
they have declared you the victor.

Have a kiss, God bless you!,
no one rows better than you,
of all the breed of watermen,
you are the best gondolier.

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.

Ithaca College School of Music

Ever since its founding in 1892 as a Conservatory of Music, Ithaca College has remained dedicated to attracting the most talented young musicians, and then immersing these students in an advanced culture of musical learning that positions them to be leading professionals in music. As the conservatory evolved into a comprehensive college with expanded academic offerings, the School of Music has continued to earn its reputation as one of the best in the nation.

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For more information regarding the Ithaca College School of Music, please visit us on the web at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music>

Upcoming Events

April

- 2 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Ithaca Brass
- 3 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase Recital
- 4 - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble
- 5 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Sean Duggan, piano
- 6 - Hockett - 10:00am - Sean Duggan, piano masterclass
- 9 - Iger - 8:15pm - Guest Lecture: Husa Visiting Professor of Composition
- 10 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble
- 12 - Nabenhauer - 7:00pm - Improv Ensemble
- 13 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Talea
- 16 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Frank Campos, trumpet/Nicholas Walker, bass
- 17 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Ensemble
- 18 - Hockett - 10:00am - Honors Convocation
- 18 - Ford - 8:15pm - Sinfonietta - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*
- 19 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Opera Workshop
- 19 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Sophomore Percussion Students
- 20 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Vocal Masterclass: Nedda Casei
- 21 - Hockett - 4:00pm - Yusheng Li and the New Continent Saxophone Quartet
- 21 - Ford - 8:15pm - Chamber Orchestra - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*
- 22 - Ford - 3:00pm - Chorus - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*
- 22 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble (GS)
- 23 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Woodwind Chamber Ensemble
- 23 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab
- 24 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Recital: Ivy Walz/Brad Hougham/Jean Radice
- 24 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble (CA)
- 25 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*