

10-3-2015

## Senior Recital: Leanne Contino, soprano

Leanne Contino

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## Senior Recital:

Leanne Contino, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Andrew Carr, tenor

Michael Galvin, bass

Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone

Christopher Hauser, baritone

Claire Noonan, soprano

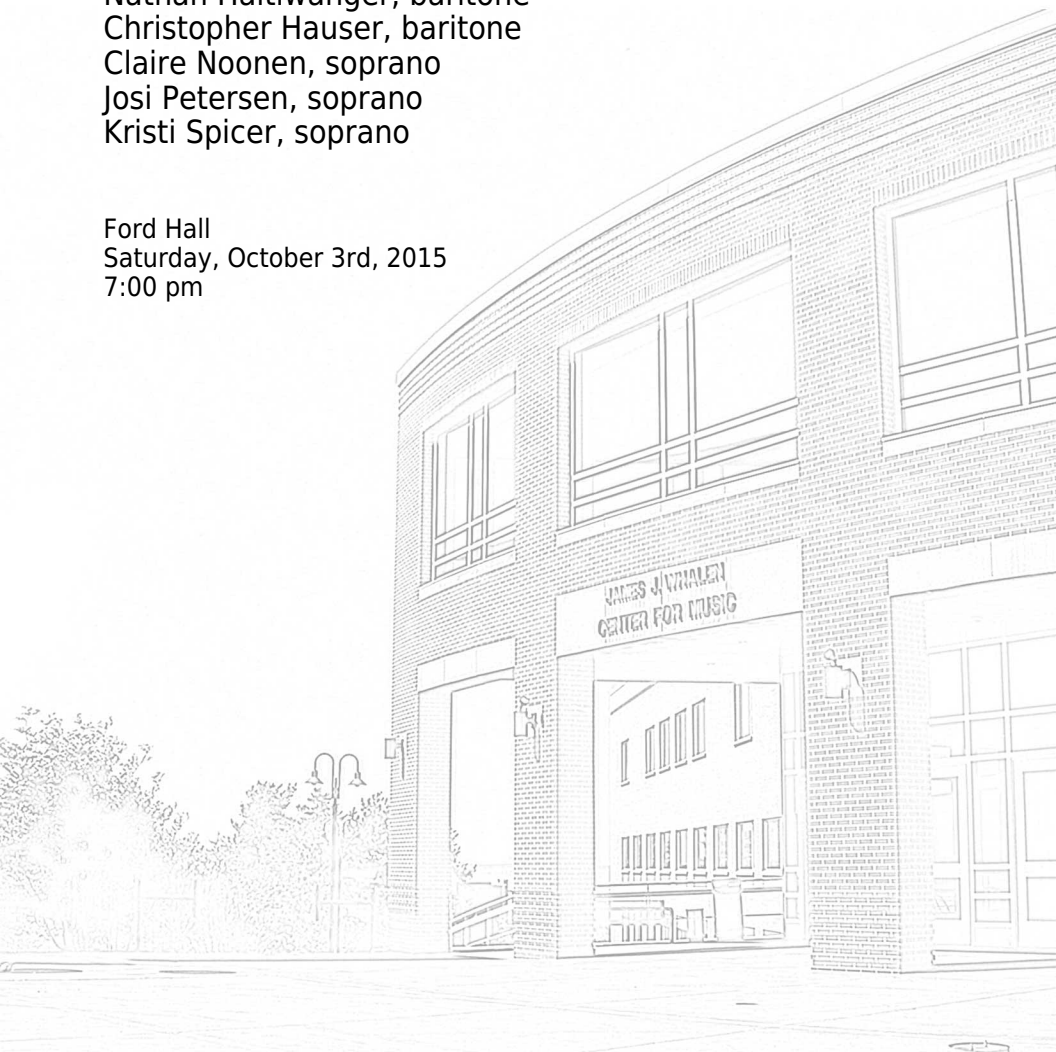
Josi Petersen, soprano

Kristi Spicer, soprano

Ford Hall

Saturday, October 3rd, 2015

7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

# Program

Tonight Quintet  
from *West Side Story*  
*Michael Galvin, Nathan Haltiwanger, Christopher Hauser, Josi Petersen*

Leonard Bernstein  
(1918-1990)

An Chloë  
Das Veilchen  
Als Luise die Briefe

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Prison  
Tristesse  
Les Roses d'Ispahan

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

"Ah! Je veux vivre"  
from *Romeo et Juliette*

Charles-François Gounod  
(1818-1893)

## Intermission

Cricket  
...Summer into Autumn Slips  
Touch Me

Tom Cipullo  
b. 1956

Il Barcaiolo  
La conocchia  
I bevitori

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

*Kristi Spicer, soprano*

I'll Be Seeing You

Music by Sammy Fain  
Arranged by Darmon Meader  
for New York Voices

*Andrew Carr, Claire Noonan, Nathan Haltiwanger*

# Translations

## An Chloë

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,  
hellen, offenen Augen sieht,  
und vor Lust hinein zu schauen  
mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

und ich halte dich und küße  
deine Rosenwangen warm,  
liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe  
zitternd dich in meinem Arm,

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke  
dich an meinen Busen fest,  
der im letzten Augenblicke  
sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

den berauschten Blick umschattet  
eine düstre Wolke mir,  
und ich sitze dann ermattet,  
aber selig neben dir.

When love shines from your blue,  
bright, open eyes,  
and with the pleasure of gazing into  
them  
my heart pounds and glows;  
and I hold you and kiss  
your rosy, warm cheeks,  
lovely Maiden, and I clasp  
you trembling in my arms,

Maiden, Maiden, and I press  
you firmly to my breast,  
which at the last moment,  
only at death, will let you go;

then my intoxicated gaze is  
shadowed  
by a gloomy cloud,  
and I sit then, exhausted,  
but blissful, next to you.

## Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,  
gebückt in sich und unbekannt;  
es war ein herzigs Veilchen.  
Da kam ein' junge Schäferin  
mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn  
daher, daher,  
die Wiese her und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär' ich nur  
die schönste Blume der Natur,  
ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,  
bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt  
und an dem Busen matt gedrückt,  
ach, nur, ach nur  
ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach, aber ach! Das Mädchen kam  
und nicht in acht das Veilchen nahm,  
ertrat das arme Veilchen.  
Es sank und starb, und freut' sich noch:  
und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch  
durch sie, durch sie,  
zu ihren Füßen doch!

Das arme Veilchen! es war ein herzigs  
Veilchen.

A violet in the meadow stood,  
bent-over in itself unnoticed;  
it was the sweetest violet.  
There came along a young shepherdess  
with light footsteps and cheerful mind  
along, along,  
the meadow along, and sang.

Ah thinks the violet, were I but  
the fairest flower of nature,  
if only for a moment.  
until my beloved picked me up  
and on her bosom flat pressed!  
Ah just, Ah just  
a short-quarter-hour long!

Ah! but Ah! The maiden came,  
and took no notice of the little violet.  
trod the poor little-violet.  
It sank and died and rejoiced in itself:  
and die I then, so die I then  
through her, through her,  
beneath her darling feet.

Poor little violet! it was the sweetest  
violet.

## Als Luise die Briefe

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,  
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde  
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde,  
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,  
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen  
wieder,  
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,  
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,  
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.  
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch  
geschrieben,  
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

You borne of such hot phantasy,  
In revelry and so much gushing  
Brought to the world, o perish  
You offspring from melancholy!

The flames which made you into  
being,  
I give you now back to the flames,  
And all those songs of revelry,  
Alas! he sang not just for me.

You cherish'd letters, there you burn,  
And soon there is no trace of you.  
Alas! the man who once has penn'd  
you,  
Will possibly burn long in me.

## Prison

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,  
Si bleu, si calme!  
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,  
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,  
Doucement tinte.  
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit  
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,  
Simple et tranquille.  
Cette paisible rumeur-là  
Vient de la ville.

- Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà  
Pleurant sans cesse,  
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,  
De ta jeunesse?

The sky above the roof -  
So blue, so calm!  
A tree, above the roof,  
Waves its crown.

The bell, in the sky that you see,  
Gently rings.  
A bird, on the tree that you see,  
Plaintively sings.

My God, my God, life is there,  
Simple and serene.  
That peaceful murmur there  
Comes from the town.

O you, what have you done,  
Weeping without end,  
Say, what have you done  
With your young life?

## Tristesse

Avril est de retour.  
La première des roses,  
De ses lèvres mi-closes  
Rit au premier beau jour;  
La terre bienheureuse  
S'ouvre et s'épanouit;  
Tout aime, tout jouit.

Hélas! j'ai dans le cœur une tristesse  
affreuse.

Les buveurs en gaîté,  
Dans leurs chansons vermeilles,  
Célèbrent sous les treilles  
Le vin et la beauté;

April has returned.  
The first of the roses  
From half-open lips  
Smiles at the first fine day;  
The happy earth  
Opens and blooms:  
All is love and ecstasy.

Alas! a dreadful sadness afflicts my  
heart.

The merry drinkers  
With their crimson songs  
Drink, beneath trellises,  
To wine and beauty;

La musique joyeuse,  
Avec leur rire clair  
S'éparpille dans l'air.

En déshabillé blanc,  
Les jeunes demoiselles  
S'en vont sous les tonnelles  
Au bras de leur galant;  
La lune languoureuse  
Argente leurs baisers  
Longuement appuyés.

Moi, je n'aime plus rien,  
Ni l'homme, ni la femme,  
Ni mon corps, ni mon âme,  
Pas même mon vieux chien.  
Allez dire qu'on creuse,  
Sous le pâle gazon,  
Une fosse sans nom.

The joyous music  
With their bright laughter  
Scatters in the air.

In scanty white dresses  
Young girls  
Pass beneath the arbours  
On their lovers' arms;  
The languishing moon  
Silvers their long  
Insistent kisses.

But I love nothing any more,  
Neither man nor woman,  
Neither my body nor my soul,  
Nor even my old dog;  
Send for them to dig  
Beneath the pallid turf  
A nameless grave.

### Les Roses d'Ispahan

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine  
de mousse,  
Le jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de  
l'oranger,  
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une  
odeur moins douce, Ô blanche Leïlah!  
que ton souffle léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail et ton rire léger  
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une  
voix plus douce.  
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce  
l'oranger,  
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord  
d'un nid de mousse.

Ô Leïlah! depuis que de leur vol léger  
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si  
douce  
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle  
oranger,  
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans  
leur mousse.

Oh! que ton jeune amour ce papillon  
léger  
Revienne vers mon cœur d'une aile  
prompte et douce.  
Et qu'il parfume encor la fleur de  
l'oranger,  
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine  
de mousse.

The roses of Ispahan, their sheath of  
moss,  
the jasmines of Moussoul, their  
orange blossoms,  
send forth a perfume less fresh, a  
scent less soft,  
O pale Leila, than your breath, so  
light.

Your lips are of coral and your light  
filled laugh more lovely than swift  
water, your voice more soft;  
more joyful than the wind that shivers  
the orange blossoms,  
than the bird that sings beside its  
nest of moss.

O Leilah, since all the kisses have fled  
light-  
ly your lips, there is no soft  
perfume in the pale orange blossoms,  
nor scent of roses in their moss.

Oh, that it would return on light  
wings, your love, that butterfly, quick  
and soft,  
and perfume again rise from the  
orange blossoms,  
the roses in their sheath of moss.

## Ah! Je veux vivre

Ah!  
Je veux vivre  
Dans ce rêve qui m'enivre;  
Ce jour encore,  
Douce flamme,  
Je te garde dans mon âme  
Comme un trésor!

Cette ivresse  
De jeunesse  
Ne dure, hélas! qu'un jour!  
Puis vient l'heure  
Où l'on pleure,  
Le cœur cède à l'amour,  
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour.

Loin de l'hiver morose  
Laisse-moi sommeiller  
Et respirer la rose  
Respirer la rose  
Avant de l'effeuiller.  
Ah! - Ah!- Ah!  
Douce flamme,  
Reste dans mon âme  
Comme un doux trésor  
Longtemps encore!  
Ah! - Comme un trésor  
Longtemps encor!

Ah!  
I want to live  
in this intoxicating dream!  
This day still,  
gentle flame,  
I keep you in my heart  
like a treasure!

This intoxication  
of youth  
alas! lasts but a day!  
Then comes the time  
when one weeps,  
the heart surrenders to love  
and happiness flies off for ever!

Far from sullen winter  
let me slumber  
and breathe the rose,  
breathe the rose  
before despoiling it.  
Ah! - Ah!- Ah!  
Gentle flame,  
stay in my heart  
like a sweet treasure  
for a long while yet.  
Ah! - like a treasure  
for a long while yet

## Crickets by William Heyen

Evenings, where lawns are not sprayed with posions,  
you can still hear the crickets,  
you can still see lightning bugs signaling,

look, a yellowgreen strobe under the trees,  
but gone, but there again, sometimes  
in the same spot, and sometimes not,

as the tiny purveyors of phosphor  
drift past our houses, looking  
for one another, and the crickets,

crickets, crickets, the ones that still  
have their legs, keep scraping them together,  
listen, maybe for the last time on earth, listen....

**...Summer into Autumn Slips  
by Emily Dickinson**

As Summer into Autumn slips  
and yet we sooner say  
"The Summer" than "the Autumn," lest  
we turn the sun away,

And almost count it an affront  
the presence to concede  
Of one however lovely, not  
the one that we have loved --

**Touch Me  
by Stanley Kunitz**

Summer is late, my heart.  
Words plucked out of the air  
some forty years ago  
when I was wild with love  
and torn almost in two  
scatter like leaves this night  
of whistling wind and rain.  
It is my heart that's late,  
it is my song that's flown.  
Outdoors all afternoon  
under a gunmetal sky  
staking my garden down,  
I kneeled to the crickets trilling  
underfoot as if about  
to burst from their crusty shells;  
and like a child again,  
marveled to hear so clear  
and brave a music pour  
from such a small machine.  
What makes the engine go?  
Desire, desire, desire.  
The longing for the dance  
stirs in the buried life.  
One season only,  
and it's done.  
So let the battered old willow  
thrash against the windowpanes  
and the house timbers creak.  
Darling, do you remember  
the man you married? Touch me,  
remind me who I am.



## Il Barcaiolo

Voga, voga, il vento tace,  
pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno,  
solo un alito di pace  
par che allegrie e cielo e mar:  
voga, voga, marinar.

Or che tutto a noi sorride,  
in si tenero momento,  
all'ebrezza del contento  
voglio l'anima abbandonar.  
Voga, voga, o marinar!, o marinar!

Chè se infiera la tempesta,  
ambidue ne tragge a morte,  
sarà lieta la mia sorte  
al tuo fianco vuò spirar.

Voga, voga, o marinar,  
Sarà lieta la mia sorte  
al tuo fianco vuò spirar.  
Voga, voga, o marinar.

Row, row, the wind is silent  
The waves are pure, the sky clear  
That happy sky and sea  
seem like only a peaceful breath  
Row, row, sailor.

Now that we are all smiling  
In such a tender moment  
To drunkenness, happiness  
I want to abandon my soul  
Row, row, O sailor, O sailor!

If a storm rages  
ferrying both of us to death  
My fate will be happy  
By your side, I want to pass my last  
breath.

Row, row, O sailor  
My fate will be happy  
By your side, I want to pass my last  
breath,  
Row, row, O sailor.

## La conocchia

Quann'a lo bello mio voglio parlare,  
ca spisso me ne vene lu golio,  
a la fenesta me mett'a filare,  
quann'a lo bello mio voglio parlare

Quann'isso passa po' rompo lo filo,  
e co'una grazia me mett'a priare  
bello, peccarita, proite milo,  
isso lu piglia, ed io lo sto a guardare,  
e accossi me ne vao' mpilo mpilo  
ah jeme!

When I want to speak to my love,  
because often I want to do that,  
I sit down spinning at my window  
when I want to speak to my love

When he passes by I break the thread  
and with grace begins to ask  
handsome one, please get it back to  
me  
he bends down and I start watching,  
and so is lit in me a fire forever!

## I bevitori

Mesci! Mesci!  
Mesci e sperda il vento ogni cura,  
ogni lamento, solo il canto del piacere  
risuonar fra noi s'udrà;  
nell'ebrezza del bicchiere  
sta la vera ilarità.

Mesci, mesci,  
Lunga è l'ora degli affanni,  
ha il piacer fugaci i vanni,  
il momento del godere brilla  
e rapido sen va, sen va.

Pour out! Pour out!  
Pour out and disperses the wind  
each cure, lament, only the song of  
bliss  
resounds will be heard between us  
In drunkenness of the glass  
is true hilarity.

Pour out, pour out,  
Long is the hour of breathlessness,  
it is appealing for us to dispel and go,  
the moment of enjoying  
shines and quickly it goes, it goes.