

10-11-2015

Senior Recital: Leanne Averill, soprano

Leanne Averill

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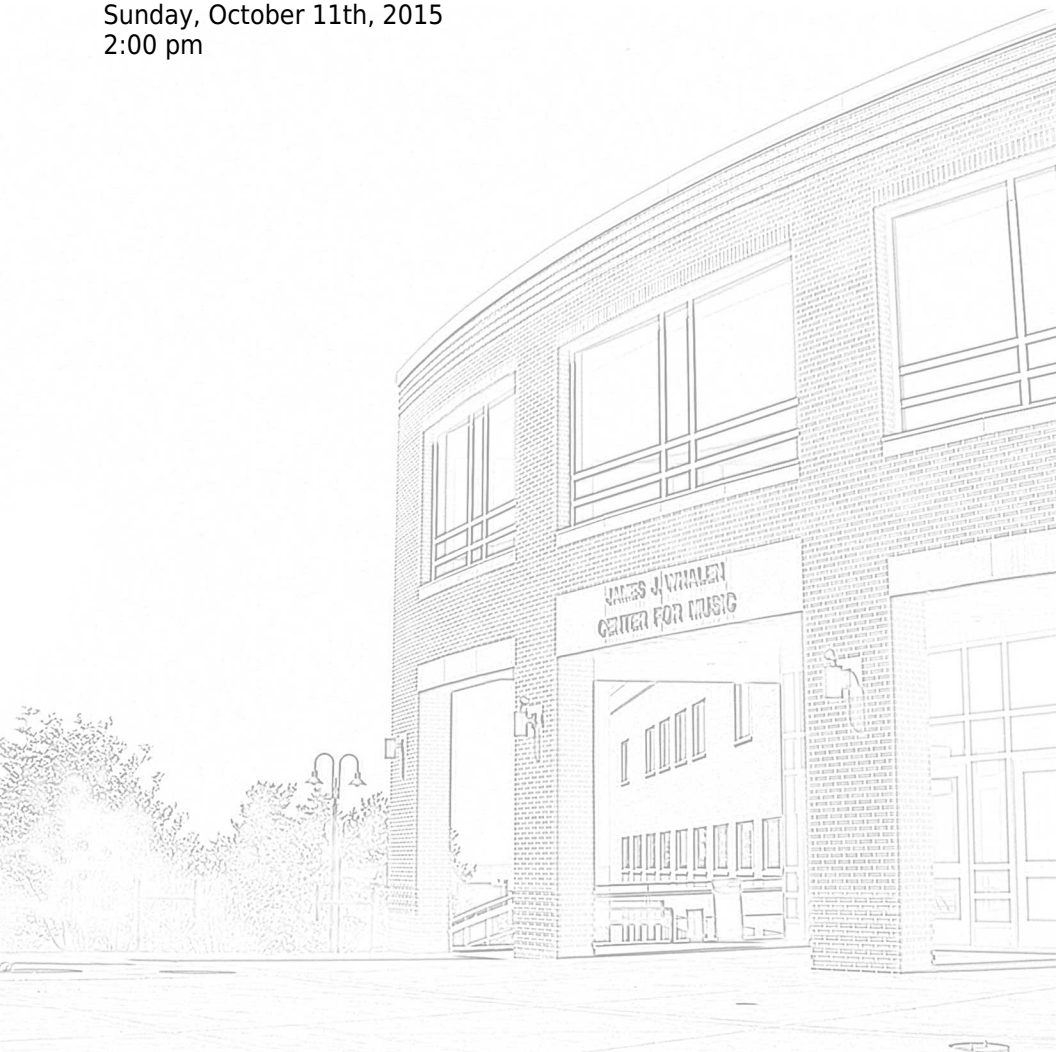
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Senior Recital:
Leanne Averill, soprano

Mary Holzhauer, piano
Laura Stedje, mezzo soprano

Ford Hall
Sunday, October 11th, 2015
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln
from *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

La courte paille
I. Le sommeil
II. Quelle aventure!
III. La reine de coeur
IV. Ba, be, bi, bo, bu
V. Les anges musiciens
VI. Le carafon
VII. Lune d'avril

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

La Danza
L'esule
La fioraia fiorentina

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Intermission

Atto Secondo, Scena II
from *L'Ajo Nell'Imbarazzo*
Laura Stedje, mezzo soprano

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Cowboy Songs
I. Bucking Bronco
II. Lift Me Into Heaven Slowly
III. Billy the Kid

Libby Larsen
(b.1950)

Say the Word
from *The Unauthorized
Autobiography of Samantha
Brown*

Kait Kerrigan and Brian Lowdermilk
(b. 1981, b. 1982)

The Light in the Piazza
from *The Light in the Piazza*

Adam Guettel
(b. 1964)

Translations

Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln

Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln,
Gefälligkeit und Scherzen
Erobert man die Herzen
Der guten Mädchen leicht.

With tenderness and flattery,
favors and pleasantries,
one can easily conquer
a gentle maiden's heart.

Doch mürrisches Befehlen,
Und Poltern, Zanken, Plagen
Macht, dass in wenig Tagen
So Lieb' als Treu' entweicht.

But grumpy commands,
and ranting, bickering, tormenting
will very quickly make
both love and faithfulness vanish.

Le sommeil

Le sommeil est en voyage,
Mon Dieu! où est-il parti?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit;
Il pleure dans son litcage,
Il pleure depuis midi.
Où le sommeil a-t-il mis
Son sable et ses rêves sages?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit;
Il se tourne tout en nage,
Il sanglote dans son lit.
Ah! reviens, reviens, sommeil,
Sur ton beau cheval de course!
Dans le ciel noir, la Grand Ourse

Sleep is on vacation.
My God! Where has it gone?
I've rocked my little one in vain;
he cries in his crib,
he's been crying since noon.
Where has sleep put
its sand and its wise dreams?
I've rocked my little one in vain;
he turns, all sweaty,
he sobs in his bed.
Ah! return, return, sleep,
on your beautiful race horse!
In the black sky, the Big Bear (the Big
Dipper)

A enterré le soleil
Et ralumé ses abelles.
Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,
Il ne dira pas bonjour,
Il ne dira rien demain
A ses doigts, au lait, au pain
Qui l'accueillent dans le jour.

has buried the sun
and re-lit his bees (the Milky Way).
If baby doesn't sleep well,
he won't say "good morning,"
he won't say anything tomorrow
to his fingers, to the milk, to the bread
that greet him with the day.

Quelle aventure!

Une puce dans sa voiture,
Tirait un petit éléphant
En regardant les devantures
Où scintillaient les diamants.
Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
quelle aventure!
Qui va me croire, s'il m'entend?

A flea in its carriage,
was pulling a little elephant along
while looking at the shop windows
where diamonds sparkled.
My God! my God!
What adventure!
Who will believe me, if they hear me?

L'éléphaneau, d'un air absent,
Suçait un pot de confiture.
Mais la puce n'en avait cure,
Elle tirait en souriant.

The little elephant absent mindedly
licked at a jar of jam,
but the flea didn't care;
she pulled along, smiling.

Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
que cela dure
Et je vais me croire dément!

Soudain, le long d'une clôture,
La puce fondit dans le vent
Et je vis le jeune éléphant
Se sauver en fendant les murs.
Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
la chose est sûre,
Mais comment le dire à maman?

My God! my God!
How hard this is to believe!
And I think I must be crazy!

Suddenly, along a fence,
the flea blew away in the wind,
and I saw the young elephant
make off by breaking through the walls.
My God! my God!
it's really true,
but how can I tell Mommy?

La reine de cœur

Mollement accoudée
A ses vitres de lune,
La reine vous salue
d'une fleur d'amandier.
C'est la reine de cœur.
Elle peut, s'il lui plaît,
Vous mener en secret
Vers d'étranges demeures
Où il ne'st plus de portes,
De salles ni de tours
Et où les jeune mortes
Viennent parler d'amour.

La reine vous salue;
Hâtez-vous de la suivre
Dans son château de givre
Aux doux vitraux de lune.

Softly leaning
on her moon windows,
the queen waves to you
with an almond flower.
She is the Queen of Hearts.
She can, if she wishes,
lead you in secret
into strange dwellings
where there are no more doors,
or rooms, or towers,
and where the young dead
come to talk of love.

The queen waves to you;
hasten to follow her
into her hoar-frost castle
with lovely moon windows.

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
Le chat a mis ses bottes,
Il va de porte en porte
Jouer, danser,
Danser, chanter -
Pou, chou, genou, hibou.

"Tu dois apprendre à lire,
A compter, à écrire,"
Lui crie-t-on de partout.
Mais rikketikketau,
Le chat de s'esclaffer
En rentrant au château:
Il est le Chat Botté!

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
The cat has put on his boots;
he goes from door to door,
playing, dancing,
dancing, singing -
Lice, cabbage, knee, owl. (a
memorization rhyme)

"You must learn to read,
to count, to write,"
everyone calls out to him.
But rikketikketau,
the cat bursts out laughing,
returning to his castle:
He is Puss in Boots!

Les anges musiciens

Sur les fils de la pluie,
Les anges du jeudi
Jouent longtemps de la harpe.
Et sous leurs doigts, Mozart
Tinte, délicieux,
En gouttes de joie bleue
Car c'est toujours Mozart
Que reprennent sans fin
Les anges musiciens
Qui, au long du jeudi,
Font chanter sur la harpe
La douceur de la pluie.

On the threads of the rain
the Thursday angels
play on the harp for a long time.
And beneath their fingers, Mozart
rings, deliciously,
in drops of blue joy
since it is always Mozart
which is played endlessly
by the musician angels
who, all day Thursday,
make their harps sing
the sweetness of the rain.

Le carafon

"Pourquoi, se plaignait la carafe,
N'aurais-je pas un carafon?
Au zoo, madame la giraffe
N'a-t-elle pas un girafon?"
Un sorcier qui passait par là,
A cheval sur un phonographe,
Enregistra la belle voix
De soprano de la carafe
Et la fit entendre à Merlin.
"Fort bien, dit celui-ci, fort bien!"
Il frappa trois fois dans les mains
Et la dame de la maison
Se demande encore pourquoi
Elle trouva, ce matin-là
Un joli petit carafon
Blotti tout contre la carafe
Ainsi qu'au zoo le girafon
Pose son cou fragile et long
Sur le flanc clair de la girafe.

"Why," complained the carafe,
"couldn't I have a baby carafe?
At the zoo, Madame Giraffe -
doesn't she have a baby giraffe?"
A sorcerer who was passing by
riding a phonograph
recorded the beautiful
soprano voice of the carafe
and played it for Merlin.
"Very well," he said, "very well!"
He clapped his hands three times
And the lady of the house
still asks herself why
she found, that morning,
a pretty little baby carafe
leaning up against the carafe
just as in the zoo, the baby giraffe
leans its long and fragile neck
against the pale flank of the giraffe.

Lune d'avril

Lune, belle lune, lune d'Avril,
Faites-moi voir en m'endormant
Le pêcher au cœur de safran,
Le poisson qui rit du grésil,
L'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,
Doucement réveille les morts
Et surtout, surtout le pays
Où il fait joie, où il fait clair,
Où, soleilleux de primevères,
On a brisé tous les fusils.
Lune, belle lune, lune d'avril,
Lune.

Moon, beautiful moon, moon of April,
let me see in my sleep
the peach tree with a heart of saffron,
the fish that laughs at sleet,
the bird who, distant as a hunting horn,
gently awakens the dead
and above all, above all, the land
where there is joy, where it is light,
where, sunny with primroses,
all the guns have been destroyed.
Moon, beautiful moon, moon of April,
moon.

La Danza The Dance

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia si salterà,
l'ora è bella per danzare
chi è in amor non mancherà.

Presto in danza a tondo,
donne mie venite quà,
un garzon bello e giocondo
a ciascuna toccherà,
finchè in ciel brilla una stella

e la luna splenderà.
Il più bel con la più bella

tutta notte danzerà.

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
già s'avvanza si ritira
e all'assalto tornerà.

Serra, serra colla bionda
collabruna va quà e là,
colla rossa vè a seconda
colla smorta fermo sta!
Viva il ballo a tondo a tondo
sono un Rè, sono un Bascià,
è il più bel piacer del mondo
la più cara voluttà.

Already the moon dips into the sea,
My goodness, how we will leap,
The hour is perfect for dancing,
and anyone in love will not miss it.

Swiftly dancing round and round,
My ladies, come here,
A handsome and playful fellow
Willing to dance with every one.
As long as the evening star shines in the
sky
And the moon glows brightly,
The most handsome with the most
beautiful
Will dance the night away.

Jump, jump, turn and turn,
Every couple circling round,
now advancing, now retreating
and begin once again.

Hold on tightly to the blonde,
Take the brunette here and there,
take the redhead after,
leave the dull one standing.
Hooray for dancing round and round,
I'm a king, I'm a pasha,
This is the greatest pleasure on earth,
And the dearest delight.

L'esule The exile

Qui sempre ride il cielo,
qui verde ognor la fronda,
qui del ruscello l'onda
dolce mi scorre al piè';
ma questo suol non è
la Patria mia.

Qui nell'azzurro flutto
sempre si specchia il sole;
i gigli e le viole
crescono intorno a me;
ma questo suol non è
la Patria mia.

Le vergini son vaghe
come le fresche rose
che al loro crin compose

Here the sky is always bright,
here every branch is green,
here the waters of the brook
sweetly flow over my feet;
but this soil is not
my homeland.

Here in the blue waves
always reflect the sun;
the lilies and the violets
grow around me;
but this soil is not
my homeland.

The maidens are lovely,
like the fresh roses
that they were in their hair

amor pegno di fe';
ma questo suol non è
la Patria mia.

Nell'Itale contrade
è una città Regina;
la Ligure marina
sempre le bagna il pie'.
La ravvisate, ell'è
la Patria mia.

as a pledge of fidelity;
but this soil is not
my homeland.

In the Italian districts
there is a queen among cities;
the Ligurian coast
always bathes your feet.
Do you know it? It is
my homeland.

La fioraia fiorentina The flower girl of Florence

I più bei fior comprate,
fanciulli amanti e spose:
son fresche le mie rose,
non spiran che l'amor. No!

Ahime! Soccorso implora
mia madre, poveretta
e da me sola aspetta
del pan e non dell'or.

Buy the most beautiful flowers,
amorous young men and spouses:
my flowers are fresh,
and will not die like love. No!

Alas! Help implores
my mother, the poor woman
and for me alone she waits
for bread and not for gold.

Atto Secondo, Scena II

(Italic denotes Leonarda; Regular denotes Gilda)

È permesso... si può? Non c'è nessuno.

Ci son io per servirla.
Uh! Cosa vedo! Occhi miei svergognati.
Oh! Che disgrazia! Cos'ha veduto? Il
diavolo?

Peggio.

Obbligata.

È Don Gregorio?

Appunto ho bisogno di lui,
m'obbligherebbe moltissimo a cercarlo,
e dirgli...

Cosa?

Che impaziente l'aspetto, e che il mio
core senza di lui più star non
può.

Che orrore!

*Nelle camere soletta star d'un vecchio
pedantaccio, eh!*

*Far la bella smorfiosetta a quel lurido
mostaccio, eh!*

*Ah! Le carni mi si aggrinzano, che
insensata umanità!*

*Is it permitted?... can I come in? There
is no here.*

It is I to serve you.

Uh! What do I see! My eyes are shamed.

Oh! What disgrace! What have I seen?
The devil?

Worse.

Obbligated.

Is it Don Gregorio?

I just need him,

it would please me very much to go and
find him, and tell him...

What?

How impatient is the wait, and how my
heart cannot be without him.

What horror!

In the rooms the old pedant is alone, eh!

*You make the beautiful simper at that
filthy mustache, eh!*

*Ah! The flesh wrinkles me, what
senseless humanity!*

Se facesse in te ritorno la stagione di
primavera, ah!
Chiameresti a te d'intorno brutti e belli a
schiera a schiera, eh!
Tratteresti il vecchio, il giovane,
l'attempata e mezza età.

Non parlar, sta zitta ardita!
Parti, o vecchia rimbambita.
I tuoi falli porti in vanto.
Non gonfiarti tanto tanto.

*Di soffrir mi fa vergogna la tua gran
temerità.*
Può creparsi la zampogna ed il fiato in
aria andrà.

*(Veh! L'orgogliosa, la briconaccia,
Non ha rossore, no si sgomenta;
se più mi stuzzica, se mi cimenta,
che l'unghie ho lunghe provar farò.)*

(Mi giova fingere, regger l'inganno,
ma se mi oltraggia più la vecchiaccia
scordo per poco del cor l'affanno
e gli occhi fuori le cacerò.)

Ti consiglio d'andar via.
Questa appunto è casa mia.
*Che? Tua casa? Oh! Cospettone! Tutto a
dir vado al padrone.*

Non parlar, brutta befana.
Io befana! Olá civetta!
Taci, o in aria la furlana or ballare ti
farò.
A me befana!

*Le fibre, le arterie, già in me son
commosse,
mi assale la colica, mi viene la tosse,
già son paralitica, mi sento scoppiar.*

Ah! Ah! Mi fa ridere la scena graziosa,
ma temo che critica diventai la cosa
e torna di palpiti quest'alma a gelar.

Civetta!
Befana!

If the season of spring could return to
you, ah!
You would attract the ugly and the
beautiful, eh!
You would treat the old, the young, the
elderly and the middle-aged.

Do not speak, keep quiet bold one!
Leave, senile woman.
You have pride in your flaws.
Do not exaggerate too much.

*Making me suffer shames your
boldness.*
I can crack the bagpipes and your
breath will go into the air.

*(Veh! The proud, the wily wench,
Has not blushed, is not dismayed;
if she teases me more, if she engages
me,
what my long nails will try to do.)*

(I must pretend, be deceptive,
but if she engages me more, the old
hag,
I'll forget for a while the breathless
heart
and I'll rip out her eyes.)

I advise you to go away.
This is my house.
What? Your house? Oh! Damn!
*Everything I am told I must take
to the master.*

Do not speak, ugly witch.
Me a witch! There's the slut!
Shut up, or you will dance the furlana in
the air.
Me a witch!

*The fibers, the arteries, are already
moving inside me,
the stomach pain attacks me, the cough
comes,
already I am paralyzed, I feel like I'll
explode.*

Ha! Ha! This delightful scene makes me
laugh,
but I fear that criticism becomes the
thing
and freezes the heart of my soul.

Slut!
Old witch!