

11-15-2015

## Junior Recital: Ariana Warren, mezzo-soprano

Ariana Warren

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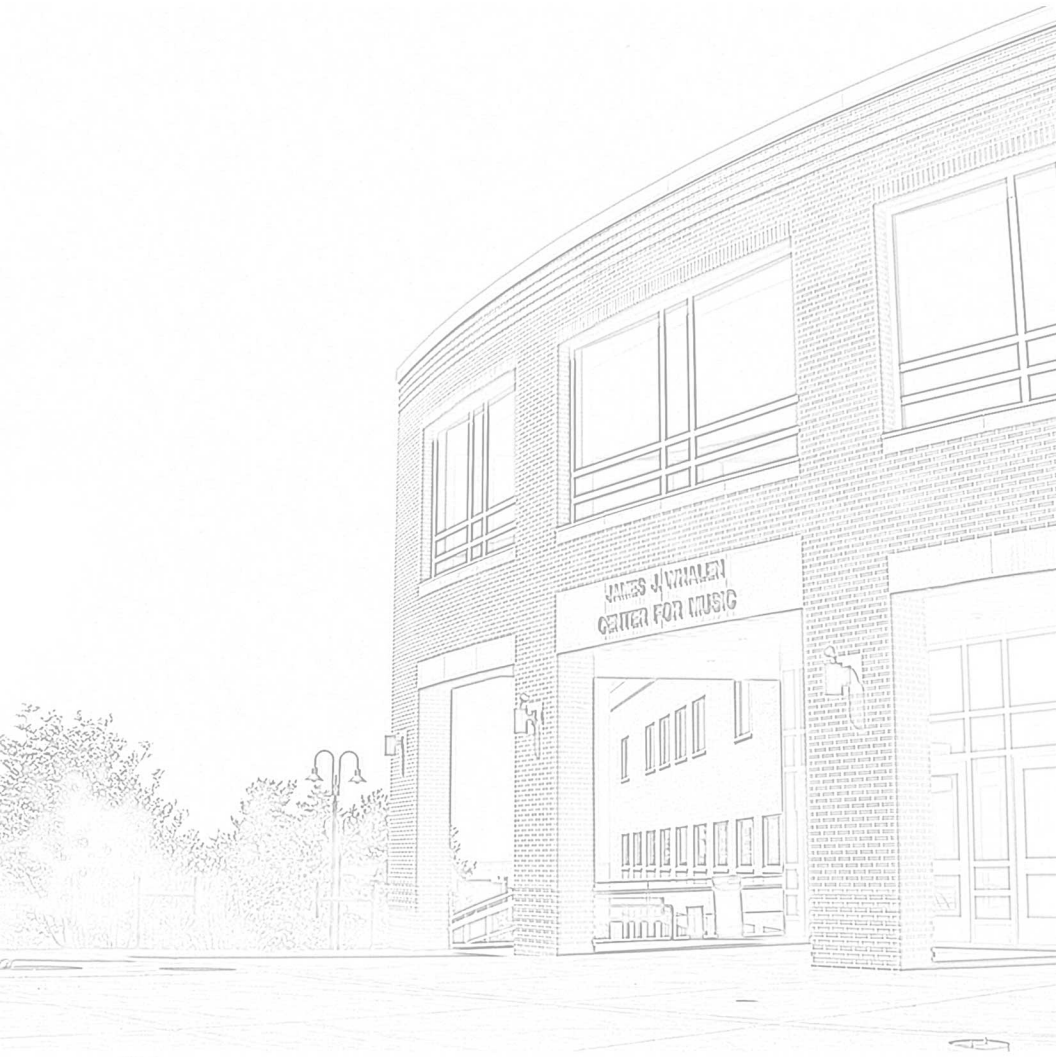
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# Junior Recital:

Ariana Warren, mezzo-soprano  
Richard Montgomery, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Sunday, November 15th, 2015  
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

## Program

La rondinella amante	Antonio Vivaldi 1678-1741
Selve amiche	Antonio Caldara 1670-1736
Chi vuol la zingarella?	Giovanni Paisiello 1740-1816

Der Jüngling an der Quelle Der Tod und das Mädchen Die Junge Nonne	Franz Schubert 1797-1828
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Il est doux, il est bon from <i>Hérodiade</i>	Jules Massenet 1842-1912
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## Intermission

Air du rat Air du Poète Je te veux La Diva de l'Empire	Erik Satie 1866-1925
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As a Branch in May Mornings Innocent I Will Be Earth	Gwyneth Walker b. 1947
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## Translations

### La rondinella amante

La rondinella amante, lungi  
dal proprio nido  
serva costante e fido al  
suo diletto il cor.  
Non è possibl mai cacciar  
dal proprio petto  
Il radicato affetto il primo  
dolce amor.

The loving little swallow far  
from his own nest  
Keeps his heart constant  
and faithful to his beloved.  
It is never possible to drive  
from one's own breast  
The deep-seated affection,  
of the first sweet love.

### Selve amiche

Selve amiche, ombrose  
piante,  
Fido albergo del mio core,  
Chiede a voi quest'alma  
amante  
Qualche pace al suo  
dolore.

Friendly woods, shady  
plants,  
Faithful shelter of my  
heart,  
Asks of you this soul loving  
Some peace in its sorrow.

### Chi vuol la zingarella?

Chi vuol la zingarella  
Graziosa, accorta e bella?

Who wants the gypsy-girl  
Graceful, shrewd and  
beautiful?

Signori, eccola qua.  
Le donne sul balcone  
So bene indovinar

Gentlemen, she is here.  
The ladies on the balcony  
well I know how to foretell  
their fortunes,

I giovani al cantone  
So meglio stuzzicar  
A vecchi innamorati  
Scaldar fo le cervella.

the young-men on-the corner  
I know better how to tease.  
The old men in love  
I set their heads on fire.

### Der Jüngling an der Quelle

Leise rieselnder Quell!  
Ihr wallenden flispernden  
Pappeln!  
Euer schlummergeräusch  
wecket die liebe nur auf.  
Lingerung sucht' ich bei  
euch  
Und sie zu vergessen, die  
spröde.

Softly, trickling spring!  
You billowing, whispering  
poplars!  
Your slumber-sounds only  
awaken love.  
I sought relief with you  
and to forget her, the  
indifferent one.

Ach, und blätter und bach  
seufzen, Louise, dir nach!

Ah, and leaves and brook  
are sighing for you, Louise!

### **Der Tod und das Mädchen**

#### *Das Mädchen*

"Vorüber! ach, vorüber!  
Geh, wilder Knochenmann!  
Ich bin noch jung, geh,  
Lieber!  
Und rühre mich nicht an."

#### *The maiden*

"Pass-over! ah, pass-over!  
Go, wild man-of bone!  
I am still young, go,  
my-dear!  
And touch me not."

#### *Der Tod*

"Gib deine hand, du schön  
und zart gebild!  
Bin freund und komme  
nicht zu strafen.  
Sei gutes muts! Ich bin  
nicht wild,  
Sollst sanft in meinen  
armen schlafen."

#### *Death*

"Give your hand, you fair  
and tender form!  
I am friend and come not  
to punish.  
Be of good cheer! I am not  
wild,  
You shall gently in my arms  
sleep."

### **Die Junge Nonne**

Wie braust durch die wipfel  
der heulende sturm!  
Es klirren die balken, es  
zittert das haus!  
Es rollet der donner, es  
leuchtet der blitz,  
Und finster die nacht, wie  
das grab!

How roars-it through the  
tree-tops the howling storm!  
It rattles the rafters, it  
shudders the house!  
It rolls the thunder, it  
flashes the lightning,  
And dark the night, as the  
grave!

Immerhin, immerhin, so  
tobt' es auch jüngst noch in  
mir!

Es brauste das leben, wie  
jetzo der sturm,  
Es bebten die glieder, wie  
jetzo das haus,  
Es flammte die liebe, wie  
jetzo der Blitz,  
Und finster die brust, wie  
das grab.  
Nun tobe, du wilder  
gewalt'ger sturm,  
Im herzen ist friede, im

Anyhow, anyhow, so raged  
it also recently in me!

It roared the life, as now  
the storm,  
They trembled the limbs,  
like now the house,  
It burned the love, like now  
the lightning,  
And dark my heart as the  
grave.  
Now rage, you wild,  
powerful storm,  
In the heart is peace, in the

herzen ist ruh'  
Des bräutigams harret die  
liebende braut,  
Gereinigt in prüfender glut,  
der ewigen liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland!  
mit sehndem blick!  
Komm, himmlischer  
bräutigam, hole die braut,  
Erlöse die seele von  
irdischer haft.  
Horch, friedlich ertönet das  
glöcklein vom turm!  
Es lockt mich das süße  
getön allmächtig zu ewigen  
höhn.  
Alleluja!

heart is peace.  
For the bridegroom awaits  
the loving bride,  
Cleansed in testing flames,  
to eternal love wedded.

I await-you, my Savior, with  
yearning gaze!  
Come, heavenly  
bridegroom, take your bride,  
Release the soul from  
earthly imprisonment.  
Listen, peacefully rings the  
little-bell from the tower!  
It entices me that sweet  
tone overpoweringly to  
eternal heights.  
Hallelujah!

### **Il est doux, il est bon**

Celui dont la parole efface  
toutes peines  
le Prophète est ici! C'est  
vers lui que je vais!  
Il est doux, il est bon, sa  
parole est sereine:  
Il parle tout se tait; plus  
léger sur la plaine  
L'air attentif passe sans  
bruit; il parle!  
Ah! Quand reviendra-t-il?  
Quand pourrai-je  
l'entendre?  
Je souffrais, j'étais seule et  
mon cœur s'est calmé  
En écoutant sa voix  
mélodieuse et tendre mon  
cœur s'est calmé!  
Prophète bien aimé, puis-je  
vivre sans toi!  
C'est là! Dans ce désert où  
la foule étonnée avait suivi  
ses pas,  
Qu'il m'accueillit un jour,  
enfant abandonnée!

The one whose speech  
erases all pain,  
The Prophet is here! It is to  
him that I go!  
He is gentle, he is good, his  
speech is calm:  
He speaks; all fall silent  
more lightly over the plain  
The air attentive passes  
without noise; he speaks!  
Ah! When will he return?  
When can I hear him?  
I suffered, I was alone and  
my heart was calmed  
by listening to his  
melodious and tender voice,  
my heart was calmed!  
Prophet well loved, can I  
live without you?  
It is there! In this desert  
where the crowd astonished  
had followed his steps,  
that he received me one  
day, a child abandoned!

Et qu'il m'ouvrit ses bras!

and where he opened his  
arms to me!

### **Air du rat**

Abi Abirounère  
Qui que tu n'étais don?  
Une blanche monère, un  
joli goulifon  
Un œil à son pépère

Abi Abirounère,  
Who were you then?  
A white amoeba, a pretty  
gouble-up  
The apple of his eye

### **Air du Poète**

Au pays de Papouasie  
J'ai caressé la Pouasie

In the land of Poets  
I have embraced the  
Poetry...

La grâce que je vous  
souhaite  
C'est de n'être pas  
Papouète.

The bit of mercy that I wish  
for you  
Is that you do not become  
a Poet.

### **Je te veux**

J'ai compris ta détresse,  
cher amoureux,  
Et je cède à tes vœux: fais  
de moi ta maîtresse.  
Loin de nous la  
sagesse, plus de tristesse,

I have understood your  
distress, dear lover.  
And I yield to your desires:  
make of me your mistress.  
Far from us the  
common-sense, no more  
sadness,

J'aspire à l'instant précieux  
où nous serons heureux: Je te  
veux.

I yearn for the precious  
moment where we will be  
happy: I want you.

Je n'ai pas de regrets, et je  
n'ai qu'une envie:  
Près de toi, là, tout près,  
vivre toute ma vie.  
Que mon cœur soit le tien  
et ta lèvre la mienne,  
Que ton corps soit le mien,  
et que toute ma chair soit  
tienne.

I have no regrets, and I  
have only one desire:  
to be close to you, there, to  
live close to you all my life.  
Let my heart be yours and  
your lips mine,  
Let your body be mine and  
all my flesh be yours.

Oui, je vois dans tes yeux  
la divine promesse  
Que ton cœur amoureux  
vient chercher ma caresse.  
Enlacés pour toujours,  
brûlés des mêmes flammes,

Yes, I see in your eyes the  
divine promise  
That your loving heart is  
seeking my caress.  
To embrace forever,  
burned by the same flames,

Dans des rêves d'amours,  
nous échangerons nos deux  
âmes.

In the dreams of love, we  
will exchange our two souls.

### **La Diva de l'Empire**

Sous le grand chapeau  
Greenaway, mettant l'éclat  
d'un sourire,  
D'un rire charmant et frais  
de baby étonné qui soupire,

Little girl aux yeux  
veloutés, c'est la Diva de  
l'Empire.

C'est la reine dont  
s'éprennent les gentlemen  
et tous les dandys de  
Piccadilly.

Dans un seul "yes" elle met  
tant de douceur

Que tous les snobs en gilet  
à cœur, l'accueillant de  
hurras frénétiques,  
Sur la scène lancent des  
gerbes de fleurs,  
Sans remarquer le rire  
narquois de son joli minois.

Elle danse presque  
automatiquement  
et soulève, oh très  
pudiquement,  
Ses jolis dessous de  
fanfreluches,  
De ses jambes montrant le  
frémissement.

C'est à la fois très très  
innocent et très très  
excitant.

Under the large Greenaway  
hat, wearing a dazzling  
smile,  
With a laugh charming and  
fresh of an astonished  
sighing baby,

Little girl with velvety eyes,  
it is the Diva of the Empire.

It is the queen with whom  
the gentlemen become  
enamored and all the  
dandies of Piccadilly.

In a single "yes" she puts  
so much sweetness

That all the snobs in  
waistcoats welcome her with  
frenzied cheers,  
On the stage they toss  
bouquets of flowers,  
Without noticing the  
mocking smile on her pretty  
little-face.

She dances almost  
automatically and lifts up, oh  
very modestly,

Her pretty frilly petticoat,  
To show her wriggling legs.

It is both very, very  
innocent and very, very  
exciting.