

2-13-2016

Junior Recital: Andrea Bickford, soprano

Andrea Bickford

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

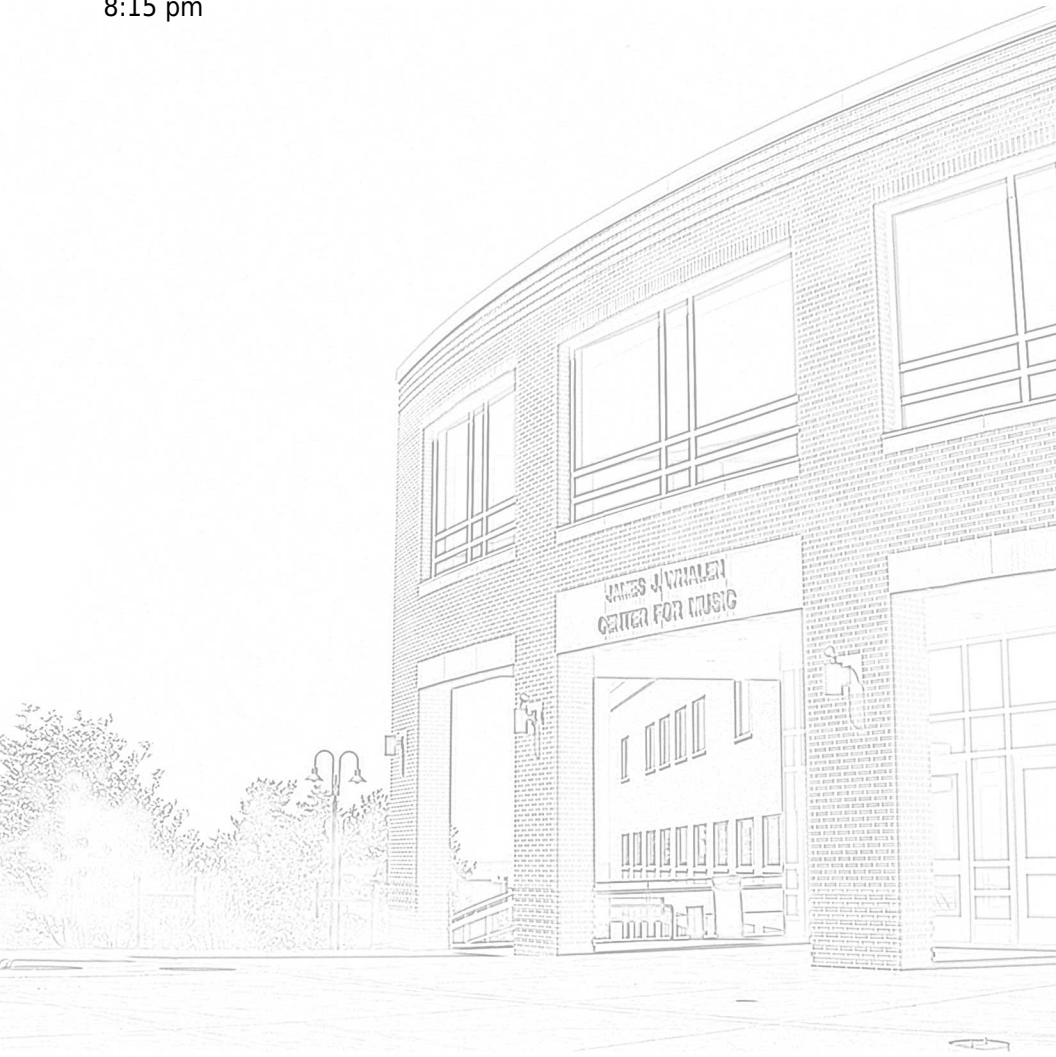
Bickford, Andrea, "Junior Recital: Andrea Bickford, soprano" (2016). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1450.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1450

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Junior Recital:
Andrea Bickford, soprano

Benjamin Pawlak, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, February 13th, 2016
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

5 Elizabethan Songs

- I. Orpheus
- II. Tears
- III. Under the Greenwood Tree
- IV. Sleep
- V. Spring

Ivor Gurney
(1890-1937)

"O mio babbino caro"
from *Gianni Schicchi*

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios

- I. ¿Con qué la lavaré?
- II. Vos me matásteis
- III. ¿De dónde venis, amore?
- IV. De los álamos vengo, madre

Joaquin Rodrigo
(1901-1999)

Intermission

"Klänge der Heimat"
from *Die Fledermaus*

Johann Strauss II
(1825-1899)

Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon

- I. C.
- II. Fêtes galantes

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Translations

O mio babbino caro

O mio babbino caro, mi piace è bello, bello;	Oh my father dearest, my love he is beautiful, beautiful;
vo'andare in Porta Rossa a comperar l'anello!	I want to go to Porta Rossa to buy the ring!
Si, si, ci voglio andare!	Yes, yes, I want to go there!
E se l'amassi indarno, andrei sul Ponte Vecchio, ma per buttarmi in Arno!	And if I love him in vain, I would go to Ponte Vecchio, but to throw myself into the Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!	I suffer and I am tormented!
O Dio, vorrei morir!	O God, I want to die!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!	Father, pity, pity!

¿Con qué la lavaré?

¿Con qué la lavaré la tez de la mi cara?	With what shall I wash my face?
¿Con qué la lavaré que vivo mal penada?	With what shall I wash, I who live badly punished?
Lávanse las casadas con agua de limones:	The married women wash themselves with lemon water:
Lávome yo, cuitada, con penas y dolores.	I wash my miserable self, with griefs and sorrows.

Vos me matásteis.

Vos me matásteis, niña en cabello, vos me habéis muerto, vos me habéis muerto.	You killed me, girl with the beautiful hair, you have made me die, you have made me die.
Riberas de un río, riberas de un río ví moza vírgen, ví moza vírgen, niña en cabello.	At the riverbank, at the riverbank I saw a young virgin, I saw a young virgin, girl with the beautiful hair.
Vos me habéis muerto, vos me habéis muerto.	You made me die, you made me die.

¿De dónde venis, amore?

¿De dónde venís, amore?	From where do you come, love?
Bien sé yo de donde, bien sé yo de donde.	I know very well from where, I know very well from where.

¿De dónde venís, amigo?

From where do you come,
friend?

Fuere yo testigo, fuere yo
testigo, fuere yo testigo.
¡Ah!

I was a witness, I was a witness,
I was a witness. Ah!

Bien sé yo de donde, bien sé yo
de donde, ah, de donde.

I know very well from where, I
know very well from where,
ah, from where.

De los álamos vengo, madre.

De los álamos vengo, madre, de
ver cómo los menean el
aire.

From the poplars I come,
mother, from seeing how
they shake in the air.

¡Ah!

Ah!

De los álamos de Sevilla, de ver
a mi linda amiga.

From the poplars of Sevilla, from
seeing my pretty girlfriend.

Klänge der Heimat

Klänge der Heimat, ihr weckt
mir das Sehnen, ruft die
Tränen ins Auge mir!

Sounds of the homeland, you
awaken in me the longing,
call fourth the tears in the
eyes of mine!

Wenn ich euch höre, ihr
heimischen Lieder, zieht
mich's wieder, mein
Ungarland, zu dir!

When I you hear, you native
songs, draws me back, my
Hungary, to you!

O Heimat so wunderbar, wie
strahlt dort die Sonne so
klar!

Oh homeland so wonderful, how
shines there the sun so
clearly!

Wie grün deine Wälder, wie
lachend die Felder, o land,
wo so glücklich ich war!

How green your forests, how
laughing the fields, oh land,
where so happy I was!

Ja, dein geliebtes Bild meine
Seele so ganz erfüllt.

Yes, your beloved image my
soul so entirely fills.

Und bin ich auch von dir weit,
ach weit, dir bleibt in
Ewigkeit doch mein Sinn
immerdar ganz allein
geweiht!

And although I am so far from
you, ah, so far, my soul
will remain for eternity
always completely dedicated
to you alone!

O Heimat so wunderbar, wie
strahlt dort die Sonne so
klar!

Oh homeland so wonderful, how
shines there the sun so
clearly!

Wie grün deine Wälder, wie
lachend die Felder, o land,
wo so glücklich ich war!

How green your forests, how
laughing the fields, oh land,
where so happy I was!

Feuer, Lebenslust, schwellt
echte Ungarbrust, Heil! zum

Fire, zeal for living, swells the
true Hungarian breast, toast!

Tanze schnell, Csárdas tönt
so hell!

Braunes Mägdelein musst meine
Tänz'rin sein; reich den Arm
geschwind, dunkeläugig Kind!

Durst'ge Zecher, greift zum
Becher, lasst ihn kreisen
schnell von Hand zu Hand!

Schlürft das Feuer im Tokayer,
bringt ein Hoch aus dem
Vaterland! Ha!

Feue, Lebenslust, schwellt echte
Ungarbrust, Heil! zum Tanze
schnell, Csárdas tönt so
hell!

to the dance hurry, the
czardas rings out so
brightly!

Brown girl must my dance
partner be; give your arm
quickly, dark-eyed child!

Thirsty drinkers, grab the cup,
let it circle quickly from
hand to hand!

Sip the fire in the wine, give a
toast from the fatherland!
Ha!

Fire, zeal for living, swells the
true Hungarian breast, toast!
to the dance hurry, the
czardas rings out so
brightly!

C.

J'ai traversé les pont de Cé,
C'est là que tout a commencé
Une chanson du temps passé
Parle d'un chevalier blessé
D'une rose sur la chaussée,
Et d'un corsage délacé
Du château d'un duc insensé,
Et des cygnes dans les fossés
De la prairie où vient danser

Une éternelle fiancée
Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé,
Le long des laïcs des gloires
fausées

La Loire emporte mes pensées

Avec des voitures versées
Et les armes désamorçées
Et les larmes mal effacées
Oh ma France, ô ma délaissée;

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé.

I have crossed the bridge of Cé,
It is there that it all began
A song of bygone days
Tells the tale of wounded knight
Of a rose on the carriageway,
And an unlaced bodice
Of the castle of a mad duke,
And swans on the moats
Of the meadow where comes
dancing

An eternal betrothed love
And I drank lie iced milk,
The long lay of false glories

The Loire carries my thought
away with the

Overturned cars
And the unprimed weapons
and the ill-dried tears
Oh my France, oh my
neglected;

I have crossed the bridge of Cé.

Fêtes galants

On voit des marquis sur des bicyclettes	One sees the noblemen on bicycles
On voit des marlous en chaval jupon	One sees pimps in horse blankets
On voit des morveaux avec des voilettes	One sees brats with veils on
On voit des pompiers brûler les pompons	One sees firemen burning their pom-poms
On voit des mots jetés à la voirie	One sees words thrown in the public road
On voit des mots élevés au pavois	One sees words high in the bulwark
On voit les pieds des enfants de Marie	One sees the feet of Mary's children
On voit le dos des diseuses à voix	One sees the backs of cabaret women
On voit des voitures à gazogène	One sees the cars run on a gas generator
On voit aussi des voitures à bras	One sees also the hand carts
On voit des lascars que les longs nez gênent	One sees the rogues whom their long noses hinder
On voit des coïons de dix huit carats	One sees coins of eighteen carats
On voit ici ce que l'on voit ailleurs	One sees here what one sees elsewhere
On voit des demoiselles dévoyées	One sees ladies led astray
On voit des voyous,	One sees thugs,
On voit des voyeurs	One sees peeping toms
On voit sous les ponts passer les noyés	One sees passing under the bridge the drowned
On voit chômer les marchands de chaussures	One sees out-of-work merchants of shoes
On voit mourir d'ennui les mireurs d'œufs	One sees dying of boredom the egg candlers
On voit périlcliter les valeurs sûres	One sees collapsing treu worth
Et fuir la vie à la six quat' deux.	And life flies away in a haphazard way.