

12-7-2013

Junior Recital: Lyndsey Boyer, soprano

Lyndsey Boyer

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Junior Recital:
Lyndsey Boyer, soprano

Samuel Martin, piano & harpsichord

Savannah Clayton, flute
Madeline Docimo, cello

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday December 7th, 2013
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Nel dolce dell'oblio

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

*Savannah Clayton, Flute
Madeline Docimo, Cello*

Schön sind, doch kalt die Himmelssterne
Ich Schwebel
Cäcilie

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Intermission

Ariettes Oubliées
C'est l'Extase
Il pleure dans mon coeur
Green

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Love
It is a Spring Night
Parting

Vittorio Giannini
(1903-1966)

A Lucky Child
from "At the Statue of Venus"
For my Family

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

Translations

Nel dolce dell' oblio,

benchè riposi,
la mia Filli adorata veglia,
coi pensier suoi,
e in quella quiete
Amor non cessa mai,
con varie forme
la sua pace turbar
mentre ella dorme.

Giacché il sonno a lei dipinge
la sembianza del suo bene.

Nella quiete
né pur finge
d'abbracciar le sue catene.

Così fida ella vive
al cuor che adora,
e nell'ombra respira
la luce di quel
sol per cui sospira.

Ha l'inganno il suo diletto
se i pensier mossi d'affetto,
stiman ver ciò
che non sanno.

Ma se poi si risveglia
un tale errore
il pensier ridice a noi:
ha l'inganno il suo dolore.

In the sweetness of oblivion,

although resting,
my Phyllis beloved,
is awakened by her thoughts,
and in this quietness
Cupid never ceases,
with varied ways
to trouble the peace
of her sleep.

Since sleep showed her
the image of her beloved.

In the quietness
she's not able to pretend
to be embraced by its chains.

Thus faithful she lives
for the heart she adores,
and in shadows she breathes
the light which
only sighs for him.

Deceit has its delights
if thoughts moved by love,
deem as true that
which they do not know.

But if then they awaken
from such an error
the thoughts repeat to us:
deceit has its sorrow.

**Schön sind, doch kalt die
Himmelssterne,**

die Gaben karg, die verlei'h'n;
für einen deiner Blickke
gerne hin geb' ich ihren
gold'nen Schein.

Getrennt, so dass wir
ewig darben,
nur führen sie
im Jahreslauf
den Herbst mit
seinen Aehrengarben
des Frühlings Blüten
pracht herauf;

doch deine Augen,
o, der Segen
des ganzen Jahres
quillt überreich aus ihnen
stets als milder Regen,
die Blüte und Frucht zugleich.

Ich schwebe wie auf
Engelschwingen,
die Erde kaum
berührt mein Fuss,
in meinen Ohren
hör' ichs klingen
wie der Geliebten Scheidegruss.

Das tönt so lieblich,
mild und leise,
das spricht so zage,
zart und rein,
leicht lullt die
nachgeklung'ne Weise
in wonneschweren
Traum mich ein.

Mein schimmernd Aug'
indest mich füllen

**Beautiful, but cold are the
heavenly stars,**

the gifts bestowed, are meager;
for one of your glances,
I would gladly give up their
golden shine.

That we shall be
eternally in want,
The stars bestow their gifts
separately through the year,
autumn with
its ears of corn
and spring with its
splendor of blossoms;

yet from your eyes,
oh, the blessing
of the entire year,
springs richly
always as a gentle rain,
both fruit and blossom together.

I float as if upon an
Eagles wings,
the earth barely
touches my feet,
in my ears
I still hear the ringing
of my beloved's farewell.

It resounds so lovely,
gentle and soft,
it speaks so timidly,
tender and pure,
the lingering melody
softly lulling
me into
a blissful dream.

My sparkling eye,
is filled

die süssesten der Melodien,
sieht ohne Falten,
ohne Hüllen
mein lächelnd Lieb'
vorüberziehn.

with the sweetest of melodies,
without fabric's fold,
without any disguise,
when my smiling love
passes by.

Cäcilie

Wenn du es wüsstest,
was träumen heisst
von brennenden Küssen,
von Wandern und Ruhen
mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge,
und kosend und plaudernd.
Wenn du es wüsstest,
du neigtest dein Herz!

Cecilia

If you only knew
what it means to dream
of burning kisses,
of wandering and resting
with one's beloved,
eye to eye,
and cuddling and chatting.
If you only knew,
you would incline your heart to
me!

Wenn du es wüsstest
was bangen heisst
in einsamen Nächten,
umschauert vom Sturm,
da niemand tröstet
milden Mundes
die kampfmüde Seele,
wenn du es wüsstest,
du kämest zu mir.

If you only knew
what it means to be afraid
in lonely nights,
terrified by a storm,
while no one comforts
with a mild voice
your battle-weary soul,
if you only knew,
you would come to me.

Wenn du es wüsstest,
was leben heisst,
umhaucht von der Gottheit
weltschaffendem Atem,
zu schweben empor,
lichtgetragen,
zu seligen Höh'n,
wenn du es wüsstest,
wenn du es wüsstest,
du lebstest mit mir.

If you only knew,
what it's like to live,
surrounded by God's
world-creating breath,
to soar up,
carried by the light,
to blissful heights,
if you only knew,
if you only knew,
you would live with me.

C'est l'extase langoureuse,

C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

O le frêle
et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire...
Tu dirais,
sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd
des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale
l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir,
tout bas?

Il pleure dans mon cœur

Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
Ô le bruit de la pluie!
Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

It is the langorous ecstasy,

It is the amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the wood
In the embrace of breezes,
It is around the gray branches,
A chorus of tiny voices.

Oh, the frail
and fresh murmuring!
It babbles and whispers,
It resembles the soft cry
That ruffled grass exhales...
You might say,
under the swirling water,
It's the muffled sound
of rolling pebbles.

This soul, which laments
And this dormant moan,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, say, and yours,
From which exhales
the humble anthem
On this warm evening,
very quietly?

Tears fall in my heart

As the rain falls on the town.
What is this languish
That pervades my heart?

Oh the soft sound of the rain
On the ground and the roofs!
For a heart which grows listless,
Oh the sound of the rain!
The tears without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
There's no reason for this grief.

It is truly the worst pain
Not knowing why,
Without love or hatred,
My heart feels so much pain.

Green

Voici des fruits,
des fleurs,
des feuilles
et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur
qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas
avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux
l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout
couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin
vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue,
à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants
qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein,
laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore
de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser
de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu,
puisque vous reposez.

Green

Here are some fruit,
some flowers,
some leaves
and some branches
And then here is my heart
which beats only for you.
Do not rip it up
with your two white hands,
And to your beautiful eyes
may this humble gift be sweet.

I arrive all
covered in dew,
Which the morning wind
has frozen to my brow.
Allow my fatigue,
as I rest at your feet,
Dreaming of those moments
that will refresh me.

On your young breast,
allow my head to rest,
Still ringing
with your last kisses;
Let it calm itself
after the pleasant tempest,
And let me sleep a little,
since you are resting.