

2-21-2016

Junior Recital: Caroline Fresh, soprano

Caroline Fresh

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



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

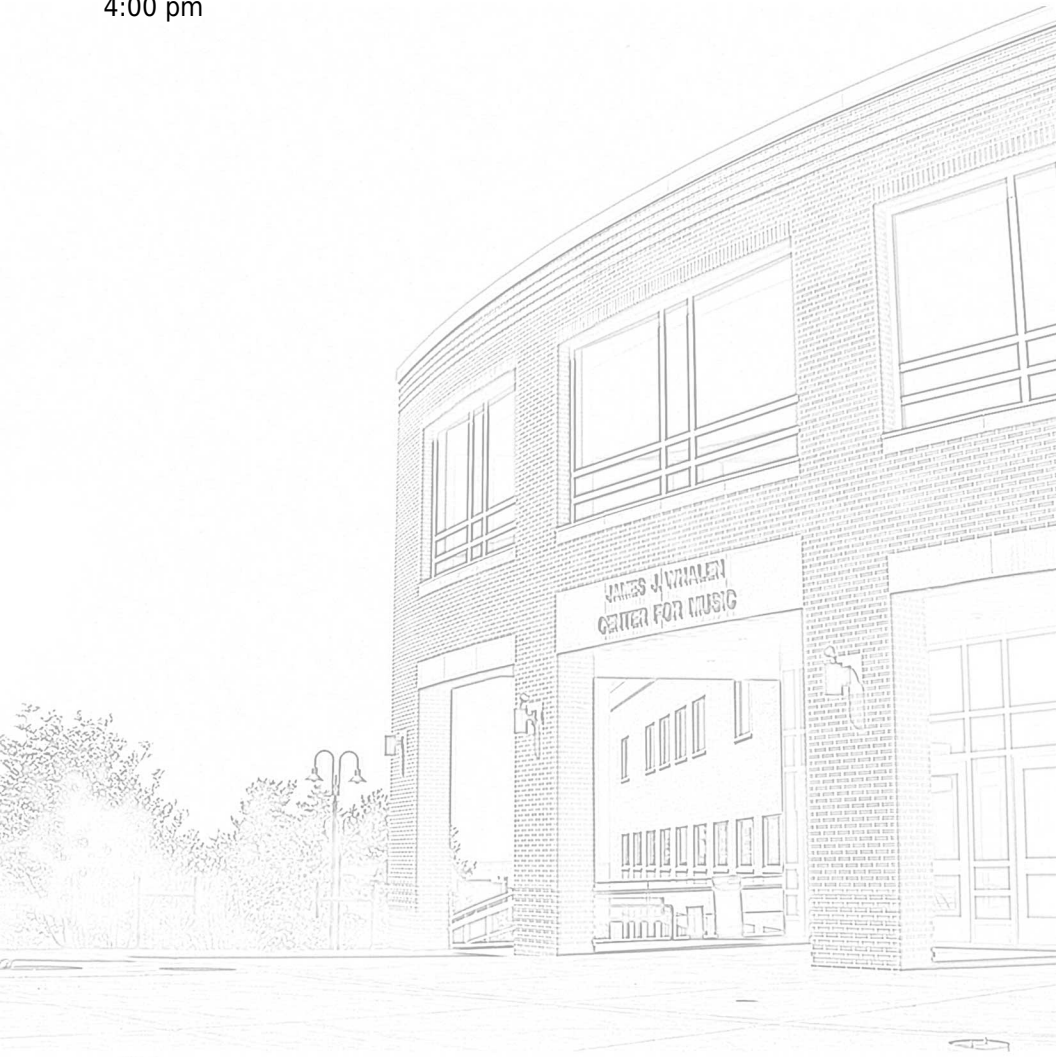
Fresh, Caroline, "Junior Recital: Caroline Fresh, soprano" (2016). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1613.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1613

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:
Caroline Fresh, soprano

Mary Ann Miller, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, February 21st, 2016
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Italian

La Zingara
Il Barcaiolo
L'Invito

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)
Giacomo Rossini
(1792-1868)

French

Si tu le veux
Paysage Sentimental

Charles Koechlin
(1876-1950)
Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

"Ah! Je veux vivre"
from Roméo et Juliette

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Intermission

German

An Chloe
Das Veilchen
Lachen und Weinen

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)
Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

English

Now Sleeps The Crimson Petal
Come Away Death
Love's Philosophy

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Translations

La Zingara

Fra l'erbe cosparse di rorido gelo, coverta del solo gran manto del cielo, mia madre esultando la vita me diè.	Within grasses and iced hoarfrost, Covered only with the huge mantle of the sky above, my mother, exulting, brought me to life.
Fanciulla, sui greppi le capre emulai, per ville e cittadi, cresciuta, danzai, le dame lor palme distesero a me.	Still a little girl, I lived with goats and emulated their behavior; When I grew up, I danced through towns and cities, And many ladies reached to me their palms.
lo loro predissi le cose note, ne feci dolenti, ne feci beate, segreti conobbi di sdegno, d'amor.	I foretold to them following the prediction, Sometimes making them sorrowful, other times making them gay, And I learned many secrets, some of disdain, others of love.
Un giorno la mano mi porse un donzello; mai visto non fummi garzone piu bello: oh! s'ei nella destra leggessimi il cor!	But one day, even a youth reached me his palm: I never had seen a boy as handsome as he: Oh! if only he could be the fortune-teller holding mine in his right hand, and reading the secrets of my heart!

Il Barcaiolo

Voga, voga, il vento tace pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno, solo un alito di pace par che allegri e cielo e mar: voga, voga, o marinar.	Row, row, the wind is silent, pure is the wave, the sky clear, alone a breath of peace seems to gladden both heaven and earth: row, row, oh sailor.
Or che tutto a noi sorride, in si tenero momento, all'ebbrezza del contento voglio l'alme abbandonar. Voga, voga, o marinar.	Now that everything smiles upon us, at this tender moment, to the intoxication of happiness I want us to abandon our souls. Row, row, oh sailor.
Voga, voga, il vento tace, pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno	Row, row, the wind is silent, pure is the-wave, the sky clear,

ed un'alito di pace
par che allegri e cielo e mar.

and a breath of peace
seems to gladden both heaven and
earth.

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

Although the storm rages,
and ferries us both to death,
my fate will be happy
for I want to die at your side, yes,
at your side I want to pass away.

L'Invito

Vieni o Ruggiero,
la tua Eloisa
da te divisa
non puo restar:

Come, oh Ruggiero
to your Eloisa
who separated from you
cannot remain:

Alle mie lacrime
già rispondevi
vieni, recievi
il mio pregar.

All my tears
already answer you
come, recieve
my request.

Vieni, o bell'angelo
vien, mio diletto,
sù del mio petto
vieni a posar!

Come, oh handsome angel,
come, my delight
upon my breast
come to rest!

Senti se palpita
se amor t'invita,
vieni, mia vita,
vien, vieni fammi spirar.

Feel it throb,
love itself invites you,
come, my life,
come, come, make me die.

Si tu le veux

Si tu le veux, ô mon amour,
ce soir dès que la fin du jour

If you so desire, oh my love,
this evening as soon as the end of
day

sera venue,
quand les étoiles surgiront
et mettront de clous d'or au fond
bleu de la nue,

has come,
when the stars appear
and stud with gold the depths
of the blue sky,

Nous partirons seuls tous les deux
dan la nuit brune en amoureux,
sans qu'on nous voie
et tendrement je te dirai
un chant d'amour ou je mettrai

We shall depart along together,
two,
as lovers into the dark night,
without anyone seeing
and tenderly I to you shall sing
a song of love in which I shall place

toute ma joie.

Mais quand tu rentreras chez toi,
si l'on te demande pourquoi
mignonne fée,
tes cheveux sont plus fous qu'avant

tu répondras que seul le vent
t'a décoiffée.

Si tu le veux, ô mon amour.

all of my joy.

But when you return home,
if anyone asks you why,
lovely fairy,
your hair is more tousled than
before
you will answer that the wind alone
has ruffled it.

If you so desire, oh my love.

Paysage Sentimental

Le ciel d'hiver, si doux, si triste, si
dourmant,
Où le soleil errait parmi des
vapeurs blanches,
Était pareil au doux, au profond
sentiment
Qui nous rendait hereux
mélancoliquement
Par cet après-midi de baisers sous
le branches.

Branches mortes qu'aucun souffle
ne remuait,
Branches noires avec quelque
feuille fanée.

Ah! que ta bouche s'est à ma
bouche donnée
Plus tendrement encor dans ce
grand bois muet,
Et dans cette langueur de la mort
de l'année,
La mort de tout sinon de toi que
j'aime tant,
Et sinon du bonheur dont mon âme
est comblée,
Bonheur qui dort au fond de cette
âme isolée,
Mystérieux, paisible et frais comme
l'étang
Qui pâlisait au fond de la pâle
vallée.

The winter sky, so soft, so sad, so
sleepy,
where the sun wandered among the
white mists,
was similar to the gentle, deep
feeling
which made us melancholically
happy,
on that afternoon of kisses beneath
the branches.

Dead branches, by any breath of air
unstirred,
Dark branches, with some withered
leaves.

Ah! how your mouth gave itself to
my mouth
more tenderly even in that large
silent wood,
and in that languor of the year's
death,
the death of everything except you
whom I love so much,
and except of the happiness from
which my heart is overflowing,
happiness which sleeps in the
depths of this lonely soul,
mysterious, peaceful and cool like
the pond
which grew pale in the depths of
the pale valley.

Ah! Je veux vivre

Ah! Je veux vivre dans ce rêve qui
m'enivre
ce jour encore!

Ah! I want to live in this dream
which intoxicates me
this day again!

Douce flamme je te garde dans
mon âme
comme un trésor!

Cette ivresse de jeunesse ne dure,
hélas! qu'un jour!
Puis vien l'heure où l'on pleure,
le coeur cède à l'amour,
et le bonheur fuit sans retour!

Loin de l'hiver morose laisse moi
sommeiller
et respirer la rose, avant de
l'effeuiller.

Douce flamme, reste dans mon âme
comme un doux trésor, ah,
longtemps encore!

Sweet flame I keep you in my soul
like a treasure!

This intoxication of use not
endures, alas, but a day!
Then comes the hour when one
weeps,
the heart yields to love,
And the happiness flees without
returning!

Far from the bleak winter let me
slumber
and breathe in the rose before it is
plucked.

Sweet flame, stay in my soul
like a sweet treasure, ah, for a long
time yet!

An Chloe

Wenn die Lieb' aus dinen 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 meinen Arm!

Mädchen, Mädchen und ich drücke
dich an meinen Busen fest,
der im letzten Augenblicke

sterbend nur dich von sich lässt;
den berauschten Blick umshattet

eine düstre Wolke mir,
und ich sitze dann ermattet
aber selig neben dir.

When love gazes from your blue,
bright open eyes,
and from the joy of gazing into
them

my heart throbs and glows;
and I hold you and kiss
your rosy cheeks ardently,
dear maiden, and I clasp
you trembling in my arms!

Maiden, maiden and I press
you firmly to my breast,
in my arms which only at the last
moment

of dying will release you;
the enraptured gaze will be
shadowed

by a dark cloud,
and I will sit then exhausted,
but blissful, beside you.

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam ein junge Schäferin

A violet upon the meadow stood,
bent over and unknown;
it was a dear little violet.
Then came a young shepardess

mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem
Sinn
daher, daher,
die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich
nur
die schönste Blumme der Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,
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 herziges Veilchen.

with light step and happy modd
along, along,
the meadow along, and sang.

Ah! thinks the violet, were I but
the fairest flower of nature
ah, just a little while,
until my beloved picked me
and pressed me firmly on her
bosom!

Ah just, ah just
a quarter-hour longer!

Ah! but ah! the maid came
and took no notice of the violet.

trod the poor violet.
It sank and died and rejoiced
anyway:
and die I then, so die I then

through her, through her,
at her feet at least.
The poor violet!
It was a dear little violet.

Lachen und Weinen

Lachen und Weinen zu jeglicher
Stunde
ruht bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei
Grunde.
Morgens lacht ich vor Lust,
und warum ich nun weine
bei des Abendes Scheine,
ist mir selb nicht bewusst.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher
Stunde
ruht bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei
Grunde.
Abends weint ich vor Schmerz;
und warum du erwachen
kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
muss ich dich fragen, o Herz.

Laughing or weeping at any hour
is a part of love for so many
reasons.
In the morning I laughed for joy,
and why do I now weep
in the evening's glow,
I myself don't even know.

Weeping or laughing at any hour
is a part of love for so many
reasons.
In the evening I wept out of grief;
and why can you wake up
in the morning with laughter
I must ask you, oh my heart.