

4-1-2016

Junior Recital: Rachel E. Silverstein, mezzo-soprano

Rachel E. Silverstein

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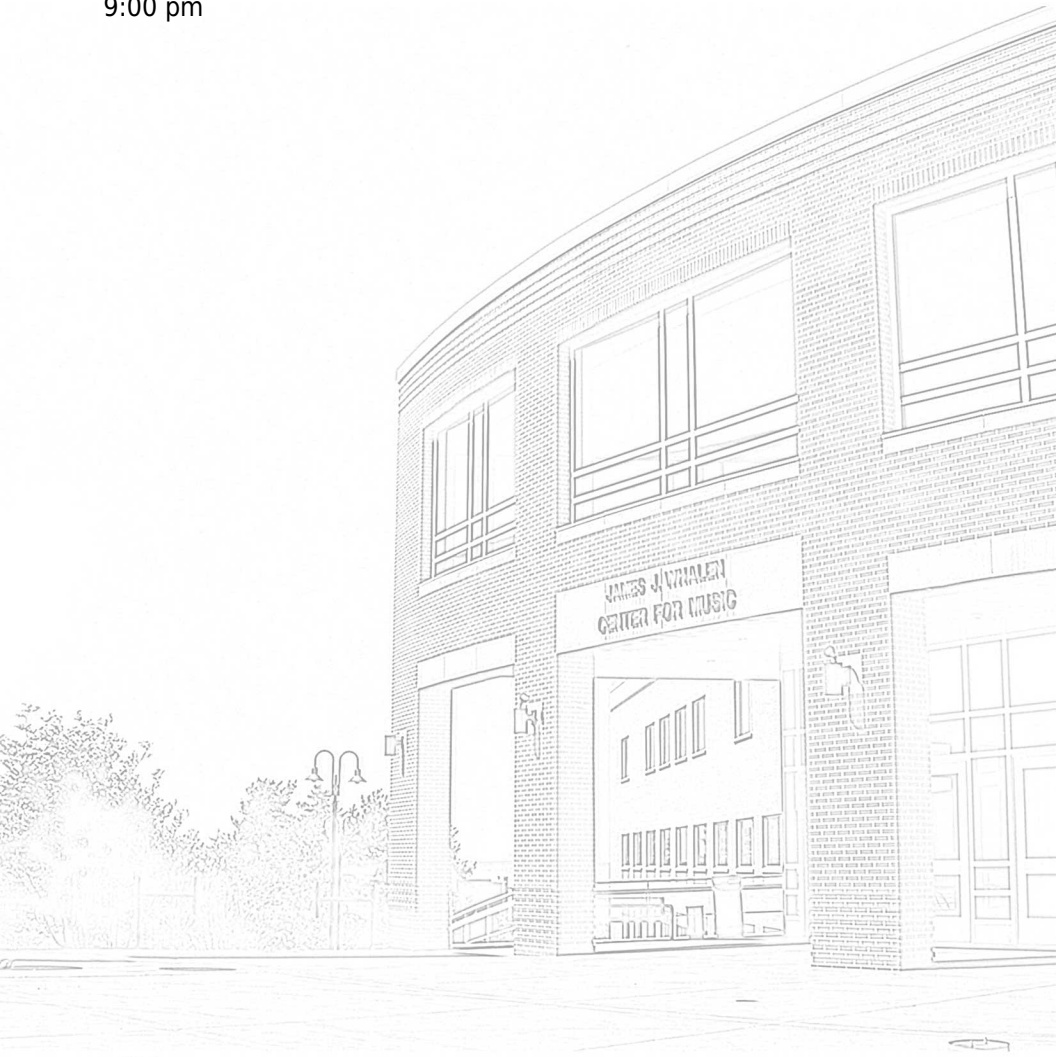
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Junior Recital:
Rachel E. Silverstein, mezzo-soprano

Blaise Bryski, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday, April 1st, 2016
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Bereite dich, Zion"
from *Christmas Oratorio*, BWV 248

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

The Mermaid Song
Fidelity
The Wanderer
The Spirit's Song

Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

Poetry by Anne Hunter (1742-1821)

"Una voce poco fa"
from *Il barbiere di Siviglia*

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Intermission

"Hymen, haste, thy torch prepare"
from *Semele*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Mandoline
En sourdine
Green

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Song of Perfect Propriety

Seymour Barab
(1921-2014)

Poetry by Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)

Translations

Bereite dich, Zion

Nun wird mein liebster Bräutigam,	Now my dearest Bridegroom,
Nun wird der Held aus Davids Stamm	now the hero from David's branch,
Zum Trost, zum Heil der Erden	for the comfort, for the salvation of the earth,
Einmal geboren werden.	will be born at last.
Nun wird der Stern aus Jakob scheinen,	Now the Star out of Jacob will shine,
Sein Strahl bricht schon hervor.	its light already breaks forth.
Auf, Zion, und verlasse nun das Weinen,	Arise, Zion, and give up your weeping now,
Dein Wohl steigt hoch empor!	your happiness rises high above you!

Bereite dich, Zion, mit zärtlichen Trieben,	Prepare yourself, Zion, with tender efforts,
Den Schönsten, den Liebsten bald bei dir zu sehn!	to behold your lovely one, your beloved, near you soon!
Deine Wangen Müssen heut viel schöner prangen,	Your cheeks must now glow much more radiantly,
Eile, den Bräutigam sehnlichst zu lieben!	hurry to love the Bridegroom with passion!

Una voce poco fa

Una voce poco fa qui nel cor mi risuonò il mio cor ferito è già, e Lindor fu che il piagò. Sì, Lindoro mio sarà lo giurai, la vincerò. Il tutor ricuserà, io l'ingegno aguzzerò. Alla fin s'accheterà e contenta io resterò. Sì, Lindoro mio sarà lo giurai, la vincerò!	A voice has just echoed into my heart my heart is already wounded and it was Lindoro who shot. Yes, Lindoro will be mine I've sworn it, I will win. The tutor will refuse, I will sharpen my mind finally he'll accept and happy I will rest. Yes, Lindoro will be mine I've sworn it, I will win!
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Io sono docile, son rispettosa,
sono obbediente, dolce,
amorosa
mi lascio reggere, mi fo guidar,

Ma se mi toccano dov'è il mio
debole
sarò una vipera, sarò e cento
trappole
prima di cedere farò giocar.

I am gentle, I am respectful,
I'm obelient, sweet, and loving

I let myself be ruled, I let myself
be guided,

But if they touch my weak spot

I'll be a viper and a set hundred
traps
before giving up I'll make them
fall!

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses

Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

La la la...

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who
listen

Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal
Clytander,

And there's Damis who, for
many a

Heartless woman, wrote many a
tender verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,
Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the
breeze.

La la la...

En Sourdine

Calmes dans le demi jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Peaceful in the half-light
that the high branches cast,
let us imbue our love
with this deep silence.

Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Let us fuse our souls, our hearts
and our enraptured senses,
amidst the vague languors
of the pines and the arbutus.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Half close your eyes,
fold your arms on your breast,
and from your sleeping heart
banish all purpose for ever.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider

Let us be enticed
by the gentle rocking breath
which comes to your feet, to
ripple

Les ondes de gazon roux.

the waves of russet grass.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

And when, solemn, the evening
falls from the black oaks,
voice of our despair,
the nightingale will sing.

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des
feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne
bat que pour vous.

Here are fruit, flowers, leaves
and branches,
And here too is my heart, which
beats only for you.

Ne le déchirez pas avec vos
deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux
l'humble présent soit doux.

Do not tear it with your two
white hands,
And may the humble gift be
pleasant in your two
beautiful eyes.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de
rosée
Que le vent du matin vient

I arrive still covered in dew,
Which the morning wind comes

glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos
pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la
délaisseront.

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.

to freeze on my brow.
Allow that my weariness, resting
at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that
will refresh me.

Let me rest my head upon your
young breast,
Still ringing with your last
kisses;
Let it calm itself after the good
tempest,
And let me sleep a little while
you rest.