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## Senior Recital: Jacob Cordie, tenor

Jacob Cordie

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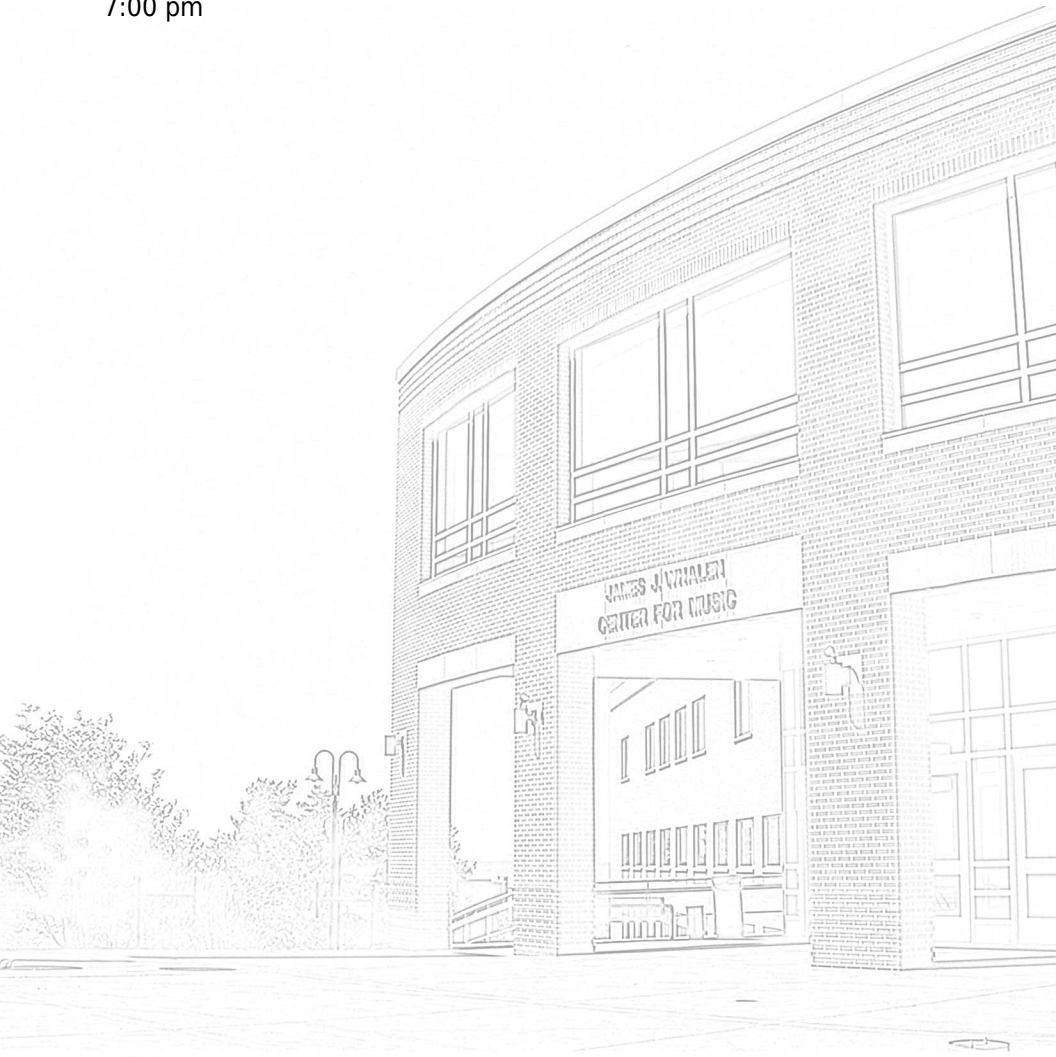
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**Senior Recital:**  
Jacob Cordie, tenor

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

Ford Hall  
Sunday, April 3rd, 2016  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Concert Aria: W.A. Mozart  
*Misero! O sogno, o son desto? K. 431* (1756-1791)

Chanson d'avril Georges Bizet  
Pastorale (1838-1875)  
Ouvre ton cœur

## Intermission

Fünf lieder: Robert Schumann  
I. *Märzveilchen* (1810-1856)  
II. *Muttertraum*  
III. *Der soldat*  
IV. *Der spielman*  
V. *Verrante liebe*

Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes Gilbert and Sullivan  
(1836-1911; 1842-1900)  
Five and a Half Minutes Kait Kerrigan and Brian Lowdermilk  
Quiet Jonathan Reid Gealt  
She and I Alexander Sage Oyen

## Translations

### Misero! o sogno, o son desto?

Misero! o sogno, o son desto?

Chiuso è il varco all'uscita!  
Io dunque, o stelle!  
solo in questa rinchiusa abitata  
dall'ombra,  
luogo tacito e mesto,  
ove non s'ode nell'orror della notte

che de' notturni augelli la  
lamentabil voce!  
I giorni miei dovrò qui terminar?  
Aprite, indgene, questa porta  
infernale!

Spietate, aprite, aprite.  
Alcun non m'ode, e solo, ne' cavi  
sassi ascoso,  
Risponde a' mesti accenti eco  
pietoso.

E dovrò qui morir?  
Ah! negli estremi amari sospiri  
almen potessi, oh Dio! oh Dio!

dar al caro mio ben l'ultimo addio!

Aura che intorno spiri,  
sull'ali a lei che adoro,  
deh! porta i miei sospiri,

dì che per essa moro,  
che più non mi vedrà!  
Ho mille larve intorno di varie voci il  
suono;  
che orribile soggiorno,  
che nuova crudeltà.  
Che barbara sorte,  
che stato dolente,  
mi lagno, sospiro,  
nessuno mi sente,  
nel grave periglio  
nessun non miro,  
Non spero consiglio,  
Non trovo pietà!

Miserable me! am I dreaming or am  
I awake?

The exit is blocked!  
I therefore, oh stars!  
alone in this closed place inhabited  
by the shades,  
a place silent and sad,  
where, in the horror of the night, one  
hears only

the mournful voice of the nocturnal  
birds!

Must I end my days here?  
Wicked ones, open this infernal  
door!

Pitiless ones, open, open.  
No one hears me; and only, from  
the hidden hollow stones,  
pitiful echo answers my sad words.

And must I die here?  
Ah! with my final bitter sighs  
would that I were able, at least, oh  
God! oh God!

to bid my dearly beloved the last  
farewell!

Breeze, you that blow about me,  
on your wings,  
ah, carry my sighs to her whom I  
adore;

tell her that I die for her,  
that she will see me no longer!

About me are the voices of a  
thousand ghosts;  
what a horrible place,  
what a new cruelty.

What a barbarous fate,  
what a painful state,  
I lament, I sigh,  
no one hears me,  
in my grave danger

I see no one,  
I do not hope for guidance,  
I find no pity!

## Chanson d'avril

Lève-toi! lève-toi! le printemps vient de naître.	Get up! get up! spring has just been born!
Là-bas, sur les vallons, flotte un réseau vermeil,	Below, over the valleys, a rosy sheen floats,
Tout frissonne au jardin, tout chante et ta fenêtre,	in the garden, everything trembles and sings, your window,
Comme un regard joyeux, est pleine de soleil.	like a joyous glance, is filled with sun.
Du côté des lilas aux touffes violettes,	Beside the purple clusters of the lilac,
Mouches et papillons bruissent à la fois;	flies and butterflies hum together;
Et le muguet sauvage, ébranlant ses clochettes,	and the wild lily-of-the-valley, shaking its little bells,
A réveillé l'amour endormi dans les bois.	have awakened love who was asleep in the woods.
Puisqu'Avril a semé ses marguerites blanches,	Since April has sown its white daisies,
Laisse ta mante loude et ton manchon frileux,	take off your heavy coat and your wintry muff!
Déjà l'oiseau t'appelle et tes sœur les pervenches	already the birds are calling you, and your sisters, the periwinkles,
Te souriront dans l'herbes envoyant tes yeux bleus.	in the grass will smile when they see your blue eyes.
Viens partons! au matin, la source est plus l'impide;	Come, let us go! in the morning, the streams are more clear;
Lève-toi! viens, partons!	Wake up! Come, let us go!
N'attendons pas du jour les brûlantes chaleurs;	let us not wait for the burning heat of the day;
Je veux mouiller mes pieds dans la rosée humide,	I want to moisten my feet in the damp dew,
Et te parler d'amour sous les poiriers en fleurs!	and speak to you of love beneath the flowering pear trees!

## Pastorale

Un jour de printemps, Tout le long d'un verger Colin va chantant, Pour ses maux soulager: « Ma bergère, ma bergère, Tra la la la la. Laisse-moi prendre un tendre baiser. Oh! laisse-moi, ma bergère prendre un tendre baiser. »	One day in spring, through an orchard, Colin goes singing, to relieve his troubles: "My shepherdess, my shepherdess, tra la la la la. Allow me to take a tender kiss. Oh! allow me, my shepherdess to take a tender kiss."
La belle, à l'instant	The beauty, at once

Répond à son berger:  
« Tu veux, en chantant  
Un baiser dérober?...  
Non Colin, non Colin.  
Tra la la la la.  
Tu voudrais, en chantant prendre  
un tendre baiser?  
Non, non Colin, ne le prends pas,  
Je vais te le donner! »

replies to the shpher:  
"With singing you want  
to steal a kiss?  
No, Colin, no, Colin,  
tra la la la la.  
You would, while singing take a  
tender kiss?  
No, Colin, do not take it,  
I will give it to you."

## Ouvre ton cœur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,  
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.

The daisy has closed its flower,  
darkness has closed the eyes of the  
day.

Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?

Fair one, will you keep your word to  
me?

Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.

Open your heart to my love.

Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange, à  
ma flamme,  
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.

Open your heart, oh young angel,  
to my passion,  
that a dream may enchant your  
slumber.

Je veux reprendre mon âme,  
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

I wish to recover my soul,  
like a flower opens to the sun!

## Märzveilchen

Der Himmel wölbt sich rein und  
blau,

The sky arches above, pure and  
blue,

Der Reif stellt Blumen aus zur  
Schau,

the frost creates flowers for show.

Am Fenster prangt ein flimmernder  
Flow.

On the window is displayed a  
shimmering bouquet of gauze.

Ein Jüngling steht, ihn betrachtend,  
davor.

A young man stands before it,  
observing it.

Und hinter den Blumen blühet noch  
gar

And behind the flowers blooms

Ein blaues, ein lächeldnes  
Augenpaar.

a pair of smiling blue eyes.

Märzveilchen, wie jener noch keine  
geseh'n!

March violets, like these have never  
been seen before!

Der Reif wird angehaucht zergeh'n.

The frost will dissolve when  
breathed upon.

Eisblumen fangen zu schmelzen an,  
Und Gott sei gnädig dem jungen  
Mann.

Flowers of frost begin to melt,  
may God be gracious to the young  
man.

## Muttertraum

Die Mutter betet herzlich und schaut	The mother prays sweetly and gazes
Entzückt auf den schlummernden Kleinen.	with delight upon the slumbering little boy.
Er ruht in der Wiege so sanft und traut.	He rests in his cradle, so gently and cozy.
Ein Engel muss er ihr scheinen.	He must seem like an angel to her.
Sie küsst ihn und herzt ihn, sie hält sich kaum.	She kisses him and hugs him; she can hardly restrain herself.
Vergessen der irdischen Schmerzen,	Forgetting all earthly pains,
Es schweift in die Zukunft ihr Hoffnungstraum.	her hopeful dreams contemplate his future.
So träumen Mütter im Herzen,	Thus do all mothers dream in their hearts.
Der Rab' indes mit der Sipschaft sein	Meanwhile, the raven with its brothers
Kreischt draußen am Fenster die Weise:	screeches this tune outside the window:
Dein Engel, dein Engel wird unser sein.	Your angel, your angel will be ours,
Der Räuber dient uns zur Speise.	the robber will be our supper.

## Der Soldat

Es geht bei gedämpfter Tommel Klang.	We march to the sound of a muffled drum.
Wie weit noch die Stätte, der Weg wie lang!	How far away is yet the place, how long the way!
O wär' er zur Ruh' und alles vorbei.	Oh, if he were at rest and everything past.
Ich glaub', es bricht mir das Herz entzwei.	I believe my heart is breaking in two.
Ich hab' in der Welt nur ihn geliebt, Nur ihn, dem jetzt man den Tod doch gibt.	I love only him in the world, only him, whom they now put to death.
Bei klingendem Spiele wird paradiert,	accompanied by a blaring band as if in a parade,
Dazu bin auch ich kommandiert.	I have also been ordered to attend.
Nun schaut er auf zum letztenmal In Gottes Sonne freudigen Strahl.	Now he gazes up for the last time into the joyous beams of God's sun.
Nun binden sie ihm die Augen zu.	Now they blindfold his eyes.
Dir schenke Gott die ewige Ruh'.	May God grant you eternal rest.

Es haben die Neun wohl angelegt,  
Acht Kugeln haben vorbeigefegt;  
Sie zitterten alle vor Jammer und  
Scherz,  
Ich aber, ich traf ihn mitten ins in  
das Herz!

The nine took good aim,  
eight bullets shot wide;  
They all trembled in misery and  
pain,  
I however, I shot him right through  
the heart!

## Der Spielmann

Im Städtchen gibt es des Jubels viel,  
Da halten sie Hochzeit mit Tanz und  
mit Spiel.  
Dem Fröhlichen blinket der Wein so  
rot,  
Die Braut nur gleicht dem  
getünchten Tod.

In the little town there is much  
rejoicing,  
there they are celebrating a  
wedding with dance and games.  
For the happy man the wine  
sparkles red,  
the bride looks as pale as death.

Ja tot für den, den nicht sie vergisst,  
Der doch beim Fest nicht Bräutigam  
ist:  
Da steht er inmitten der Gäste im  
Krug,  
Und streichelt die Geige lustig  
genug.

Yes, she is dead for the one she  
cannot forget,  
who at the celebration is not the  
bridegroom;  
he stands among the guests at the  
inn,  
and plays his fiddle merrily enough.

Er streichelt die Geige, sein Haar  
ergraut,  
Es schwingen die Saiten gellend  
und laut,  
Er drückt sie ans Herz und achtet es  
nicht,  
Ob auch sie in tausend Stücke  
zerbricht.

He plays his fiddle as his hair turns  
grey,  
the strings ring out shrill and loud,  
he presses it to his heart, heedless,  
of whether it will break into a  
thousand pieces.

Es ist gar grausig, wenn einer so  
stirbt,  
Wenn jung sein Herz um Freude  
noch wirbt.  
Ich mag und will nicht länger es  
sehn!  
Das möchte den Kopf mir  
schwindelnd verdreh'n!

It is quite ghastly when one dies  
this way,  
when his young heart still strives  
for joy.  
I don't like to, and will not, watch  
anymore!  
It may make my head spin dizzily!

Wer heißt euch mit Fingern zeigen  
auf mich?  
O Gott, bewahr uns gnädiglich,  
Dass keinen der Wahnsinn  
übermannet.  
Bin selber ein armer Musikant.

Who asked you to point your fingers  
at me?  
Oh God, graciously preserve us,  
that none are overpowered by  
madness.  
I am a poor musician myself.



## Verrantene Liebe

Da nachts wir uns küssten, o  
Mädchen,  
hat keiner uns zugeschaut.  
Die Sterne, die standen am  
Himmel,  
wir haben den Sternen getraut.

Es ist ein Stern gefallen,  
der hat dem Meer uns verklagt,  
da hat das Meer es dem Ruder,  
das Ruder dem Schiffer gesagt.

Da sang der selbige Schiffer  
es seiner Liebsten vor.  
Nun singen's auf Straßen und  
Märkten  
die Knaben und Mädchen im Chor.

That at night we kissed each other,  
oh maiden,  
had no one observed us.  
The stars, which stood in the sky,  
we have the stars trusted.

One star fell,  
it told the sea;  
the sea told it to the rudder,  
the rudder told it to the sailor.

The same sailor sang  
it to his sweetheart.  
Now they sing it in the streets and  
markets,  
the boys and girls in chorus.