

4-23-2016

Senior Recital: Josi Petersen, soprano

Josi Petersen

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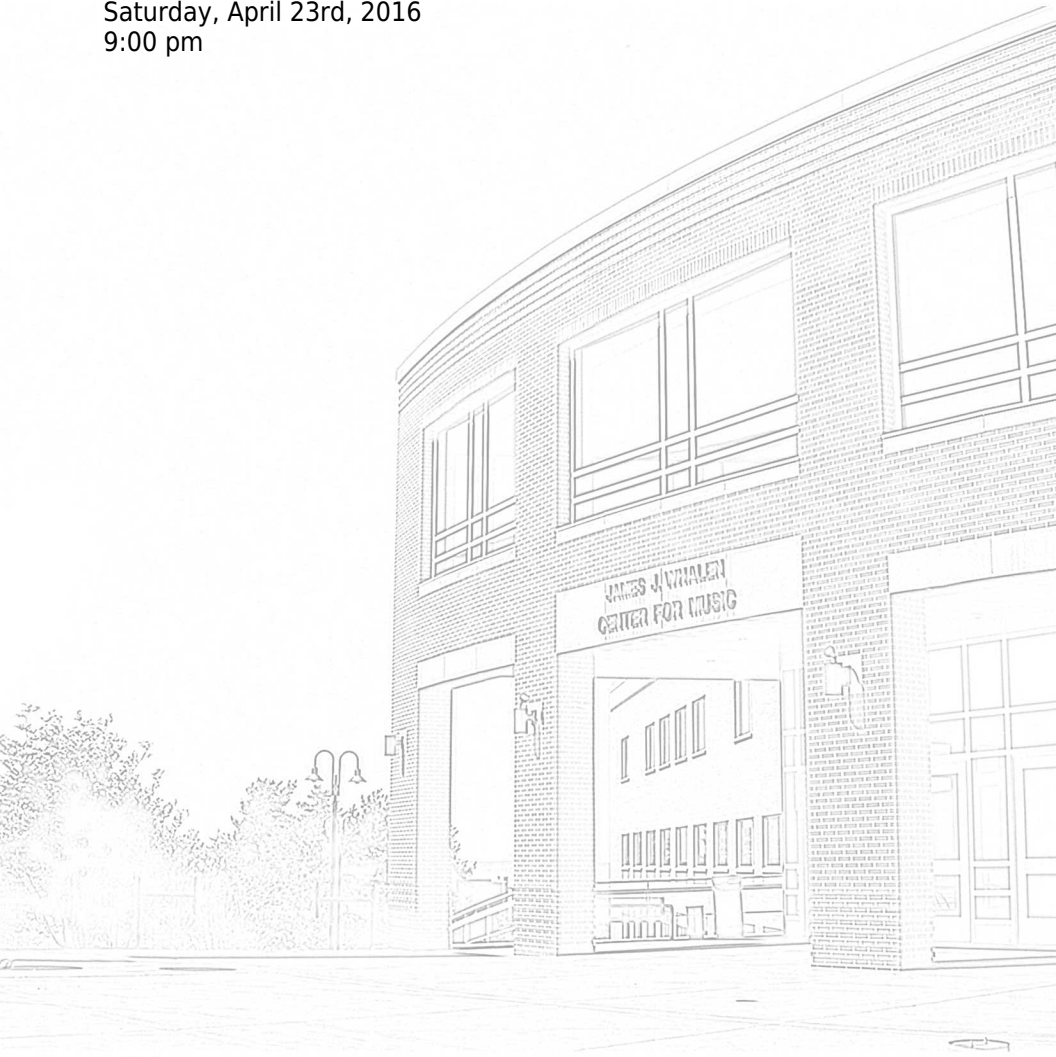
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Senior Recital:
Josi Petersen, soprano

Amy Brinkman-Davis, collaborative pianist
Michael Galvin, bass

Ford Hall
Saturday, April 23rd, 2016
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Il core vi dono"
from *Così fan tutte*
"Là ci darem la mano"
from *Don Giovanni*
Michael Galvin, bass

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Op. 39
I. Aurore
II. Fleur jetée
IV. Les roses d'Ispahan

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

"Eccomi in lieta vesta... Oh! quante volte"
from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Intermission

"Steal me, sweet thief"
from *The Old Maid and the Thief*

Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911-2007)

6 einfache Lieder, op. 9
I. Schneeglöckchen
IV. Liebesbriefchen
VI. Sommer

Erich Wolfgang Korngold
(1897-1957)

Three Browning Songs, op. 44
II. Ah, Love, but a day!
III. I send my heart up to thee!
I. The Year's at the Spring

Amy Beach
(1867-1944)

Translations

Il core vi dono

Guglielmo

Il core vi dono,
Bell'idolo mio;
Ma il vostro vo' anch'io,
Via, datelo a me.

Dorabella

Mel date, lo prendo,
Ma il mio non vi rendo:
Invan mel chiedete,
Più meco ei non è.

Guglielmo

Se teco non l'hai,
Perché batte qui?

Dorabella

Se a me tu lo dai,
Che mai balza lì?

Le due

È il mio coricino
Che più non è meco:
Ei venne a star teco,
Ei batte così.

Guglielmo

Qui lascia che il metta.

Dorabella

Ei qui non può star.

Guglielmo

T'intendo, furbetta.

Dorabella

Che fai?

Guglielmo

Non guardar.

Dorabella

Nel petto un Vesuvio
D'avere mi par.

Guglielmo

This heart I give you,
My adored one;
But I want yours in return;
Come, give it me.

Dorabella

You've given it, and I take it,
But mine I cannot give;
In vain you ask it of me,
It is no longer mine.

Guglielmo

If you no longer own it,
Why does it beat here?

Dorabella

If you gave me it,
What is still beating there?

Both

It is my own dear heart
That is no longer mine;
It's come to lodge with you,
And that's what's beating so.

Guglielmo

Let me put it here.

Dorabella

There it cannot stay.

Guglielmo

I understand, you little rogue.

Dorabella

What are you doing?

Guglielmo

You're not to look.

Dorabella

I feel I have
A volcano in my bosom!

Guglielmo

Ferrando meschino!
Possibil non par.
L'occhietto a me gira.

Dorabella

Che brami?

Guglielmo

Rimira
Se meglio può andar.

Le due

Oh cambio felice
Di cori e d'affetti!
Che nuovi diletta,
Che dolce penar!

Guglielmo

Poor Ferrando!
It doesn't seem possible.
Now turn your pretty eyes on me.

Dorabella

What do you want?

Guglielmo

See,
Doesn't that look better?

Both

Oh happy exchange
Of hearts and affections!
What new delights!
What sweet pain!

Là ci darem la mano**Don Giovanni**

Là ci darem la mano,
Là mi dirai di sì.
Vedi, non è lontano;
Partiam, ben mio, da qui.

Zerlina

Vorrei e non vorrei,
mi trema un poco il cor.
Felice, è ver, sarei,
ma può burlarmi ancor.

Don Giovanni

Vieni mio bel diletto!

Zerlina

Mi fa pietà Masetto.

Don Giovanni

Io cangierò tua sorte.

Zerlina

Presto non son più forte.

Don Giovanni

Andiam!

Zerlina

Andiam!

Don Giovanni

There we will hold hands,
there you will say "yes."
See, it is not far;
let us depart, my dear, from here.

Zerlina

I want to, and I don't want to,
my heart trembles a bit in me.
Happy, it is true, I would be,
but he could mock me still.

Don Giovanni

Come my beautiful beloved!

Zerlina

It makes me pity Masetto.

Don Giovanni

I will change your fate.

Zerlina

Soon I won't have strength to resist.

Don Giovanni

Let-us-go!

Zerlina

Let-us-go!

Le due

Andiam, andiam, mio bene,
 a ristorar le pene
 d'un innocente amor.

Both

Let-us-go, let-us-go, my dearest,
 to comfort the pains
 of an innocent love.

Aurore

Des jardins de la nuit s'envolent les
 étoiles,
 Abeilles d'or qu'attire un invisible
 miel;
 Et l'aube, au loin tendant la
 candeur de ses toiles,

Trame de fils d'argent le manteau
 bleu du ciel.

Du jardin de mon cœur qu'un rêve
 lent enivre
 S'envolent mes désirs sur les pas
 du matin,
 Comme un essaim léger qu'à
 l'horizon de cuivre,
 Appelle un chant plaintif, |éternel et
 lointain.

Ils volent à tes pieds, astres
 chassés des nues,
 Exilés du ciel d'or où fleurit ta
 beauté
 Et, cherchant jusqu'à toi des routes
 inconnues,
 Mêlent au jour naissant leur
 mourante clarté.

From the gardens of the night, the
 stars fly away
 like golden bees attracted by an
 invisible honey;
 and the dawn, in the distance
 spreading the brightness of its
 canvas,
 weaves threads of silver into the
 blue cloak of the sky.

From the garden of my heart which
 a dream slowly intoxicates
 my desires fly off with the coming
 of the morn,
 like a light swarm to the coppery
 horizon,
 called by a plaintive song, eternal
 and distant.

They fly to your feet, stars chased
 by the clouds,
 exiled from the sky of gold where
 blossoms your beauty;
 and, seeking uncharted roads that
 lead to you,
 they mingle their dying light with
 the dawning day.

Fleur jetée

Emporte ma folie
 Au gré du vent,
 Fleur en chantant cueillie
 Et jetée en rêvant,
 Emporte ma folie
 Au gré du vent:

Comme la fleur fauchée
 Périt l'amour:
 La main qui t'a touchée
 Fuit ma main sans retour.
 Comme la fleur fauchée
 Périt l'amour.

Carry away my folly
 at the whim of the wind,
 flower, picked while singing
 and discarded while dreaming.
 Carry away my folly
 at the whim of the wind!

Like a flower scythed-down,
 perishes the love:
 the hand that touched you
 flees my hand without return.
 Like a flower scythed-down,
 perishes the love!

Que le vent qui te sèche
O pauvre fleur,
Tout à l'heure si fraîche
Et demain sans couleur,
Que le vent qui te sèche,
Sèche mon coeur!

May the wind that withers you
oh poor flower,
a short time ago so fresh
and tomorrow without color,
May the wind that withers you
wither my heart!

Les roses d'Ispahan

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaîne
de mousse,
Les jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs
de l'oranger,
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une
odeur moins douce,
Ô blanche Léïlah! que ton souffle
léger.

The Roses of Ispahan in their mossy
sheaths,
the jasmines of Mosul, the orange
blossoms,
have a fragrance less fresh, have a
scent less sweet,
oh pale Leila, than your light
breath!

Ta lèvre est de corail et ton rire
léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et
d'une voix plus douce.
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce
l'oranger,
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au
bord d'un nid de mousse.

Your lips are of coral and your light
laughter
is lovelier and sweeter than the
sound of running water.
lovelier than the joyful breeze that
rocks the orange trees,
lovelier than the singing bird by its
mossy nest.

Ô Léïlah! depuis que de leur vol
léger
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre
si douce
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle
oranger,
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans
leur mousse.

Oh, Leilah! ever since in their light
flight
all the kisses have fled from your
sweet lips,
there is no more fragrance in the
pale orange-tree,
no heavenly aroma from the moss
covered roses.

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce
papillon léger,
Revienne vers mon coeur d'une aile
prompte et douce.
Et qu'il parfume encor la fleur de
l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaîne
de mousse.

Oh! may your young love, this light
butterfly,
return to my heart on a quick and
gentle wing,
and may it again perfume the
orange blossoms,
and the Roses of Ispahan in their
mossy sheaths.

Eccomi in lieta vesta... Oh! quante volte

Eccomi in lieta vesta... Eccomi adorna come vittima all'ara.	Here I am in festive clothing... here I am adorned like a victim for the altar.
Oh! Almen potessi qual vittima cader dell'ara al piede! O nuziali tede, abborrite così fatali, siate, ah, siate per me faci ferali.	Oh, if only I could like a victim fall at the feet of the altar! Oh nuptial torches, hated so, fateful, will be, ah! will be for me the flames of death.
Ardo... una vampa, una foco tutta mi strugge.	I burn... a blaze, a fire all me consumes.
Un refrigerio ai venti io chiedo invano. Ove sei tu, Romeo? In qual terra t'aggiri? Dove, inviarti, dove i miei sospiri?	A comfort from the winds I call for in vain. Where are you Romeo? In what lands do you wander? Where, where shall I send to you my sighs?
Oh, quante volte, oh quante ti chiedo al ciel piangendo! Con quale ardor t'attendo, e inganno il mio desir! Raggio del tuo sembiante ah! parmi il brillar del giorno: ah! l'aura che spira intorno mi sembra un tuo sospir.	Oh! How many times, Oh, how often in tears I have begged heaven for you! With what passion you-I await, is in vain my desires! The light of your face is like to me the brilliance of the day the air that swirls around me to me is like one of your sighs.

Schneeglöckchen

's war doch wie ein leises Singen in dem Garten heute Nacht, wie wenn laue Lüfte gingen: "Süße Glöcklein, nun erwacht; denn die warme Zeit wir bringen, eh's noch jemand hat gedacht."	It was like a gentle singing in the garden last night, as when warm breezes blow: "Sweet little-bells, now wake-up; for we bring the warm time, sooner than anyone expected."
's war kein Singen, s'war ein Küßen, rührt die stillen Glöcklein sacht, daß sie alle tönen müssen von der künft'gen bunten Pracht!	It was not singing but kissing, that gently moved the silent little bells, that they all began to ring of the future colorful splendor!
Ach, sie konnten's nicht erwarten, aber weiß vom letzten Schnee war noch immer Feld und Garten,	Ah, they could not wait for it, but white from the last snow were the field and garden still,

und sie sanken um vor Weh.

and in pain they sank to the
ground.

So schon manche Dichter streckten
sangesmüde sich hinab,
und der Frühling, den sie weckten,
rauschet über ihrem Grab.

And so have many poets stretched
themselves out, tired from singing,
and the spring that awakened
them,
blows over their grave.

Liebesbriefchen

Fern von dir denk' ich dein,
Kindelein,
Einsam bin ich, doch mir blieb treue
Lieb'.

Far from you, I think of you, little
child,
I am alone, but I still have true love.

Was ich denk', bist nur, nur du,
Herzensruh.
Sehe stets hold und licht dein
Gesicht.
Und in mir immer zu tönest du.
Bist's allein, die die Welt mir erhellt.

What is on my mind is only, only
you, my heart's rest.
I always see your lovely, bright face
before me.
And you still resonate in me.
You are the one who illuminates the
world for me.

Ich bin dein, Liebchen fein, denke
mein, denk' mein!

I am yours, fine sweetheart, think of
me, think of me!

Sommer

Unter spärlich grünen Blättern,
unter Blumen, unter Blüten
hör' ich fern die Amsel schmettern
und die kleien Drossel wüten.

Among sparse green leaves,
among flowers, among
tree-blossoms
I hear in the distance the blackbird
sing
and the raging of the little thrush.

Auch ein Klingen fein und leise,
schneller Tage schneller Grüße,
eine wehe Sommerweise,
schwer von einer letzten Süße.

Also the subtle, soft sound
of shorter days and quicker
greetings,
it is a woeful summer melody,
heavy with a final sweetness.

Und ein glühendes Verbrennen
schwebt auf heißen Windeswellen,
taumelnd glaub' ich zu erkennen
ungeschriener Schreie Gellen.

And a glowing burning
hovers on the hot waves of the
wind,
reeling, I believe I can make out
unuttered shrieking screams.

Und ich sitze still und bebe,
fühle meine Stunden rinnen,
und ich halte still und lebe,
während Träume mich umspinnen.

And I sit quietly and tremble,
feel my hours run by,
and I remain still and live,
while dreams spin about me.