Junior Recital: Ann-Marie Iacoviello, soprano

Ann-Marie Iacoviello

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Junior Recital:  
Ann-Marie Iacoviello, soprano  
Richard Montgomery, piano  
Sandi O'Hare, flute

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Tuesday, May 3rd, 2016  
7:00 pm
Program

Poèmes de Banville (selections)  
I. Rêverie  
II. Souhait  
III. Le Lilas  
V. Il dort encore  
VII. Fête Galante  
Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

"Ei, wie schmeckt der Coffee süsse"  
from BWV 211 Kaffeekantate  
Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

Five Songs About Spring (selections)  
I. who knows if the moon's a balloon  
II. Spring is like a perhaps hand  
III. in Just spring  
IV. in Spring comes  
Dominick Argento  
(b. 1927)

Intermission

Quattro Rispetti, op. 12  
Quando ti vidi  
O guarda quel nobile augello  
Angiolo delicato fresco a bello  
Sia benedetto che fece lo mondo!  
Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari  
(1876-1948)

Pieśni księżniczki z baśni, op. 31 (selections)  
I. Samotny księżyc  
III. Złote trzewiczki  
IV. Taniec  
V. Pieśń o fali  
Karol Szymanowski  
(1882-1937)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree BM Voice Performance.  
Ann-Marie Iacoviello is from the studio of Marc Webster.
Translations

Rêverie

Le zéphir à la douce haleine
Entr'ouvre la rose des bois,
Et sur les monts et dans la plaine,
Il féconde tout à la fois.

Le lys et la rouge verveine
S’échappent fleuris de ses doigts.
Tout s’enivre à sa coupe pleine
Et chacun tréssaille à sa voix.

Mais il est une frêle plante
Qui se retire et fuit tremblante.
Le baisser qui va la meurtrir.

Or, je sais des âmes plaintives
Qui sont comme les sensitives,
Et que le bonheur fait mourir.

Souhait

Oh! quand la mort, que rien ne saurait apaiser,
Nous prendra tous les deux dans un dernier basier
Et jettera sur nous le manteau de ses ailes.
Puissions-nous réposer sous deux pierres jumelles!
Puissent les fleurs de rose aux parfums embaumés
Sortir de nos deux corps qui se sont tant aimés,
Et nos âmes fleurir ensemble, et, sur nos tombes
Se regarder longtemps d’amoureuses colombes!

Le Lilas

o floraison divine du lilas,
Je te bénis, pour si peu que tu dures!
Nos pauvres coeurs de souffrir étaient las.
Enfin l’oubli guérit nos peines dures
Enivrez-nous, fleurs horizons, verdure!
Le clair réveil du matin gracieux;

Oh, the zephyr with sweet breath
Half-opens the rose of the woods
And on the mountains and in the plain,
He makes everything fertile at the same time

The lily and the red verbena
Escape bloomed by his fingers.
Everything becomes inebriated by his full cup
And each one quivers at his voice.

But it is a frail plant
That draws back and flees trembling.
The kiss that will wound it

And yet I know plaintive souls
Who are like sensitive plants,
And whom happiness causes to die

Oh! When death, which nothing can appease
Takes us both in a last kiss
And slips on us its winged coat
We can repose under two twin stones!
The pink flowers with their fragrant perfume
Can rise from our bodies that were so beloved,
And our souls flower together, And, on our tombs
Amorous doves kiss forever!

Oh, the divine blossoming of lilacs,
I thank you, for you last such a short time!
Our poor hearts were weary of suffering.

In the end, forgetfulness cures our heavy sorrows
Intoxicate us, flowers of the horizon, greenery!
The awakening clarity of the graceful morn,
Charme l'azur irradié des cieux;  
Mai fleurissant cache les blanches tombes,  
Tout éclairé de feux délicieux,  
Et l'air frémit blanc des vols de colombes.

Il Dort Encore

Il dort encore une main sur la lyre!  
He sleeps on, his hands still on his lyre!  
He ne verrait ni mon triste délire  
He shall see neither my despair  
Ni ces longs pleurs qui tombent de mes yeux.  
Nor the copious tears streaming from my eyes.  
Charmeur divin, tandis que tu sommeilles.  
Divine charmer, sometimes while you sleep,  
Autour de toi voltigent les abeilles.  
Bees swarm around you as you dream.  
Le doux poète est l'envoyé des Dieux!  
Sweet poet, envy of the Gods!  
La blanche étoile errante aux cieux t’adore.  
The white star wandering heaven adores you.

Fête Galante

Voilà Sylvandre et Lycas et Myrtil  
Here are Silvandre, Lycas, and Myrtle,  
Car c'est ce soir fête chez Cydalise  
for there is this evening a party at the home of Cydalise.
Partout dans l'air court un parfum subtil  
Everywhere a subtle perfume floats in the air  
Dans le grand parc où tout s'idéalise  
in the great park where all is perfection  
Avec la rose, Aminthe rivalise.  
Aminthe rivals the beauty of the rose.  
Philis, Églé, qui suivent leurs amants,  
Philis, Eglé, who are pursuing their lovers,  
Cherchent l'ombre en mille endroits charmants;  
searching among the shadows in a thousands charming places;  
Dans le soleil qui s'irrite et qui joue,  
in the sun which is both angry and playful,  
Luttant d'orgueil avec les diamants,  
struggling pridefully with the diamonds,  
Sur le chemin, le paon blanc fait la roue.  
on the road the white peacock displays the wheel of his plumage. Ah!

Ei! wie schmeckt der Coffee süße

Ei! wie schmeckt der Coffee süße,  
Ah! how the sweet coffee tastes good,  
lieblicher als tausent Küsse,  
dearer then a thousand kisses,  
milder als Muskatenwein.  
milder as muscatel wine.  
Coffee, Coffee muss ich haben,  
Coffee, I must have cofee,  
und wenn jemand mich will laben,  
and if someone would refresh me,  
ach, so schenkt mir Coffee ein!  
ah, so pour me another coffee!
Quando ti vidi

Quando ti vidi a quel canto apparire
ti assomigliai alla spera del sole
Abbassai gli occhi e non seppi che dire:
allora incominciava il nostro amore.
Ora che il nostro amor è cominciato
voglia mi un po’ di ben giovin garbato.

When I saw you appear in that song
you resembled the hope of the sun
I lowered my eyes and knew not what to say:
And thus our love began.
Now that our love has started
We want a bit of good youthful
gentleness.

O guarda quel nobile augello

O guarda, guarda quel nobile augello
che va per l'aria e lo ricopre il sole!
E così fate voi giovane bello
quando di casa vostra escite fuore,
quando di casa vostra fuori andate
l'aria e la terra di fior seminate.
Quando di casa vostra fuora uscite
l'aria e la terra di bei fior coprite!

O look, look at that beautiful noble
falcon
that flies through the air and covers the
sun!
And so do you beautiful youth,
When you leave from your house,
When you go outside of your house
the air and the earth will be sewn with
flowers.
When you leave from your house
the air and earth are covered with
beautiful flowers!

Angiolo delicato fresco e bello

Angiolo delicato fresco e bello
quanto vi seppe vostra mamma fare!
Nascesse mille voi siete il più bello,
fiorisce l'erba do’avette a passare
Dove avete a passar fiorisce il grano
Bello, nasceste colle rose in mano.
Dove avete a passar fiorisce il gioglio
Bello nasceste colle rose in collo.
Dove avete a passar fiorisce il lino.
Bello nasceste con un gelsomino.

Angel delicate fresh and beautiful
as you knew your mother would do!
You were born a thousand times more
beautiful
than the flowering grass that you pass
by
Where you have to pass the flourishing
wheat
Beautiful, you were born with roses in
hand.
Where you have to pass the blooming
lillies.
Beautiful, you were born with roses on
your neck.
Where you have to pass the sprouting
seeds
Beautiful, you were born with a jasmine.

Sia benedetto chi fece lo mondo!

Sia benedetto chi fece lo mondo!
Lo seppe tanto bene accomodare!
Fece lo mare e non vi fece fondo,
fece le navi per poter passare.
Fece le navi e fece il paradiso
e fece le bellezze al vostro viso.

Blessed is he who made the world!
He knew so well how to accomodate!
He made the sea and made it
fathomless,
he made the ships that pass by.
He made the ships and he made
paradise
and he made the beauty of your face.
**Samotny księżyce**

Czasem mnie gniewa księżyc srebrnicy,
oc w noc wiosenna skrada się zza chmur,
by nam miłosne wydrzeć tajemnice!
Lecz gdy myślę, że biedny samotnik
w zimnej gwiazd ciszy, tęskne pędzą noche,
igdy płomieniem nie gorzał miłości!
Tak mi go żal! Tak żal!

Sometimes the silver-faced moon
angers me,
which on a spring night creeps up from behind clouds,
to snatch love secrets from us!
But when I think that the poor recluse
spending his yearning nights in the cold silence of stars,
has never burnt with the flame of love!
I am so sorry for him! So sorry!

**Złote trzewiczki**

Od wrót mojego pałacu
odszedł ten, co mnie miłował,
brnąc boso w jesiennej mgle...
W trzewiczkach złotych chodzę,
w trzewiczkach złotych, lecz stopy moje pali
ślad też na ścieżce, która na wieki odszedł ten,
co mnie miłował, ten, co mnie miłował!

From the gates of my palace
has gone he who loved me,
wading barefoot through the autumn fog...
I walk in slippers of gold,
in slippers of gold, but my feet are scorched
by the trace of tears on the path, by which has gone forever he,
who loved me, he who loved me.

**Taniec**

Gdy w twym objęciu, kochanku mój,
na skrzydłach miłości, jako ptak lekka plasam w krag,
to wszystkie, wszystkie kwiaty w moim ogrodzie
wraz z nami radosny wioda tan!

When in your embrace, oh my lover,
on the wings of love, like a bird I dance around,
then all, all the flowers in my garden perform a joyful dance together with us!

**Pieśń o fali**

Chciałabym srebrna być fala, co burt twej łodzi całuję.
Na harfie rozwianych grzyw tęskne śpiewałbym pieśni.
A gdyby gniewne wichry twa lódź rozbiły o skalę,
na mej piersi białej, ukósałabym cię na wieczny sen, na wieczny, wieczny sen!

I would like to be a silver wave, which kisses the side of your boat.
On the harp of wind-blown crests I would sing mournful songs.
And if angry gales crashed your boat on a rock,
on my white breast I would rock you to eternal sleep, to eternal, eternal sleep!