

5-3-2016

## Junior Recital: Ann-Marie Iacoviello, soprano

Ann-Marie Iacoviello

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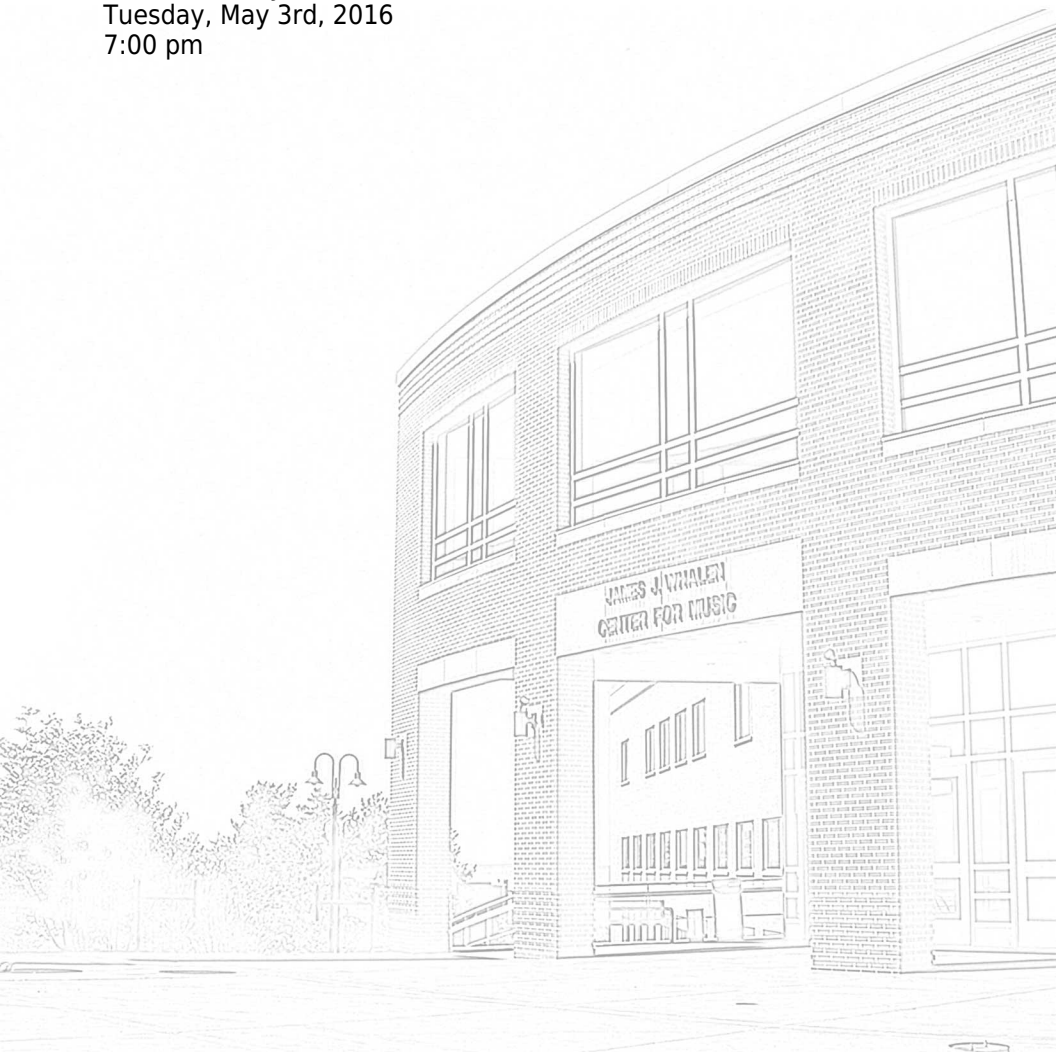
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**Junior Recital:**  
Ann-Marie Iacoviello, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano  
Sandi O'Hare, flute

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



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# 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)

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

## Translations

### Rêverie

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

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

Le lys et la rouge verveine  
S'échappent fleuris de ses doigts.  
Tout s'enivre à sa coupe pleine

The lily and the red verbena  
Escape bloomed by his fingers.  
Everything becomes inebriated by his  
full cup

Et chacun tréssaille à sa voix.

And each one quivers at his voice.

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

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

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

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

### 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!

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!

### Le Lilas

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

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  
tombees,  
Tout éclairé de feux délicieux,  
Et l'air frémit blanc des vols de  
colombes.

The azure shines charmingly from the  
heavens;  
flourishing May hides the white tombs,  
Everything is lit by delicious fires,  
and the air trembles, white from the  
flight of the doves.

## II Dort Encore

Il dort encore une main sur la lyre!  
Il ne verrait ni mon triste délire  
Ni ces longs pleurs qui tombent de mes  
yeux.  
Charme divin, tandis que tu  
sommeilles.  
Autour de toi voltigent les abeilles.  
Le doux poète est l'envoyé des Dieux!  
La blanche étoile errante aux cieux  
t'adore.  
Ferme tes yeux ravis, sommeille encore,  
  
Anacréon, chanteur mélodieux.  
  
Tandis que fuit la nuit enchanteresse,  
Qu'un rythme heureux te berce et te  
carasse.  
Le doux poète est l'envoyé des Dieux!

He sleeps on, his hands still on his lyre!  
He shall see neither my despair  
nor the copious tears streaming from  
my eyes.  
Divine charmer, sometimes while you  
sleep,  
Bees swarm around you as you dream.  
Sweet poet, envy of the Gods!  
The white star wandering heaven  
adores you.  
Close your enraptured eyes,  
  
Dream on Anacreon, melodious  
songster!  
While enchantress Night steals away,  
May you be lulled and caressed by a  
gentle rhythm.  
Sweet poet, envy of the Gods!

## Fête Galante

Voilà Sylvandre et Lycas et Myrtil  
Car c'est ce soir fête chez Cydalise  
  
Partout dans l'air court un parfum subtil  
  
Dans le grand parc où tout s'idéalise  
Avec la rose, Aminthe rivalise.  
Philis, Églé, qui suivent leurs amants,  
  
Cherchent l'ombrage en mille endroits  
charmants;  
Dans le soleil qui s'irrite et qui joue,  
  
Luttant d'orgueil avec les diamants,  
Sur le chemin, le paon blanc fait la roue.  
Ah!

Here are Silvandree, Lycas, and Myrtle,  
for there is this evening a party at the  
home of Cydalise  
  
Everywhere a subtle perfume floats in  
the air  
in the great park where all is perfection  
Aminthe rivals the beauty of the rose.  
Philis, Eglé, who are pursuing their  
lovers,  
searching among the shadows in a  
thousands charming places;  
in the sun which is both angry and  
playful,  
struggling pridefully with the diamonds,  
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,  
lieblicher als tausent Küsse,  
milder als Muskatenein.  
Coffee, Coffee muss ich haben,  
und wenn jemand mich will laben,  
ach, so schenkt mir Coffee ein!

Ah! how the sweet coffee tastes good,  
dearer than a thousand kisses,  
milder as muscatel wine.  
Coffee, I must have coffee,  
and if someone would refresh me,  
ah, so pour me another coffee!

## Quando ti vidi

Quando ti vidi a quel canto apparire  
ti assomigliai alla sfera 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'avete 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 księżyc

Czasem mnie gniewa księżyc srebrnocy,  
co w noc wiosenna skrada się zza  
chmur,  
by nam miłosne wydrzeć tajemnice!  
Lecz gdy pomyślę, że biedny samotnik  
w zimnej gwiazd ciszy, tęskne pędząc  
noce,  
nigdy 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,  
brnac boso w jesiennej mgle...  
  
W trzewiczkach złotych chodzę,  
w trzewiczkach złotych, lecz stopy moje  
pali  
ślad łez 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  
pląsam 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  
twojej łodzi całuje.  
Na harfie rozwianych grzyw tęskne  
śpiewałabym pieśni.  
A gdyby gniewne wichry twoją łódź rozbiły  
o skałę,  
na mej piersi białej, ukotysałabym 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!