

2-23-2013

## Graduate Recital: Lynn Craver, soprano

Lynn Craver

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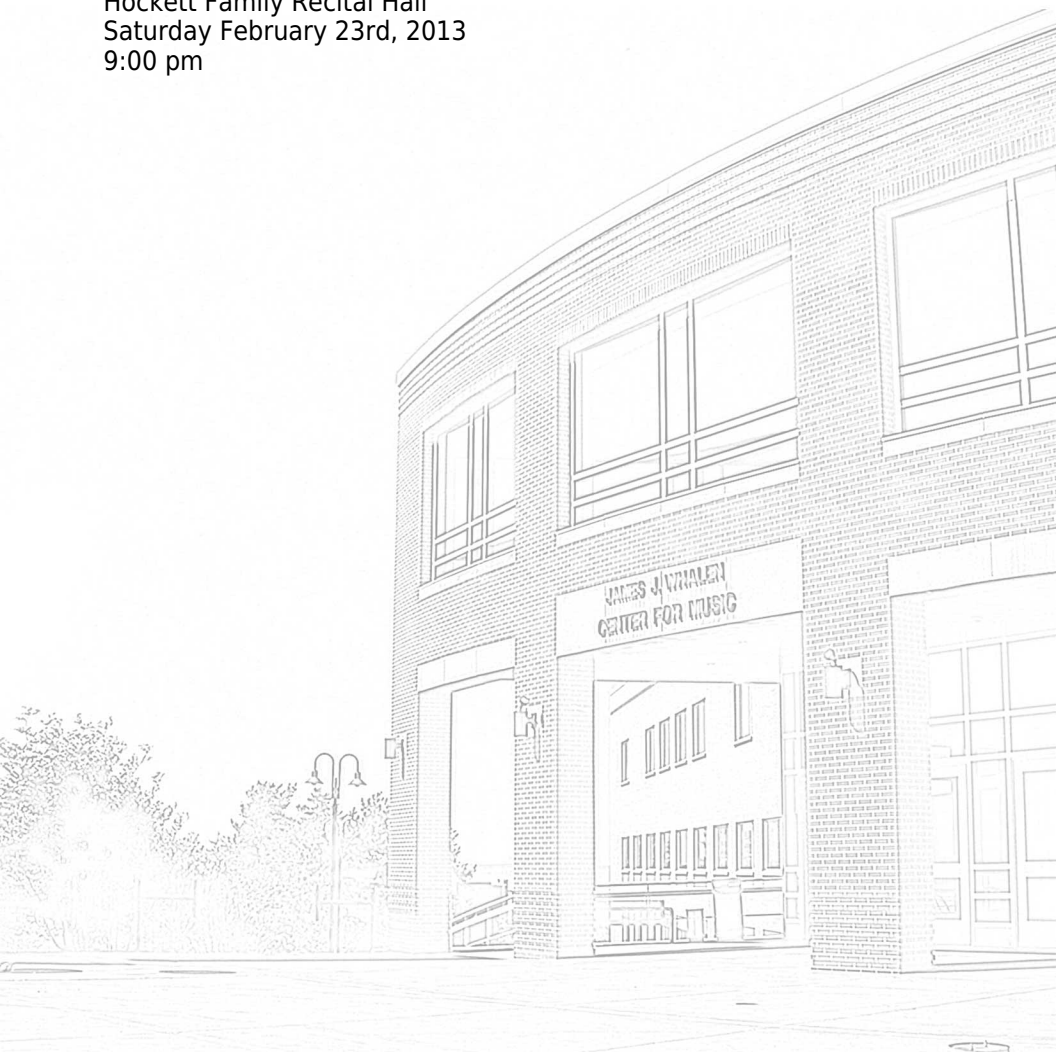
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# Graduate Recital:

Lynn Craver, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano  
Tamara Acosta, soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Saturday February 23rd, 2013  
9:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Non Hai Cor <i>Betulia Liberata</i>	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Sulieka I Sulieka II Gretchen am Spinrade	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
5 Mélodies Populaires Grecques  Chanson de la mariée Là-bas, vers l'église Quel galant m'est comparable  Chanson des cuilleusses de lentisques Tout Gai!	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

## Intermission

Triptico Farruca Cantilena Madrigal	Joaquin Turina (1882-1949)
E l'uccellino Morire Sogno d'or Sole Amore We are Women Glitter and Be Gay <i>Candide</i>	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)  Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

*Tamara Acosta, soprano*

## Translations

### **Non hai Cor**

Non hai cor,  
se in mezzo a questi  
miserabili lamenti,  
non ti scuoti, non ti desti, non to  
senti intenerir?

Quanto, oh Dio, siamo infelice  
se sapessero i nemici,  
anche a lor di pianto il ciglio,  
si vedrebbe i numidir

### **You have No Heart**

You have no heart,  
if in the midst of these  
miserable laments,  
you do not shake, do not  
awaken, do you not feel  
pity?

How, oh God, we are unhappy  
even the enemy understands,  
even their eyes are crying,  
you can see the tears

## Suleika I

Was bedeutet die bewegung?  
Bringt der ost mir frohe kunde?  
Seiner schwingen frische regung  
Kühlt des herzens tiefe wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem  
Staubе,  
Jagt ihn auf in leichten  
Wölkchen,  
Treibt zur sichern rebenlaube  
Der insekten frohes völkchen.

Lindert sanft der sonne glühen,  
Kühlt auch mir die heißen  
wangen,  
Küßt die reben noch im fliehen,  
Die auf feld und hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises  
flüstern  
Von dem freunde tausend  
grüße;  
Eh' noch diese hügel düstern,  
Grüßen mich wohl tausend  
küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!  
Diene freunden und betrübten.  
Dort wo hohe mauern glühen,  
Dort find' ich bald den  
Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre herzens kunde,  
Liebeshauch, erfrischtes Leben  
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,  
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

## Suleika I

What brings this soft  
movement?  
Brings the east-wind joyous  
tiding?  
The fresh motion of its stirring  
Cools my deeply wounded  
heart.

Caressingly he plays with the  
dust,  
Chasing it in light clouds,  
Drives vine arbor to secure  
The happy tribe of insects.

Eases gently the sun's glowing  
Cools as well my ardent cheeks  
Kisses grapevines, while still  
fleeing,  
Which grow grandly on field and  
hill.

And to me its quiet whispers  
Bring, from my friend, thousand  
greetings;  
Still before these hillsides  
darken  
Surely greet me thousand  
kisses.

And thus you can go further!  
Serving friends and those  
despondent.  
There, where high stone walls  
do glimmer  
I will soon find my beloved.

Oh, the heart's true information,  
Breath of ardor, life refreshed  
Becomes mine only from his  
mouth,  
Only his breath can provide me.

## Suleika II

Ach, um deine feuchten  
schwingen,  
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:

Denn du kannst ihm Kunde  
bringen  
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel  
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;  
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel

Stehst bei deinem Hauch in  
Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen  
Kühlt die Wunden Auglider;  
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich  
vergehen,  
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn  
wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,  
Spreche sanft zu seinem  
Herzen;  
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben  
Und verbirg ihm meine  
Schmerzen.

Sag' ihm, aber sag's  
bescheiden:  
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,  
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden  
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

## Suleika II

Ah, your wings, so moist and  
lovely  
West wind, how those wings I  
envy

You can bring my lover tidings  
How, so distant, now, I suffer!

How your wings in gentle  
movement  
In my breast awaken longings  
Flowers, meadows, hills and  
forests  
Stand beneath teardrops of your  
soft breath.

Yet your mild and balmy  
blowing  
Cools my eyelids' painful aching  
Oh, for sorrow I would die  
When I could not hope to see  
his face.

Hurry, now to my beloved  
Speaking softly to his heart,  
(oh,  
Careful never to distress him  
Hiding from him all my torment.

Modestly and kindly tell him  
That his love is my survival  
Such a joy his closeness brings  
me  
Fills my life with precious  
goodness.

## **Gretchen am Spinnrade**

Meine ruh' ist hin,  
Mein herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab  
Ist mir das grab,  
Die ganze welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine ruh' ist hin  
Mein herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich  
Zum fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh ich  
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle gestalt,  
Seine mundes lächeln,  
Seiner augen gewalt,  
Und seiner rede  
zauberfluß,  
Sein händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Mein busen drängt sich  
Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft ich fassen

## **Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel**

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

Where I do not have him,  
That is the grave,  
The whole world  
Is bitter to me.

My poor head  
Is crazy to me,  
My poor mind  
Is torn apart.

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

For him only, I look  
Out the window  
Only for him do I go  
Out of the house.

His tall walk,  
His noble figure,  
His mouth's smile,  
His eyes' power,  
And his mouth's  
Magic flow,  
His handclasp,  
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

My bosom urges itself  
toward him.  
Ah, might I grasp

Und halten ihn,  
Und küssen ihn,  
So wie ich wollt,  
An seinen küssen  
Vergehen sollt!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein herz ist schwer.

And hold him!  
And kiss him,  
As I would wish,  
At his kisses  
I should die!

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy.

### **Chanson de Marielle**

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi,  
perdrix mignonne,  
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.

Trois grains de beauté, mon  
coeur en est brûlé!

Vois le ruban d'or que je  
t'apporte,

Pour le nouer autour de tes  
cheveux.

Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous  
marier!

Dans nos deux familles, tous  
sont alliés!

### **Song to the Bride**

Awake, awake, my darling  
partridge,  
Open to the morning your  
wings.

Three beauty marks; my heart  
is on fire!

See the ribbon of gold that I  
bring

To tie round your hair.

If you want, my beauty, we shall  
marry!

In our two families, everyone is  
related!

### **Là-bas vers l'église**

Là-bas, vers l'église,  
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,  
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,  
L'église Ayio Costandino,  
Se sont réunis,  
Rassemblés en nombre infini,  
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,  
Du monde tous les plus braves!

### **Yonder by the church**

Yonder, by the church,  
By the church of Ayio Sidero,  
The church, o blessed Virgin,  
The church of Ayio Costandino,  
There are gathered,  
Assembled in numbers infinite,  
The world's, o blessed Virgin,  
All the world's most brave  
people!



### **Quel galant m'est comparable**

Quel galant m'est comparable,  
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?

Dis, dame Vassiliki?  
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,  
pistolets et sabre aigu...

Et c'est toi que j'aime!

### **What gallant compares with me**

What gallant compares with me,  
Among those one sees passing  
by?

Tell me, lady Vassiliki!  
See, hanging on my belt,  
My pistols and my curved  
sword...

And it is you whom I love!

### **Chanson des cuilleusses de lentisques**

O joie de mon âme,  
Joie de mon coeur  
Trésor qui m'est si cher;  
Joie de l'âme et du coeur,  
Toi que j'aime ardemment,  
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

O lorsque tu parais,  
Ange si doux  
Devant nos yeux,  
Comme un bel ange blond,  
Sous le clair soleil,  
Hélas! tous nos pauvres coeurs  
souponnent!

### **Song of the girls collecting mastic**

O joy of my soul,  
joy of my heart,  
treasure which is so dear to me,  
joy of my soul and heart,  
you whom I love ardently,  
you are more handsome than  
an angel.

O when you appear,  
angel so sweet,  
Before our eyes,  
Like a fine, blond angel,  
under the bright sun,  
Alas! all of our poor hearts sigh!

### **Tout gai!**

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!  
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;

Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,

Tra la la la la...

### **Everyone is joyous!**

Everyone is joyous, joyous!  
Beautiful legs, *tireli*, which  
dance,

Beautiful legs; even the dishes  
are dancing!

Tra la la, la la la...

## Farruca

Está tu imagen, que admiro,  
tan pegada a mi deseo,  
que si al espejo me miro,

en vez de verme te veo. Ah!

No vengas, falso contento,  
llamando a mi corazón,  
pues traes en la ilusión

envuelto el remordimiento.

Marcho a la luz de la luna  
de su sombra tan en pos,  
que no hacen más sombra que  
una  
siendo nuestros cuerpos dos.

## Cantilena

Por un alegre prado  
de flores esmaltado,  
y de una clara fuente  
con la dulce corriente  
de aljófares regado; Ah!

mi dueño idolatrado  
iba cogiendo flores  
más bella y más lozana

que ninfa de Diana.

Los risueños amores  
En torno la cercaban,  
y en su falda jugaban.

Y en tanto que ella, Hermosa,  
ora un clavel cogía,  
ora una linda rosa,  
ora un tierno jacinto,

## Defiant Girl

Your image, which I admire,  
yet, so hopeless is my desire,  
that when I see myself in the  
mirror,  
instead of seeing me, I see you.  
Ah!

Do not come false contentment,  
calling to my heart,  
because with the illusion you  
bring  
hidden remorse. Ah!

I walk to the light if the moon  
close behind her shadow,  
we make not two separate  
shadows  
but our bodies merge into one  
being.

## Cantilena

By a gay meadow  
of flowers adorned,  
a clear fountain,  
with a sweet stream  
the dew drops water the  
flowers; Ah!

my beloved, who I idolize  
went picking flowers  
she is more beautiful and more  
radiant  
than Diana's nymph.

the smiling loves  
encircled her  
and in her skirt they played.

and as soon as she, my beauty,  
picked a carnation,  
and next a pretty rose,  
and then a tender hyacinth,

más flores producía

aquel fresco recinto  
orgullosa y ufana;

pues al punto otras tantas,  
como tronchó la mano

de mi dueño tirano,  
brotaron a sus plantas. Ah!

the meadow produced more  
flowers

a fresh enclosure  
arrogant and proud;

then immediately just as many,  
as soon as her hands snapped  
the flowers,

of my love tyrannical,  
more sprouted at her feet. Ah!

### **Madrigal**

Tus ojos, ojos no son,  
niña, sino dos navajas  
con que destrozas y rajas

el más duro corazón.

Y tu boca celestial  
no es boca, es un vaso lleno

de hechizos y de veneno,  
entre perlas y coral.

Por experiencia lo sé,  
vi tus ojos y al instante

con un hierro penetrante  
roto mi pecho encontré.

Tu suave voz me encantó  
bebí tu sonrisa y luego  
de ardiente ponzoña el fuego  
por mis venas circuló.

Tus ojos, ojos no son,  
niña, sino dos navajas  
con que destrozas y rajas

el más duro corazón.

### **Madrigal**

Your eyes are not eyes,  
girl, but two razors  
with which you destroy and you  
slice

the hardest heart.

And your heavenly mouth  
isn't a mouth, but it is a glass  
full

of enchantments and of poison,  
between pearls and coral.

I know it be experience,  
I saw your eyes and  
immediately

with a penetrating blade  
I found my heart broken.

Your gentle voice enchanted me  
I drank your smile and then  
the burning poisonous fire  
flowed through my veins.

Your eyes are not eyes,  
girl, but two razors  
with which you destroy and you  
slice

the hardest heart.

## **E l'uccellino**

E l'uccellino canta sulla fronda:

Dormi tranquillo, boccuccia  
d'amore:

Piegala giù quella testina  
bionda,

Della tua mamma posala sul  
cuore.

E l'uccellino canta su quel ramo:

Tante cosine belle imparerai,

Ma se vorrai conoscer quant'io  
t'amo,

Nessuno al mondo potrà dirlo  
mai!

E l'uccellino canta al ciel sereno:

Dormi, tesoro mio, qui sul mio  
seno

## **Morire?**

Morire? E chi la sa qual è la  
vita?

Questa che s'apre luminosa e  
schietta,

ai fascino, agli amori, alle  
speranze,

O quella che in rinunce s'è  
assopita?

È la semplicità timida e queta

che si tramanda come  
ammonimento,

come un segreto di virtù  
segreta

perché ognuno raggiunga la sua  
meta,

O non piuttosto il vivo balenare

## **And the Little Bird**

And the little bird sings on the  
branch:

Sleep calmly, Boccuccia my  
love:

Rest your little, blond head

on your mother's heart.

And the little bird sings on that  
branch:

You will learn so many beautiful  
things,

But if you want to know how  
much I love you,

No-one in the world can ever tell  
you!

And the bird sings to the serene  
sky:

Sleep, my treasure, here on my  
breast

## **To Die?**

To die? And who knows what is  
life?

Is it this one that opens, shining  
and pure,

to the charms, the loves, the  
hopes,

Or is it the one that dozed off in  
renunciations?

Is the bashful and calm  
simplicity

that is handed down as a  
warning,

like a secret of a secret life

so that everyone can reach his  
goal,

Or rather the lively flash

di sogni nuovi sopra sogni  
stanchi,  
e la pace travolta e l'inesausta  
fede d'avere per desiderare?

Ecco io non lo so.

Ma voi che siete  
all'altra sponda sulla riva  
immensa  
ove fiorisce il fiore della vita,  
son certo lo saprete.

### **Sogno d'or**

Bimbo, mio bimbo d'amor,  
mentre tu dormi così  
un angiol santo si parte lontan  
per incontrarsi con te  
sul candido origlier.  
e t'avvolge di fiabe in un vol  
e ti narra di fate e tesor.

Bimbo d'amor, ecco il sogno  
d'or.

### **Sole e Amore**

Il sole allegrament batte ai tuoi  
vetri;  
Amor pian, pian batte al tuo  
cuore,  
E l'uno e l'altro chiama.

Il sole dice: "O dormente,  
Mostrati che sei bella."  
Dice l'amor: "Sorella,  
Col tuo primo pensier pensa a  
chi t'ama!"

Al Paganini, G. Puccini.

of new dreams over jaded  
dreams,  
and the overwhelmed peace  
and the inexhaustible  
faith you need to have in order  
to desire?

There, I don't know.

But you who are  
on the other side, on the vast  
shore  
where the flower of life  
blossoms,  
I am sure you know.

### **Golden Slumber**

My child, my beloved child,  
as you sleep so sweetly,  
a holy angel wings it's way  
from afar to meet you  
on your pure pillow.  
and he embraces you in flights  
of fancy,  
and tells you tales of fairies and  
treasure!

O child of love, here's your  
golden slumber!

### **Sun and Love**

The sun joyfully beats at your  
windows;  
love very softly taps at your  
heart,  
both of them calling to you.

The sun says: "Oh sleepy-head,  
let me see your beauty!"  
Love says: "Sister,  
with your first thought think of  
him that loves you!"

To Paganini, G. Puccini.