

4-1-2017

Junior Recital: Corinne Vance, soprano

Corinne Vance

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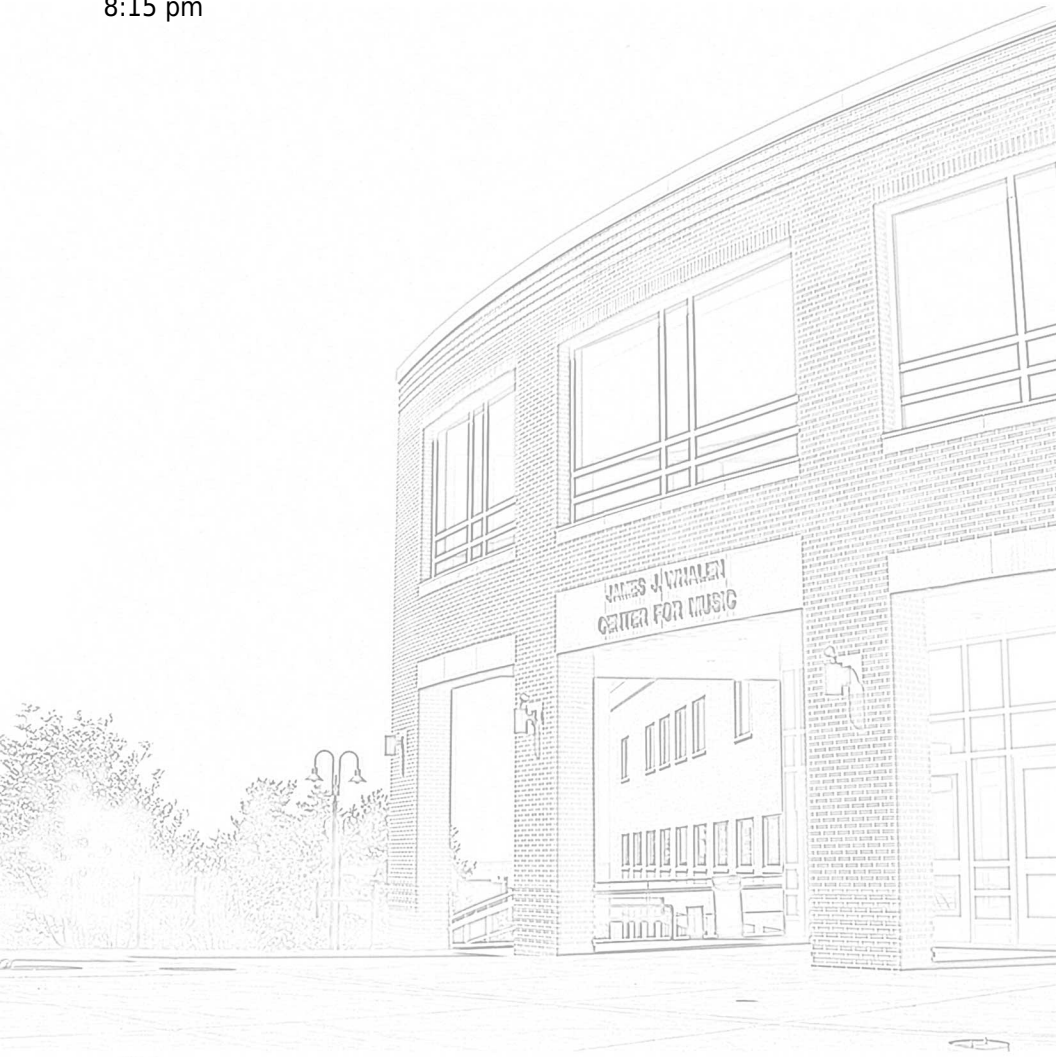
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Junior Recital:
Corinne Vance, soprano

Blaise Bryski, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, April 1st, 2017
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Vaghissima sembianza
Perduta ho la speranza
Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Seligkeit
Das Veilchen
An Chloë

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

"Laurie's Song"
from *The Tender Land*

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Intermission

Les roses d'Ispahan
Clair de lune
Notre amour

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

The Bird
Little Elegy
The Mountains are Dancing

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Translations

Vaghissima sembianza

Vaghissima sembianza d'antica
donna amata,
chi dunque, v'ha ritratta contanta
similianza
ch'io guardo, e parlo, e credo
d'avervi a me
davanti come ai bei dì d'amor.

Very charming image of a former
woman loved,
who has portrayed you with such
similarity
that I look, and speak, and believe
to have you with me
as in the beautiful days of love.

La cara rimembranza che in cor me
s'è destata
si ardente v'ha già fatta rinascer la
speranza,
che un bacio, un voto, un grido
a'amore
più non chiedo che a lei che muta è
ognor.

The dear remembrance which in
my heart has been awakened
so ardently it has already revived
my hope,
that a kiss, a vow, a cry of love
no more do I ask of her who is
forever silent.

Perduta ho la speranza

Perduta ho la speranza in voi
mirare,
e di speranza sola nutrivo il core!
Ahimè! Ah come farò, se per amare,
la fede ho già smarrita,
la fede nell'amore?
Perduta ho la speranza in voi
mirare,
e di speranza sola nutrivo il core!

I have lost all hope of ever seeing
you,
and by hope alone did I nourish the
heart!
Ah me! Ah how will I go on, if
through to love,
the faith I have already lost,
the faith in love?
I have lost all hope of ever seeing
you,
and by hope alone did I nourish the
heart!

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,
rimanete sempre in fior;
che l'estate non vi sementi,
che l'autunno non vi travolga,
che la morta stagion non tolga
tanto magico splendor.

Cool places, fragrant meadows,
remain always in flower;
let the summer not sow seed in
you,
let the autumn not overwhelm you,
let the dead season not take away
from you
so much magical splendor.

Voglio un dì vagar con lei
fra sì verde soavità,
quando alfin gli affanni miei
lei d'intender mostrerà.

I want one day to walk with her
amid such green softness,
when at last the anguish mine
she will show herself to understand.

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,
rimanete sempre in fior;
che nessuna stagion vi tolga
tanto magico splendor.

E voi pur, ruscelli chiari,
che di già correte al mar,
di vostr'acque non siate avari
nelle tarde stagion dell'anno,
non unite anche voi l'inganno
d'un sì breve prosperar.
Vo' specchiarmi un dì con lei
nelle vostre chiarezze,
quando alfin gli affanni miei
lei d'intender mostrerà.

Cool places, fragrant meadows,
remain always in flower;
let no season take away
so much magical splendor.

And you then, streams clear,
which are already running to the
sea,
with you waters do not be stingy
in the late season of the year,
do not you also join in the
deception
of a so brief abundance.
I want myself to be reflected one
day with her
in your clarity,
when at last the anguish mine
she to understand will be shown.

Seligkeit

Freuden sonder Zahl
Blüh'n im Himmelssaal
Engeln und Verklärten,
Wie die Väter lehrten.
O da möcht' ich sein
Und mich ewig freu'n!

Jedem lächelt traut
Eine Himmelsbraut;
Harf und Psalter klingen,
Und man tanzt und singet.
O da möcht' ich sein
Und mich ewig freu'n!

Lieber bleib ich hier,
Lächelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der saget,
Dass ich ausgeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr,
Bleib' ich ewig hier!

Joys without number
bloom in heavens hall
angels and transfigured-beings,
as our fathers taught.
Oh, there would I be
eternally happy!

Everyone smiles dearly upon
a heavenly-bride;
harp and psaltry resound,
and everyone dances and sings.
Oh, there would I be
eternally happy!

Rather remain I here,
If Laura would smile at me
one glance that says
that I should cease lamenting
Blissfully then with her,
remain I eternally here!

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
es war ein herzigs Veilchen
Da kam ein' junge Schäferin
mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem
Sinn
daher, daher,
die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen wär ich nur
die schönste Blume der Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,
bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!

Ach nur, ach nur
ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam
und nicht in Acht das Veilchen
nahm,
ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut' sich
noch:
und sterb ich denn, so sterb' ich
doch
durch sie, durch sie,
zu ihren Füßen doch.
Das arme Veilchen!
es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

A little violet stood upon the
meadow,
bent over upon itself and unknown;
it was a dear little violet.
Then came a young shepherdess
with light step and happy mood
along, along,
the meadow along, and sang.

Ah! the little violet thinks, were I
but
the fairest flower of nature
ah, just a little while,
until my beloved picked me
and pressed me firmly to her
bosom!
Ah just, ah just
a short quarter hour long!

Ah! but ah! the maid come
and took no notice of the little
violet,
trod the poor little violet.
It sank and died and rejoiced in
itself anyway:
and I die then, so I die then
through her, through her,
at her feet at least.
The poor violet!
it was a dear little violet.

An Chloë

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
hellen offenen Augen sieht,
und vor Lust hinein zu schauen
mirs's im Herzen klopft und glüht;
und ich halte dich und küsse
deine Rosenwangen warm,
liebes Mädchen, und ich schliesse
zitternd dich in meinem Arm!

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
dich an meine Busen fest,
der im letzten Augenblicke

When love shines from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with the joy of gazing into
them,
my heart beats and glows;
and I hold you and kiss
your rosy cheeks ardently,
dear maiden, and trembling
I clasp you in my arm!

Maiden, maiden, I press
you to my breast firmly,
which at the last moment

sterbend nur dich von sich lässt;
den berauschten Blick umschattet

eine düstre Wolke mir,
und ich sitze dann ermattet,
aber selig neben dir.

only dying, will release you;
then my enraptured gaze is
shadowed
by a dark cloud,
and I will sit then, exhausted,
but blissful, beside you.

Les roses d'Ispahan

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaîne
de mousse,

Le jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de
l'oranger,

Ont un parfum moïn frais, ont une
odeur moïn douce,

Ô blanche Leïlah! que ton souffle
léger.

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,

Ô Leïlah! 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! que ton jeune amour, ce
papillon léger,

Reviene vers mon cœur 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.

The Roses of Ispahan in their
sheath of moss,

the jasmines of Mosul, the flowers
of the orange tree,

have a fragrance less, have a scent
less sweet,

oh pale Leilah, then your breath
light!

Your lip is of coral and your laugh
light

sounds lovelier than the water
running and with a voice more
sweet.

lovelier than the breeze joyful that
rocks the orange tree,

lovelier than the bird that sings at
the edge of a nest of moss.

Oh Leilah! ever since in their light
flight

all the kisses have fled from your lip
so sweet,

there is no more fragrance in the
pale orange tree,

nor of the heavenly aroma from the
roses in their moss.

Oh! may your young love, this
butterfly light,

return to my heart on a wing quick
and gentle,

And may it perfume again the
flower of the orange tree,

the roses of Ispahan in their sheath
of moss.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
que vont charmants masques et
bergamasques,
jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode
mineur
l'amour vainqueur et la vie
opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur
et leur chanson se mêle au clair de
lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et
beau,
qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les
arbres,
et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi
les marbres.

Your soul is a landscape chosen
which go charmed by masques and
bergamasques,
playing on the lute and dancing and
almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

While in singing in a minor mode,
of love conqueror and the life
favorable,
they do not have then the air of
belief in their happiness
and their song it mingles with the
light of the moon,

With the calm light of the moon,
sad and beautiful,
which causes the birds to dream in
the trees,
and to sob with ecstasy the
fountains of water,
the tall fountains of water slim
among the marble statues.

Notre amour

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
Notre amour est chose légère

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain
Notre amour est chose charmante!

Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix:
Notre amour est chose sacrée!

Our love is a light thing
like the perfumes that the wind
takes from the tips of the ferns
that one breathes while dreaming.
Our love is a light thing!

Our love is a charming thing,
like the songs of the morning
where no regret is mourned,
where vibrates an uncertain hope.
Our love is a charming thing!

Our love is a sacred thing
like the mysteries of the woods
where trembles an unknown soul,
where silence has a voice
Our love is a sacred thing!

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieus réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.
Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un die vainqueur
A touchè du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du couer;
Notre amour est chose éternelle!

Our love is an infinite thing,
like the paths of the sunset
joins with the sky, and the ocean
falls asleep under the setting suns.
Our love is a eternal thing
like all that a victorious God
has touched by the fire of his wings,
like all that comes from the heart;
Our love is a eternal thing!