9-16-2016

Faculty Recital: Hommage: Patrice Pastore, soprano

Patrice Pastore

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Faculty Recital: HOMMAGE

Patrice Pastore, soprano
Diane Birr, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday, September 16th, 2016
7:00 pm
Program

"Ergiti, amor"
from *Scipione nelle Spagne*
"Mostri dell'Erebo"
from *La fede riconosciuta*

_Alessandro Scarlatti_ (1660-1725)

_Fiançailles pour rire_
La Dame d'André
Dans l'herbe
Il vole
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Violon
Fleurs

_Francis Poulenc_ (1899-1963)

**Intermission**

_Three Shakespeare Songs_

*Cry Cock-a-doodle Doo (The Tempest)*
*The Witches' Song (Macbeth)*
*Banquo's Buried (Macbeth)*

_A Alison Bauld_ (b. 1944)
Translations

**Ergiti, amor**

Ergiti, amor, sui vanni  
E prendi ardito il volo  
Senz'abbassarti più.

Perchè con nuovi inganni  
Tu non ricada al suolo,  
Lo sosterra virtù.

Rise up on the wings of love  
And take a daring flight  
Without ever coming down again.

Even with new deceits  
You won't fall again to the ground  
Because virtue will sustain love.

**Mostri dell'Erebo**

Mostri dell'Erebo  
Furie terribili,  
Disdegno armatemi  
In sen spiratemi  
Ira e furor.

Dorinda è morta  
Ed io vivrò?  
Non voglio, no  
Morir degg'io  
Inquo e perfido  
Ingannator.

Monsters of hell,  
Terrible Furies,  
Arm me with your disdain,  
Breathe into my breast  
Your anger and fury.

Dorinda is dead  
And I will live?  
No, I don't want that  
I should die  
A wrong and lying  
Cheater.

**Fiançailles pour rire**

**La Dame d'André**

André ne connaît pas la dame  
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main  
A-t-elle-un coeur à lendemain  
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

André does not know the woman  
That he takes today by the hand  
Does she have a heart for the tomorrows  
And for the evening does she have a soul?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>French</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Au retour d'un bal campagnard_</td>
<td>Returning from the countryside ball</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S'en allait-elle en robe vague</td>
<td>Is she going in her pretty dress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chercher dans les meules la bague</td>
<td>To search in the haystacks for the ring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Des fiançailles du hasard?</td>
<td>Of random betrothals?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue</td>
<td>Has she been afraid when night came</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guettés par les ombres d'hier-</td>
<td>Ambushed by the ghosts of the past,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dans son jardin lorsque l'hiver</td>
<td>Or in her garden when winter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Entrait par la grande avenue?</td>
<td>Entered by the grand avenue?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur</td>
<td>He loved her for her complexion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche</td>
<td>And for her Sunday good humor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches</td>
<td>Will she pale on the blank pages</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>De son album des temps meilleurs?</td>
<td>of his album of better times?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Dans l'herbe**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>French</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Je ne peux plus rien dire</td>
<td>I cannot say anything any more</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ni rien faire pour lui</td>
<td>Nor do anything for him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Il est mort de sa belle</td>
<td>He died a natural death</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Il est mort de sa mort belle</td>
<td>He died from his beautiful death</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dehors</td>
<td>Outside</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sous l'arbre de la Loi</td>
<td>Under the tree of Justice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>En plein silence</td>
<td>In complete silence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>En plein paysage</td>
<td>In the open countryside</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dans l'herbe</td>
<td>In the grass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Il est mort inaperçu</td>
<td>He died unnoticed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>En criant son passage</td>
<td>Crying out his going</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>En appelant, en m'appelant</td>
<td>Calling out, calling me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mais comme j'étais loin de lui</td>
<td>But since I was far away from him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et que sa voix ne portait plus</td>
<td>And since his voice didn't</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Il est mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.

He died alone in the woods
Under his childhood tree
And I cannot say anything
Nor do anything for him.

Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table
C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil
Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.
Je voudrais coudre mais un amant
Attrire à lui toutes mes aiguilles
Sur la place les joueurs de quille
De belle en belle passent le temps
Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.
C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de coeur manque à sa parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent
Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.
Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses

While the sun is setting
It is reflected in my polished table
The round cheese of the fable
Is in the beak of my silver scissors
But where is the crow? He steals
I would like to sew but a lover
Attracts all my needles to him
In the square the skittle players
Pass the time in one game after another.
But where is my lover? He steals away.
I have a thief for a lover
The crow steals and my lover steals
The thief of my heart does not keep his word
And the stealer of cheese is absent.
But where is happiness? It steals away.
I weep under the weeping willow
I mix my tears with its leaves
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur
Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.
Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les coeurs et perd ma raison
Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

I weep because I want to be wanted
And I am not pleasing to my thief
But where then is love? It steals away
Find the sense in my nonsense
And along the country roads
Bring me back my straying lover
Who steals hearts and robs me of my reason
I want my thief to steal me.

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Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
My corpse is as soft as a glove
Soft like a glove of frozen skin
And my hidden pupils
Make two white pebbles of my eyes
Two white pebbles in my face
Two mutes in the silence
Still darkened by a secret
And heavy with the dead weight of things seen
My fingers so many times gone astray
Are joined in a saintly pose
Leaning on the hollow of my sorrows
At the center of my stopped heart
And my two feet are the mountains
The two last hills that I have
j'ai vus
A la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent,
Mon souvenir est ressemblant
Enfants emportez-le bien vite
Allez, allez, ma vie est dite
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent
Ah! J'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la cordes des malaises
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le coeur en forme de fraise
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu

Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenue dans tes bras
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrée du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers
Fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de

seen
At the minute where I lost
The race that the years always win
My memory resembles this (description)
Children carry it away very quickly
Go, go, my life is over
My corpse is soft as a glove

Amorous couple with the unrecognized accents
The violin and its player please me
Ah! I love these drawn out wailings
On the string of disquiet
To the sounds of strung strings
At the hour where Justice is silent
The heart in the shape of a strawberry
Offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms
Flowers coming out of the parentheses of a step
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Dusted with the sand from the seas?
Sand of your kisses
Flowers of faded loves
Your beautiful eyes are of
Program Notes
Banquo's Buried

I would like to thank Catherine Weidner from the Department of Theatre Arts for staging Lady Macbeth's Sleepwalking scene. Her expertise and guidance were invaluable.