

9-17-2016

# Student Recital: And though she be but little, she is fierce: The Women of Shakespeare's Plays: Haley Evanoski, soprano and Josi Petersen, soprano

Haley Evanoski

Josi Petersen

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## Recommended Citation

Evanoski, Haley and Petersen, Josi, "Student Recital: And though she be but little, she is fierce: The Women of Shakespeare's Plays: Haley Evanoski, soprano and Josi Peterson, soprano" (2016). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1984.  
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***And though she be but little, she is fierce:***  
**The Women of Shakespeare's Plays**

Haley Evanoski, soprano

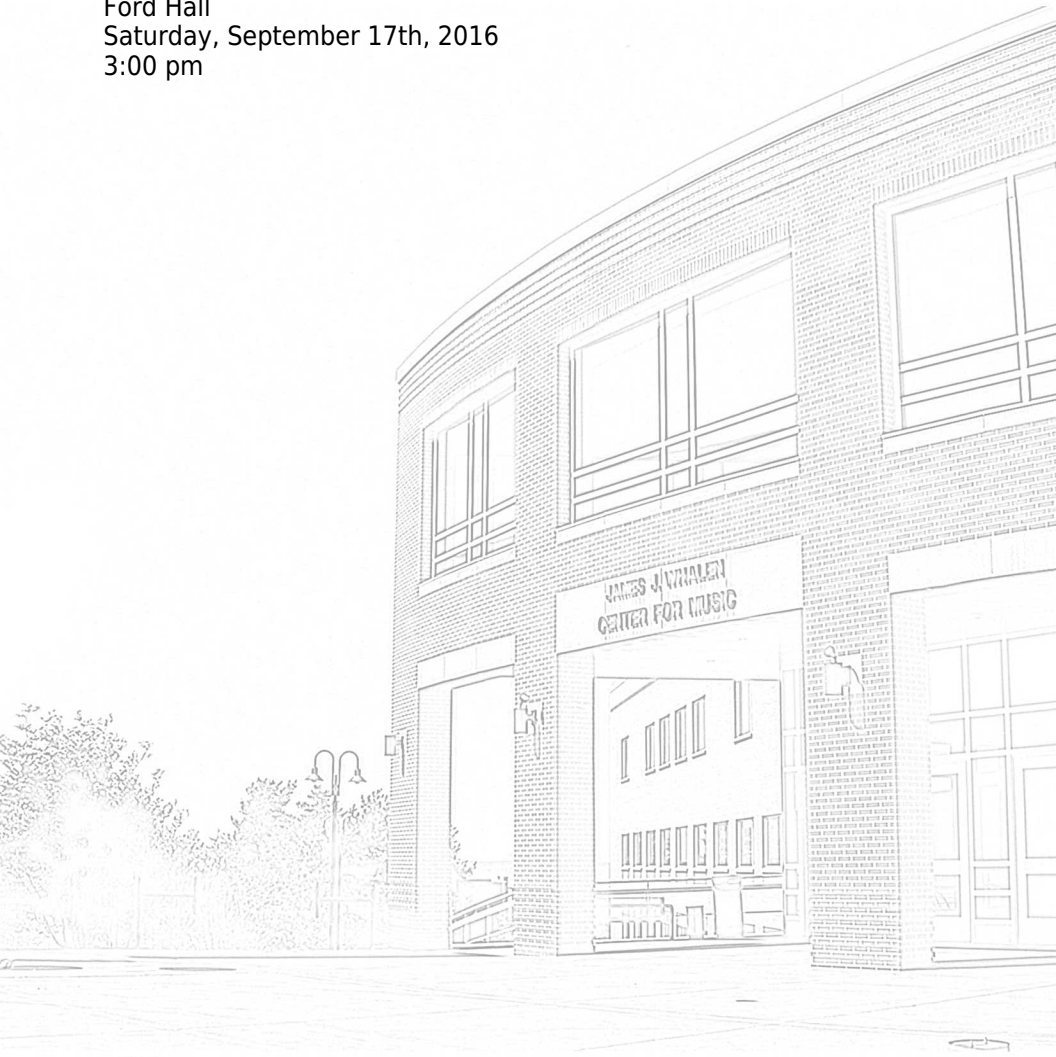
Josi Peterson, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Ford Hall

Saturday, September 17th, 2016

3:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

## Program

Squarciami pure il seno	Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)
Willow, Willow Heigh-ho for a Husband	Unknown John Gamble (d. 1687)
She never told her love	Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)
<i>Falstaff</i> Duettinos La stessa la stessissima Benedetto quel bastone	Antonio Salieri (1750-1825)
Je veux vivre	Charles-François Gounod (1818-1893)

## Intermission

Drei Lieder der Ophelia, op.67 Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
La mort d'Ophélie Cordélia	Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921) Luigi Bordèse (1815-1886)
Falling in Love with Love	Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

## Translations

### Squarciami pure il seno

Squarciami pure il seno,  
ecco te l'offro ignudo,  
senza riparo o scudo,  
eccoti ancora il cor

Then rip open the breast,  
here it is offered to you bare,  
without protection or shield,  
here is the heart for you also

Squarciami il seno,  
squarciami il cor,  
senza riparo o scudo,  
il cor, il seno ignudo,  
ecco que t'offro il cor.

Tear open the heart,  
Rip out the breast,  
without protection or shield,  
the heart, the breast bared,  
Here the heart is offered to  
you.

Ferro o veleno mi ponno  
uccidere  
ma non dividere dall'alma  
  
un giusto ardor, no.

Iron or poison are able to kill  
me  
but are unable to separate  
from the soul  
a just passion, no.

### La stessa la stessissima

La stessa la stessissima  
In fino ad una virgola!  
I nomi soli variano

The same, the very same  
even until a comma!  
The names only differ

Magrado la mia collevra  
Mi vien qua si da ridere  
Bizzarra in Verità

Despite my anger,  
I feel like laughing.  
Bizarre in truth!

La stessa la stessissima  
In fino ad una virgola!  
I nomi soli variano

The same, the very same  
even until a comma!  
The names only differ

Mrs. Slender:  
Magrado la mia collevra  
Mi vien qua si da ridere

Mrs. Slender:  
Despite my anger,  
I feel like laughing.

Bizzarra in Verità!

Bizarre in truth!

Mrs. Ford:  
Dovremmo anclare in collera  
Ma pur è meglio ridere  
Ch'è bella in verita!

Mrs. Ford:  
we should be angry  
but still it is better to laugh.  
Which is beautiful indeed!

### **Benedetto quel bastone**

Benedetto quel bastone  
che all'amabile buzzone  
Si sensibile lezione  
Di ben vivere applicò!

Blessed is the stick,  
that the amiable endure  
yes sensitive lesson  
of living well applied!

### **Je veux vivre**

Je veux vivre  
Dans le rêve  
qui m'enivre  
Ce jour encor!

I want to live  
In the dream  
that exhilarates me  
This day again!

Douce flamme,  
Je te garde dans mon âme  
Comme un trésor!

Sweet flame,  
I guard you in my soul  
Like a treasure!

Cette ivresse  
de jeunesse  
Ne dure hélas!  
qu'un jour,

This rapture  
of youthfulness  
Doesn't last, alas!  
but a day,

Puis vient l'heure  
Où l'on pleure,  
Le coeur cède à  
l'amour, Et le bonheur fuit  
sans retour!

Then comes the hour  
At which one cries,  
The heart surrenders to love,  
And the happiness flies  
without returning!

Loin de l'hiver morose,

Far from a morose winter,

Laisse moi sommeiller,  
Et respirer la rose,  
Avant de l'effeuiller.

Let me slumber,  
And breath in the rose,  
Before it dies.

### **Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb vor andern nun?**

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb  
Vor andern nun?  
An dem Muschelhut und Stab  
Und den Sandalschuh'n.

How can I tell my true love  
from another?  
By his cockle hat and staff  
And his sandal shoes.

Er ist tot und lange hin,  
Tot und hin, Fräulein!  
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,  
Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein. Oho!

He is dead and long gone,  
Dead and gone, lady!  
At his head, green grass,  
at his feet a stone. Oho!

Auf seinem Bahrtuch,  
weiß wie Schnee,  
Viel liebe Blumen trauern.  
Sie gehn zu Grabe naß,  
O weh!  
vor Liebesschauern.

On his bier, white  
like snow,  
Many lovely flowers mourn.  
They go wet to the grave,  
Oh me!  
from loves showers.

### **Guten Morgen, s'ist Sankt Valentinstag**

Guten Morgen, s'ist Sankt  
Valentinstag  
So früh vor Sonnenschein.  
Ich junge Maid am Fenstersclag

Good Morning, it is Saint  
Valentine's day.  
So early before sunlight,  
And I a young maid at your  
window,

Will Euer Valentin sein.  
Der junge Mann tut Hosen an.

To be your Valentine.  
Then up he rose and donn'd his  
clothes,

Tät auf die Kammertür.  
Lies ein die Maid, die als Maid  
Ging nimmermehr herfür.

And opens the chamber door,  
Let in the maid, whoas a maid  
Never departed more.

Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas!  
Ein unverschämt Geschlecht!  
Ein junger Mann tut's wenn er  
kann,  
Fürwahr, das ist nich recht.

By St. Nicholas and by Charity!  
Men are a shameless sex!  
Young men will do it when he  
can,  
Truely, that is not right.

Sie sprach: Eh Ihr gescherzt mit  
mir,  
Verspracht Ihr mich zu frein.  
Ich Brächt's auch nicht beim  
Sonnenlicht,  
Wärst du nicht kommen herein.

She spoke; before you trifled  
with me,  
You promised me to wed!  
I wouldnt have broken my  
promise by the sunlight,  
Had you not come into my  
room.

### **Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss**

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre  
bloss,  
Leider, ach leider, den  
Liebsten!  
Manche Träne fiel in des  
Grabes Schoss-  
Fahr wohl, fahr wohl, meine  
Taube.

She bore him on the bier  
naked,  
Alas, oh alas, her darling!  
Many tears fell in the graves  
womb-  
Farewell, farewell, my dove.

Mein junger frisher Hansel  
ist's,  
Der mir gefällt-  
Und kommt er nimmermehr?

Its my young, sweet, Hansel,  
who pleases me-  
and will he come no more?

Er ist tot, o weh!  
In dein Todbett geh.  
Er kommt dir nimmermehr.

He is dead, woe is me!  
To your death bed go.  
He comes here no more.

Sein Bart war weiss wie  
Schnee,  
Sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu.  
Er ist hin, er ist hin,  
Kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:

His beard was white as snow,  
His hair like flax what's more.  
He is gone, he is gone,  
Mourning him brings no  
profit:

Mit seiner Seele Ruh  
Und mit allen Christenseelen!  
Darum bet ich! Gott sei mit  
euch!

Peace to his soul  
and to all Christiansouls!  
For that I pray! God be with  
you!

### **La Mort d'Ophélie**

Auprès d'un torrent Ophélie  
Cueillait tout en suivant le

Beside a brook, Ophelia  
Was gathering as she

bord,  
Dans sa douce et tender  
folie,  
Des pervenches, des boutons  
d'or  
Des iris aux couleurs d'opale,  
Et de ces fleurs d'un rose  
pâle  
Qu'on appelle le doights  
d'amour.

Puis élevant sur ses mains  
blanches,  
Les rians trésors du matin,  
Elle les suspendait aux  
branches,  
Aux branches d'un saule  
voisin;  
Mais trop faible le rameau  
plie.  
Se brise, et la pauvre Ophélie  
Tombe, sa guirlande à la  
main.

Quelques instants, sa robe  
enflée  
La tint encore sur le courant.  
Et comme une voile gonflée,  
Elle flottait toujours  
chantant,  
Chantant quelque vieille  
ballade,  
Chantant ainsi qu'une  
naïade,  
Née au milieu de ce torrent.

Mais, cette étrange mélodie  
Passa, rapide comme un son.

followed the water's edge,  
In her sweet and tender  
madness,  
Periwinkles, crow flowers,  
Irises the colour of opals,  
And those pale pink  
blossoms  
Known as dead man's  
fingers.

Then, lifting in her white  
hands,  
The smiling treasures of the  
morning,  
She hung them on the  
branches,  
the brance of a nearby  
willow;  
But the bough, not being  
strong enough.  
Bent and broke, and poor  
Ophelia  
Fell, her garland in her hand.

For a few moments her dress  
spread wide  
Carrying her up upon the  
water.  
And, like an air-filled sail,  
She floated, always singing,  
Chanting some old ballade,  
Singing like some naiad,  
Born in the midst of this  
stream.

But, this strange melody  
Ended, as fleeting as a



Par les flots la robe alourdie, Bientôt dans l'àbîme profound Entraîna la pauvre insensée,  Laissent à peine commencée Sa mélodieuse chanson.	snatch of sound. Her dress, heavy with water, Soon into the profound depths Dragged the poor distracted girl, Leaving as yet hardly begun Her melodious chant.
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### **Cordélia**

Pauvre étranger tu n'as plus de patrie Et la douleur a brisé ta raison  Mais ne crains pas une fille chérie T'ouvre à la fois son coeur et sa maison  Si les méchants dont la terre fourmille Ont insulté le vieillard et le roi  Viens l'oublier dans les bras de ta fille, Mon pauvre père, ils sont ouverts pour toi!	Poor stranger, that no longer has a homeland and the pain broke your reason but do not worry; your dear daughter will open your heart and home.  If the merchants whose land is full Insulted the old man and king  Just forget in the arms of your daughter, My poor father, they are open for you!
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