

10-1-2016

Senior Recital: Ariana Warren, mezzo-soprano

Ariana Warren

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Senior Recital:

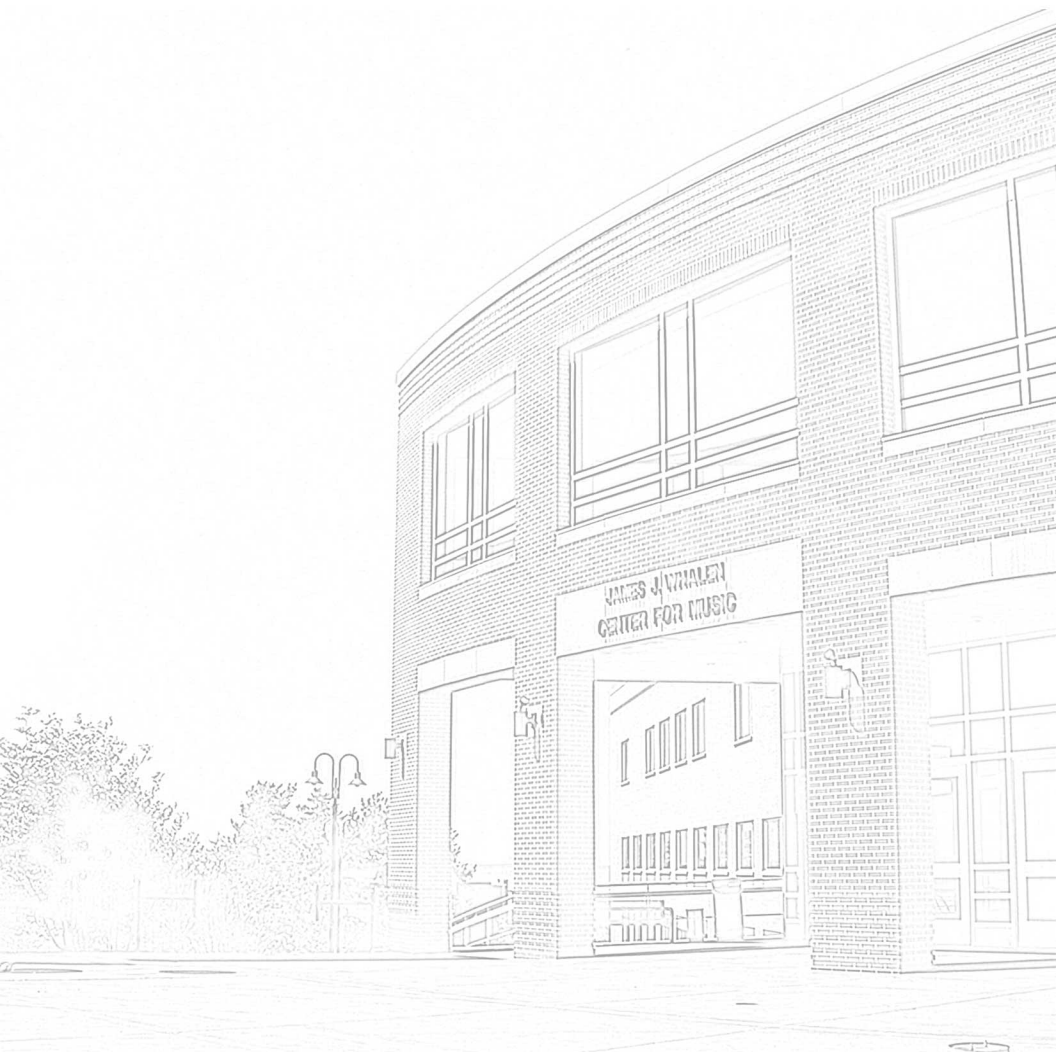
Ariana Warren, mezzo-soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Ford Hall

Saturday, October 1st, 2016

1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

The Hermit Songs
I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
II. Church Bell at Night
III. St. Ita's Vision
IV. The Heavenly Banque
V. The Crucifixion
VI. Sea-Snatch
VII. Promiscuity
VIII. The Monk and His Cat
IX. The Praises of God
X. The Desire for Hermitage

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Zueignung
Nichts
Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Intermission

Le Couteau
Au bord de la route
Chanson
Élégie

Nadia Boulanger
(1887-1979)

Candida mia colomba
Diletto e spavento del mare

G.F. Ghedini
(1892-1965)

"Ah scostati!... Smanie implacabili"
from *Così fan tutte*

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Translations Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure seele,	Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,	How I suffer when I am away from you,
Liebe macht die herzen krank,	Love makes the heart sick,
Habe dank.	Receive my thanks.
Einst hielt ich, der freiheit zecher,	I once held, I who toasted freedom,
Hoch den amethysten becher,	High the amethyst beaker,
Und du segnetest den trunk, Habe dank.	And you blessed the drink, Receive my thanks.
Und beschworst darin die bösen,	And you exorcised within it the evils,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen, Heilig an's herz dir sank, Habe dank.	Until I, as never before, Blest upon heart your sank, Receive my thanks.

Nichts

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine königin im liederreich?	You ask me to name my queen in the realm of song?
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne sie am wenigsten von euch.	Fools that you are, I know even less about her than any of you.
Fragt mich nach der augen farbe,	Ask me about the color of her eyes;
Fragt mich nach der stimme ton,	Ask me about the sound of her voice;
Fragt nach gang und tanz und haltung,	Ask about her walk, dancing and overbearing,
Ach, und was weiß ich davon!	Ah, and what do I know of that?
Ist die sonne nicht die quelle alles lebens, alles lichts?	Is the sun not the source of all life, all light?
Und was wissen von derselben ich und ihr und alle? Nichts.	And what do we know of that I and you and everyone? Nothing.

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten

Wie sollten wir geheim sie
halten, die seligkeit, die
uns erfüllt?

Nein, bis in seine tiefsten
falten,
sei allen unser herz enthüllt!
Wenn zwei in liebe sich
gefunden,
geht jubel hin durch die
natur,
in längern wonnevollen
stunden legt sich
der tag auf wald und flur.

Selbst aus der eiche
morschem stamm,
die ein jahrtausend überlebt,

steigt neu des wipfels grüne
flamme
und rauscht von jugendlust
durchbebt.
Zu höherm glanz und dufte
brechen
die knospen auf beim glück
der zwei,
und süßer rauscht es in den
bächen,
und reicher blüht und glänzt
der mai.

How should we keep it a
secret, the bliss that fills
us?

No, up in their deepest
depths,
Let our hearts be revealed!
When two people find
themselves in love,
jubilation goes out through
nature,
in longer joyful hours

the day descends upon wood
and field.
Even from the oak's rotting
trunk,
that a millennium has
survived,
asends anew the treetops'
green flame
and rustles, trembling from
youthful exuberance.
To greater brilliance and
fragrance breaks
the buds out at the
happiness of the two,
and more sweetly it babbles
in the brook,
and more richly blooms and
gleams the May.

Le Couteau

J'ai un couteau dans l'cœur
- une belle l'a planté

J'ai un couteau dans l'cœur
et ne pe pas l'ôter

C'couteau c'est l'amour
d'elle, une belle, l'a
planté tout mon cœur

I have a knife in my heart - a
beautiful woman has
driven it in.

I have a knife in my heart
and I cannot pull it out.

This knife is my love for
her, a beautiful woman
has driven it in all my

sortirait avec tout mon
regret.
Il y fait un baiser - une belle
l'a planté un baiser sur le
cœur mais elle ne veut pas
l'donner.

Couteau, reste en mon
cœur si la plus belle t'y
a planté!

J'veux bien me mourir
d'elle mais j'veux pas
l'oublier.

heart would be taken
out with all of my sorrow.
Only a kiss - a beautiful
woman has driven it in a
kiss on my heart will
make it well but she will
not give it.

Knife, remain in my heart
since the most beautiful
woman has driven you in
I would like to die for her yet
I do not want to forget
her.

Au bord de la route

Cet homme ne voulait plus
vivre
Voyez de quoi vous mêlez
vous?

Monsieur, madame, en
vérité, cet homme en
avait assez.

Son cœur était comme une
pierre
mais si quelqu'un l'avait
ouvert

Peut-être dans ce cœur
d'amant
aurait-il vu le diamante.

Mais la pierre était si pesante
qu'il s'est couché sur le
chemin
en serrant sur elle ses mains
et il est mort de son attente.

Cet homme en avait assez
avec lui le joyau mourra
Monsieur, madame, il se fait

This man did not want to live
anymore
Do you see what you want to
get mixed up in?

Sir, Madame, in truth, this
man has had enough.

His heart was like a stone

but if somebody had opened
it

Perhaps in this heart of a
lover

he would have seen the
diamond.

But the stone was so heavy
that he has lain down by the
path

holding it tight in his hands
and he has died from his
waiting.

This man has had enough
with him the jewel will die
Sir, Madame, it has become

tard,
un signe de croix et passez.

late,
a sign of the cross and pass
by.

Chanson

Elle a vendu mon cœur pour
une chanson.

She has sold my heart for a
song.

Ô colporteur, vends mon
cœur a la place de la
chanson.

O peddler, selling my heart in
place of the song.

Tes chansons étaient
blanches, la mienne est
couleur de sang.

Your songs are white, mine
are the color of blood.

Elle a vendu mon cœur en
s'amusant.

She has sold my heart while
having-fun.

Et maintenant chante mon
cœur sur les places, aux
carrefours.

And now sings my heart on
squares, crossroads.

Tu feras pleurer, colporteur,
en racontant mon grand
amour

You will cry peddler, telling of
my great love

Pendant qu'elle fera rire les
gens a sa noce venus
en chantant la chanson
pour rire,

While she will laugh the
people came to nuptials
singing the song for
laughter,

pour qui ell a mon cœur
vendu.

for which she has sold my
heart.

Élégie

Une douceur splendide et
sombre

A splendid and somber
sweetness

flotte sous le ciel étoilé.

floats beneath the starry sky.

On dirait que là hait, dans
l'ombre,

As if up there in the
shadows,

un paradis s'est écroulé.

a paradise has crumbled.

Et c'est comme l'odeur
ardente,

And it is like the ardent
fragrance,

l'odeur fiévreuse dans l'air
noir,

the exciting fragrance in the
black air,

d'une chevelure d'amante
dénouée à travers le soir.

of the hair of a lover
loosened during the evening.

Tout l'espace languit de
fièvres.
Du fond des cœurs
mystérieux
s'en viennent mourir sur les
lèvres
des mots qui font fermer les
yeux.

Et de ma bouche où
s'évapore
le parfum des bonheurs
derniers,
et de mon cœur vibrant
encore
s'élèvent de vagues pitiés
pour tous ceux là, qui, sur la
terre,
par un tel soir tendant les
bras,
n'ont point dans leur cœur
solitaire
un nom à sangloter tout bas.

Space is weakend by fevers.
from the depths of the
mysterious hearts
they come to die on the lips
some words that make the
eyes close and die away
on the lips.
and from my mouth where
breathes
the perfume of the last
happiness,
and from my still unsteady
heart
vague feelings of pity rise
for all those who on earth
are reaching out on such a
night,
without having in their lonely
hearts
a name to softly sob.

Candida mia colomba

Candida mia colomba qual è
toa forma degna?
Qual cosa più simiglia a la
toa gran beltade?
Augello de l'amor, segno di
pace, come debio nomarti
che nulla cosa quano te
me piace?
Arboscel mio fronzuto, dal
paradiso colto, qual forza
di natura te ha fatto
tanto adorno di schietto
tronco e deodorate foglie
E de tanta vaghezza, che in
te raccolte son tutte mie
voglie?
Lucida perla colta ove se
coglie di preziose gemme

Pure my dove, what is your
right shape?
What it looks like your
beauty?
Bird of love, symbol of peace,
how should I call you
because I like only you?
My bough with fronds, taken
from heaven, what natural
power do you have with
simple tree trunk and
deodorant leaves
and from this vagueness,
which owns in you all
my wishes?
Glossy pearl picked up from
where are picked the

ogni ricchezza,
Dove l'onda vermiglia
abunda in zoglie, e sopra
el lito suo le sparge
intorno
Serà già mai ventura che
amè dimostri sì benigno il
volto che da te spero
aiuto?

precious gems of every
richness
Where the red wave is full of
earth and over the shore
the wave spreads
everywhere
Could the future, which I
love, show your benign
face, should I expect help
from you?

Diletto e spavento del mare

Quando il ceruleo mare
d'un'aria quieta s'increspa
mi si commuove il core
di placida gioia:
la terra più non m'alletta e
quella pace m'invita a la
barca.
Ma se risuonan grigi i flutti e
ribollono curve l'onde ed
i cavalloni spumeggiano
lungi rompendo,
Guardo a la terra, guardo agli
alberi, e fuggo dal mare.
Caro m'è allora il suolo, mi
piace la selva tutt'ombre
Dove se il turbin soffia, pur
sempre vi cantano i pini.
Misero il pescatore! Che in
cambio di casa ha la
barca,
ha per travaglio il mare,
ne'pesci vaganti ha le
prede.
Dolce me prenda il sonno ne
l'ombra d'un platano folto

When the cerulean sea from
a festless air becomes
ripple I am moved in my
heart with a joy full of
peace
The earth is not enough for
me and the peace invites
me to join the boat.
But if the grey waves are
ringing and the twisted
waves are boiling and the
surfes are bubbling so
long breaking
I see the earth, I see the
trees, and I run away
from the sea.
So sweet becomes the
gorund, I love the "full
of shadows" wood
where the wind blows, and
vertime the pines are
singing
Poor seaman! Who owns the
boat instead of the home
Who suffers in the sea, and
has to kill the rambling
fishes
Sweetly I will sleep under the
shadow of a large plane

E mi diletta il lene rumor
d'una fonte vicina

Che non spavento induce ma
caro diletto al villano

tree

And I will enjoy the light
noise which comes from
a near fountain

Which makes no fear but
pleasure to the man who
comes from earth.

"Ah, scostati... Smanie implacabili"

Ah, scostati! Paventa il tristo
effetto d'un disperato
affetto!

Chiudi quelle finestre...
Odio la luce, odio l'aria che
spiro, odio me stessa!

Chi schernisce il mio duol, chi
mi consola?

Deh, fuggi, per pietà,
lasciami sola.

Smanie implacabili, che
m'agitano dentro
quest'anima più non
cessate, finché l'angoscia
mi fa morir.

Esempio misero d'amor
funesto,
darò all'eumenidi se viva
resto col suono orribile
de' miei sospir.

Ah, get away! Beware the
sad effect of a desperate
love!

Shut those windows...
I hate the light, I hate the air
that I breathe, I hate
myself!

Who mocks my pain, who
would console me?

Ah, leave for pity's-sake,
leave me alone.

Inconsolable turmoil, which
agitates within my soul,
do not cease until this
anguish makes me die.

A miserable example of
disastrous love,
I shall give to the furies, if I
remain alive, with the
horrible sound of my
sighs.