

11-13-2016

Senior Recital: Andrea Bickford, soprano

Andrea Bickford

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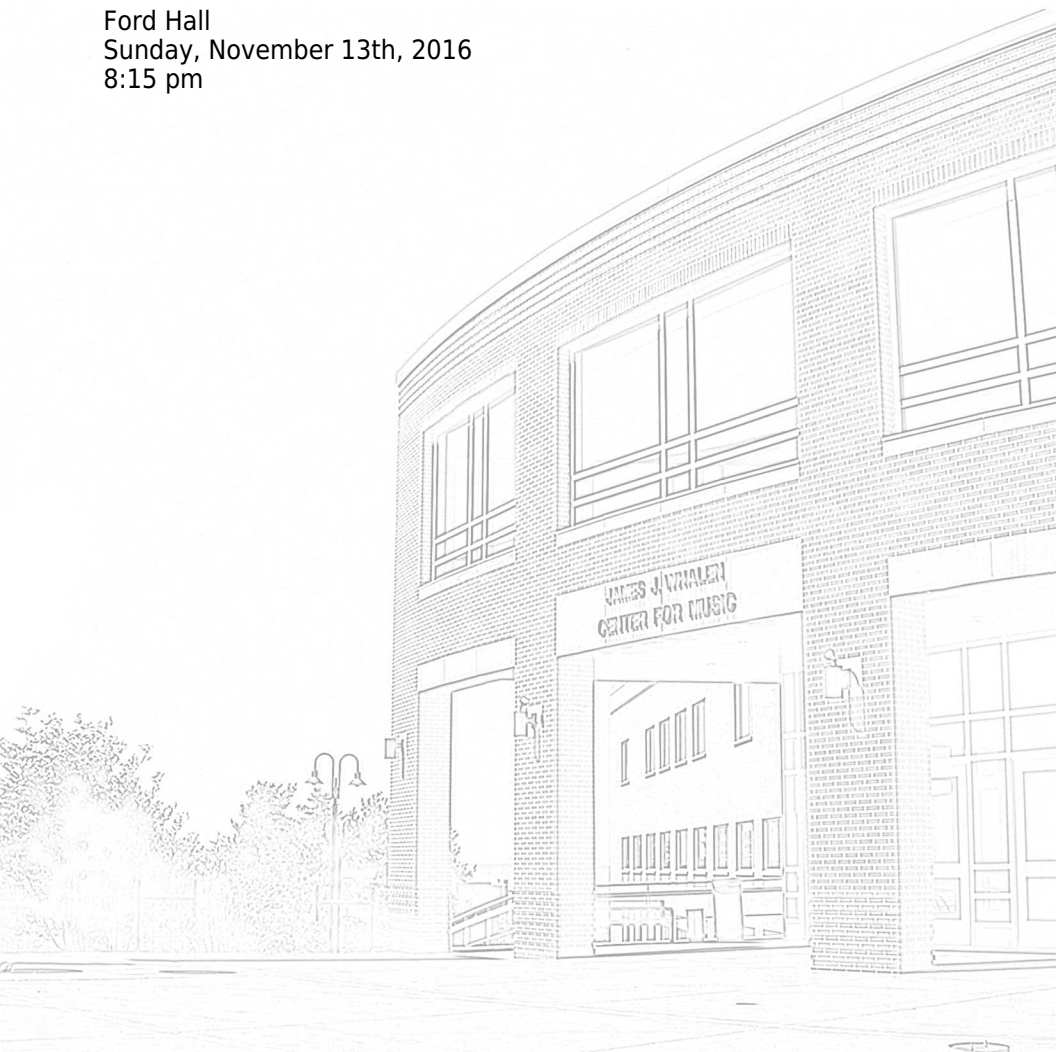
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Senior Recital:
Andrea Bickford, soprano

Benjamin Pawlak, piano
Michael Galvin, bass
Bryce Tempest, cello

Ford Hall
Sunday, November 13th, 2016
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Non più di fiori"
from *La Clamenza di Tito*

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Air Chantés
I. Air romantique
II. Air champêtre
III. Air grave
IV. Air vif

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Fresche aurette
O vive rose

Francesca Caccini
(1587-1641)

Michael Galvin, bass
Bryce Tempest, cello

Intermission

Façade
I. Daphne
II. Through Gilded Trellises
III. Old Sir Faulk

William Walton
(1902-1983)

Breit über mein Haupt
Ich trage meine Minne
Kling!

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Translations

Non più di fiori

Non più di fiori, vaghe
catene, discenda Imene ad
intrecciar.

Stretta fra barbare aspre
ritorte veggio la morte vèr
me avanzar.

Infelice, qual orrore, Ah! di
me che si dirà?

Chi vedesse il mio dolore, pur
avria di me pietà?

No more flowers, beautiful
chains, will Hymen
descend to weave.

Stretched between
barbarous, harsh chains I
advance toward death.

Unhappy me! What horror!
What will be said of me?

Who seeing my sorrow,
would ever have pity on
me?

Air romantique

J'allais dans la campagne
avec le vent d'orage,

Sous le pâle matin, sous les
nuages bas;

Un corbeau ténébreux
escortait mon voyage,

Et dans les flaques d'eau
retentissaient es pas.

La foudre à l'horizon faisait
courir sa flamme

Et l'Aquilon doublait ses
longs gémissements;

Mais la tempête était trop
faible pour mon âme,

Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec
ses battements.

De la dépouille d'or du frêne
et de l'érable

L'Automne composait son
éclatant butin,

Et le corbeau toujours d'un
vol inexorable,

M'accompagnait sans rien
changer à mon destin.

I walked in the countryside
with the wind of the
storm,

beneath the pale morning,
beneath the clouds low;
a dark raven accompanied
my journey,

and in the puddles of water
splashed my steps.

The lightning on the horizon
made flash its flame

and the north wind
redoubled its long moans;

but the tempest was too
weak for my soul,

which drowned out the
thunder with its beating.

From the golden remains of
the ash and of the
maple tree

the autumn composed its
sparkling loot,

and the raven always, with a
relentless flight,

without changing my fate in
the least.

Air champêtre

Belle source, je veux me
rappeler sans cesse,
Qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié

Ravi, j'ai contemplé ton
visage, ô déesse,
Perdu sous la mou, sous la
mousse à moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré, cet
ami que je pleure,
O nymphe, à ton culte
attaché,
Pour se mêler encore au
souffle qui t'effleure,
Et répoudre à ton flot caché.

Beautiful Spring, I will never
forget,
that one day, guided by
friendship

delighted, I gazed at your
face, oh goddess,
lost beneath the moss,
beneath the moss half
hidden.

Had he but remained, this
friend for whom I weep,
oh nymph, and served you in
devotion,
to mingle again with the
breeze that caresses you,
and to respond to your
waters hidden.

Air grave

Ah! fuyez à présent,
malheureuses pensées!
O! colère, o remords!
Souvenirs qui m'avez les
deux tempes pressées, de
l'étreinte des morts.

Sentiers de mousse pleins,
Vaporeuses fontaines,
Grottes profondes,
Voix des oiseaux et du vent

Lumières incertaines des
sauvages sous-bois,
Insectes, animaux,
Beauté future,
Ne me repousse pas,
Ô divine nature
Je suis ton suppliant.

Ah! fuyez à présent,
O! colère, remords!

Ah! be off now, unhappy
thoughts!

Oh! anger, oh remorse!
Memories which have my
two temples pressed, with
the grip of the dead.

Paths with moss overgrown,
misty fountains,
grottoes deep,
voices of birds and of the
wind

lights of uncertain origin of
the wild under-growth,
Insects, animals,
beauty to come,
do not reject me,
oh divine nature
I am your suppliant.

Ah! be off now,
Oh! anger, remorse!

Air vif

Le trésor di verger et le jardin en fête,	The bounty of the orchard and the splendor of the garden,
Les fleurs des champs, des bois, éclatent de plaisir,	the flowers of the field, of the wood, bursting with pleasure,
Hélas! hélas! Et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa voix.	Alas! alas! above their heads the wind raises its voice.
Mais toi noble océan que l'assaut des tourmentes ne saurait ravager,	But you noble ocean whom the assault of tempests can not ravage,
Certes plus dignement lorsque tu te lamentes Tu te prends à songer.	Certainly with more dignity when you yourself lament you lose yourself in daydreams.

Fresche aurette

Fresche aurette Vezzosette, Dolci fiati or qui spirate;	Fresh flirtatious Breezes, Sweet breaths you blow this way;
Augelletti Amorosetti, Nouvi canti oggi formate.	Amorous Little birds, New songs you compose today.
Ecco l'Aura, Che restaura Ogni spirito, e 'l mondo abbella; Seco, il giorno Or fa ritorno, E più bel si rinovella.	Here is the breeze, Which restores All souls, and makes the world lovelier; With her, the day Now returns, And is remade even more beautiful.
Non sia Ninfa In chiara linfa, Che non esca ai lieti balli;	There is no nymph In the clear dew That is not drawn to the happy dances;
I pastori, In dolci cori,	Let shepherds, In sweet choirs,

Venghin fuor de' boschi, è
valli.
Pargoletti
Lascivetti
Nudi ancor venghin gl'Amori
Qui ballando,
Alzin cantando
Dell'Aurora al Ciel gl'onori.

Come from the woods and
valleys.
Let the sensuous
Infant
Naked Cupids come
Dancing here,
And raise in song
Dawn's praises to the sky.

O vive rose

O vive rose,
Labbr'amorose,
Se d'un bel viso,
D'un bel sorriso,
Altere andate,
Cedete, omai,
Labbr'odorate,
A quei bei rai,
Luci d'amor ridenti,
Occhi miei, soli ardenti.

Occhi guerrieri,
Possenti arcieri,
Se con pietate
Voi mi mirate,
Per gl'occhi io sento
Scender nel seno
Dolce tormento
Dal bel, sereno
(Raggi del cor) tesoro,
Occhi, ch'in terra adoro.

Sù, sù, ridete,
O luci liete,
Per voi, nel viso,
Più splende il riso
Che su quel labro,
Ch'Amor compose
Di bel cinabro,
Di vive rose;

O living roses,
Loving lips,
If a lovely face,
A lovely smile,
Make you proud,
Make way, now,
Scented lips,
For those lovely rays,
Merry lights of love,
Ardent eyes, that are mine
alone.

Warrior eyes,
Powerful archers,
If you look at me
With mercy,
Through my eyes I feel
Descend into my soul
A sweet torment
From that lovely, serene
(O heart's rays) treasure,
Eyes that here on earth I
worship.

Come, come, laugh,
O happy lights,
Thanks to you, on her face
Laughter sparkles more
Than it does on those lips,
That Love made
Cinnabar red,
Like living roses;

Sù, sù, ridete omai,
Occhi co'vostri rai.
Occhi, parlate,
E sospirate,
Lingue d'Amore;
Quel vivo ardore
Di voi pupille,
Quei lieti giri,
Pur son faville,
Pur son sospiri;
Sospiri, parole, e riso,
Occhi, m'ha il cor diviso.

Come, come, laugh now,
Eyes, with your rays.
You speak, eyes,
And sigh,
Tongues of Love;
That living ardor
Of your pupils,
Those happy turns,
Are indeed sparks,
Are indeed sighs;
Sighs, words, and laughter,
Eyes, have split among them
my heart.

Breit über mein Haupt

Breit' über mein Haupt dein
schwarzes Haar,
neig' zu mir dein Angesicht,
da strömt in die Seele so hell
und klar mir deiner
Augen Licht.
Ich will nicht droben der
Sonne Pracht,
noch der Sterne leuchtenden
Kranz,
ich will nur deiner Locken
Nacht
und deiner Blicke Glanz.

Spread your raven hair over
my head,
incline you face over mine,
for then streams so brightly
and clearly the light of
your eyes into my soul.
I do not want the sun's
splendor,
not the shining wreath of
stars above,
I only want the black night of
your curls
and the radiance of your
glance.

Ich trage meine Minne

Ich trage meine Minne vor
Wonne stumm,
im Herzen und im Sinne mit
mir herum.
Ja, dass ich dich gefunden,
du liebes Kind,
das freut mich alle Tage, die
mir beschieden
Und ob auch der Himmel
trübe, kohlschwarz die

I carry my love with delight
silently,
in my heart and mind about
with me.
Yes, that I have found you,
you dear child,
that gladdens me all the
days, that to me granted
and even if the sky is cloudy,
coal black the night,

Nacht,
hell leuchtet meiner Liebe
goldsonnige Pracht.
Und lügt auch die Welt in
Sünden, so tut mir's weh,
die Arge muss erblinden vor
deiner Unschuld Schnee.

brightly shines my love's
gold sunny splendor.
And if the world lies in
sinfulness, as much as it
troubles me,
the evil will be blinded by
your snow-like innocence.

Kling!

Kling! meine Seele gibt
reinen Ton.
und ich wähte die Arme von
dem wütenden Harme
wilder Zeiten zerrissen
schon.
Sing! meine Seele, den
Beichtgesang
wiedergewonnener Fülle!
Hebe vom Herzen die Hülle!
Heil dir, geläuterter
Innenklang!
Kling! meine Seele, kling
dein Leben, Quellendes,
frisches Geblid'!
Blühendes hat sich begeben
auf dem verdorrten Gefild'.
Kling! meine Seele, Kling!

Ring! My soul gives fourth a
pure tone.
And I had imagined the poor
thing from the raging
afflictions of wild times to
be torn apart already.
Sing! my soul, the
confessional song of
reclaimed fullness!
Lift from the heart its veil!
Hail to you, resounding inner
note!
Ring! my soul, ring out your
life, swelling, fresh image.
Blossoming has itself begun
upon the dried up field.
Ring! my soul, ring!