

11-5-2016

## Elective Recital: Bergen Price, mezzo-soprano

Bergen Price

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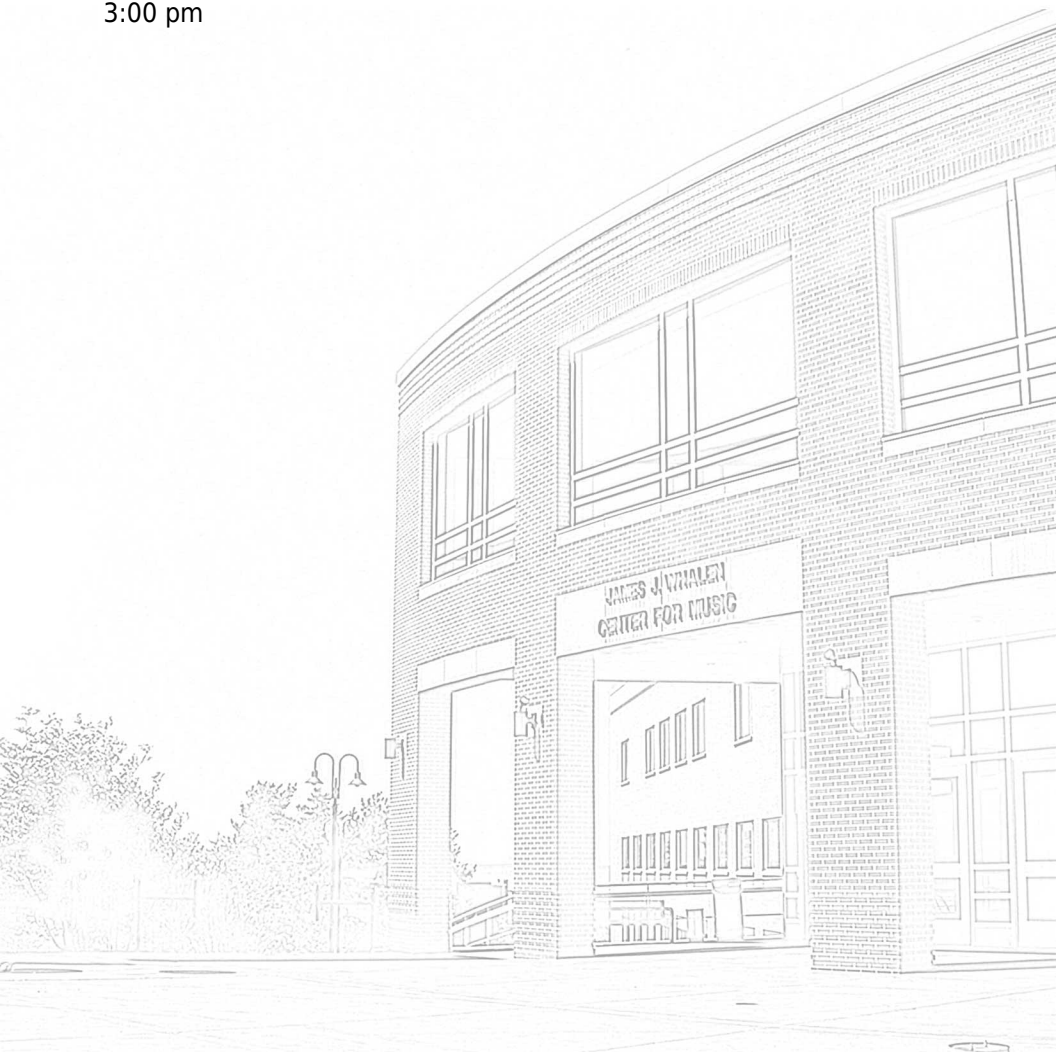
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**Elective Recital:**  
Bergen Price, mezzo-soprano

Oliver Scott, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Saturday, November 5th, 2016  
3:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

"Voi che sapete"

W. A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

"Torno di Tito a lato"

from *La Clemenza di Tito*

*Frauenliebe und -leben* [Chamisso]

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
5. Helft, mir, ihr, Schwestern

R. Schumann  
(1810-1856)

## Intermission

Three Marches Militaires, op. 51 D. 733

F. Schubert  
(1797-1828)

*Op. 13*

1. A Nun Takes the Veil
2. The Secrets of the Old
3. Sure on this shining night

S. Barber  
(1910-1981)

Con amores, la mi madre

F. Obradors  
(1897-1945)

Al amor

## Translations Voi che sapete

Voi, che sapete che cosa è amor, Donne, vedete, si'ò l'ho nel cor.	You who know what love is,  Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.
Quello ch'io provo, vi ridirò, È per me nuovo capir nol so.	I will explain to you what I am feeling, it is new to me and I don't understand it.
Sento un affetto pien di desir, Ch'ora è diletto, ch'ora è martir.	I sense a tender feeling, full of desire, which is pleasure and turns into agony.
Gelo, e poi sento l'alma avvampar, E in un momento torno a gelar.	I freeze and then feel that my soul is in flames and in another moment, I return to ice.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me, non so chi'il tiene, non so cos' è. Sospiro e gemo senza voler, Palpito e tremo senza saper.	I seek a prize outside of myself, I do not know what it holds, I do not know what it is. I sigh and moan without wanting to, I quiver and tremble without knowing why.
Non trovo pace notte, nè dì, Ma pur mi piace languir così.	I do not find peace at night or day, Yet it pleases me to suffer this way.

## Torna di Tito a lato

Torna di Tito a lato; torna, e l'error passato con replicate emenda prove di fedeltà.	Return to Tito's side; return, and the error past with repeated amend proves fidelity.
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L'acer bo tuo dolore  
e segno manifesto  
che di virtù nel core  
l'immagine tista.

Your bitter sorrow  
is a sign of manifestation  
that the image of  
virtue remains in your heart.

## Frauenliebe und -leben

### 1. Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn geshen,  
glaub' ich blind zu sein;  
wo ich hin nur blicke,  
seh' ich ihn allein;  
wei im wachen Traume  
schwebt sein Bild mir vor,  
taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel  
  
heller, heller nur empor.

Since I saw him,  
I believe myself to be blind;  
where I hence only look,  
I see him alone;  
as in waking dreams,  
his image floats before me,  
rising from the deepest  
darkness,  
brighter, brighter in ascent.

Sonst ist licht und farblos  
alles um mich her,  
nach der Schwestern Spiele  
nicht begehrt' ich mehr,  
möchte lieber weinen,  
still im Kämmerlein;  
seit ich ihn gesehen,  
glaub' ich blind zu sein.

All else is light and colorless  
everywhere around me,  
for I no longer desire  
to play my sister's games,  
I would rather weep,  
quietly in my room;  
Since I saw him,  
I believe myself to be blind.

### 2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von Allen,  
wie so milde, wie so gut!  
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
heller Sinn und fester Muth.

He, the most wonderful of all,  
O how gentle, so good!  
lovely lips, clear eyes,  
bright mind and steadfast  
courage.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,  
hell und herrlich, jener Stern,  
also Er an meinem Himmel,  
hell und herrlich, hehr und  
fern.

Just as yonder in the blue  
depths,  
bright and glorious, that star,  
so he is in my heavens,  
bright and glorious, lofty and  
distant.

Wandle, wandle deine  
Bahnen,  
nur betrachten deinen  
Schein,  
nur in Demuth ihn  
betrachten,  
selig nur und traurig sein!

Go, go thy paths,  
but to observe your radiance,  
but to observe in meekness,  
but to be blissful and sad!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,  
deinem Glücke nur geweiht;  
darfst mich, nied're Magd,  
nicht kennen  
hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Hear not my silent prayer,  
Dedicated only to your  
happiness;  
you may not know me, lowly  
maid,  
lofty star of glory!

Nur die Würdigste von Allen  
darf beglücken deine Wahl,  
und ich will die Hohe segnen  
viele tausend mal.

Only the worthiest of women,  
may make happy thy choice,  
and I will bless her, the lofty  
one,  
many thousand times.

Will mich freuen dann und  
weinen,  
selig, selig bin ich dann,  
solite mir das Herz auch  
brechen,  
brich, o Herz, was licht  
daran?

I will rejoice then and weep,  
blissful, blissful I'll be then,  
if my heart should also  
break,  
break, O heart, what of it?

## 5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr schwestern,  
freundlich mich schmücken,

Help me, ye sisters,  
friendly, adorn me,

dient der Glücklichen heute,  
mir.  
Windet geschäftig  
mir um die Stirne  
noch der blühenden Myrthe  
Zier.

Als ich be friedigt,  
freudigen Herzen,  
sonst dem Geliebten im  
Arme lag,  
immer noch rief er,  
Sehnsucht im Herzen,  
unge duldig den heutigen  
Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
helft mir verscheuchen  
eine thörichte Bangigkeit;  
dass ich mit klarem  
Aug' ihn empfangen,  
ihn, die Quelle der  
Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Gelibter,  
du mir erschienen,  
giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen  
Schein?  
Lass mich in Andacht,  
lass mich in Demuth,  
lass mich verneigen dem,  
Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,  
streuet ihm Blumen,  
bringet ihm knospende  
Rosen dar.  
Aber euch, Schwestern,  
grüss ich mit Wehmuth,  
freudig scheidend aus eurer  
Scharr.

serve me, today's fortunate  
one.  
Busily wind  
about my brow  
the adornment of blooming  
myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,  
of joyful heart,  
I would have laid in the arms  
of the beloved,  
so he called ever out,  
yearning in his heart,  
impatient for the present  
day.

Help me, ye sisters,  
help me to banish  
a foolish anxiety;  
so that I may with clear  
eyes receive him,  
him, the source of joyfulness.

You are my beloved,  
You appear before me,  
givest thou, sun, thy shine to  
me?  
Let me with devotion,  
let me in meekness,  
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,  
strew him with flowers,  
bring him budding roses.  
But ye, sisters,  
I greet with melancholy,  
joyfully departing from your  
midst.

## Con amores, la mi madre

Con amores, la mi madre,  
con amores me dormí;  
así dormida soñaba  
lo que el corazón velaba,

que el amor me consolaba  
con más bien que merecí.

Adormecióme el favor

que amor me dió con amor;

dió descanso a mi dolor  
la fe con que le serví.  
Con amores, la mi madre,  
con amores me dormí!

With love, my mother,  
with love I fell asleep;  
thus asleep, I was dreaming  
that which my heart was  
hiding,

that love was consoling me  
with more good than I  
deserved.

The kindness lulled me to  
sleep

what love gave me, with  
love;

put to bed my pain by  
the faith which I serve you.

With love, my mother,  
with love I fell asleep!

## Al amor

Dame, Amor, besos sin  
cuento,  
asido de mis cabellos,  
y mil y ciento tras ellos

y tras ellos mil y ciento

y después...

De muchos millares tres!

Y porque nadie lo sienta

desbaratemos la cuenta  
y... contemos al revés!

Give me, love, kisses without  
count,

grasped by my hair,  
and a thousand and a  
hundred after that,

and after those a thousand  
and a hundred

and then...

of many thousands, give me  
three more!

And because no one will  
regret it,

let us spoil the count  
and begin counting  
backwards!