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A Work of Heart: Senior Recital: Michelle Cosentino, soprano

Michelle Cosentino

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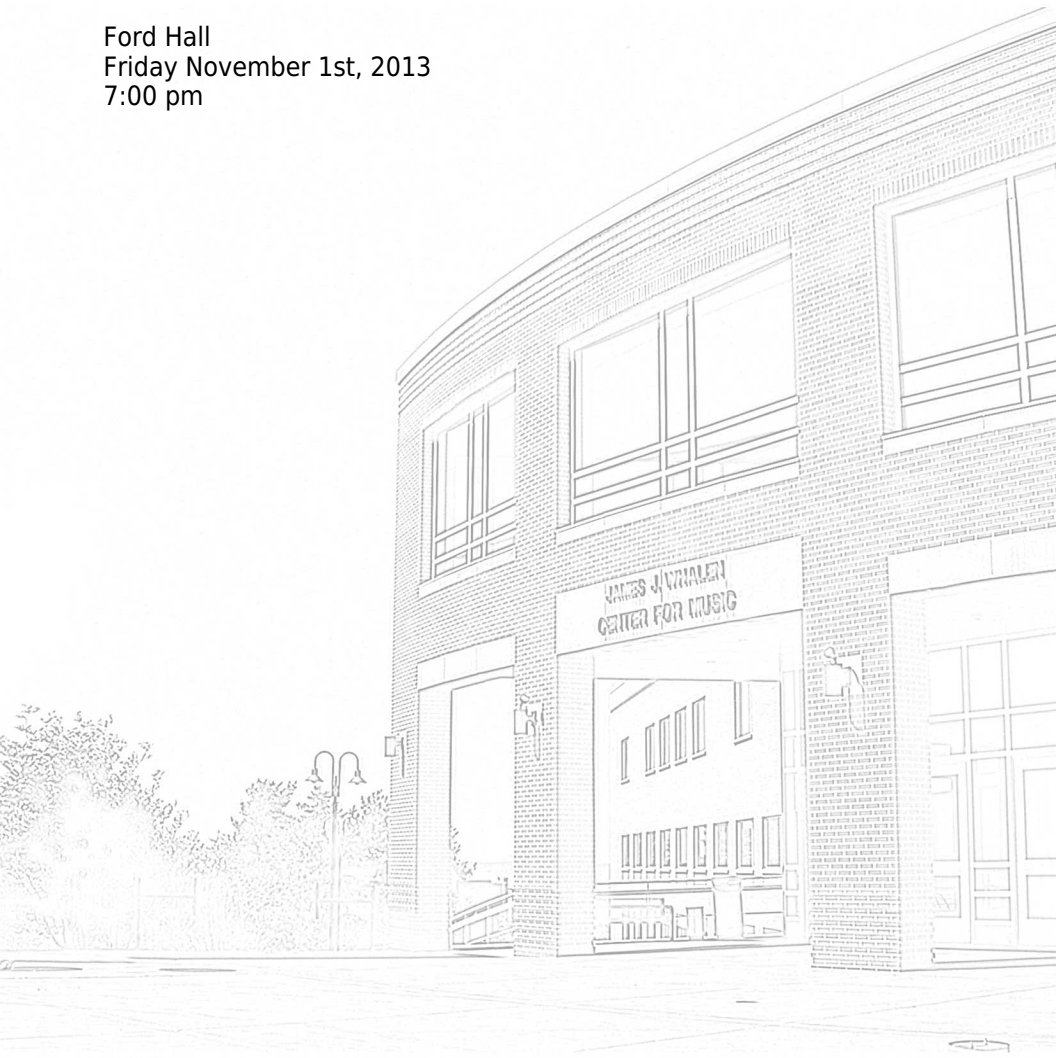
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A Work of Heart: Senior Recital

Michelle Cosentino, soprano

Samuel Martin, piano

Ford Hall
Friday November 1st, 2013
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Teaching Love

Human Heart
from *Once on this Island*

Flaherty
(b. 1960)

Musical Love

Regret
Coquettiere Posthume
Romance

Debussy
(1862-1918)

Urban Love

Cantata for an Urban Maiden:
Sunday Morning
Dating Suite
Moving On

Schocker
(b. 1959)

Intermission

Eternal Love

Stille Liebe

Ich hab in deinem Auge

Mein schöner Stern

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)
Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)
Robert Schumann

Unrequited Love

Stornello
Perduta ho la pace
Brindisi

Verdi
(1813-1901)

Self-Love

Ready to be Loved
from *Edges*

Pasek & Paul
(b. 1985)

Translations

Regret

Devant le ciel d'été, tiède et calmé, Je me souviens de toi comme d'un songe, Et mon regret fidèle, aime et prolonge Les heures où j'étais aimé.	When I see the summer sky, warm and calmed, I remember you, as if you were a dream, and my sincere regret, loves and prolongs the hours when I was dearly loved.
Les astres brilleront dans la nuit noire; Le soleil brillera dans le jour clair, Quelque chose de toi flotte dans l'air, Qui me pénètre la mémoire.	The stars will shine in black night; the sun will shine in the clear day, something of you floats in the air which penetrates my memory.
Quelque chose de toi qui fut à moi : Car j'ai possédé tout de ta pensée, Et mon âme, trahie et délaissée, Est encor tout entière à toi.	Something of you that once was mine: for I have possessed all of your thoughts, And my soul, betrayed, and abandoned, still belongs entirely to you.

Coquettiere Posthume

Quand je mourrai, que l'on me mette, Avant que de clouer mon cercueil, Un peu de rouge à la pommette, Un peu de noir au bord de l'oeil.	When I die, one must place Before nailing down my coffin, A little rouge on my cheekbone, A little black line under my eye.
Car je veux, dans ma bière close, Comme le soir de son aveu, Rester éternellement rose Avec du khol sous mon œil bleu.	Because I want, in my closed casket, Like the evening of his confession, To stay eternally rosy, With coal black on my blue eyes.
Posez-moi sans jaune immortelle, Sans coussin de larmes brodé.	Pose me without the yellow of immorality, Without a pillow embroidered with tears.
Sur mon oreiller de dentelle De ma chevelure inondé.	On my lace pillow Flowing with my tresses.
Cet oreiller, dans les nuits folle, A vu dormir nos fronts unis, Et sous le drap noir des gondoles Compté nos baisers infinis.	That pillow, in crazy nights, Has seen our brows sleeping together And on the black clothed gondolas, Count our infinite kisses.
Entre mes mains de cire pâle, Que la prière réunit, Tournez ce chapelet d'opale Par le pape à Rome bènit.	Between my pale waxed hands Reunited in prayer, Turn the string of opal, Blessed by the Roman Pope.
Je l'égrènerai dans la couche D'où nul encor ne s'est levé. Sa bouche en a dit sur ma bouche Chaque <i>Pater</i> et chaque <i>Ave</i> .	I will unstring it in the bed, From which nothing again rises. His mouth said on my mouth, Every <i>Pater Noster</i> and <i>Ave Maria</i> .

Romance

Silence ineffable de l'heure
Où le cœur aimant sur un cœur
Se laisse en aller et s'endort,
Sur un cœur aimant qu'il adore!

Innefable silence of the hour
Where the loving heart of a heart
Let go's and falls asleep,
On a loving heart he loves!

Musique tendre des paroles,
Comme un sanglot de rossignols,
Si tendre qu'on voudrait mourir,
Sur la bouche qui les soupire!

A soft music of words,
like the nightengale sighing,
So soft that it wants to die,
on the mouth that sighs!

L'ivresse ardente de la vie
Fait défaillir l'amant ravi,
Et l'on n'entend battre qu'un cœur,
Musique et silence de l'heure!

The fiery intoxication of life
Made a faint lover happy,
And you do not hear a heartbeat,
music and silence of the hour!

Stille Liebe

Könnst' ich dich in Liedern preisen,
Säng' ich dir das längste Lied.
Ja, ich würd' in allen Weisen
Dich zu singen nimmer müd'!

If I could praise you in song,
I would sing you the longest song.
Yes, I would in every way
never tire of singing to you!

Doch was immer mich betrübte,
Ist, daß ich nur immer stumm
Tragen kann dich, Herzgeliebte,
In des Busens Heiligtum.

But what has always troubled me
is, that always, only silently,
can I carry you, my heart's beloved,
in my heart's sanctuary.

Dieser Schmerz hat mich bezwungen,
Daß ich sang dies kleine Lied,
Doch von bitterm Leid durchdrungen,
Daß noch keins auf dich geriet.

This agony has compelled me,
That I sing this little song,
but I am pierced by bitter sorrow,
that you haven't heard even one note.

Ich hab in deinem Auge

Ich hab' in deinem Auge den Strahl
Der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen einmal
Die Rosen des Himmels stehen.

I have seen in your eyes the beam
of unfading love,
I once upon your cheeks saw the bloom
of roses from heaven fair.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt,
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
Ihr Abglanz, ewig neu erfrischt,
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben.

And as the beam of your eyes disappear
and as the roses scattered,
their reflection, ever newly refreshed,
I have left in my heart.

Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen sehn
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
So werden sie mir in Rosen stehn
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

And never will I behold your cheeks
and look in your eyes,
So the roses will stand
and the beam to me, will send.

Mein schöner Stern

Mein schöner Stern! ich bitte dich,
O lasse du dein heitres Licht
Nicht trüben durch den Dampf in mir,
Vielmehr den Dampf in mir zu Licht,
Mein schöner Stern, verklären hilf!

Mein schöner Stern! ich bitte dich,
Nicht senk' herab zur Erde dich,
Weil du mich noch hier unten siehst,
Heb' auf vielmehr zum Himmel mich,
Mein schöner Stern, wo du schon bist!

My beautiful star, I beg you,
Oh do not let your bright light
Be dimmed by the mists in me.
Rather help transfigure the mists in me
Into light, my beautiful star!

My beautiful star, I beg you,
Do not descend to earth
Because you see me down here still.
Rather lift me up to heaven,
My beautiful star, where you already
are!

Stornello

Tu dici che non m'ami... anch'io non
t'amo.
Dici non vi vuoi ben... non te ne voglio.
Dici ch'a un altro pesce hai teso l'amo.
Anch'io in altro giardin la rosa coglio.

Anco di questo vo'che ci accordiamo:
Tu fai quel che ti pare, io quel che
voglio.
Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.

Costanza nell'amor è una follia;
Volubile io sono e me ne vanto.
Non tremo più scontrandoti per via,
Né, quando sei lontan mi struggo in
pianto.

Come usignuol che uscì di prigionia
Tutta la notte e il dì folleggio e canto.
Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.

You say that you don't love me...I also
don't love you.
You say that you don't want me, I don't
want you.
You'll have another fish to love.
I also will pick another rose in the
gardens.

Even of this we agree:
You do as you like and I'll do as I want.
I am free to myself, everyone's master,
Servant to all and servant to no one.

A constant love is only madness;
I am fickle and I am proud.
Don't tremble anymore by fighting,
Nor, when you're away fret into tears

Just like a nightingale out of his captivity
All night and day long I'll frolic and sing.
I am free to myself, everyone's master,
Servant to all and servant to no one.

Perduta ho la pace

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

M'è buio di tomba
ov'egli non è;
Senz'esso un deserto
è il mondo per me.

Mio povero capo
confuso travolto;
Oh misera, il senno
, il senno m'è tolto!

S'io sto al finestrello,
ho gl'occhi a lui solo;
S'io sfuggo di casa,
sol dietro a lui volo.

Oh, il bel portamento;
oh, il vago suo viso!
Qual forza è nei sguardi,
che dolce sorriso!

E son le parole
un magico rio;
Qual stringer di mano,
qual bacio, mio Dio!

Anela congiungersi
al suo il mio petto;
Potessi abbracciarlo,
tenerlo a me stretto!

Baciarlo potessi,
far pago il desir!
Baciarlo!
e potessi baciata morir.

I have lost peace.
I have, in my heart, a million troubles;
Ah, no, no more hope,
never to find.

It's as dark in my grave
where he is not;
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
Oh misery, the mind
Is torn apart.

Out the window,
I look only for him;
Out of the house
Only for him do I go.

Oh, the beautiful poise,
oh, the dreamy expression,
What strength in his looks,
that sweet smile!

And his words,
are a magical flow;
What handclasp,
what kiss, my God!

My bosom rejoins
his breast to mine;
I can hold him,
keep him close to me!

I can kiss,
to pay your desire,
Kiss!
and can kiss to die.

Brindisi

Mescetemi il vino!
Tu solo, o bicchiere,
Fra gaudi terreni non sei menzognero,

Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.

Amai; m'infiammarmò due sguardi fatali;

Credei l'amicizia fanciulla senz'ali,

Follia de' prim'anni, fantasma illusor.

Mescetemi il vino, letizia del cor.

L'amico, l'amante col tempo ne fugge,
Ma tu non paventi chi tutto distrugge:

L'età non t'offende, t'accresce virtù.

Sfiorito l'aprile, cadute le rose,
Tu sei che n'allegri le cure noiose:

Sei tu che ne torni la gioia che fu.

Mescetemi il vino, letizia del cor.

Chi meglio risana del cor le ferite?

Se te non ci desse la provvida vite,

Sarebbe immortale l'umano dolor.

Mescetemi il vino!

Tu sol, o bicchiere,

Fra gaudi terreni non sei menzognero,

Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.

Pour me the wine!

Only you, o glass,
of all the earthly pleasures, are not a
liar.

You, life of the senses, joy of the heart.

I have loved; two fatal glances inflamed
me;

I believed the friendship of the girl
without wings,

foolishness of youth, illusory imaginings.

Pour me some wine, joy of the heart.

A friend, a lover will leave after a while,
but you have no fear of that which
destroys all:

Age doesn't offend you, it increases
your virtue.

April has faded, the roses have fallen,
You are the one the happiness that
cures boredom:

It is you that brings back the joy that
once was.

Pour me some wine, joy of the heart.

Who better than you can heal the heart
of its wounds?

If you had not given us your provident
lives,

it would be the immortal human sorrow.

Pour me some wine!

Only you, o glass,
of all the earthly pleasures, are not a
liar.

Pour me some wine, joy of the heart.