

9-21-2013

Junior Recital: Mollie Hamilton, soprano

Mollie Hamilton

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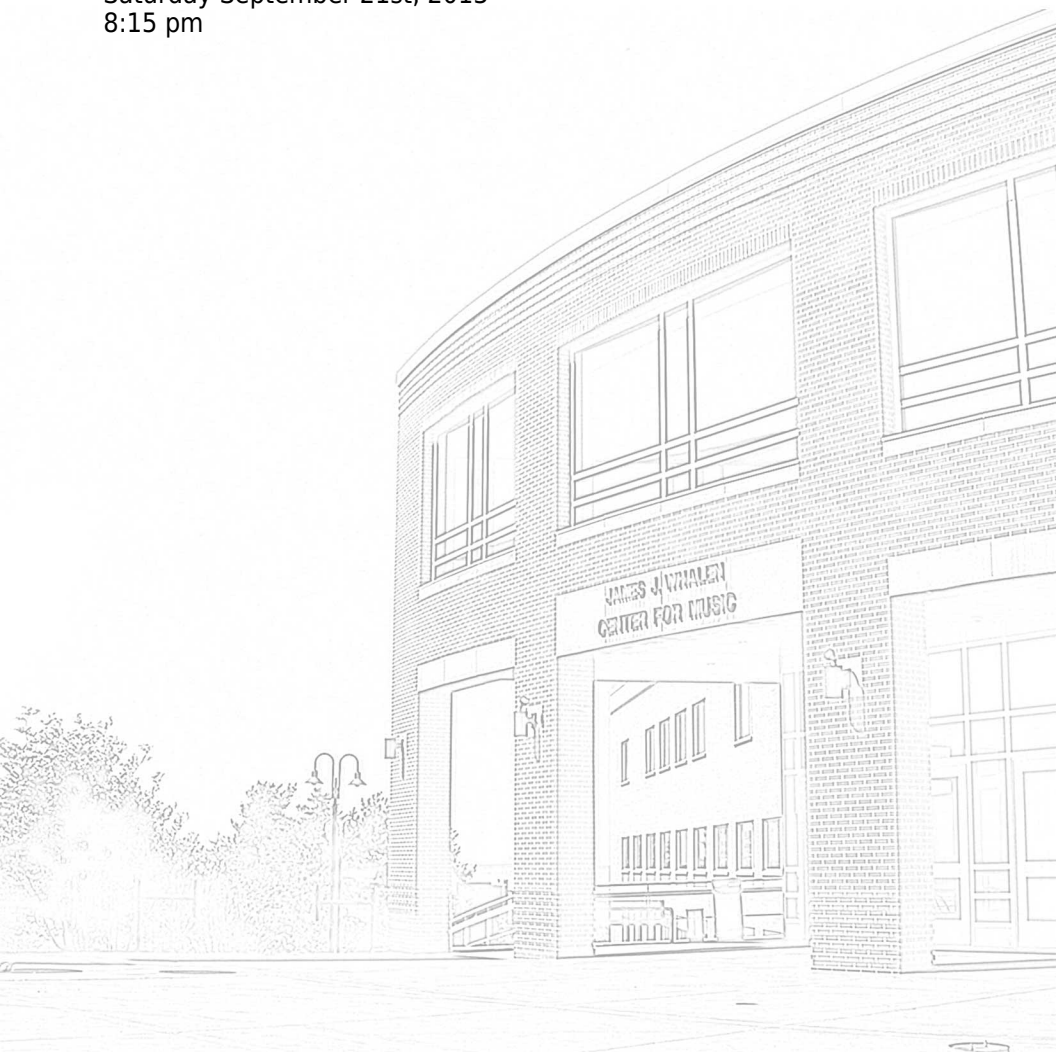
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Junior Recital:

Mollie Hamilton, soprano

MaryAnn Erickson, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday September 21st, 2013
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Lachen Und Weinen
Wanderers Nachtlid
An Die Nachtigall
Geheimes

Schubert
(1797-1828)

Damask Roses
Weep you no more
Orpheus with his Lute
Take, O Take
Spring
Diaphenia

Rodger Qilter
(1827-1953)
Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)
Dominick Argento
(b. 1927)

Intermission

Toglietemi La Vita Ancor
Cara, Cara e dolce
Amor Preparami

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

Fumée
Je ne t'aime pas
Diva de L'empire

Darius Milhaud
(1892-1974)
Kurt Weil
(1900-1950)
Erik Satie
(1866-1925)

Translations

Lachen und Weinen

Lachen und Weinen zu
jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so
mancherlei Grunde.
Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust,

Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewußt.

Weinen und Lachen zu
jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so
mancherlei Grunde.
Abends weint' ich vor
Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit
Lachen, Muß ich dich fragen,
o Herz.

Wanderers Nachtlied

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,
in allen Wipfeln
spürest du kaum einen
Hauch;
die Vögelein schweigen im
Walde,
warte nur, balde
ruhest du auch!

An Die Nachtigale

Er liegt und schläft an
meinem Herzen, Mein guter
Schutzgeist sang ihn ein; Und
ich kann fröhlich sein und
scherzen, Kann jeder Blum'
und jedes Blatts mich freun.

Laughter and Tears

Laughter and tears at any
hour rest on
Love in so many ways.
In the morning I laugh for
joy,
and why I now weep in the
evening glow,
is something unknown to
me.

Tears and laughter at any
hour rest on
Love in so many ways.
In the evening I weep for
sorrow;
and why you can awake in
the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, o my heart!

Walker's Carol

Over all the peaks it is
peaceful,
in all the treetops
you feel hardly a breath of
wind;
the little birds are silent in
the forest...
only wait
soon you will rest as well.

The Nightingale

He slumbers sweetly on my
heart My guardian angel
sang lullabies. Now I can
happily and lightly - enjoy
every flower And every leaf -
and every petal

Nachtigall, ach! Nachtigall,
ach! Sing mir den Amor nicht
wach!

Geheimes

Über meines Liebchens
Äugeln
Stehn verwundert alle
Leute
Ich, der Wissende,
dagegen,
Weiß recht gut, was das
bedeute.

Denn es heißt: ich liebe
diesen
Und nicht etwa den und
jenen.
Lasset nur, ihr guten Leute,

Euer Wundern, euer
Sehnen!

Ja, mit ungeheuren
Machten
Blicket sie wohl in die
Runde;
Doch sie sucht nur zu
verkünden
Ihm die nächste süße
Stunde.

Toglietemi La Vita Ancor

Toglietemi la vita ancor,
crudeli cieli,
se mi volete rapir il cor,
toglietemi la vita ancor.

Negatemi i rai del dì,

Nightingale, soft
Wake not my Cupid with
your song.

Secret

Everyone is astonished
At the eyes my sweetheart
makes;
But I, who understand,
Know quite well what they
mean.

For they say: I love him,
Not this one or that one.
So, good people cease
Your wondering and your
longing!

Indeed, she may well look
about her
With a mightily powerful
eye,
But she seeks only to give
him a foretaste
Of the next sweet hour.

Take away from me my life also

Take away from me my life
also,
Cruel Heavens,
If you want to take my
heart from me,
Take my life away from me
also.

Deny me the light of day

severe sfere, se vaghe
siete
del mio dolor,
toglietemi la vita ancor.

Amor, Preparami

Amor, preparami altre
cantene,
Overo lasciami in libertà.

Io Vo' certissimo quel nodo
frangere
Ch'in laccio asprissimo
Stretto mi tiene senza
pietà.

Cara, Cara e Dolce

Cara, cara e dolce libertà,
Cara, dolce libertà,
L'alma mia consoli tu.
Più non vive in servitù
S'il mio cor sciolto s'en va.

Vola, fuggi pure,
vola fuggi pur da me,
Vola, fuggi pur da me,
Faretrato Dio d'amor.
E già libero il mio cor
Se più lacci il pié non ha

Fumée

C'est permis de fumer gare
L'Écuyer de Médrano
quand tu fumes ton cigare
Saute à travers les
anneaux.

Severe speheres,
If you desire sadness from
me
Take away my life also.

Love, prepare for me

Love, prepare for me the
other chains,
or leave me in freedom.

I want most certainly that
knot to break
Which in the most sever
noose
tightly holds me without
pity.

Dear, Dear and Sweet

Dear, dear and sweet
freedom,
dear, sweet freedom,
you console my soul.
It no longer lives in
servitude
if my heart, set loose, goes
its way.

Fly, flee then, then from
me,
fly, flee then from me, god
of love,
armed with a quiver.
My heart is already free
if its feet are not bound.

Smoke

It is permitted to smoke
Beware
horse woman
from Médrano
when you smoke your cigar
jump through the hoops.

Je ne t'aime pas

Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas,
Car tu l'as voulu, tu n'es qu'une amie.
Pour d'autres sont faits le creux de tes bras
Et ton cher baiser, ta tête endormie.

Ne me parle pas, lorsque c'est le soir,
Trop intimement, à voix basse mêm',
Ne me donne pas surtout ton mouchoir
Il renferme trop le parfum que j'aim'.

Dis-moi tes amours, je ne t'aime pas,
Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrant'.
Je ne t'aime pas
Et s'il t'aimait bien, ou s'il fut ingrat'
En me le disant, ne sois pas charmant;
Je ne t'aime pas...

Je n'ai pas pleuré, je n'ai pas souffert,
Ce n'était qu'un rêve et qu'une folie.
Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs,
Sans regret du soir, ni mélancolie.

Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur,
Il me suffira de voir ton sourire.

I do not love you

Take back your hand, I do not love you
because you wanted it, you are not a friend.
For others have made the hollow of your arms
and your dear kisses, your sleeping head.

Don't talk to me, while it is the night
intimately or in a whisper.
Don't give me your handkerchief
it smells too much like the cologne that I love.

Tell me your loves, I do not love you
What hour was the most intoxicating?
I do not love you
And if he likes you or if he was ungrateful
While telling me I was not charming
I do not love you.
I didn't cry, I didn't suffer
It wasn't a dream, it was madness
I am suffering because your eyes are clear
without regret of the night or melancholy

I am suffering because you're in a good mood,
I am suffering because I see you smile
tell me how he took your heart
and also tell me what you

Conte-moi comment il a
pris ton coeur
Et même dis-moi ce qu'on
ne peut dire

Non, tais-toi plutôt. Je suis
à genoux
Le feu s'est éteint, la porte
est fermée...
Je ne t'aime pas.
Ne demande rien, je
pleure. C'est tout.
Je ne t'aime pas,
Je ne t'aime pas, ma
bien-aimée.
Retire ta main, je ne t'aime
pas
Je ne t'aime pas.

La Diva de L'Empire

Sous le grand chapeau
Greenaway,
Mettant l'éclat d'un sourire,
D'un rire charmant et frais
De baby étonné qui
soupire,
Little girl aux yeux
veloutés,
C'est la Diva de l'Empire.
C'est la rein' dont
s'éprennent
Les gentlemen
Et tous les dandys
De Piccadilly.
Dans un seul "yes" elle met
tant de douceur
Que tous les snobs en gilet
à coeur,
L'accueillant de hurras
frénétiques,
Sur la scène lancent des
gerbes de fleurs,
Sans remarquer le rire
narquois

couldn't say.

No, actually keep quiet. I
am on my knees
The fire is out, the door is
closed
I do not love you
Don't ask for anything. I
am crying. That's all.
I do not love you, oh my
good friend.
Take back your hand, I do
not love you
I do not love you.

The Diva of the Empire

Under the great hat
Greenaway,
Showing a flash of a smile,
Of a laugh charming and
fresh
Of a surprised baby who
sighs,
Little girl with velvety eyes,
I
t's the Diva of the Empire.
It's the queen of whom
become enamoured
The gentlemen
And all the dandys
Of Piccadilly.
In only a "yes" she puts so
much sweetness
That all the snobs in
waistcoats to heart,
Welcome her with frantic
hurrahs,
On the stage They throw
wreaths of flowers,
Without noticing the

De son joli minois.
Elle danse presque
automatiquement
Et soulève, oh très
pudiquement,
Ses jolis dessous de
fanfreluches,
De ses jambes montrant le
frétillement.
C'est à la fois très très
innocent
Et très très excitant.

mocking laugh
on her sweet little face.
She dances almost
automatically
And lifts up, oh very
modestly,
Her underthings of frills
and furbelows,
Of her legs showing the
quivering.
It is at the same time very
very innocent
And very very exciting.