

9-7-2013

Senior Recital: Jenna Fishback, mezzo-soprano

Jenna Fishback

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Senior Recital:

Jenna Fishback, mezzo-soprano

Samuel Martin, piano
Rachel Mikol, soprano
Julia Perry, Hautbois d'Amour
Ian Cummings, percussion

Ford Hall
Saturday September 7th, 2013
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Les soirées musicales (1830-1835)

La Partenza
L'Orgia
La Danza

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Dämm'rung senkte sich von oben
Von ewiger Liebe
Vergebliches Ständchen

Johannas Brahms
(1833-1897)

Nobles seigneurs, salut!

Giacomo Meyerbeer
(1791-1864)

Intermission

Miss Manners on Music

Prologue
Manners at a Concert

Dominick Argento
(b. 1927)

Sept Mélodies pour Chant et Piano

Cythère
Effet de Neige
Fantoches
L'Heure Exquise
Mandoline
Spleen
Soir

Poldowski
(1880-1932)

Practically Perfect

George Stiles
(b. 1961)
lyr. Anthony Drewe
(b. 1961)

I'm a Star

Scott Alan
(b. 1978)

Translations

La Partenza

Ecco quel fiero istante,
Nice, mia Nice, addio;
Come vivrò, ben mio, così lontan da
te?

Io vivrò sempre in pene,
Io non avrò più bene,
e tu chi sa se mai ti sovverrai di
me!

Sempre nel tuo cammino,
Sempre m'avrai vicino
e tu chi sa se mai ti sovverrai di
me!

Here is that cruel moment,
Nice, my Nice, goodbye;
How will I live, my beloved, thus far
from you?

I will live always in pain,
I will never be happy again,
and who knows if you will remember
me!

Always on your way,
Always you will have me near
and who knows if you will ever
remember me!

L'Orgia

Amiamo, cantiamo le donne e i
liquor,
gradita è la vita fra Bacco ed
Amor!
Se Amore ho nel core,
ho il vin nella testa.
Che gioia, che festa, che amabile
ardor!
Amando, scherzando,
trincando liquor,
m'avvampo, mi scampo da noie e
dolor.
Cantiam!

Danziamo, cantiamo, alziamo il
bicchier,
ridiam,
sfidiam i tristi pensier!
Regina divina, la madre d'amor,
giuliva rinnova ogni cor.
Balzante, spumante con vivo
bollar,
è il vino divino del mondo signor.

Già ballo, traballo,
che odor, che vapor!
Si beva, ribeva con sacro
furor.
Cantiam, la vita è compita fra
Bacco ed Amor!
Evviva, le donne e il liquor!

Let us love, let us sing to woman and
liquor,
life is pleasant with Bacchus and
Cupid!
If love I have in my heart,
I have the wine in my head.
What a joy, what a party, what sweet
passion!
Loving, joking,
drinking liquor,
I burn, I escape from boredom and
sorrow.
Let us sing!

Let us dance, let us sing, let us raise
the glass,
let us laugh,
let us challenge the sad thoughts!
Divine Queen, mother of love,
with joy renew every heart.
Leaping, sparkling, with life bubbling
over,
and divine wine of the world, Lord.

Already I dance, stagger,
what a fragrance, what an aroma!
One drinks, drinks again with a holy
frenzy.
Let us sing, life is complete with
Bacchus and Cupid!
Cheers to the women and liquor!

La Danza

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia si salterà;

Already the moon is above the sea,
"Mamma mia" how we will leap;

L'ora è bella per danzare,
chi è in amor non mancherà.

Presto in danza a tondo, donne mie,
venite qua.
Un garzon bello e giocondo a
ciascuna toccherà.
Finchè in ciel brilla una stella, e la
luna splenderà,
Il più bel con la più bella tutta notte
danzerà.

Mamma mia, già la luna è in mezzo al
mare,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche, mamma mia si
salterà.

Salta, gira, ogni coppia a
cerchio va,
Già s'avvanza, si ritira, e all'assalto
tornerà.

Serra colla bionda, colla bruna va qua
e là,
Colla rossa va a seconda,
colla smorta fermo sta.
Viva il ballo a tondo,
sono un re, sono un basicà.
È il più bel piacer del mondo, la più
cara voluttà.

The hour is beautiful for dancing,
those in love will not miss it.

Swiftly dance around, my ladies,
come here.
A handsome and playful boy will have
a turn with everyone.
As long as there is a star in the sky
and the moon shines,
The most handsome and most
beautiful will dance the entire night.

"Mamma mia" already the moon
above the sea,
"mamma mia" how we will leap.
Strum, "Mamma mia" how we will
leap.

Jump, turn, every couple goes in a
circle.
Now advancing, now retreating, and
attack once again.

Hug the blonde tightly, go here and
there with the brunette,
With the redhead follow after her,
leave the dull one standing.
Hooray for dancing around
I am a king, I am a pasha.
It is the most beautiful pleasure in the
world, the most dear delight.

Dämm' rung senkte sich von oben

Dämm' rung senkte sich von oben,
schon ist alle Nähe
fern.

Doch zuerst emporgehoben holden
Lichts der Abendstern.

Alles schwankt in's Ungewisse,
Nebel schleichen in die Höh',
Schwarzvertiefte Finsternisse
wiederspiegelnd,
ruht der See.

Nun am östlichen Bereiche ahn'ich
Mondenglanz und Glut,
Schlanker Weiden Haargezweige
scherzen auf der nächsten Flut.
Durch bewegter Schatten Spiele
zittert Luna's Zauberschein,
und durch's Auge schleicht die Kühle
sänftigend in's Herz hinein.

Twilight has fallen from above,
already that which was near is in the
distance.

Yet first raised high is the fair light of
the evening star.

Everything wavers in uncertainty,
mist creeps into the heights,
black-deepened darkness
reflection,
rests upon the lake.

Now in the eastern areas I sense the
moon's brightness and glow,
The slender willows hair-like branches
play upon the nearby stream.
Through moving shadowy games
trembles Luna's magical light,
and through the eye the coolness
creeps soothingly into the heart.

Von ewiger Liebe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in
Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget
die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch
Rauch, ja,
und die Lerche sie schweiget nun
auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche
heraus,
giebt das Geleit der Geliebten nach
Haus.
Führt sie am Wiedengebüsche vorbei,
redet so viel und so
mancherlei:

“Leidest du Schmach und betrübest
du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von Andern um
mich,
werde die Liebe getrennt so
geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mie
Wind.
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt
sind.”

Spricht das Mägdelein:
“Unsere Liebe, sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar
sehr,
unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet
sie um,
unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehen,
unsere Liebe muss ewig bestehn!”

Dark, how dark it is in forest and in
field!
It is already night, the world is now
silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere still
smoke, yes,
and the lark it is silent now
also.

The lad comes out of the
village,
accompanying his beloved
home.
He leads her past the willow-grove,
talking so much and of so many
things:

“If you are suffering shame and
grieving,
If you are suffering disgrace before
others because of me,
let our love be ended as
quickly,
As quickly as we were once united.
Depart with the rain and depart with
the wind.
As quickly as we were once
united.”

Says the maiden:
“Our love cannot be broken!
Firm is steel and iron even
more,
our love is firmer still.
Iron and steel, one forges them into
something else,
our love, who can change it?
Iron and steel, they can rust away,
our love, must forever endure!”

Vergebliches Ständchen

Guten Abend, mein Schatz, guten
Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir, ach,
mach' mir auf die Thür!

Mein Thür ist verschlossen,
ich lass' dich nicht ein.
Mutter, die rath' mir klug,
Wärst du herein mit Fug,

Good evening, my treasure, good
evening my child!
I come out of love to you, ah,
open your door for me!

My door is locked,
I won't let you in.
Mother, who advises me wisely,
were you in here without permission,

Wär's mit mir vorbei!

it would be over with me!

So kalt ist die Nacht, so eisig der
Wind,
dass mir das Herz erfriert.
Mein Lieb' erlöschen wird, öffne mir,
mein Kind!

So cold is the night, so icy the
wind,
that my heart will freeze.
My love will be extinguished, open for
me, my child!

Löschet dein' Lieb', lass sie löschen
nur!
Löschet sie immerzu, geh' heim zu
Bett, zur Ruh'!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

Extinguish your love, just let it be
extinguished!
If it continues to be extinguished, go
home to bed, to rest!
Good night, my boy!

Nobles seigneurs, salut!

Nobles seigneurs, salut!
Une dame noble et sage, dont les rois
seraient jaloux,
m'a chargé de ce message,
chevaliers, pour l'un de vous.

Noble lords, greetings!
A lady noble and wise, of whom the
kings would be jealous,
has me charged with this message,
gentlemen, for one of you.

Sans qu'on la nomme,
honneur ici au gentilhomme qu'elle a
choisi!
Vous pouvez croire que nul
seigneur, n'eut tant de gloire ni de
bonheur.
Non, jamais!

Without the one she names,
all honor here goes to the gentleman
whom she has chosen!
You can believe that no
gentleman has had such glory nor
good fortune.
No! Never!

Ne craignez mensonge ou piège,
chevaliers, dans mes discours!
Or salut! Que Dieu protège vos
combats, vos amours!

Do not fear lies or traps,
gentlemen, in my speech!
Now greetings! May God protect your
fighting and your loves!

Cythère

Un pavillon à claires voies Abrite
doucement nos joies,
Qu'éventent des rosiers amis:
L'odeur des roses,
faible grâce au vent léger d'été qui
passe,
Se mêle aux parfums qu'elle
amis.
Comme ses yeux l'avaient promis,
son courage est grand et sa lèvre
communique une exquise fièvre;
Et l'amour comblant tout,
hormis la faim sorbets et confitures.
Nous préservent des courbatures.

A house has a clear path gently to our
joys,
that eventually, like the rosebush:
The smell of roses,
weak grace of light summer wind that
passes,
Mixes with the perfume that she has
put.
Like his eyes have promise,
his courage is big and his lips
communicate an exquisite fever;
And love filling all,
except the hunger sorbet and jam.
We maintain the aches.

Effet de Neige

Dans l'interminable ennui de la
plaine,
la neige incertaine Luit comme du
sable.

In never-ending boredom of the
plain,
the unsettled snow shines like the
sand.

Le ciel est de cuivre sans lueur
aucune.
On croirait voir vivre et mourir la
lune.

Comme des nuées flottent gris les
chênes.
Des forêts prochaines parmi les
buees.

Corneille poussive et vous les loups
maigres,
par ces bises aigre.
Quoi donc vous arrive?

The sky is copper without any
glimmer.
They believe to see, live, and die the
moon.

Like the flock of floating gray
oak.
The next forest in the
mist.

Sluggish crows and the skinny
wolves,
by these sour kisses.
What happens to you?

Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella qu'un
mauvais dessein,
rassemble gesticulent, noirs sur la
Lune.

Cependant l'excellent Docteur
Bolonais cueille avec lenteur des
simples parmi l'herbe brune hors.
Sa fille piquant minois sous la
charmille en tapinois,
se glisse demi nue
en quête de son beau pirate
espagnol,
dont un langoureux rossignol
clame la détresse à tue tête.

Scaramouche and Pulchinella
created an evil plot,
gathering together, gesturing rudely
under the moon.

Meanwhile, the excellent doctor of
Bologna leisurely gathers some
herbs among the brown grass.
His daughter, a saucy thing, under
the trees very furtively,
she glides half-naked
in search of her handsome Spanish
pirate,
of whom an amorous nightingale
proclaims the distress at the top of
its voice.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
et les belles écouteuses échangent
des propos fades
sous les ramures chanteuses.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
leurs longues robes à queues,
Leurs élégance, leur joie et leurs
molles ombres bleues
tourbillonnent dans l'extase d'une
lune rose et grise.
Et la mandoline jase parmi les
frissons de brise.

The givers of serenades
and the lovely listeners exchange
sweet nothings
beneath the singing branches.
It is Thyrus and it is Amyntas,
and there is the eternal Clytander,
and there is Damis who writes many
tender verses for cruel women.

Their short jackets of silk,
their long gowns with trains,
Their elegance, their joy and their
soft blue shadows
whirl in the ecstasy of a pink and
grey moon.
And the mandolin chatters among the
shivering breeze.

Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
et les lieres étaient tout noirs.

The roses were all red
and the ivy was all black.

Chère pour peu que tu te bouge
renaissent tout mes désespoirs.
Le ciel était trop bleu trop tendre,
la mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.

Je crains toujours ce qu'est d'attendre
quelque fuite atroce de vous.
Du houx à la feuille vernie
et du luisant buis je suis las,
et de la campagne infinie et de tout
fors! de vous hélas.

Le Séraphin des soirs passe le long
des fleurs,
La dame aux songes chante à l'orgue
de l'église.
Et le ciel où la fin du jour se
subtilise
prolonge une agonie exquise de
couleurs.

Le Sèraphin des soirs passe le long
des coeurs,
Les vierges aux balcons boivent
l'amour des brises,
Et sur les fleurs et sur les vierges
indécises.

Il neige lentement d'adorables
pâleurs,
toute rose aux jardin
s'incline.
Lente et lasse.
Et l'âme de Schumann errante par
l'espace
semble dire une peine impossible à
guérir.

Quel-que part une enfant très douce
doit mourir.
O! mon âme mets un signet au livre
d'heures,
l'ange va recueillir le rêve que tu
pleures.

Dear for little that you move
revive all my despair.
The sky was very blue, very tender,
the sea very green and air very soft.

I always fear this waiting for
some horrible escape of you.
Of holly with glossy leaves
and of shining boxwood I am weary,
and of the infinite country and of all
of you, hail.

Soir

The Seraphim of long evenings of
flowers pass,
The lady in dreams, sings of the
organ of the church.
And the sky where the end of day
steal
Extends an exquisite agony of
colors.

The Seraphim of evening passed
along hearts,
The virgin balconies drink the love of
breezes,
And on the flowers and on the
indecisive virgins.

The slowly adorable paleness of the
snow,
everything rose and tilts in
the garden.
Slow and weary.
And the soul of Schumann wanders
through space
seem say a pain impossible in to
cure.

Some share a very sweet child must
die.
Oh! My soul put a bookmark of book
of hours,
the angel goes to collect the dream
that you cry.