

4-7-2013

Senior Recital: Adiza Jibril, soprano

Adiza Jibril

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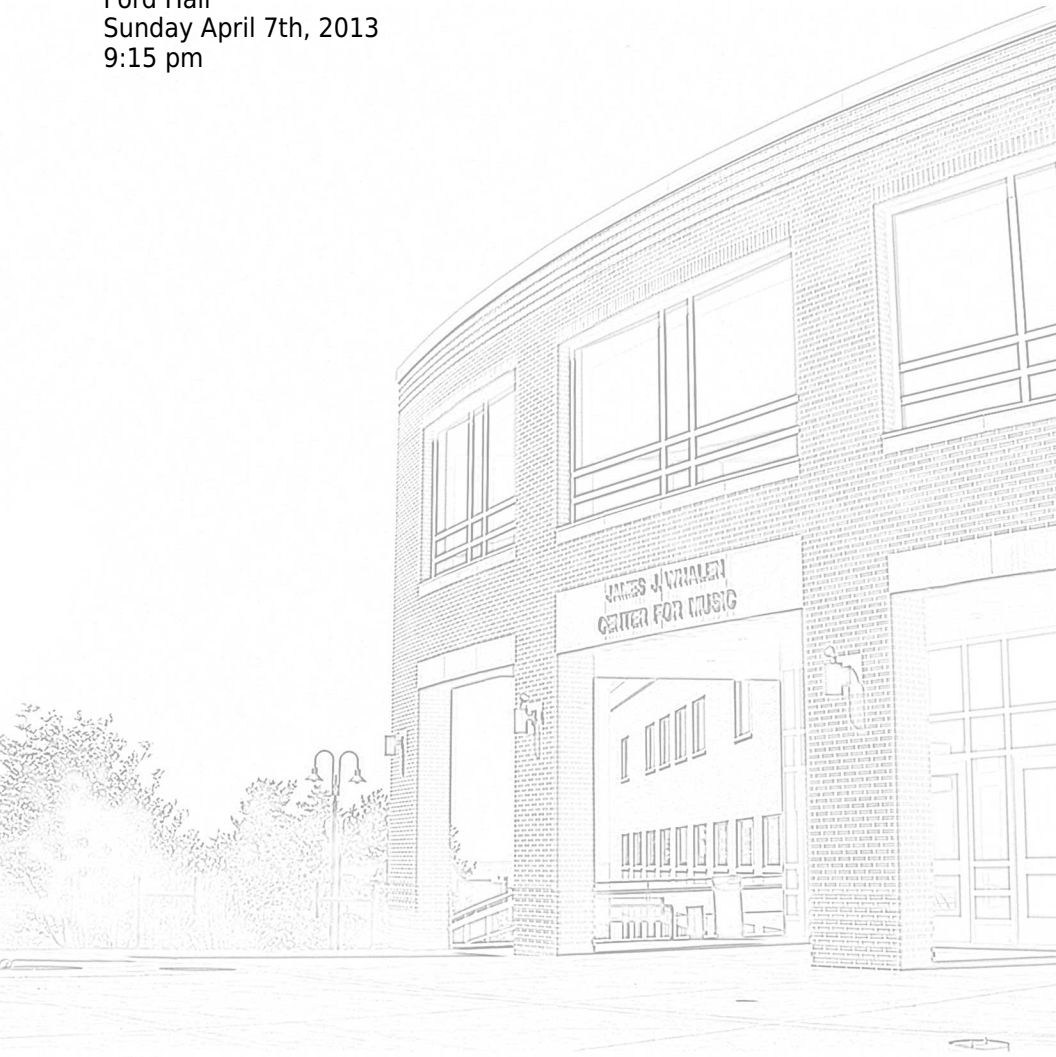
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Senior Recital:

Adiza Jibril, soprano

Amy Brinkman Davis, piano
Kevin Pham, violin

Ford Hall
Sunday April 7th, 2013
9:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.

Program

Un' alma innamorata

G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Recit: Un alma innamorata
Aria: Quel povero core

Recit: E pur benche egli veda
Aria: Io godo, rido e spero
Recit: In quanto a me, ritrovo
Aria: Ben impari come se ama

Chanson D'avril
Pastel
Tarentelle

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Trees on the Mountain

Carlisle Floyd
(b. 1926)

Intermission

Sie Liebten, Sich beide
Die Stille Lotus Blume
Ich hab'in deinem Auge

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

I. At St. Patricks Purgatory
II. Church Bell at Night
V. Crucifixion

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

VII. Promiscuity
VIII. The Monk and His Cat

Translations

Un' alma innamorata

Un alma innamorata,
prigionera d'amore,
vive troppo infelice.
Divien sempre maggiore il mal,

Che non intende,
allor che nell'amar schiava si
rende.

Quel povero core,
ferito d'amore sospira,
se adira, se vive fedel.

Sia il solo dolore geloso timore,
le pene e catene martire crudel.

E pur benchè egli
veda morta del suo servir,
la speme istessa,
vuole col suo languir, viver con
essa.

Io godo, rido e spero
ed amo più d'un core e so ridir
perchè,
Se seque il mio pensiero un
vagabondo amore
cercate voi dov'è.

In quanto a me,
ritrovo del riso ogni diletto,
se sprezzo dell' amore le sue
severe leggi,
ed il rigore.

Ben impari come se ama
in amore chi vuol goder.
Non ha pari alla mia brama
il rigor del nume arcier.

A soul in love,
a prisoner of love,
lives too miserably.
The pain which it does not
understand
becomes more and more,
once it is a slave in loving.

The poor heart
wounded by love, sighs
and becomes angry if it lives
faithfully.
Let it's only pain be jealous fear,
and let cruel torments be its chains.

And even though
hope lies dead
from its service [of love],
It's languish must be lived with.

I enjoy, laugh and hope
and love more than one heart, and I
know why.
If my thought follows a vagabond
love,
Then you go and find where it is.

As for me,
I find the delight of laughter,
if I spurn the harsh laws
and rigours of love

Let he who wants to rejoice in love
learn how one goes about loving.
The severity of the archer god
[Cupid]
is not equal to my desire.

Chanson D'avril

Lève-toi! Lève-toi! Le printemps
vient de naître.

Là bas, sur les vallons, flottent
un réseau vermeil,

Tout frissonne au jardin, tout
chante et ta fenêtre,

Comme un regard joyeux, est
plein de soleil.

Du côté des lilas aux touffes
violette,

Mouches et papillons bruissent
à la fois;

Et le muguet sauvage, ébranlant
ses clochettes,

A réveillé l'amour endormi dans
les bois.

Puis l'Avril a semé ses
marguerites blanches,

Laisse ta mante lourde et ton
mante frileux,

Déjà l'oiseau t'appelle et tes
soeurs les

pervenches Te souriront dans
l'herbe en voyant tes yeux
bleus.

Viens, partons! Au matin, la
source est plus limpide;

Lève-toi! Viens partons!

N'attendons pas du jour les
brûlantes chaleurs;

Je veux mouiller mes pieds dans
la rosée humide,

Et te parler d'amour sous les
pommiers en fleurs!

Get up! Get up! Spring has just
been born!

Below, over the valleys, a rosy
sheen floats,

In the garden everything
trembles and sings at your
window,

Like a joyous glance, is filled
with sun.

Beside the purple clusters of the
lilac,

Flies and butterflies hum
together;

and the wild lily-of-the-valley,
shaking its little bells,

has awakened Cupid who was
asleep in the woods.

Since April has sown its white
daisies,

take off your heavy coat and
your wintry muff!

Already the birds are calling
you, and your sisters, the
periwinkles

In the grass will smile when
they see your blue eyes.

Come let's go! In the morning,
the streams are more clear;

Arise-you! Come, let-us-depart!

Let's not wait for the burning
heat of the day;

I would moisten my feet in the
damp dew,

and speak to you of love
beneath the flowering pear
trees!

Pastel

C'est un portrait de jeune fille,
On l'a fait au siècle passé,

Les an l'ont à peine effacé!

Ce regard où son âme brille
Est innocent et curieux,

Me dit ces mots mystérieux:

"Ne cherche pas ce qu'on
peut lire
Dans mes yeux bleus couleur
du temps.
Et n'y vois rien que le sourire
Qui t'attendait depuis cent
ans."

À quoi cette enfant
pensait-elle,
Quand le peintre la regardait?
Son coeur avait-il un secret?
Sur sa bouche on voit un
sourire,
Est-ce ironie, est-ce bonheur?

Que dit-il sous cet air railleur?
Il dit, je crois: "à quoi bon lire
Dans les feuillets noircis du
temps?"

Vois-y seulement le sourire,
Qui t'attendait depuis cent
ans."

It is a portrait of a young girl
That was painted in the past
century,

The years have scarcely faded
it!

The gaze from where he soul
shines

is innocent and enquiring,
It speaks these mysterious
words to me:

"Do not look for that which
one is able to read
In my blue eyes, the color of
time.
Only see the smile
That has awaited you for a
hundred years."

What were the thoughts of
the child,

When the painter gazed at
her?

Did her heart have a secret?
On her lips one sees a smile,
is it irony, is it happiness?

What does it say beneath
that mocking expression?

I believe it says: "what good is
it to read

In the pages made dirty by
time?

See there only the smile,
That has awaited you for a
hundred years."

Tarentelle

Tra la la,
Le papillon s'est envolé,
La fleur se balance avec
grâce,
Ma belle où voyez-vous la
trace,
La trace de l'amant ailé?
Ah! Le papillon s'est envolé.

Le flot est rapide et
changeant.
toujours sillonnant l'eau
profonde,
La barque passe, et toujours
l'onde
Efface le sillon d'argent.
Le papillon c'est votre amour
La fleur et l'onde, c'est votre
âme
Que rien n'émeut, que rien
n'entame,
Où rien ne reste plus d'un jour

Le papillon, c'est votre
amour.

Tra la la,
The butterfly has flown away,
The flower sways gracefully,
My sweet, where do you see
the trace,
The trace of your winged
lover?
Ah! The butterfly has flown
away!

The waters are swift and
capricious.
Always furrowing the deep
waters,
The boat passes by, and
continually the waves
smooth out the wake of silver.
The butterfly it is your love
The flower and wave, they are
your heart,
Which nothing can move,
which nothing can enter,
Where nothing remains more
than a day.
The butterfly it is your love.

Sie liebten sich beide

Sie liebten sich beide, doch
keiner
wollt' es dem andern gestehn;

sue sahen sich an so feindlich,
und wollten vor Liebe
vergeh'n.

Sie trennten sich endlich und
sah'n sich

nur noch zuweilen im Traum;

sie waren längst gestorben

und wussten es selber kaum.

They loved each other, but
neither
wanted to confess it to the
other;
They looked at each other so
hostilely,
and yet wanted to die for
love.

They parted from each other
in the end and saw each other
only sometimes in their
dreams;
They had been dead for such
a long time
and hardly knew it
themselves.

Die stille Lotusblume

Die stille Lotusblume
steigt aus dem blauem See,
die Blätter flimmern und
blitzen,
der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

The silent lotusflower
rises from the blue lake
the leaves shimmer and
sparkle
Its calyx white as snow.

Da gießt der Mond vom
Himmel
all' seinen gold'nen Schein,
gießt alle seine Strahlen
in ihren Schos hinein.

Then pours the moon from
heaven
all its golden shine,
pours all its beams
into her womb.

Im Wasser um die Blume
kreiset ein weißer Schwan
er signt so süß, so leise
und schaut die Blume an.

In the water about the flower
circles a white swan;
It sings so sweetly so softly
and gazes at the flowe.

Er signt so süß so leise,
und will im Singen vergeh'n.

It sings so sweetly, so softly
and would in the song
pass-away.

O Blume, weiße Blume,
kannst du das Lied versteh'n?

Oh flower, white flower
Can you understand the
song?

Ich hab' in deinem Auge

Ich hab in deinem Auge
den Strahl der ewigen Liebe
gesehn.
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen
einmal die Rosen des
Himmels steh'n.
Und wie der Strahl im Aug'
erlischt
und wie die Rosen zerstieben
ihr Abglanz ewig neu efrischt
ist mir im Herzen geblieben.
und neimels werd' ich die
Wangen seh'n
und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
so werden sie, mir in Rosen
stehn
und es den Strahl mir
schicken.

I have in your eyes
Seen the ray of eternal love
I saw upon your cheeks
once, the roses of Heaven
blooming.

And as the ray in the eye
went out
And as the rose faded
Their reflection ever new
refreshed
for me, has remained in my
heart.
Although I will never see your
cheeks again
or never again look into your
eyes
For me the roses will always
blossom on your cheeks
and your eyes will always
send me their light.