

4-6-2013

Senior Recital: Susan Davies, soprano

Susan Davies

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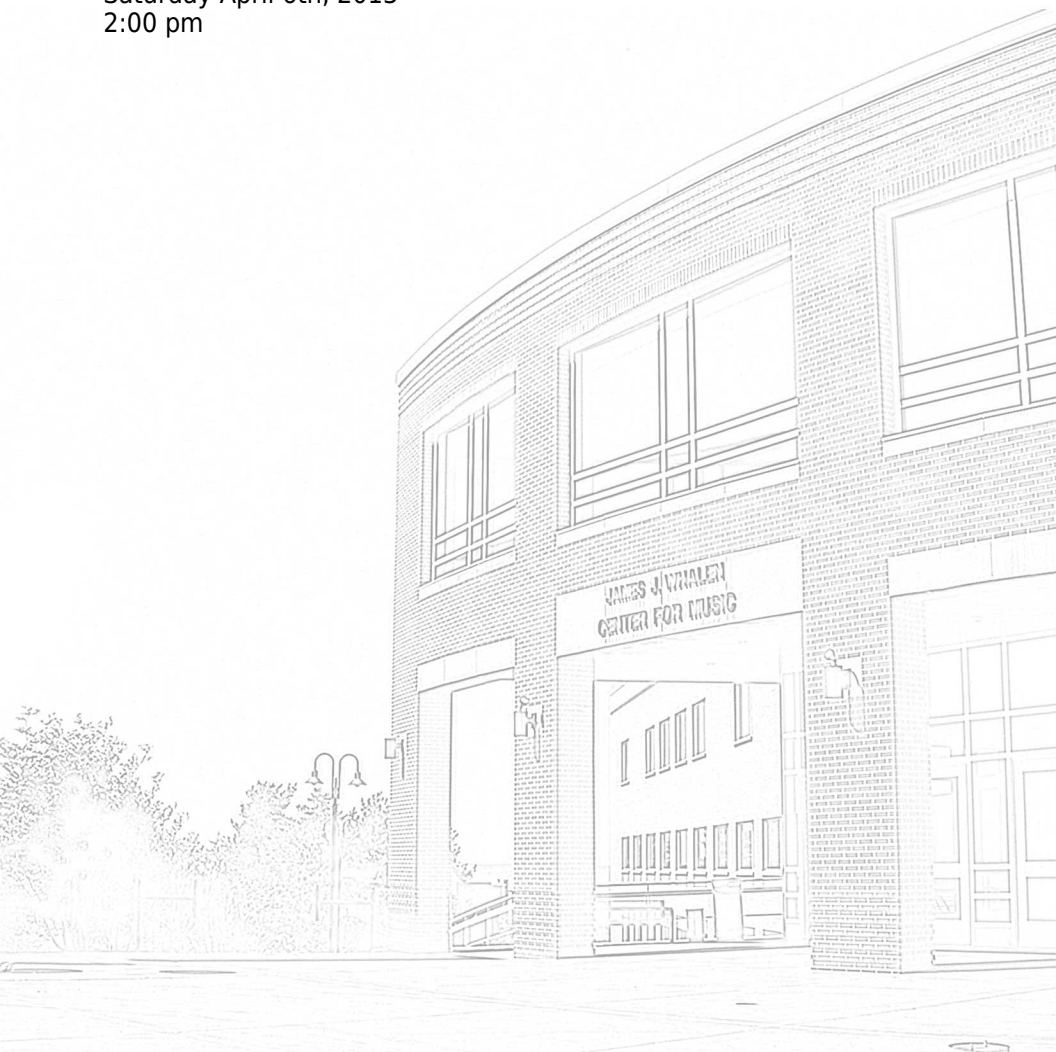
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Senior Recital:

Susan Davies, soprano

Alison Cherrington, piano

Ford Hall
Saturday April 6th, 2013
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Let Me Wander Not Unseen
Or Let the Merry Bells
O Had I Jubal's Lyre

G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Quand'il tuo diavol nacque
Or che le rèdole
Luoghi sereni e cari
Tempo è alfin di muover guerra...

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Ich geh jetzt auf die Weide
Wenn mein Bastien einst im Scherze
(from *Bastien und Bastienne*)

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

Mandoline
Clair de lune
Chevaux de bois

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Nacht
Schilflied
Im Zimmer
(from *Sieben Frühe Lieder*)

Alban Berg
(1885-1935)

Let's Do It (Let's Fall in Love)

Cole Porter
(1891-1964)

(I've Got) Beginner's Luck

George Gershwin
(1898-1937)

Bill (from *Showboat*)

Jerome Kern
(1885-1945)

At Peace With the World

Irving Berlin
(1888-1989)

You're the Top!

Cole Porter

Translations

Quand'il tuo diovol nacque

Quand'il tuo diavol nacque
il mio già andava a scuola,
sicchè a un'astuzia sola il cor

mai non soggiacque.
T'inghingheri, ti buzzichi,
fai per piacermi e stuzzichi...

Ma sai cos'è l'amore? Cos'è? Cos'è?
Cos'è?

È un certo non so che
che niun comanda al cor.
Se finì un solo istante
d'asse condar tue mire,
fu per non far poltrire
un cor d'antico amante.
Nessuno mai s'attedia
giuocando tal commedia.

When your devil was born,
mine was already going to school,
so that to a single trick the heart
was

not ever subjected.
You dress up, you stir,
you act to please me and you
tease...

But do you know what love is? What
it is?

It is a certain I-don't-know-what
that no one commands in his heart.
If I feigned for a single moment
to favor your designs,
it was so as not to leave idle
the heart of an old lover.
No one ever gets bored
playing such a comedy.

Or che le rèdole

Or che le rèdole verdi ritornano,
che veston fiori i cespi ancor,
d'intrecciar danze tempo è tornato;

vieni sul prato,
fiore tra i fior.
Giga o furlana vieni a danzare,
di tarlatana tutta vestita.
Stringerti per la vita
parlandoti d'amore:
altro dolzore non so sperar.
Nel lieve fremito d'un giro destasi
tale un diletto, un tale ardor,
ch'ogni altro affanno
è presto obliato;
vieni sul prato,
fiore tra i fior.

Now that the green paths are
returning,
that the bushes put on flowers
again,
the time to join in dancing has
returned;

come to the meadow,
flower among flowers.
Come to dance a gigue or furlana,
all dressed in tarlatan.
To press you close for life,
speaking to you of love:
I do not hope for other sweetness.
In the light thrill of a turn stirs
such a delight, such ardour,
that every anxiety
is quickly forgotten;
come to the meadow,
flower among flowers.

Luoghi sereni e cari

Luoghi sereni e cari,
io vi ritrovo quali
ai bei di lascai di giovinezza!
Gli stessi amati aspetti
ovunque il passo io muovo...
Sol non mi punge ancor
che l'amarezza dei mesti giorni
in cui i tormenti d'un triste inganno
insegnato m'hanno pei primi
cosa al mondo è dolor!
Lungi da voi fuggito allor cercai di
trovar
pace al mio tradito core.
Andai fin oltre mare,
ed altre donne amai...
Ma nulla può lenire quel dolore
ch'è piaga viva
in ogni core d'amante
che nell'amore aveva ugal fede
che pregando il Signor!

Places serene and dear,
I find you again just as I left you
in the beautiful days of youth!
The same beloved views
wherever I set my foot...
This alone does not sting me still,
that the bitterness of melancholy
days
in which the torments of a sad
deception
first taught me
what in the world is grief!
Far from you I fled, then I tried to
find
peace for my betrayed heart.
I went even beyond the sea,
and loved other women...
but nothing can soothe that pain
which is a living wound
in every lover's heart
who had as much faith in love
as in praying to the Lord!

Tempo è alfin di muover guerra...

Tempo è alfin di muover guerra
contro chi più ci tiranna,
più c'illude e più c'inganna,
or fedele, or traditore...
Se un nemico abbiamo in terra,
è l'Amor!
Basta avere un usbergo
sul cuore:
quello è il nostro tallone d'Achille...
Siam, del resto, più di mille,
tutti pieni di vigore;
sicchè certo l'Arcandore
questa volta perirà!
Mai crociata come questa fu più
giusta,
più fatale se salvarci può
dal male,
onde tutti noi soffriamo...
Su, a cavallo!

It is time, finally, to make war
against the one who still oppresses
us,
still deludes us and still deceives
us,
now faithful, now traitorous...
If we have an enemy on Earth,
it is Love!
It is enough to have a shield
upon our hearts:
that is our Achilles' heel...
We are, after all, more than a
thousand,
all full of vigor;
so that surely the Archer
this time will perish!
Never was crusading like this more
just,
more inevitable if it can save us
from hurt,
wherefrom we are all suffering...
Onward, on horseback!

Lancia in resta!
E voliam!
Ecco adesso in agguato sostiamo:
giunge Amore
d'intorno saettando...
Tutti fermi!
Solo quando egli è giunto
noi sortiamo
e prigion lo dichiariamo...
Ahi, che invece mi ferì!

Lances in readiness!
And let's fly!
Here now in ambush we wait:
Cupid arrives
shooting arrows all around...
Everyone keep back!
Only when he has arrived
do we come out
and declare him prisoner...
Alas, instead, he wounded me!

Ich geh jetzt auf die Weide

Ich geh jetzt auf die Weide,
betäubt und ganz gedankenleer.
Ich seh zu meiner Freude
nichts als mein Lämmerheer.
Ach! ganz allein voller Pein
stets zu sein,
bringt dem Herz nur Qual und
Schmerz.

I go now to the meadow,
stunned and quite unable to think.
I see nothing to cheer me
but my flock of lambs.
Ah! all alone, full of pain,
always to be,
brings to the heart only torment
and sorrow.

Wenn mein Bastien einst im Scherze

Wenn mein Bastien einst im
Scherze
mir ein Blümchen sonst entwand,

drang mir selbst die Lust durch's
Herze,
die er bei dem Raub empfand.
Warum wird er von Geschenken
einer Andern jetzt geblendt?
Alles, was nur zu erdenken,
ward ihm ja von mir gegönnt.
Meiereien, Feld und Herden
bot ich ihm mit Freuden an.
Jetzt soll ich verachtet werden,
da ich ihm so viel getan?

When my Bastien once as a joke
stole a little flower from me,
I felt in my heart the same
pleasure
that he felt when he stole the
flower.
Why is he now dazzled by gifts
from another woman?
Everything that was imaginable
was truly offered to him by me.
Dairies, fields and flock
I gladly offered to him.
Should I now be scorned
when I did so much for him?

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
et les belles écouteuses
échantent 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 queue,
leur 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 serenaders
and the beauties who listen
exchange insipid remarks
under the singing branches.
It's Tircis and it's Aminta,
and it's the eternal Clitander,
and it's Damis, who,
for many a cruel woman,
writes many a tender verse.
Their short silken waistcoats,
their long dresses 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
amidst the rustling breeze.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
que vont charmant
masques et bergamasques,
jouant du luth et dansant,
et quasi tristes sous
leurs déguisements fantasques,
tout en chantant sur le mode
mineur
l'amour vainqueur
et la vie opportune.
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire
à leur Bonheur,
et leur chanson se mêle
au clair de lune,
au calme clair de lune triste et
beau,
qui fait rêver les oiseaux
dans les arbres,
et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
les grand jets d'eau sveltes
parmi les marbres.

Your soul is a chosen landscape
where charming masqueraders
and dancers promenade,
playing the lute and dancing,
and almost sad beneath
their fantastic disguises,
while singing in the minor key
of triumphant love
and the opportune life.
They seem not to believe
in their happiness,
and their song blends
with the moonlight,
the calm moonlight, sad and
beautiful,
which makes the birds
in the trees dream,
and the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the grand, slender fountains
amongst the marble statues.

Chevaux de bois

Tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
tournez cent tours,
tournez mille tours,
tournez souvent et tournez
toujours.

Tournez au son des haut bois.
L'enfant tout rouge
et la mère blanche,
le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
l'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
chacun se paie
un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, chevaux de leur coeur,
tandis qu'autour de tous vos
tournois

clignote l'oeil du filou sournois,
tournez au son
du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous
soûle

d'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:

Bien dans le ventre
et mal dans la tête,
du mal en masse
et du bien en foule.

Tournez dadas,
sans qu'il soit besoin
d'user jamais de nuls éperons
pour commander à vos gallops
ronds,

tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
d'ejà voici que sonne à la soupe,

la nuit qui tombe
et chasse la troupe
de gais buveurs
que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez!

Le ciel en velours
d'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'Église tinte un glas tristement.

Tournez au son joyeux des
tambours,
tournez.

Turn, good wooden horses,
turn a hundred times,
turn a thousand times,
turn often and turn always.

Turn to the sound of the oboes.
The child quite red
and the white mother,
the boy in black and the girl in pink,
one pursuing and the other posing,
each getting a penny's worth
of Sunday's fun.

Turn, horses of their heart,
while all around your turning

flashes the eye of the pickpocket,
turn to the sound
of the victorious trumpet!
It's surprising how it intoxicates you

to move like this in a foolish circle:

Good in your stomach
and an ache in your head,
altogether sick
and having fun in the crowd.

Turn, hobby-horses,
without need
ever to use useless spurs
to command you to gallop around,

turn without hope for hay.

And hurry, horses of their soul,
here is already the supper bell,

the night which falls
and disperses the crowd
of merry drinkers,
famished by their hunger.

Turn, turn!

The velvet sky
is slowly clothed in golden stars.
The church chimes a mournful
knell.

Turn to the joyful sound of drums,
turn.

Nacht

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal,
Nebel schweben,
Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einemmal:
O gib Acht! gib Acht!
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan.
Silbern ragen Berge
traumhaft groß,
stille Pfade silberlicht
talan
aus verborg'nem Schoß;
und die hehre Welt
so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege
steht schattenschwarz,
ein Hauch vom
fernen Hain einsam
leise weht.
Und aus tiefen
Grundes Düstereit
blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele!
Trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib Acht! gib Acht!

Clouds dawn over night and valley,
mists float above,
water rushes gently.
Now it unveils itself all at once:
O pay heed! pay heed!
A wide wonderland has arisen.
Silver mountains rise
fantastically grand,
quiet silver lit paths
lead toward the valley
from some hidden place;
and the sublime world
is so dreamily pure.
A mute beech tree stands
on the path, shadow-black
A breath from the
distant, lonely grove
quietly wafts.
And from the deep
darkness of the ground
lights flash in the mute night.
Drink, my soul!
Drink in this loneliness!
O pay heed! pay heed!

Schilflied

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
an das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein.
Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,
und es klaget und es flüstert,
daß ich weinen, weinen, soll.
Und ich mein' ich höre wehen leise
deiner Stimme Klang,
und im Weiher untergehen
deinen lieblichen Gesang.

Along secret forest paths
I creep gladly in the evening light
to the deserted reed-shores,
maiden, and think of you.
When then the bush grows dark,
the pipe whistles mysteriously,
and it laments and it whispers,
so that I weep, I must weep.
And I believe I hear gently wafting
the sound of your voice,
and in the pond sinks down
your lovely little song.

Im Zimmer

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
knistert im Ofenloch und loht.
So! Mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n,
so ist mir gut.
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.

Autumn sunlight.
The lovely evening peers quietly in.
A little red fire
crackles in the stove and flares up.
So! With my head upon your knees,
I am content.
When my eyes rest in yours,
how quietly the minutes fly.