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Junior Recital: Michelle Cosentino, soprano

Michelle Cosentino

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Junior Recital:
Michelle Cosentino, soprano
Kerry Mizrahi, piano
Dave Klodowski, baritone

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday December 2nd, 2012
1:00 pm
Program

Schweigt stille, plaudert nicht, BWV 211 (The Coffee Cantata)  J.S. Bach  
Ei! Wie schmeckt der Kaffee süße  

Quattro Canzoni d'Amaranta:  Paolo Tosti  
Lasciami, Lascia ch'io respiri  
L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra  
In van preghi  
Che dici, o parola del Saggio?

Intermission

Mandoline  Claude Debussy  
Le jet d'eau  (1862-1918)  
La belle au bois dormant

Goodby, Goodby World  Lee Hoiby  
The Serpent  (1926-2011)

"Simple" from Nine  Maury Yeston  
"Suddenly, Seymour" from Little Shop of Horrors  Alan Menken  

Dave Klodowski

"Get Out and Stay Out" from Nine to Five  Dolly Parton  

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Voice Performance. Michelle Cosentino is from the studio of Dr. Hougham.
**Translations**

**Ei! Wie schmeckt der Kaffee süße**

Ei! wie schmeckt der Kaffee süße,
Lieblicher als tausend Küsse,
Milder als Muskatenwein.

Coffee, Coffee muss ich haben,
Und wenn jemand mich will laden,
Ach, so schenkt mir Coffee ein!

Ah! how sweet coffee tastes!
Lovelier than a thousand kisses,
Smoother than Muscatel wine.

**Coffee, Coffee I must have coffee,**
**and if anyone wants to give me a treat,**
**ah, just give me some coffee!**

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**Lasciami! Lascia ch'io respiri**

Lasciami! Lascia ch'io respiri,
lascia ch'io mi sollevi!
Ho il gelo nelle vene. Ho tremato.
Ho nel cor non so che ambascia...

Ahimè, Signore, è il giorno! Il giorno viene!

Ch’io non lo veda!
Premi la tua bocca su' miei cigli,
il tuo cuore sul mio cuore!
Tutta l'erba s'insanguina d'amore.
La vita se ne va, quando trabocca.

Trafitta muoio, e non dalla tua spada.
Mi si vuota il mio petto, e senza schianto.
Non è sangue? Ahi, Signore, è la rugiada!
L'alba piange su me tutto il suo pianto.

Leave me! Leave me to breathe,
leave me to raise myself up!
I have ice in my veins. I trembled.
I don't know what anguish I have in my heart...

Ah me, Lord, it is the day! It is the day that comes!

I do not see!
Press your mouth on my eyelashes,
your heart on my heart!
All the grass is bleeding of love.
Life goes away when overwhelmed.

Pierced to die, and not by your sword.
My chest will empty itself, without break.
It's not blood? Ah, Lord, it is the dew!
Dawn cries on me all its tears.
**L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra**

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra, The dawn divides the darkness from the light,
E la mia voluttà dal mio desire. And my sensual pleasure from my desire,
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire. O sweet stars, the hour of death is now at hand:
Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra. A love more holy sweeps you from the skies.

Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno Ardent eyes, O you who'll never return,
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte! Sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted light!
Morir debbo; Veder non voglio il giorno, I must die; I do not want to see the day,
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte. For love of my own dream and of the night.

Chiudimi, O Notte, nel tuo sen materno, Envelop me, O Night, in your maternal breast,
Mentre la terra pallida s'irrora. While the pale earth bathes itself in dew.
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora But let the dawn rise from my blood
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno! And from my brief dream the eternal sun!

**In van preghi**

In van preghi, in vano aneli, In vain you pray, in vain you yearn.
in van mostri il cuore infranto. In vain you show the broken heart.
Sono forse umidi i cieli Are the heavens perhaps moist
perché noi abbiamo pianto? because we wept?

Il dolor nostro è senz'ala. The grief ours is without wing.
Non ha volo il grido imbelle. The cowardly cry does not have flight.
Piangi e prega! Weep and Pray!
Qual dio cala pel cammino delle stelle? What God comes down the path of the stars?

Abbandónati alla polve Give yourself up to the dust
e su lei prono ti giaci! and lie face down in it!
La supina madre assolve Mother Earth absolves
d'ogni colpa chi la baci. from all sins, all those who kiss her.

In un ade senza Dio, In a Godless hell,
dormi quanto puoi profondo? how much more deeply can one sleep?
Tutto è sogno; Tutto è oblio: All is a dream; All is oblivion:
l'asfodèlo è il fior del Mondo. The daffodil is the flower of the world!
Che dici, o parola del Saggio?

Che dici, O parola del Saggio?
"Conviene che l'anima lieve,
sorella del vento selvaggio,
trascorra le fonti ove beve."

Io so che il van pianto mi guasta
le ciglia dall'ombra si lunga...
O Vita, e una lacrima basta a
spregiar la face consunta!

Ben so che nell'ansia mortale,
si sfa la mia bocca riarsa...
E un alito, o Vita, mi vale a
sperder la cenere scarsa!

Tu dici: "Alza il capo;
raccogli con grazia i capelli in un nodo;
e sopra le rose che sfogli ridendo
va incontro all'Ignoto.

L'amante dagli occhi di sfinge,
mutevole,
a cui sei promessa, ha nome Domani;
e ti cinge con una ghirlanda più fresca."

M'attende: lo so. Ma il datore di gioia
non ha più ghirlande:
ha dato il cipresso all'Amore
e il mirto a Colei ch'è più grande,
il mirto alla Morte che odo rombar
sul mio capo sconvolto. Non tremo.
I capelli in un nodo segreto per sempre
ho raccolto.

Ho terso con ambe le mani
l'estreme tue lacrime, o Vita.
L'amante che ha nome domani
m'attende nell'ombra infinita.
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,
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 givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen,
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender
verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.
Le jet d'eau

Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre amante!
Reste longtemps, sans les rouvrir,
Dans cette pose nonchalante
Où t'a surprise le plaisir.

Dans la cour le jet d'eau qui jase
Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,
Entretient doucement l'extase
Où ce soir m'a plongé l'amour.

La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille fleurs,
Que la lune traverse de ses pâleurs,
Tombe comme une averse de larges pleurs.

Ainsi ton âme qu'incendie
L'éclair brûlant des voluptés,
S'élance, rapide et hardie,
Vers les vastes cieux enchantés.

Puis, elle s'épanche, mourante,
En un flot de triste langueur,
Qui par une invisible pente
Descend jusqu'au fond de mon cœur.

Ô toi, que la nuit rend si belle,
Qu'il m'est doux, penché vers tes seins,
D'écouter la plainte éternelle
Qui sanglote dans les bassins!

Lune, eau sonore, nuit bénie,
Arbres qui frissonnez autour,
Votre pure mélancolie
Est le miroir de mon amour.

Your pretty eyes are tired, poor darling!
Keeping them closed, stay a long time
still in that nonchalant pose
in which pleasure surprised you.

Out in the courtyard the chattering fountain
never silent night or day
is gently prolonging the ecstasy
into which love has plunged me this evening.

The water-sheaf which waves to and fro
its thousand flowers,
and through which the moon shines its pallid rays,
falls like a shower of large teardrops.

Even so, your soul, set ablaze
by the burning flash of pleasure,
leaps up, rapid and bold,
towards the vast enchanted skies.

And then it spills, dying,
in a wave of sad languor,
down an invisible slope
into the depths of my heart.

Oh beloved, whom night makes so beautiful,
as I lean over your breasts, I find it sweet
to listen to the eternal lament
that sob in the fountain-basins!

Oh moon, sounds of water, blessed night,
oh trees trembling all around,
your pure melancholy
is the mirror of my love.
La belle au bois dormant

Des trous à son pourpoint vermeil, With holes in his doublet ruby red,
Un chevalier va par la brune, a knight goes in the dusk,
Les cheveux tout pleins de soleil, his hair all full of sunlight,
Sous un casque couleur de lune. under a helmet the color of the moon.

Dormez toujours, dormez au bois, Sleep forever, sleep in the woods,
L'anneau, la Belle, à votre doigt. the ring, Beauty, on your finger.

Dans la poussière des batailles, In the dust of-the battles,
Il a tué loyal et droit, he has killed loyally and justly,
En frappant d'estoc et de taille, by striking with point and with edge,
Ainsi que frapperait un roi. as would fight a king.

Dormez au bois, où la verveine, Sleep in the woods, where the verbena,
Fleurit avec la marjolaine. blooms with the marjoram.
Et par les monts et par la plaine, And over the mountains and over the
Monté sur son grand destrier, mounted on a great warhorse,
Il court, il court à perdre haleine, he races, he races to the loss of-breath,
Et tout droit sur ses étriers. and all upright in his stirrups.

Dormez la Belle au Bois, dream that a prince you will marry.
rêvez q'un prince vous épouserez.

Dans la forêt des lilas blancs, In the forest of lilacs white,
Sous l'éperon d'or qui l'excite, under the-spur of gold that him urges
Son destrier perle de sang his warhorse drips with blood
Les lilas blancs, et va plus vite. the lilacs white, it goes on much faster.

Dormez au bois, dormez, la Belle Sleep in the woods, sleep Beauty
Sous vos courtines de dentelle. behind your curtains of lace.

Mais il a pris l'anneau vermeil, But he has taken the-ring ruby red,
Le chevalier qui par la brune, the knight who in the dusk,
A des cheveux pleins de soleil, with the hair full of sunlight,
Sous un casque couleur de lune. under a helmet the color of the moon.

Ne dormez plus, La Belle au Bois, Never sleep again, beauty of the woods,
L'anneau n'est plus à votre doigt. the ring is no longer on your finger.