

4-3-2018

## Junior Recital: Stella Rivera, soprano

Stella Rivera

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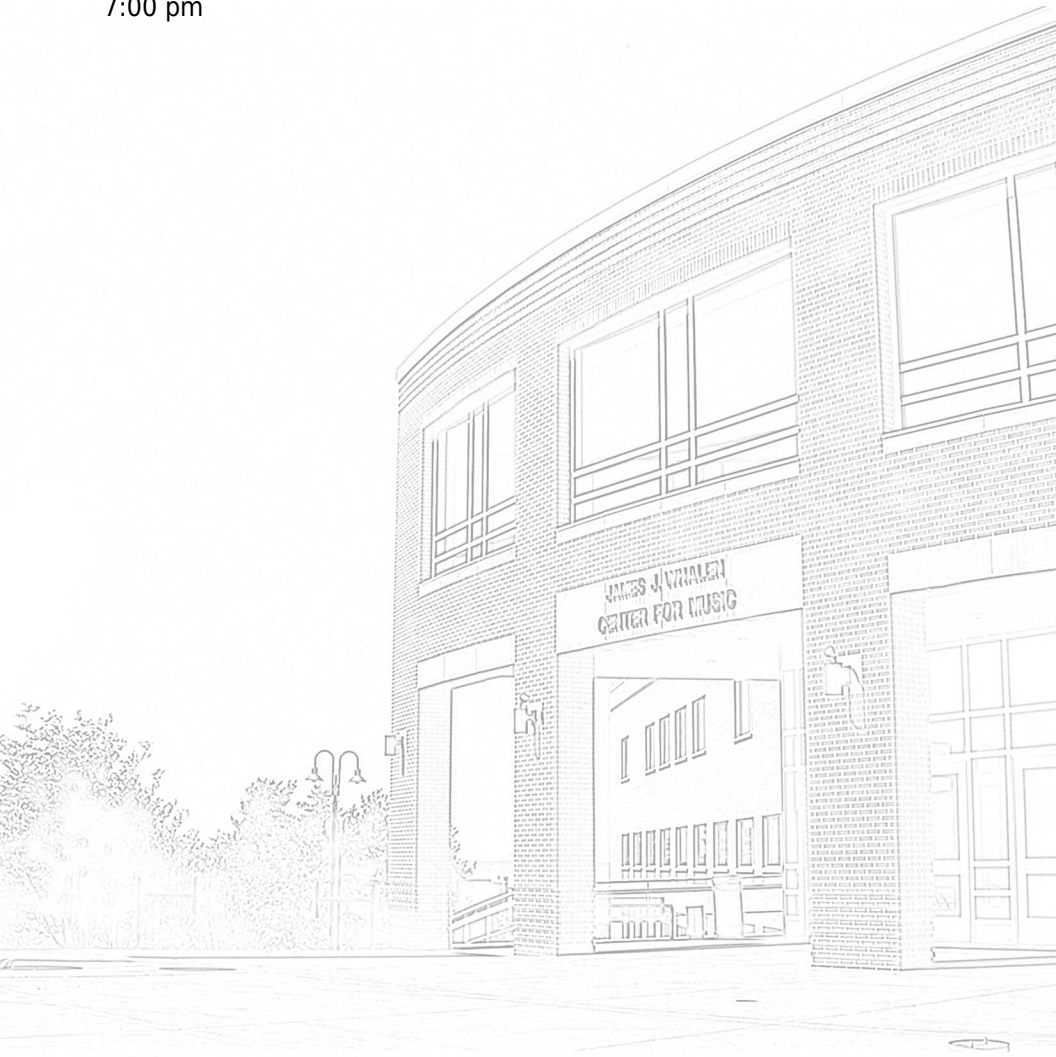
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**Junior Recital:**  
Stella Rivera, soprano

Blaise Bryski, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Tuesday, April 3rd, 2018  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Mignons Gesang (*Kennst Du Das Land*)  
Lied Der Mignon (*Nur Wer Die Sehnsucht Kennt*)

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

"Deh Vieni Non Tardar"  
from *Le Nozze Di Figaro*

W.A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

"Frere! Voyez!...Du Gai Soleil"  
from *Werther*

Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

# Intermission

Fetes Galantes I (1892)  
*En Sourdine*  
*Fantoches*  
*Clair De Lune*

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Where The Music Comes From  
Goodby, World  
The Serpent

Lee Hoiby  
(1926-2011)

## **Kennst Du Das Land (Do You Know The Land)**

Kennst du das land, wo die  
zitronen blühn, im dunklen  
laub die Goldorangen  
glühn, ein sanfter Wind  
vom blauen Himmel weht,  
die Myrte still, und hoch  
der Lorbeer steht?

Do you know the land, where  
the lemon trees blossom,  
among the dark leaves  
golden oranges glow, a  
gentle wind from the blue  
sky wafts, the myrtle  
silent and the laurel tall?

Kennst du es wohl?

Do you know it well?

Dahin, dahin! Dahin möcht  
ich mit dir, o mein  
geliebter ziehn.

There, there! There would I  
go with you, my beloved.

Kennst du das haus, auf  
Säulen ruht sein dach, es  
glänzt der Saal, es  
shimmert das Gemach,  
und Marmorbilder stehn  
und sehn mich an: was  
hat man dir, du armes  
Kind, getan?

Do you know the house? It's  
roof rests on pillars, the  
hall gleams, the room  
shimmers, and marble  
statues stand and look at  
me: what have they done  
to you, poor child?

Kennst du es wohl?

Do you know it well?

Dahin, dahin! Dahin möcht  
ich mit dir, o mein  
Beschützer ziehn.

There, there! There would I  
go with you, oh my  
protector.

Kennst du den Berg und  
seinen Wolkensteg? Das  
Maultierzucht im Nebel  
seinen Weg; in Hohlen  
wohnt der Drachen alte  
Brut; es stürzt der Fels  
und über ihn die Flut.

Do you know the mountain  
and it's cloudy path? The  
mule seeks in the mist  
his way; in caves lives  
the dragons' old brood;  
the cliff falls steeply  
away and over it the  
water flows.

Kennst du ihn wohl?

Do you know it?

Dahin, dahin! Dahin geht  
unzer Weg! O fater, lass  
unsziehn!

There, there! There goes our  
way! Oh father, let us  
go!

**Nur Wer Die Sehnsucht Kennt  
(Only He Who Yearning Knows)**

Nur wer die sehnsucht kennt, weis was ich leide.	Only those who know yearning, know what I suffer.
Allein und abgetrennt von aller Freude, seh ich ans Firmament nach jener Seite.	Alone and severed from all joy, I behold the firmament from yonder side.
Ach! Der mich liebt unt kennt, ist in der Weite.	Ah! The one who loves and knows me is in the vast unknown.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt mein Eingeweide.	It dizzies me, it burns my innards.

**Deh Vieni Non Tardar  
(Oh, Come, Don't Be Late)**

Giunse alfin il momento che godro senza affanno in braccio all'idol mio.	Finally arrives the moment where I'll experience joy without anxiety in the arms of my beloved.
Timide cure! Uscite dal mio petto, a turbar non venite il mio diletto!	Fearful anxieties! Get out of my heart, do not come to disturb my delight!
Oh come par che all'amorozo foco l'amenita del loco, la terra, e il ciel risponda, come la notte i furti miei seconda!	Oh how it seems that to amorous fires the comfort of the place, Heaven and Earth respond, as the night responds to my ruses!
Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioja bella.	Oh, come, don't be late, my beautiful joy.
Vieni ove amore per goder t'apella finche non splende in ciel notturna face; finche l'aria e ancor bruna, e il mondo tace.	Come where love calls you to enjoyment until night's torches no longer shine in the sky; as long as the air is still dark and the world quiet.

Qui mormora il ruscel, qui  
scherza l'aura, che col dolce  
susurro il cor ristaura, qui  
ridono i fioretti e l'erba e  
fresca.

Here the river murmurs, here  
the light plays, that restores  
the heart with sweet ripples,  
here little flowers laugh and  
the grass is fresh.

Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto  
adesca.

Here everything entices one to  
love's pleasures.

Vieni, ben mio, tra queste  
piante ascose.

Come, my dear, among these  
plants hidden.

Vieni, vieni! Ti vo'la fronte  
incoronar di rose.

Come, come! I want to crown  
you with roses.

### **Frère! Voyez!...Du Gai Soleil (Brother! Look!...From The Cheerful Sun)**

Frere! Voyez!... Voyez, le  
beau bouquet!  
J'aimis, pour le Pasteur, le  
jardin au pillage!  
Et puis, l'on va danser! Pour  
le premier menuet c'est  
sur vous que je compte.

Brother! Look!... Look, at the  
beautiful bouquet!  
I have pillaged from the  
garden for the Pastor.  
And afterwards, we will  
dance! For the first  
minuet it is on you I  
count.

Ah! Le sombre visage! Mais  
aujourd'hui, monsieur  
Werther, tout le monde  
joyeux!

Ah! The somber face! But  
today, Mr. Werther, all  
the world is joyous!

Le bonheur est dans l'air!

Happiness is in the air!

Du gai soleil, plein de  
flamme dans l'azur  
resplendissant la pure  
clarte descend de nos  
fronts jusqu'a notre ame!

From the cheerful sun, full of  
flame, in the azure  
brilliant, the pure light  
descends from our  
foreheads to our souls!

Et l'oiseau qui monte aux  
cieux dans la brise qui  
souple est revenu pour  
nous dire que Dieu  
permet d'etre heureux.

And the bird which climbs  
into the sky on the  
breeze which sighs has  
come back for to tell us  
that God permits us to  
be happy.

## **En Sourdine (Muted)**

Calme dans le de mi jour que  
les branches hautes font,  
Penetrons bien notre  
amour de ce silence  
profond.

Calm in the twilight created  
by the high branches, let  
us steep our love in this  
silence profound.

Fondons nos ames, nos  
coeurs et no sans  
extasies Parmi les vagues  
languers des pins et des  
arbousiers.

Let us join our souls, our  
hearts and our senses  
enraptured, with the  
vague languor of the  
pines and the shrubs.

Ferme tes yeux a demi,  
croise tes bras sur ton  
sein, et de ton coeur en  
dormi chasse a jamais  
tout dessein.

Close your eyes halfway,  
cross your arms on your  
breast and from your  
heart sleeping drive away  
forever all design.

Laissonsnous persuader au  
souffle berceur et doux  
qui vient a tes pieds  
rider les ondes de gazon  
roux.

Let us surrender to the  
breeze rocking and gentle  
which comes to your feet  
to ripple the waves of  
the grasses russet.

Et quand solennel, le soir,  
des chenes noirs tombera  
voix de notre desespoir,  
le rossignol chantera.

And when solemnly the  
evening from the oaks  
black will fall, the voice  
of our despair, the  
nightingale will sing.

## **Fantoches (Puppets)**

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,  
qu'un mauvais dessein  
rassembla, gesticulent noirs  
sous la lune, la la la.

Scaramouche and  
Pulcinella, whom an evil  
plot has brought together,  
gesticulate rudely under  
the moon.

Cependant l'excellent  
docteur Bolonais cueille  
avec lenteur des simples  
parmi l'herbe brune.

Meanwhile, the excellent  
doctor of Bologna gathers,  
with slowness, some herbs  
among the brown grass.

Lors sa fille, piquant mi nois,  
sous la charmille, en  
tapinois se glisse demi  
nude, la la la, en quete  
de son beau pirate  
espagnol,

Then his daughter, a saucy  
thing, under the bower,  
very furtively glides half  
naked in search of her  
Spanish pirate,

Dont un amoureux rossignol  
clame la detress a  
tuctete. La la la

Of whom an amorous  
nightingale proclaims the  
distress at the top of its  
voice.

### **Clair De Lune (Moonlight)**

Votre ame est un paysage  
choisi, que vont charmant  
masques et bergamasques,  
jouant du luth et dansant  
et quasi tristes sous leurs  
deguisement fantasques.

Your soul is a chosen  
landscape charmed by  
masques and  
bergamasques playing on  
the lute and dancing and  
almost sad beneath their  
fanciful disguises.

Tout et chantant sur le mode  
mineur, l'amour vainqueur  
et la vie opportune, ils  
n'ont pas l'air de croire  
a leur bonheur, et leur  
chanson se mele au clair  
de lune,

While singing in a minor  
mode, of love the  
conqueror and of favorable  
life, they do not seem to  
believe in their happiness,  
and their song mingles  
with the light of the  
moon,

Au calme clair de lune, triste  
et beau, qui fait reve les  
oiseaux dan les arbres et  
sangloter d'extase le jet  
d'eau; les grands jet  
d'eau sveltes parmi les  
marbres.

With the calm light of the  
moon, sad and beautiful,  
which makes the birds  
dream in the trees, and  
the fountains sob with  
ecstasy; the tall, slim  
fountains among the  
marble statues.