

4-6-2018

Senior Recital: Julia Gershkoff, soprano

Julia Gershkoff

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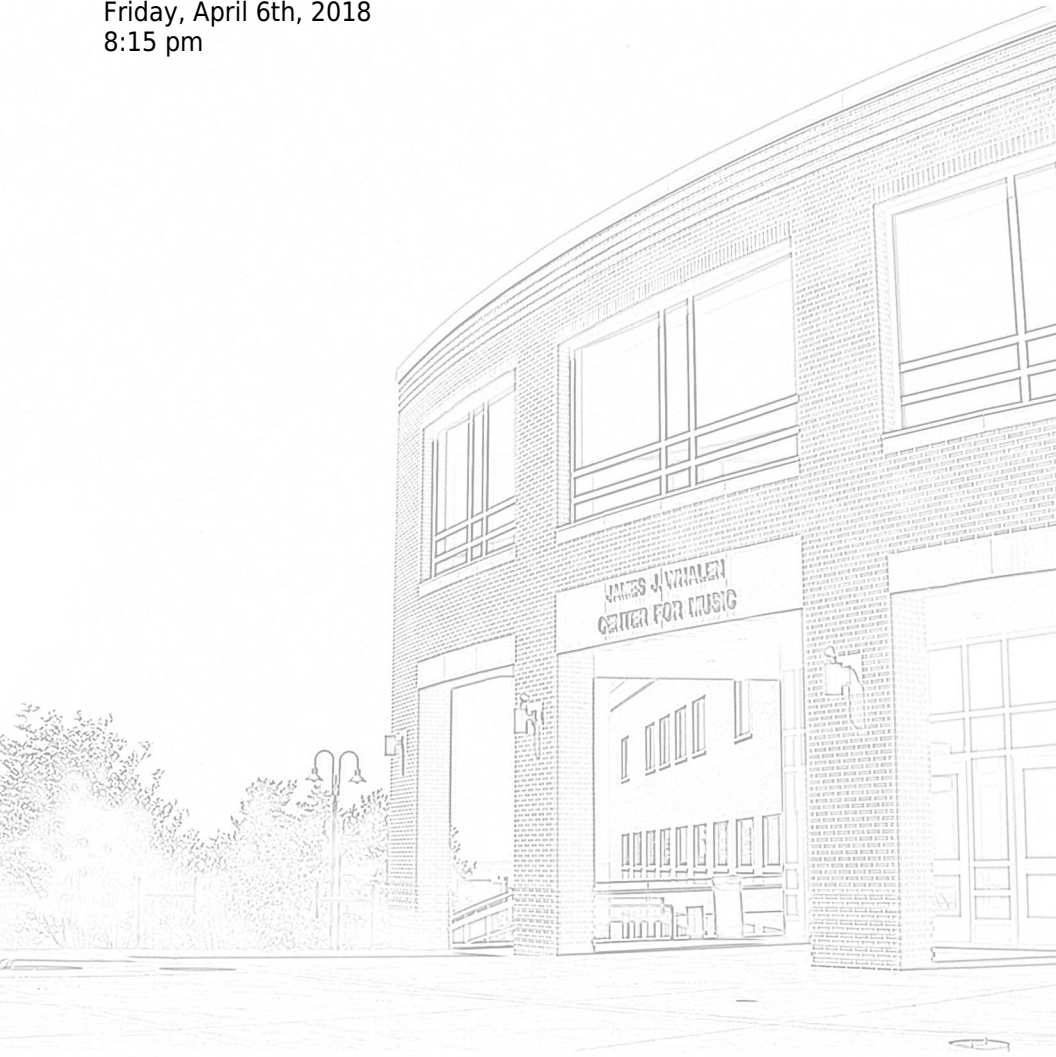
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Senior Recital:
Julia Gershkoff, soprano

Kerry Mizrahi, piano
Krysten Geddes, flute

Ford Hall
Friday, April 6th, 2018
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Aus liebe" Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)
von *die Matthäuspassion*, BWV 244
Krysten Geddes, flöte

Drei Lieder der Ophelia, op. 67 Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)
Erstes Lied der Ophelia: Wie erkenn' ich mein
Treulich
Zweites Lied der Ophelia: Guten Morgen
Drittes Lied der Ophelia: Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

Intermission

Puccini Art Songs Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)
E l'uccellino
Sole e amore
Avanti Urania!

Ariettes Oubliées Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)
1. C'est l'extase langoureuse
2. Il pleure dans mon coeur
5. Green

"I Want Magic" André Previn
(b. 1929)
from *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Translations

Aus Liebe

Aus Liebe will mein Heiland
sterben,
von einer Sünde weiß er nichts.
Dass das ewige Verderben
und die Strafe des Gerichts
nicht auf meiner Seele bliebe.

Out of love my savior is willing to
die,
of any sin he knows nothing.
So that eternal ruin
and the punishment of judgment
may not remain upon my soul.

Erstes Lied der Ophelia

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb vor
andern nun?
An dem Muschelhut und Stab und
den Sandalschuhn.
Er ist tot und lange hin, tot und hin,
Fräulein!
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras, ihm
zu Fuß ein Stein.
Oho!
Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß
wie Schnee,
viel liebe Blumen trauern.
Sie gehn zu Grabe naß, o weh!
Vor Liebesschauern.

How shall I know my true love from
others now?
By his shell hat and staff and
his sandal shoes.
He is dead and long gone, dead and
gone, lady!
At his head green grass, at his feet
a stone.
O, ho!
On his burial cloth white as snow,
many sweet flowers mourn.
Alas, to the grave they'll go wet, o
no!
with love's showers.

Zweites Lied der Ophelia

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt
Valentinstag,
so früh vor Sonnenschein.
Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag
will Euer Valentin sein.
Der junge Mann tut Hosen an,
tät auf die Kammertür,
ließ ein die Maid, die als Maid ging
nimmermehr herfür.
Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas!
Ein unverschämt Geschlecht!
Ein junger Mann tut's, wenn er
kann, fürwahr,
das ist nicht recht.
Sie sprach: "Eh Ihr gescherzt mit
mir,
verspacht Ihr mich zu frein.
Ich bräch's auch nicht beim
Sonnenlicht,
Wärst du nicht kommen herein.

Good morning, it's St. Valentine's
Day,
so early before sunshine.
I young maid at the windowsill,
will be your Valentine.
The young man put trousers on,
opened the chamber door,
let in the maid who as a maid
departed nevermore.
By St. Nicholas and Charity!
A shameless breed!
A young man does it when he can,
for truth,
that is not right.
She said: "Before you trifled with
me,
you promised me to wed.
I'd not by sunlight break my word
if you had not come in.

Drittes Lied der Ophelia

Sie trugen ihn aud der Bahre bloß,	They carried him naked on his gurney,
lieder, ach lieder, den Liebsten!	alas, alas, the dear one!
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoß...	Many a tear dropped in the grave's lap...
Fahr wohl, fahr wohl meine Taube!	farewell, farewell, my dove!
Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's, der mir gefällt...	My young fresh Hansel it is that I love...
und kommt er nimmermehr?	and will he come never more?
Er ist tot, o weh!	He is dead, oh woe!
In dein Totbett geh, er kommt dir nimmermehr.	To your deathbed go, he will come to you never more.
Sein Bart war weiß wie Schnee, sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu.	His beard was white as snow, and his head like flax-flower.
Er ist hin, er ist hin, kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:	He is gone, he is gone, nothing comes of mourning:
Mit seiner Seele Ruh und mit allen Christenseelen!	to his soul peace, and to all Christian souls!
Darum bet ich! Gott sei mit euch!	For that I pray! God be with you!

E l'uccellino

E l'uccellino canta sulla fronda	And the little bird sings on the branch
dormi tranquillo, boccuccia d'amore.	sleep calmly, little rascal my love.
Piegala giù quella testina bionda, della tua mamma posala sul cuore.	Rest your little, blond head on your mother's heart.
E l'uccellino canta su quel ramo	And the little bird sings on that leafy branch
tante cosine belle imparerai,	you will learn so many beautiful things,
ma se vorrai conoscer quant'io t'amo,	but if you want to know how much I love you,
nessuno al mondo potrà dirlo mai!	no one in the world can ever tell you!
E l'uccellino canta al ciel sereno	And the little bird sings to the serene sky
dormi, tesoro mio, qui sul mio seno.	sleep, my treasure, here on my breast.

Sole e amore

Il sole allegramente batte ai tuoi
vetri
amore pian pian batte al tuo cuore
e l'uno e l'altro chiama.

Il sole dice "O dormente mostrati
che sei belle!"

Dice l'amor "Sorella, col tuo primo
pensier pensa a chi t'ama!"

-Al Paganini, G Puccini

The sun joyfully taps on your
window
love very softly taps at your heart
and they are both calling you.

The sun says "Oh sleeper, show
yourself as beautiful as you
are!"

Love says "Sister, with your first
thought think of the one who
loves you!"

-To Paganini, G. Puccini

Avanti Urania!

Io non ho l'ali, eppur quando dal
molo
lancio la prora al mar,
fermi gli alcioni sul potente volo

si librano a guardar.

Io non ho pinne, eppur quando i
marosi

niun legno osa affrontar,
trepidando, gli squali ardentosi

mi guardano passar!

Simile al mio signor,
mite d'aspetto
quanto e' forte in cuor,
le fiamme ho anch'io nel petto,

anch'io di spazio,
anch'io di gloria ho smania.

Avanti, Urania!

I don't have wings, and yet when
from the pier

I launch the ship's prow to the sea,
freez the happy dreams on the
vigorous flight

they hover to guard.

I don't have fins and yet when the
storm water rages

nobody's ship is daring to attack,
anxious and trembling, the bold
sharks

watch for me to pass by!

Similar to my lord,
mild in appearance,
how powerful is she in her heart.

These flames I have too in my
breast,

I too for open space

I too for glory I have restless, raging
desire.

Rise, Urania!

C'est l'extase langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
c'est la fatigue amoureuse,
c'est tous les frisson des bios
parmi l'étreinte des brises,
c'est, vers les ramures grises,
le choeur des petites voix.

O le frêle et frais murmure!

Cela gazouille et susurre.

Cela ressemble au cri doux
que l'herbe agitée expire...

Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,

le roulies sourd des cailloux.

It is languorous ecstasy,
it is loving exhaustion,
it is all tremors of the woods
in the embrace of the breezes,
it is, in the grey branches,
the choir of tiny voices.

O the frail, fresh murmuring!

That twittering and whispering
is like the sweet cry

breathed out by the ruffled grass...

You would say, beneath the swirling
waters,

the muted rolling of the pebbles.

Cette âme qui dr lamente
en cette plainte dormante,
c'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

This soul which mourns
in subdued lamentation,
it is ours, is it not?
Mine, say, and yours,
breathing a humble anthem
in the warm evening, very softly?

Il pleure dans mon coeur

Il pleure dans mon coeur
comme il pleut sur la ville.
quelle est cette langueur
qui pénètre mon coeur?
Ô bruit doux de la pluie
par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie,
Ô le bruit de la pluie!
Il pleure sans raison
dans ce coeur qui s'écoeur.
Quoi! Nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.
C'est bien la pire peine
de ne savoir pourquoi,
sans amour et sans haine,
mon coeur a tant de peine.

Tears fall in my heart
like rain upon the town,
what is this languor
that prevades my heart?
Oh gentle sound of the rain
on the ground and on the roofs!
For a listless heart,
Oh the sound of rain!
Tears fall without reason
in the sickened heart.
What! No disloyalty?
This sorrow has no cause.
Indeed it is the worst pain
not to know why,
without love and without hate,
my heart feels so much pain!

Green

Voice des fruits, des fleurs, des
feuilles et des branches,
et puis voici mon coeur, qui ne bat
que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux
mains blanches,
et qu'a vos yeux si beaux l'humble
présent soit doux.
J'arrive tout couvert encoure de
rosée
que le vent du matin vient glacer à
mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos
pieds reposée,
rêve des chers instants qui la
délasseront.
Sur votre jeune sien laisser rouler
me tête,
toute sonore encoure de vos
derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne
tempête,
et que je dorme un peu puisque
vous reposez.

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and
branches,
and here too is my heart that beats
only for you.
Do not destroy it with your two
white hands,
and to your lovely eyes may the
humble gift seem sweet.
I come still covered with dew
that the morning breeze has chilled
on my brow.
Let my weariness, resting at your
feet,
dream of dear moments which will
bring rest.
On your young breast let me rest
my head,
still ringing with your last kisses;
let it be appeased after the good
tempest,
that I may sleep a little as you rest.