

4-8-2018

Graduate Recital: Monica Ramich, soprano

Monica Ramich

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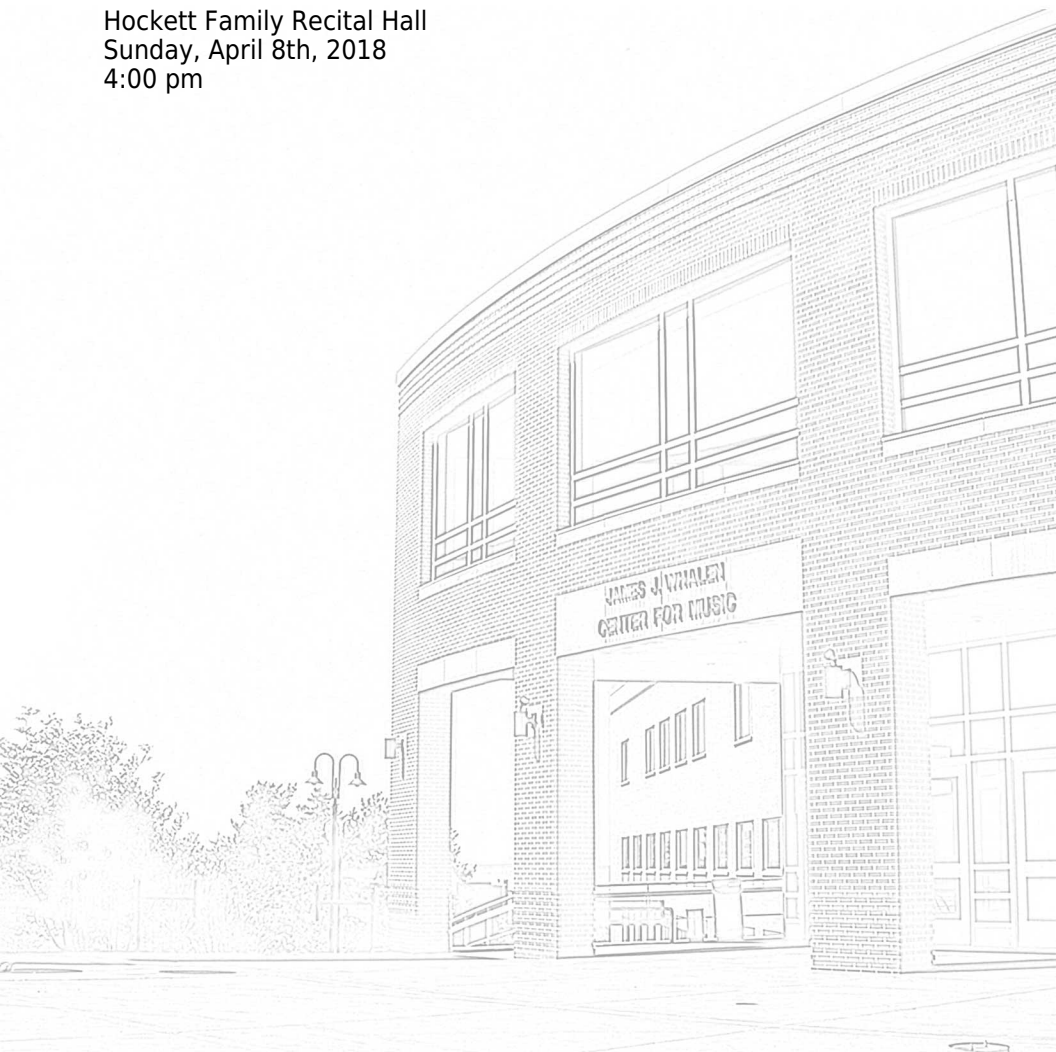
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Graduate Recital:
Monica Ramich, soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, April 8th, 2018
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Lusinghe più care
from *Alessandro*

G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Three Songs
I. Daphne
II. Through Gilded Trellises
III. Old Sir Faulk

William Walton
(1902-1983)

Voi avete un cor fedele

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

Chanson d'Avril
Rêve de la bien-aimée
Ouvre ton cœur

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Apparition

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Glückes genug
Die Nacht
Heimliche Aufforderung

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Translations

Lusinghe più care

Lusinghe più care,
d'Amor veri dardi,
vezzose volate
sul labbro nei guardi,
e tutta involate
l'altrui libertà.

Flattery most dear,
Cupid's true darts,
charms fly
on the lips and in the glances,
and completely rob
the other's liberty.

Gelosi sospetti,
diletti con pene,
fra gioie e tormenti,
momenti di spene,
voi l'armi sarete
di vaga beltà.

Jealous suspicions,
delights with pains,
amid joy and torment,
moments of hope,
you will be the weapons
of transient beauty.

Voi avete un cor fedele

Voi avete un cor fedele,
come amante appassionato:
Ma mio sposo dichiarato,
che farete? Cangerete?
Dite, allora che sarà?
Manterrete fedeltà?

You have a faithful heart,
like an impassioned lover:
But my avowed husband (fiancé),
what will you do? Will you change?
Speak, what will happen then?
Will you remain faithful?

Ah! non credo.
Già prevedo,
mi potreste corbellar.
Non ancora, non per ora,
non mi vuol di voi fidar.

Ah! I don't believe it.
Already I foresee,
you are capable of mocking me.
Not yet, not now,
I will not put my trust in you.

Chanson d'Avril

Lève-toi! lève-toi! le printemps
vient de naître!

Là-bas, sur les vallons, flotte un
réseau vermeil!

Tout frissonne au jardin, tout
chante et ta fenêtre,

Comme un regard joyeux, est
pleine 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!

Puisqu'Avril a semé ses marguerites
blanches,

Laisse ta mante lourde et ton
manchon 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
poiriers en fleurs!

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

Below, over the valleys, floats a
rosy mist!

Everything trembles in the garden,
everything sings, and your
window,

like a joyful gaze, is full of
sunshine!

Beside the lilacs in purple clusters,

flies and butterflies hum together,

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

has awakened Love who was asleep
in the woods!

Now that April has sown its white
daisies,

Take off your heavy coat and muff
for the cold,

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

Will smile in the grass when they
see your blue eyes!

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

Get up! Come, let's go! Let us not
wait for the day's burning
heat;

I want to wet my feet in the damp
dew,

and speak to you of love beneath
the pear trees in bloom!

Rêve de la bien-aimée

J'ai rêvé que mon cœur était,
comme jadis,
Une source d'eaux vives;
Et lui, l'oiseau de paradis
Qui chantait sur ses rives.

I dreamed that my heart was, as
before,
A spring of living water;
And he, the bird of paradise
Who sang on its shores.

J'ai rêvé que mon œil était un pur
rayon
De l'aube printanière;
Et lui, le léger papillon
Volant dans sa lumière.

I dreamed that my eye was a pure
ray
Of the spring's dawn;
And he, the light butterfly
Flying in its light.

Ah! J'ai rêvé que mon corps était
inanimé,
Plus froid, plus blanc que neige;
Et lui, le linceul bien fermé
Qui le couvre et protège.

Ah! I dreamed that my body was
inanimate,
Colder, whiter than snow;
And he, the well-closed shroud
Which covers and protects it.

J'ai rêvé que ma lèvre était, aux
jours heureux,
Une grenade éclose;
Et lui, le zéphyr amoureux,
Qui sur elle se pose.

I dreamed that my lip was, in happy
days,
A pomegranate blooming;
And he, the amorous zephyr
Who alights on it.

J'ai rêvé que mon sein était une
oasis
De déserts entourée;
Et lui, le voyageur assis
A son ombre dorée.

I dreamed that my breast was an
oasis
Surrounded by deserts;
And he, the traveler seated
In its golden shadow.

Ah! J'ai rêvé que mon âme errait
seule au milieu
Des ombres éternelles;
Et que lui, mon ange, vers Dieu
L'emportait sur ses ailes!

Ah! I dreamed that my soul
wandered alone in the
middle of eternal shadows;
And that he, my angel, to God
transported it on his wings!

Ouvre ton cœur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.

Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?

Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.

Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange, à
ma flamme,
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.

Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

The daisy has closed its petals,
The shadow has closed the eyes of
the day.

Fair one, will you keep your word to
me?

Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart, O young angel, to
my flame,
That a dream may enchant your
sleep.

I wish to reclaim my soul,
As a flower opens to the sun!

Apparition

La lune s'attristait.
Des séraphins en pleurs
rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le
calme des fleurs
vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes
violes
de blancs sanglots glissant sur
l'azur des corolles.

-- C'était le jour béni de ton premier
baiser.

Ma songerie aimant à me
martyriser
s'enivrait savamment du parfum de
tristesse

que même sans regret et sans
déboire laisse

la cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur
qui l'a cueilli.

J'errais donc, l'oeil rivé sur le pavé
vieilli

quand, avec du soleil aux cheveux,
dans la rue

et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant
apparue

et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de
clarté

qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils
d'enfant gâté

passait, laissant toujours de ses
mains mal fermées

neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles
parfumées.

The moon was saddened.
Seraphims in tears
dreaming, bows at their fingers, in
the calm of misty flowers,
threw dying violas of white sobs,
sliding over the blue of corollas.

-- It was the blessed day of your
first kiss.

My reverie, loving to torture me,

wisely intoxicated its perfume of
sadness

that even without regret and
without disappointment leaves
the gathering of a dream within the
heart that gathered it.

So I wandered, my eyes riveted on
the aged pavement,

when, with the sun in your hair, in
the street

and in the evening, you appeared
to me smiling

and I thought I had seen the fairy
with a halo

who passed in my beautiful dreams
like a spoiled child,

always dropping from her carelessly
closed hand

a snow of white bouquets of
perfumed stars.

Glückes genug

Wenn sanft du mir im Arme
schliefst,
ich deinen Atem hören konnte,
im Traum du meinen Namen riefst,
um deinen Mund ein Lächeln
sonnte -
Glückes genug.

Und wenn nach heissem, ernstem
Tag
du mir verscheuchtest schwere
Sorgen,
wenn ich an deinem Herzen lag
und nicht mehr dachte an ein
Morgen -
Glückes genug.

When you slept gently in my arms,
I could hear the sound of your
breath,
in your dreams you called my name
and on your mouth a smile shone -
It was happiness enough.

And when at the end of the hot,
wearisome day
you dispelled my grave concerns,
when I rested on your heart
and thought no more of the morrow
-
It was happiness enough.

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die
Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Domes
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Out of the woods steps the night,
Out of the trees it sneaks softly,
Looks about in a wide circle,
Now beware.

All the lights of this earth,
All flowers, all colors
It extinguishes, and steals the
sheaves
From the field.

It takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes, from the copper roof of the
cathedral,
The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh the night, I fear, will also steal
You from me.

Heimliche Aufforderung

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale
empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein
Herz gesund.
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke
mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich
still wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte um
uns das Heer
Der trunknen Schwätzer -
verachte sie nicht zu sehr.
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,
gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden Mahle sie
glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen,
den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen
festfreudiges Bild,
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten
zum Rosenstrauch,
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten
nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh
du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie
ehmals oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare der
Rose Pracht.
O komme, du wunderbare, ersehnte
Nacht!

Up, raise the sparkling cup up to
your mouth,
And drink at the joyous feast to
your heart's health.
And when you raise it, so signal
secretly to me,
Then I'll smile and drink silently, as
you...

And quietly as I observe about us
the crowd
Of drunken talkers - do not scorn
them too much.
No, lift the twinkling cup, filled with
wine,
And let them be happy at their
noisy meal.

But when you have savored the
meal, your thirst quenched,
Then leave the loud company's
joyfully festive scene,
And wander out into the garden, to
the rosebush,
There shall I await you, as often of
old.

And I shall sink upon your breast,
before you know it,
And drink your kisses, as so often
before,
And weave the rose's splendor in
your hair.
Oh, come, you wonderful,
longed-for night!