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Junior Recital: Laura Stedje, soprano

Laura Stedje

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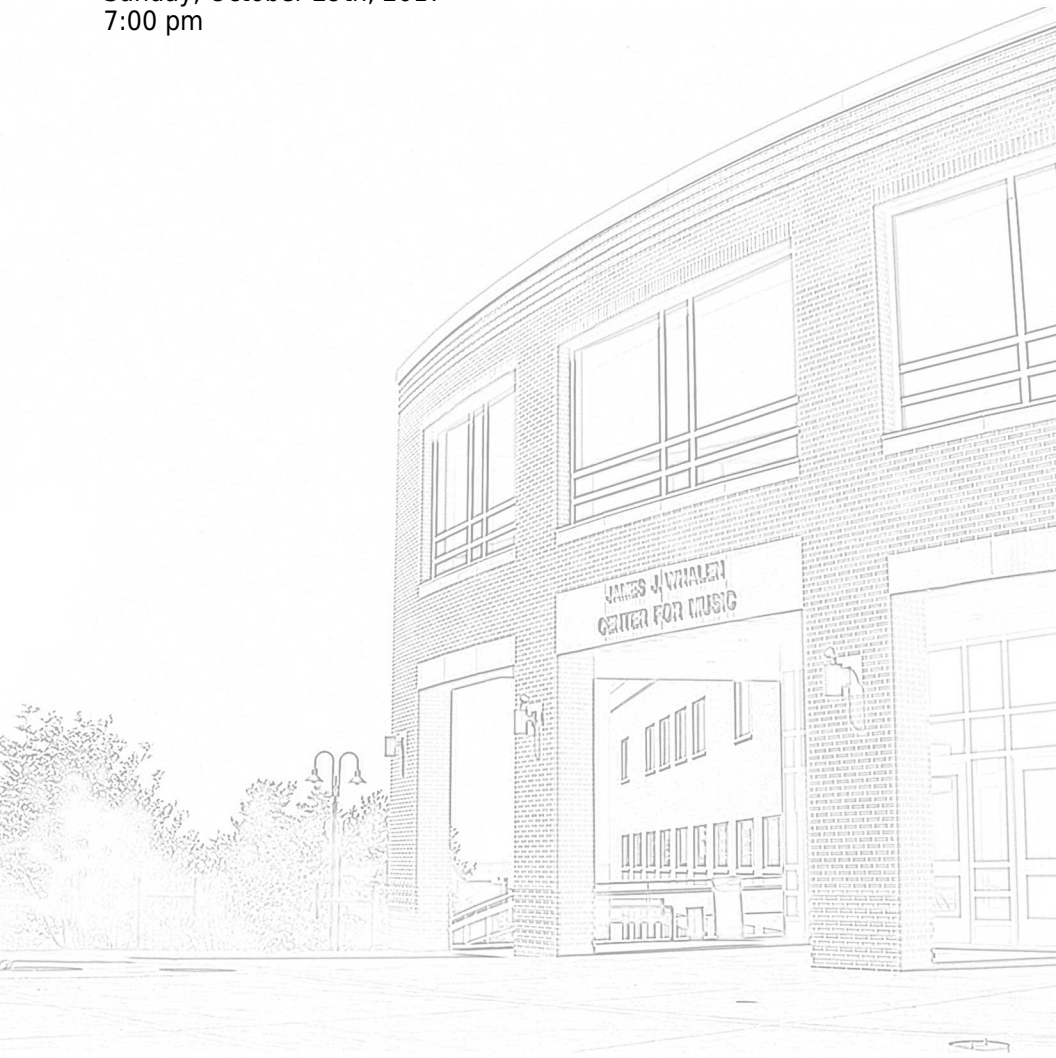
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Junior Recital: The Journey of Our Dreams through Life and Spirit

Laura Stedge, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, October 29th, 2017
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Va Godendo" from <i>Serse</i>	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Gypsy Songs, op. 55 I. <i>Má Píseň zas mi Láskou zní</i> II. <i>Aj! Kterak Trojhranec můj</i> IV. <i>Když mne stará Matka</i>	Antonín Dvořak (1841-1904)
<i>La Zingara</i>	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
<i>Du Meines Herzens Krönelein</i> <i>Morgen!</i>	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
"Quando Men'Vo" from <i>La Bohème</i>	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Intermission

"The Beauty Is" from <i>Light in the Piazza</i>	Adam Guettel (b. 1964)
<i>Mandoline</i>	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
<i>Nuit D'etoile</i>	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
<i>À Chloris</i>	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
<i>Ah Love, but a Day!</i> <i>The Year's at the Spring</i>	Amy Beach (1867-1944)
"In My Dreams" "Journey to the Past" from <i>Anastasia</i>	Stephen Flaherty (b.1960)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Laura Stedje is from the studio of Ivy Walz.

Translations

Va Godendo

Và godendo vezzoso e bello	It-goes taking-pleasure lightly and beautifully
quel ruscello la libertà.	the brook the liberty.
E tra l'erbe con onde chiare	And through the-grass with waves clear
lieto al mare correndo và.	happy to-the sea running it-goes.

Gypsy Songs, op. 55

I. Má Píseň zas mi Láskou zní

Má Píseň zas mi Láskou zní když starý den umírá	My song again to me (with) love sounds, when old day dies,
a chudý mech gdy na šat svůj si tajně perle sbírá	and poor moss when on vesture its to itself secretly pearls gathers.
Má píseň v kraj tak toužně zní, když světem noha bloudí	My song into country so longingly sounds, when through world foot wanders;
jen rodné pusty dálnou zpěv volně z ňader proudí	only of native plain over distance singing freely from breast flows.
Má píseň hlučně láskou zní, když bouře běží plání	My song loudly with love sounds, when storm runs over plain;
když těším se, že bídy prost dlí bratr v umírání.	when I take comfort that of want free dwells brother in dying.

II. Aj! Kterak Trojhranec můj

Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj přerozkošně zvoní	Ah! How triangle my delightfully rings,
jak cigána píseň, když se k smrti kloní	like gypsy song, when to death draws near!
Když se k smrti kloní, trojhran mu vyzvání	When to death draws near, triangle to him sounds.
Konec písní tanci, lásce bédování	End of song, of dance, of love, of lamenting.

IV. Když mne stará Matka

Když mne stará matka zpívat učivala	When my old mother to sing taught,
podivno, že často, často slzívala.	it was peculiar that often, often she wept
A teď také pláčem snědé lice mučím	And now likewise with weeping swarthy face I torment,
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat učím!	when gypsy children to play and sing I teach.

La Zingara

La zingara. La zingara.
Fra l'erbe cosparse di rorido gelo,
coverta del solo gran manto del
cielo,
mia madre esultando la vita me diè.

Fanciulla, sui greppi le capre
emulai;
per ville cittadi, cresciuta, danzai,
le dame lor palme distesero a me.

La ra la. La zingara.
lo loro predissi le cose non note,
ne feci dolenti, ne feci beate,
segreti conobbi di sdegno d'amor.
Un giorno la mano mi porse un
donzello;
mai visto non fummi garzone più
bello;
oh! s'ei nella destra leggessimi il
cor!

The gipsy girl. The gipsy girl.
On the grass sprinkled with dew
frost,
covered by only the large mantle of
the sky,
my mother, rejoicing, the life to me
gave.

A young girl, on the cliffs the goats I
emulated;
through towns and cities, I grew up,
I danced,
the ladies their palms extended to
me.

La ra la. The gypsy girl.
I for them would predict the things
not noticed,
some I made sad, some I made
happy,
secrets I knew of anger, of love.
One day the hand to me offered a
page;
I had never seen such an attractive,
handsome boy;
If only he, like a gypsy, would read
the future of my heart from
my right hand!

Du Meines Herzens Krönelein

Du Meines Herzens krönelein,
du bist von lautrem Golde,
wenn andere daneben sein,
dann bist du noch viel holde.
Die andern tun so gern gescheut,
du bist gar sanft und stille,
dass jedes Herz sich dein erfreut,
dein Glück ist's, nicht dein Wille.
Die andern suchen Lieb' und Gunst
mit tausend falschen Worten,
du ohne Mund und Augenkunst

bist wert an allen Orten.
Du bist, als wie die Ros' im Wald,
sie weis nichts von ihrer Blüte,
doch jedem, der vorüberwallt,
erfreut sie das Gemüte.

You, my heart's little-crown
you are of pure gold,
when others would act so gladly
clever,
you are so gentle and quiet
that every heart it in you rejoices,
your charm is it, not your will.
The others seek love and favor
with a thousand false words,
you, without mouth or eye art,
are esteemed in every place.
You are, as like the rose in the
forest;
it knows nothing of its bloom,
but everyone, who passes by,
it makes them feel good.

Morgen!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder
scheinen
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen
werde,
wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wider
einen
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden
Erde...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam
niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen
schauen,
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes
stummes Schweigen...

And tomorrow the sun will shine
again,
and on the path, upon which I shall
walk,
it will again unite us, the happy
ones,
in the midst of this sun breathing
Earth...
And to the shore, broad, with waves
of blue,
shall we descend quietly and
slowly;
silently shall we gaze into each
other's eyes,
and the speechless silence of
happiness will fall upon us.

Quando Men'Vo

Quando m'en vo' soletta per la via,
la gente sosta e mira, e la bellezza
mia
tutta ricerca in me, da capo a pie.

Ed assaporo allor la bramosia sottile,
che da gli occhi traspira
e dai palesi vezzi intender sa

alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio tutta
m'aggira
felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti
struggi,
da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben: le angosce tue non le vuoi
dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

When I walk alone along the street
the people stop and stare, and the
beauty mine
all search for in me, from head to
feet.

And I savor then the desire subtle,
which from their eyes emanates
and knows how to understand my
obvious charms
and my hidden beauties.
Thus the scent of desire all
surrounds me
it makes me happy!
And you know know, who
remember, and you who suffer
from me totally shun?
I know well: the anguish yours not it
you want to admit,
but you feel to die!

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

The givers of serenades
and the lovely listeners
exchange the insipid comments
beneath the branches singing.
It is Thyrsis and it is Amyntas,
and it is the eternal Clytander,
and there is Damis who for many

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 grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi le frissons de brise.

cruel women writes many tender
verses.

Their short jackets of silk,
their long gowns 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
amid the shivers of the breeze.

Nuit D'étoiles

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,

Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.
La sereine Mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon coeur,

Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.
Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your
fragrances,
a sad lyre,
that sighs,
I dream of former loves.
The serene melancholy
now blooms in the depths of my
heart,
and I hear the soul of my love
quiver in the dreaming woods.
I see again at our fountain
your gaze blue as the heavens;
this rose, it is your breath,
and these stars are your eyes.

À Chloris

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu
m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes
bien,
Je ne crois pas que les rois mêmes,
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.

Que la mort serait importune

À venir changer ma fortune

Pour la félicité des cieux!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

If it is true, Chloris, that you love
me,
And I understand, that you love me
well,
I do not believe that even the kings
could have a happiness equal to
mine.
How the death would be
unwelcome,
if it were to exchange my present
state
for the joy of heaven!
All that they said of ambrosia
does not inspire my imagination
like the favor of your eyes