

11-12-2017

Junior Recital: Carlynn Wolfe, soprano

Carlynn Wolfe

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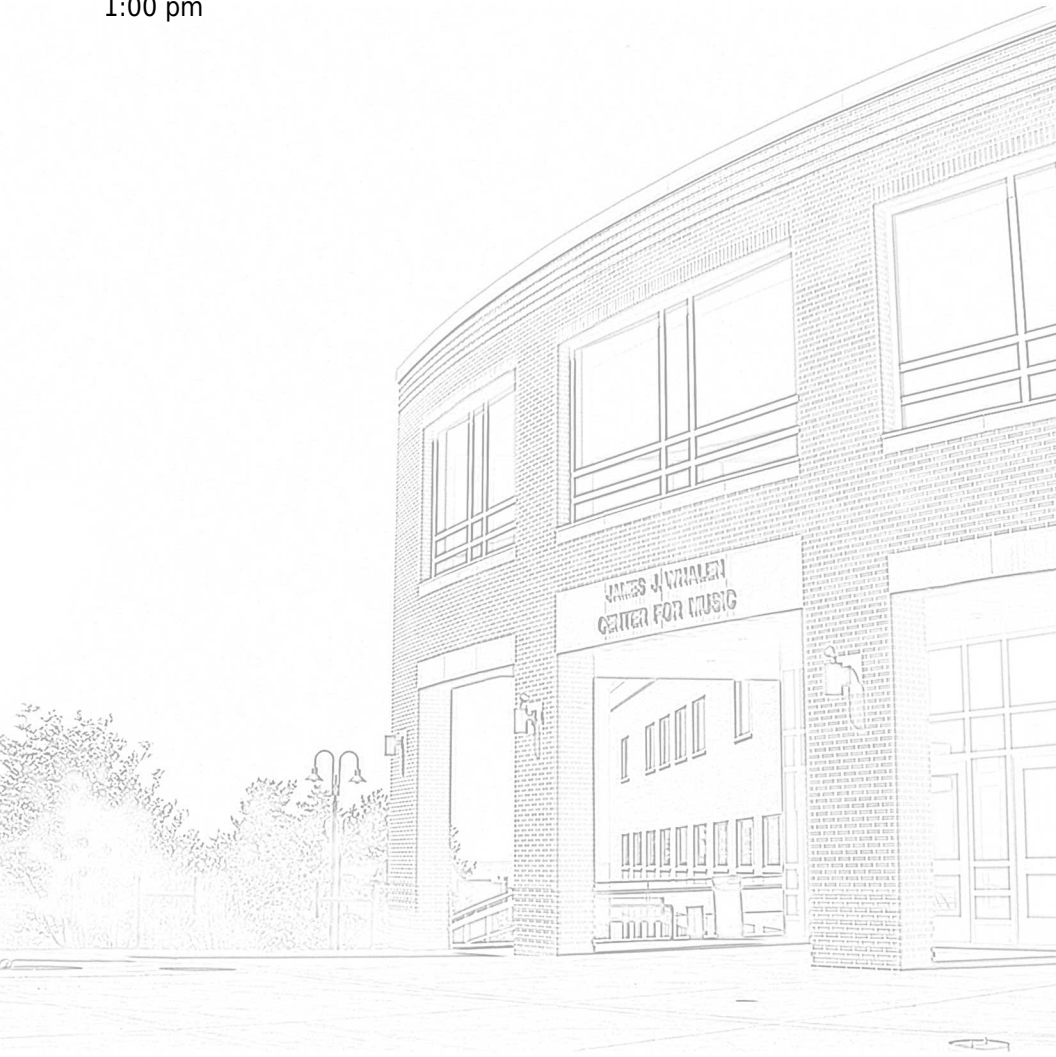
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Junior Recital:
Carlynn Wolfe, soprano

Melody Zimmerman, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, November 12th, 2017
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Fünf Lieder, op. 47
Botschaft
Liebesglut
Sonntag
O liebliche Wangen
Die Liebende schreibt

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Sept Mélodies, op. 2
I. *Nanny*
II. *Le Charme*
III. *Les Papillons*
V. *Sérénade italienne*

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

Intermission

"Lusinghe piú care"
from *Alessandro*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

"Pupille amate"
from *Lucio Silla*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

I Hate Music, A Cycle of Five Kid Songs for
Soprano
I. My Name is Barbara
II. Jupiter Has Seven Moons
III. I Hate Music!
IV. A Big Indian and a Little Indian (Riddle Song)
V. I'm a Person Too

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Соловей (The Nightingale)

Alexander Alyabyev
(1787-1851)

Translations

Botschaft (Message)

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
um die Wangen der Geliebten,
spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
eile nicht hinwegzuffliehn!

Blow, breeze, gently and lovingly
about the cheeks of my beloved,
play tenderly in her locks,
do not hasten to flee far away!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
wie es um mich Armen stehe;

If perhaps she is then to ask,
how it stands with poor wretched
me,

Sprich: Unendlich war sein Wehe,
höchst bedenklich seine Lage,
aber jetzo kann er hoffen
wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn.

tell her: Unending was his woe,
highly dubious was his condition,
however, now he can hope
magnificently to come to life again,
for you, lovely one, are thinking of
him!

Liebesglut (Love's Fire)

Die Flamme hier, die wilde, zu
verhehlen,
die Schmerzen alle, welche mich
zerquälen,
vermag ich es, da alle Winde
ringsum die Gründe meiner
Traurigkeit erzählen?

To conceal this flame here, this wild
flame,
and all the pains that torment me,
have I the power, when all the
winds that blow about me
recount the causes of my
sorrow?

Daß ich ein Stäubchen deines
Weges stäube,
wie magst du doch, o sprich, wie
darfst du schmählen?
Verklage dich, verklage das
Verhängnis,
das waltet über alle
Menschenseelen!

That I would strew even one grain
of dust on your path,
how could you - o tell me - how can
you slander me?
Accuse yourself, accuse the
destiny
that reigns over all human souls!

Da selbiges verordnete, das ewige,
wie alle sollten ihre Wege wählen,

Since that same eternal destiny
ordained
that all shall select their own
paths,

da wurde deinem Lockenhaar der
Auftrag,
mir Ehre, Glauben und Vernunft zu
stehlen.

the locks of your hair were
instructed
to steal from me my honor, beliefs
and reason.

Sonntag (Sunday)

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche
mein feines Liebchen nicht
gesehen,

This whole week, I have not seen
my delicate sweetheart,

ich sah es an einem Sonntag
wohl vor der Türe steh'n:
das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
das tausendschöne Herzelein,
wollte Gott, ich wär heute bei ihr!

I saw her on Sunday
standing in front of the door:
that thousand-times beautiful girl,
that thousand-times beautiful
heart,
would God, I were with her today!

So will mir doch die ganze
Woche das Lachen nicht
vergehn,
ich sah es an einem Sonntag
wohl in die Kirche gehn:
das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
das tausendschöne Herzelein,
wollte Gott, ich wär heute bei ihr!

This whole week, my laughing has
not ceased,

I saw her on Sunday
going to church:
that thousand-times beautiful girl,
that thousand-times beautiful heart,
would God, I were with her today!

O liebliche Wangen (O lovely cheeks)

O liebliche Wangen,
ihr macht mir Verlangen,
dies rote, dies weiße, zu schauen
mit Fleiße.
Und dies nur alleine ists nicht, was
ich meine;
zu schauen, zu grüssen, zu rühren,
zu küssen!
Ihr macht mir Verlangen,
O liebliche Wangen!

O lovely cheeks,
you make me want
to gaze diligently on this red, this
white,
and this alone is not what I mean;
to behold, to greet, to touch, to
kiss!
You make me desirous,
O lovely cheeks!

O Sonne der Wonne!
O Wonne der Sonne!
O Augen, so saugen das Licht
meiner Augen.
O englische Sinnen! O himmlisch
Beginnen!
O Himmel auf Erden,
magst du mir nicht werden,
O Wonne der Sonne!
O Sonne der Wonne!

O sun of delight!
O delight of the sun!
O eyes, suck the light of my eyes.
O angelic thoughts! O heavenly
beginnings!
O Heaven on earth,
may you not become for me,
O delight of the sun!
O sun of delight!

O Schönste der Schönen!
Benimm mir dies Sehnen.
Komm, eile, komm, komme, du
süße, du fromme!
Ach, Schwester, ich sterbe, ich
sterb, ich verderbe,
Komm, komme, komm eile,
Benimm mir dies Sehnen,
o Schönste der Schönen!

O fairest of the fair!
Take away from me this longing,
Come, hurry, come, come! You
sweet, innocent soul!
Ah, sister, I am dying, I am dying, I
am ruined,
Come, come, come, hurry.
Take away from me this longing,
O fairest of the fair!

Die Liebende schreibt (The woman in love writes)

Ein Blick von deinen Augen in die
meinen,
ein Kuß von deinem Mund auf
meinem Munde
wer davon hat, wie ich, gewisse
Kunde,
mag dem was anders wohl
erfreulich scheinen?

One look from your eyes into mine,
one kiss from your lips on my lips
can one who has certain knowledge
of these, as I,
take pleasure in anything else?

Entfernt von dir, entfremdet von
den Meinen,
führe ich stets die Gedanken in die
Runde,
und immer treffen sie auf jene
Stunde,
die einzige: da fang' ich an zu
weinen.

Far from you, separated from my
loved ones,
I let my thoughts roam constantly,
and always they alight upon that
hour,
the one single hour: and I begin to
weep.

Die Träne trocknet wieder
unversehens:
Er liebt ja, denk' ich, her in diese
Stille,
und solltest du nicht in die Ferne
reichen?

Suddenly my tears are dried:
he loves indeed, I reflect, here in
this stillness,
and should you not reach out to me
in the far distance?

Vernimm das Lispeln dieses
Liebewehens,
mein einzig Glück auf Erden ist dein
Wille,
dein freundlicher zu mir,
gib mir ein Zeichen!

Hear these whispered words of
love
my sole happiness on earth is your
will,
your friendliness to me,
give me a sign!

Nanny

Bois chers aux ramiers, pleurez,
doux feuillages,
Et toi, source vive, et vous, frais
sentiers;
Pleurez, ô bruyères sauvages,
Buissons de houx et d'églantiers.

Dear woods with doves, weep, soft
leaves,
And you, living spring, and you,
fresh paths;
You weep, oh savage moor,
Bushes of holly and wild
rosebushes.

Printemps, roi fleuri de la verte
année,
Ô jeune Dieu, pleure!
Été mùrissant, coupe ta tresse
couronnée;
Et pleure, Automne rougissant.

Springtime, flowering king of the
green year,
Oh young god, weep!
Maturing summer, cut off your own
crowning tresses;
And weep, blushing autumn.

L'angoisse d'aimer brise un coeur
fidèle.
Terre et ciel, pleurez!

The anguish of love can break a
faithful heart.
Earth and heaven, weep!

Oh! Que je l'aimais!
Cher puits, ne parle plus d'elle;
Nanny ne reviendra jamais!

Oh! How I loved her!
Dear countryside, don't speak any
more of her;
Nanny will never return!

Le Charme (Charm)

Quand ton sourire me surprit,
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,
Mais ce qui domptait nous esprit,
Je ne pus d'abord le connaître.

When your smile surprised me,
I felt a shudder through my entire
being,
But what tamed my spirit,
At first I did not recognize.

Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fondre,
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.

When your glance fell on me,
I felt my soul melt,
But what that emotion was,
At first I could not answer it.

Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme;

What conquered me forever,
That was a charm more sad,

Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais,
Qu'en voyant ta première larme.

And I did not know that I loved you,
Until I saw your first tear.

Les Papillons (The Butterflies)

Les papillons couleur de neige
volent par essaims sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs,
quand pourrai-je prendre le bleu
chemin de l'air?

The snow-white butterflies fly in
swarms over the sea.
Beautiful white butterflies,
when can I travel the blue path of
the air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
s'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,
dites, savez-vous où j'irais?

Tell me, oh fairest of the fair,
my dancing-girl with the jet-black
eyes
if they were to lend me their wings,
do you know where I would fly?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux
roses,
à travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

Not taking one kiss from the roses,
I'd fly across valleys and forests
to alight on your half-closed lips
Flower of my soul, and there I'd die.

Sérénade italienne (Italian Serenade)

Partons en barque sur la mer
Pour passer la nuit aux étoiles.
Vois, il souffle juste assez d'air
Pour enfler la toile des voiles.

Let's go out in a boat on the sea
to spend the night under the stars.
Look, it's blowing just enough
breeze
to swell the canvas of the sails.

Le vieux pêcheur italien

The old Italian fisherman

Et ses deux fils qui nous
conduisent,
Écoutent, mais n'entendent rien
Aux mots que nos bouches se
disent.

and his two sons, who sail us out,
hear but understand nothing
of the words we say to each other.

Sur la mer calme et sombre
Voi, Nous pouvons échanger nos
âmes,
Et nul ne comprendra nos voix
Que la nuit, le ciel et les lames.

On the calm dark sea,
look, we can exchange our souls,
and our voices will not be
understood
except by the night, the sky and
the waves.

Lusinghe più care (Allurements most dear)

Lusinghe più care d'Amor veri dardi,
Vezzose volate sul labbro nei
guardi,
E tutta involate l'al trui libertà.

Allurements most dear are cupid's
true arrows,
charms that fly from the lips and in
the glances,
and completely rob one's freedom.

Gelosi sospetti,
diletti con pene,
Frà gioje e tormenti,
momenti di spene,
Voi larmi sarete di va gabeltà.

Jealous suspicions,
pleasure with pain,
between joy and torment,
moments of hope,
the weapons of desirous beauty.

Pupille amate (Beloved eyes)

Pupille amate, non lagrimate,
morir mi fate pria di morir.

Beloved eyes, do not weep,
You will cause me to die before I'm
put to death.

Quest'alma fida a voi d'intorno
farà ritorno sciolta in sospir.

My faithful soul to be near you
will return dissolved in sighs.

Соловей (Nightingale)

Соловей мой, соловей,
Голосистый соловей!
Ты куда, куда летишь,
Где всю ночку пропоешь?
Соловей мой, соловей,
Голосистый соловей!

Oh my nightingale,
Rich-voiced nightingale,
Where, where are you flying to,
Where will you sing all night,
Oh my nightingale,
Rich-voiced nightingale?

Кто-то, бедная, как я,
Ночь прослушает тебя,
Не смыкаячи очей,
Утопаючи в слезах?
Соловей мой, соловей,
Голосистый соловей!

What poor girl, like me,
Will listen to you all night long
Without getting a wink of sleep,
Sinking in tears,
Oh my nightingale,
Rich-voiced nightingale?