

4-28-2012

Graduate Recital: Kristina Jackson, soprano

Kristina Jackson

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Jackson, Kristina, "Graduate Recital: Kristina Jackson, soprano" (2012). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 3910.
https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/3910

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

**Graduate Recital:
Kristina Jackson, soprano**

Matt Holehan, piano

Michael Caporizzo, guitar

Erin Snedecor, treble viol

Tristan Rais-Sherman, treble viol

Thillman Benham, tenor viol

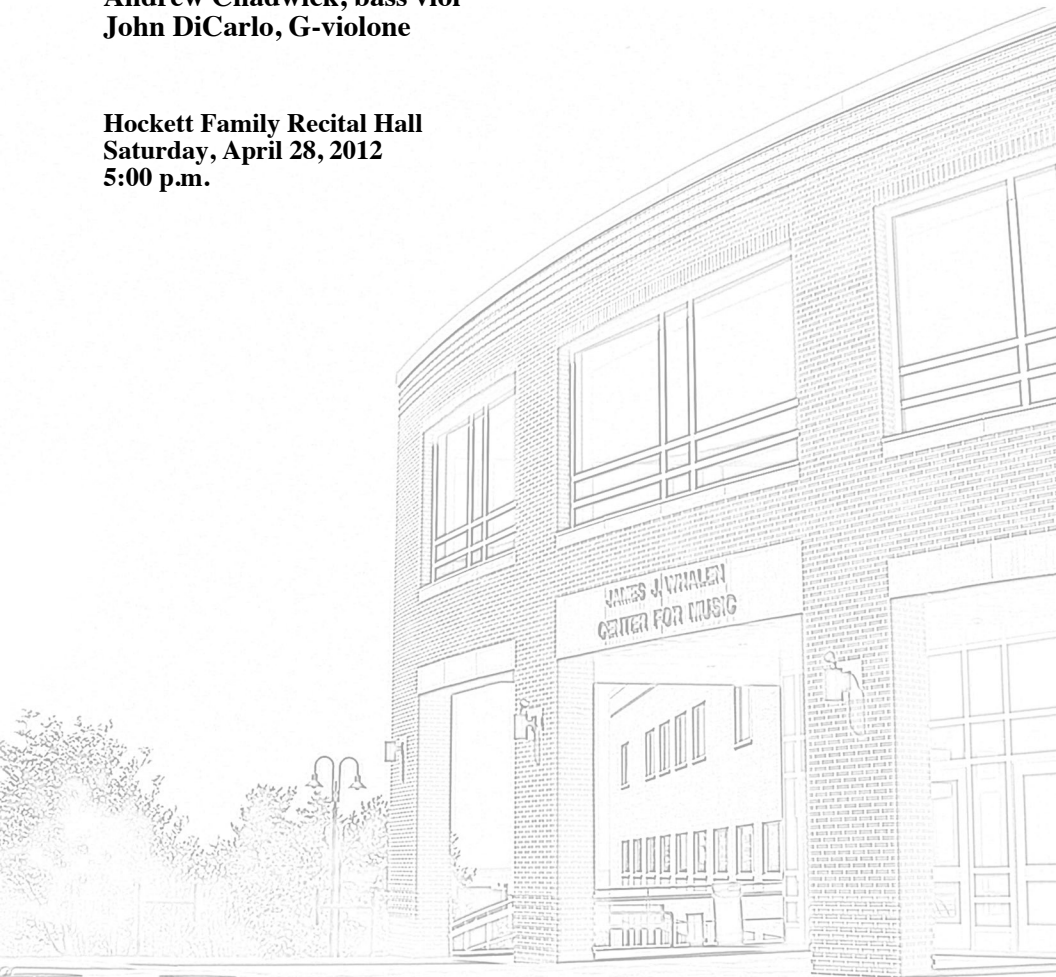
Andrew Chadwick, bass viol

John DiCarlo, G-violone

Hockett Family Recital Hall

Saturday, April 28, 2012

5:00 p.m.



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.

Program

from *Sei Ariette* Mauro Giuliani
1781-1829
Ombre amene, amiche piante
Ad altro laccio
Di due bell'anime

Michael Caporizzo, Guitar

Les Papillons Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)
Sérénade
Nocturne

from *Spanisches Liederbuch* Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)
Klinge, klinge mein Pandero
Bedeckt mich mit Blumen
Sagt, seid Ihr es, feiner Herr

Intermission

Ach Herr, lass deine lieben Engelein Franz Tunder
(1614-1667)
Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme

Erin Snedecor, treble viol
Tristan Rais-Sherman, treble viol
Thillman Benham, tenor viol
Andrew Chadwick, bass viol
John DiCarlo, G-violone

Sunflowers Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)
The Sunflowers
Dreams
Sunrise

from *Don Pasquale* Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)
Quel guardo cavaliere...So anch'io la virtù magica

This Graduate Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Master of Music in Performance. Kristina Jackson is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.

Translations

Ombre amene, amiche piante

by Pietro Metastasio

Ombre amene, amiche piante
il mio bene il caro amante
chi mi dice ove n'andò?

Zeffiretto lusinghiero,
a lui vola messaggero,
dì che torni, e che mi renda
quella pace che non ho.

Ad altro laccio

Ad altro laccio
vedersi in braccio,
in un momento,
la dolce amica,
se sia tormento,
per me lo dica
chi lo provò.

Rendi a quel core
la sua catena,
tiranno amore,
ché in tanta pena
viver non so, no! no!

Di due bell'anime

Di due bell'anime che Amor piagò
gli affetti teneri turbar non vuo',

godete placidi nel sen d'Amor.

Oh se fedele fosse così,
quella crudele che mi ferì,
meo men barbaro saresti Amor!

Le Papillons

by Théophile Gautier

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

Tender shadows, friendly plants

Tender shadows, friendly plants,
My own friend, my dear love,
Who can tell me where he has gone?

Little zephyr, pleasant breezes,
Fly away to him with a message;
His return is all I hope for
To restore that peace which I had lost.

Another pair of arms

Another pair of arms
wrapped for a moment around
my sweet beloved,
if it is a torment or not,
as I'm told,
it will be proven.

Give back my heart
that you have chained,
tyrannous love,
because in so much pain
I cannot live! No!

Two Beautiful Souls

Two lovely souls, who Love wounded,
their tender affections I do not wish to
disturb.

Enjoy the placid bosom of Love.

Oh, if as faithful to me
were the cruel one who wounded me,
you would be less barbarous towards me,
Love!

The Butterflies

The butterflies color of snow,
fly in swarms over the sea,
beautiful white butterflies, when can I
take the blue path of the sky?

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?

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.

Sérénade by Jean Lahor

Tes grands yeux doux semblent des îles
Qui nagent dans un lac d'azur;
Aux fraîcheurs de tes yeux tranquilles,
Fais-moi tranquille et fais-moi pur.

Ton corps a l'adorable enfance
Des clairs paradis de jadis;
Enveloppe-moi de silence,
Du silence argenté des lys.

Alangui par les yeux tranquilles
Des étoiles caressant l'air,
J'ai tant rêvé la paix des îles,

Sous un soir frissonnant et clair!

Nocturne

by Maurice Bouchor

La nuit était pensive et ténébreuse; à
peine,
Quelques épingles d'or scintillaient
l'ébène
De ses grands cheveux déroulés,
Qui sur nous, sur la mer lontaine et sur
la terre
Ensevelie en un sommeil plien de
mystère
Secouaient des parfums ailés.

Et notre jeune amour, naissant de nos
pensées,
S'éveillait sur le lit de cent roses glacées
Qui n'avaient respiré qu'un jour;

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

Without taking a single kiss from the
roses,
Across valleys and forests,
I would go to your half closed lips,
flower of my soul, and I would die.

Song

Your large sweet eyes resemble the
islands
which swim in an azure lake
within your tranquil eyes
I am made tranquil and I am made pure.

Your body has the adorable youth
of the bright paradise of the past;
Envelope me in silence,
the silver silence of the lilies.

Made languid by your peaceful eyes
caressing the stars of the sky,
I have much dreamed of the peace of
islands
on an evening shimmering and bright!

Nocturne

The night was peaceful and somber; and
barely,
a few points of gold sparkled in the
ebony
in the long uncoiled hair,
which over us, over the distant sea and
over the earth
enshrouded in a slumber full of mystery
scattered the winged perfumes.

And our young love, born of our
thoughts,
awakened on a bed of one hundred
ice-cold roses
which had not breathed but a day;

Et moi, je lui disais, pâle et tremblant de
fièvre,
Que nous mourrions tous deux, le sourire
à la lèvre,
En même temps que notre amour.

Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero

translation by Emanuel von Geibel
original Spanish text by Alvaro
Fernandez de Almeida

Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero
doch an andres denkt mein Herz.

Wenn du, muntres Ding, verständest
meine Qual und sie empfändest,
jeden Ton, den du entsendest,
würde klagen meinen Schmerz.

Bei des Tanzes Drehn und Neigen
schlag' ich wild den Takt zum Reigen,

dass nur die Gedanken schweigen,
die mich mahnen an den Schmerz.

Ach, ihr Herrn, dann will im Schwingen
oftmals mir die Brust zerspringen,
und zum Angstschrei wird mein Singen,
denn an andres denkt mein Herz.

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen

translation by Emanuel von Geibel
original Spanish text by Maria Doceo

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen
Ich sterbe vor Liebe.
Dass die Luft mit leisem Wehen
nicht den süßen Duft mir entführe,

Bedeckt mich!

Ist ja alles doch dasselbe,
Liebesodem oder Düfte
Von Blumen.

Von Jasmin und weissen Lilien
sollt ihr hier mein Grab bereiten,

and I, I said to him, pale and trembling of
fever
that we should die together, the smile on
our lips,
at the same time as our love.

Ring, ring my tamourine

Ring, ring my tambourine,
but my heart is thinking of something
else.

If you, cheerful thing, could understand
my torment and could feel it,
every tone that you send out
would lament my pain.

To the dance's turning and bowing
I beat wildly the time for the round
dance,
so that my thoughts remain silent,
which remind me of my pain.

Ah, gentlemen, often in whirling,
my heart feels as if it will burst,
and my singing turns into a fearful cry
for my heart is thinking of something
else.

Cover me with flowers

Cover me with flowers,
I die for love.
That the breeze with its soft wafting
may not steal away from me the sweet
fragrance,
Cover me!

It is surely all the same,
love's breath, or the scent
of flowers.

With Jasmine and white lilies
shall you here prepare my grave,

Ich sterbe.

Und befragt ihr mich: Woran?
sag' ich: Unter süßen Qualen
Vor Liebe.

Sagt, seid Ihr es, feiner Herr

*translation by Paul Heyse
original Spanish text Anonymous*

Sagt, seid Ihr es, feiner Herr
der da jüngst so hübsch gesprungen
und gesprungen und gesungen?
Seid Ihr der, vor dessen Kehle
Keiner mehr zu Wort gekommen?
habt die Backen voll genommen,
sangt gar artig, ohne Fehle.

Ja, Ihr seid's, bei meiner Seele,
der so mit uns umgesprungen
und gesprungen und gesungen.
Seid Ihr's, der auf Castagnetten

und Gesang sich nie verstand,
der sie Liebe nie gekannt,
der da floh vor Weiberketten?

Ja, Ihr seid's; doch möcht ich wetten,
manch ein Lieb habt Ihr umschlungen
und gesprungen und gesungen.
Seid Ihr der, der Tanz und Lieder
so herausstrich ohne Mass?

Seid Ihr's, der im Winkel sass
und nicht regte seine Glieder?
Ja Ihr seid's, ich kenn' Euch wieder,
der zum Gähnen uns gezwungen
und gesprungen und gesungen!

**Ach Herr, lass deine lieben
Engelein**

by Martin Schalling

Ach Herr, lass deine lieben Engelein
am letzten Ende die Seele mein
in Abraham Schoss tragen,
den Leib in seinem Schlafkämmerlein
gar sanft ohn einige Qual und Pein
ruhen bis an jüngsten Tag.

I die.

And if you ask me, why?
I say: from the sweet torments
of love.

Tell me, fine sir

Tell me, fine sir,
who recently so nicely danced
and jumped and sang?
Was it you, the reason that no one
could get a word in?
You talked so big,
sang so pretty, without mistakes?

Yes, it was you, upon my soul,
who with us jumped about
and danced and sang.
Are you he, who claimed to not
understand
a thing about castanets and singing,
who said he never knew love,
who fled from the chains of women?

Yes, it is you, but I would like to bet,
many a sweetheart you have embraced
and danced and sang.
Was it you, who praised dance and song
without measure?

Was it you, who in the corner
sat and did not stir his limbs?
Yes, it was you, I recognize you now,
who made us yawn
and jumped and sang!

**O Lord, let your beloved little
angel**

O Lord, let your beloved little angel
at the end of my life carry my soul
into Abraham's bosom,
let my body in its little chamber
rest softly without strife or pain
rest until the new day.

Als dann vom Tod erwecke mich,
dass meine Augen sehen dich
in ewiger Freude, o Gottes Sohn,
mein Heiland und Genadenthron.

Herr Jesu Christ, erhöre mich,
ich will dich preisen ewiglich.
Amen.

Wachet auf! Ruft uns die Stimme

by Philipp Nicolai

Wachet auf! Ruft uns die Stimme
Der Wächter sehr hoch auf der Zinne,
Wach auf du Stadt Jerusalem.

Mitternacht heißt diese Stunde!
Sie rufen uns mit hellem Munde:
Wo seid ihr klugen Jungfrauen?

Wohlauf, der Bräutigam kommt,
Steht auf, die Lampen nehmt!
Halleluja!

Macht euch bereit zur Hochzeit;
Ihr müsset ihm entgegen gehn.

Zion hört die Wächter singen,
das Herz thut ihr vor Freuden springen,
Sie wachet und steht eilend auf.

Ihr Freund kommt vom Himmel
prächtig,
Von Gnaden stark, von Wahrheit
mächtig;
Ihr Licht wird hell, ihr Stern geht auf.

Nun komm, du werthe Kron,
Herr Jesu, Gottes Sohn,
Hosianna!

Wir folgen all zum Freudensaal
Und halten mit das Abendmahl.

And then awaken me from death,
that my eyes may behold You
in eternal joy, o Son of God,
my Savior and throne of grace.

Lord Jesus Christ, hear me
I will praise you eternally.
Amen.

Wake up! Call us to the voices

Wake up! Call us to the voices
of the watchmen very high on the walls,
wake up, you city Jerusalem.

Midnight is the hour
they call to us with clear voices:
where are you, wise virgins?

Behold, the bridegroom comes,
arise and take your lamps!
Hallelujah!

Prepare yourselves for the wedding,
you must go to meet him.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
her heart jumps with joy,
she awakens and arises hurriedly.

Her friend comes from heaven stately,
strong in grace, powerful in truth,
her light becomes bright, her Star rises.

Now come, you priceless crown,
Lord Jesus, God's son,
Hosianna!

We all follow into the hall of joy,
to partake of the evening feast.

The Sunflowers
by Mary Oliver

Come with me
into the field of sunflowers.
Their faces are burnished disks,
their dry spines

Creak like ship masts,
their green leaves,
so heavy and many,
fill all day with the sticky

Sugars of the sun.
Come with me
to visit the sunflowers,
they are shy,

but want to be friend;
they have wonderful stories
of when they were young-
the important weather,

the wandering crows.
Don't be afraid
to ask them questions!
Their bright faces,

which follow the sun,
will listen, and all
those rows of seeds-
each one a new life! -

hope for a deeper acquaintance;
each of them, though it stands
in a crowd of many,
like a separate universe,

is lonely, the long work
of turning their lives
into a celebration
is not easy. Come

and let us talk wit those modest faces,
the simple garments of leaves,
the coarse roots of the earth
so uprightly burning.

"The Sunflowers," Copyright © 1986 by Mary Oliver. From DREAM WORK
(Atlantic Monthly Press). Used with permission of the Molly Malone Cook Literacy
Agency.

Dreams

All night
the dark buds of dreams
open richly.

In the center
of every petal
is a letter,
and you imagine

if you could only remember
and string them all together
they would spell the answer.
It is a long night,

and not an easy one-
you have so many branches,
and there are diversions-
birds that come and go,

the black fox that lies down
to sleep beneath you,
the moon staring
with her bone-white eye.

Finally you have spent
all the energy you can
and you drag from the ground
the muddy skirt of your roots

and leap awake
with two or three syllables
like water in your mouth
and a sense

of loss-a memory
not yet of a word,
certainly not yet the answer -

only how it feels

when deep in the tree
all the locks click open,
and the fire surges through the wood,
and the blossoms blossom.

Sunrise

You can
die for it-
an idea,
or the world. People

have done so,

brilliantly,
letting
their small bodies be bound

to the stake,
creating
an unforgettable
fury of light. But

this morning,
climbing the familiar hills
in the familiar fabric of dawn, I thought

of China,
and India and Europe, and I thought
how the sun

blazes
for everyone just
so joyfully
as it rises

under the lashes
of my own eyes, and I thought
I am so many!
What is my name?

What is the name
of the deep breath I would take
over and over
for all of us? Call it

whatever you want, it is
happiness, it is another one
of the ways to enter
fire.

Quel guardo il cavaliere... So anch'io la virtù magica Libretto by Giovanni Ruffini

"Quel guardo il cavaliere
in mezzo al cor trafisse,
Piegò il ginocchio e disse:
Son vostro cavalier.
E tanto era in quel guardo
Sapor di paradiso,
Che il cavalier Riccardo,
Tutto d'amor conquiso,
Giurò che ad altra mai,
Non volgeria il pensier."
Ah, ah!

"Her glance struck the knight
in the middle of his heart
he bent his knee and said:
I am your knight.
And such was her glance
a taste of paradise,
that the knight, Riccardo,
quite by love vanquished,
swore that to another, never,
would he turn his thoughts."
Ah ah!!

So anch'io la virtù magica
D'un guardo a tempo e loco,
So anch'io come si bruciano
I cori a lento foco,
D'un breve sorrisetto
Conosco anch'io l'effetto,
Di menzognera lagrima,
D'un subito languor,
Conosco i mille modi
Dell'amorose frodi,
I vezzi e l'arti facili
Per adescare un cor.

Ho testa bizzarra,
son pronta vivace,
Brillare mi piace scherzar
Se monto in furore
Di rado sto al segno,
Ma in riso lo sdegno
fo presto a cangiar,
Ho testa bizzarra,
Ma core eccellente, ah!

I too know the power
of a glance at the right time and place,
I know also how to smolder
the hearts over a slow fire;
of a fleeting little smile
I know the effect of a deceiving tear,
of a sudden fainting spell.
I know the thousand ways
of amorous frauds,
the knacks and tricks
for capturing a heart.

I have a whimsical head,
I'm quick, vivacious,
I like to shine, I like to jest.
If i fly into a fury,
there's no stopping me,
but I manage to turn it
into laughing rather quickly.
I have a whimsical heart,
but an excellent heart, ah!