

5-4-2019

## Elective Senior Recital: Peri Margolies, mezzo-soprano: Looking Back, Moving Forward

Peri Margolies

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### Recommended Citation

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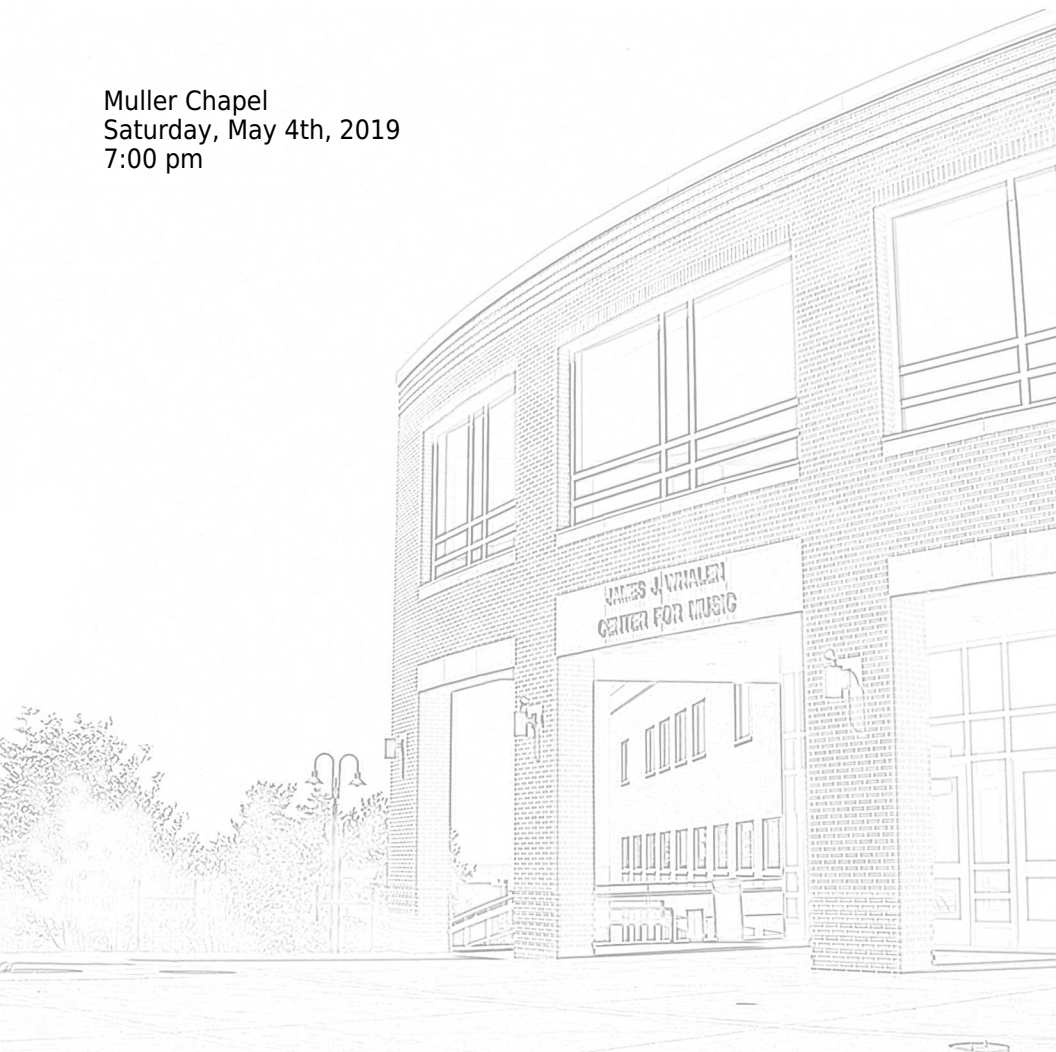
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# Looking Back, Moving Forward

Elective Senior Recital:  
Peri Margolies, Mezzo-Soprano

Caleb Bates, piano

Muller Chapel  
Saturday, May 4th, 2019  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Medley	Andrew Lloyd Webber (b. 1948)
Someone Else's Story from <i>Chess</i>	Benny Andersson (b. 1946) Björn Ulvaeus (b. 1945)
Nacht Und Traume	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
L'Abbandono	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Now that I've Seen Her from <i>Miss Saigon</i>	Claude-Michel Schönberg (b. 1944) Alain Boublil (b. 1941)

## Intermission

<i>Trois Mélodies:</i> La Statue de Bronze Dapheneo Le Chapelier	Erik Satie (1866-1925)
Somewhere from <i>West Side Story</i>	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
La Serenata	Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
An Die Musik	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
No Time At All from <i>Pippin</i>	Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)

# Translations

## Nacht Und Träume

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder	Holy night, you sink down
Nieder wallen auch die Träume	Dreams, too, drift down
Wie dein Mondlicht	like your moonlight
durch die Räume	through space
Durch der Menschen stille Brust	Through man's silent chest
Die belauschen sie mit Lust	They listen with delight
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwach	crying out when day awakes
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!	come back, holy night!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!	Fair dreams, return!

## L'Abbandono

Solitario zeffiretto a che movi i tuoi sospiri? Il sospiro a me sol lice, ché, dolente ed infelice, chiamo Dafne che non ode l'insoffribil mio martir.	Lonely breeze why do you sigh? Sighs are meant for me alone for, grieving and unhappy, I call on Daphnis who does not hear my unbearable torment.
Langué invan la mammoletta e la rosa e il gelsomino lunge son da lui che adoro non conosco alcun ristoro se non viene a consolarmi col bel guardo cilestrino.	Languish in vain little violet the rose and the jasmine I am far from him whom I adore and I have no relief unless he consoles me with his beautiful blue gaze.
Ape industrie, che vagando sempre vai di fior in fiore, ascolta, ascolta.	Industrious bee, who always flit from flower to flower, listen, listen.
Se lo scorgi ov'ei dimora, di' che rieda a chi l'adora, come riedi tu nel seno delle rose al primo albor.	If you find him where he is, tell him to return to his lover, as you come back to the bosom of the rose at light of dawn.

## La Statue de Bronze

La grenouille Du jeu de tonneau S'ennuie, le soir, sous la tonnelle	The frog Of the barrel game Grows weary at evening, beneath the arbor
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Elle en a assez!  
D'être la statue  
Qui va prononcer  
un grand mot: Le Mot!

She has had enough!  
Of being the statue  
Who is about to pronounce  
A great word: the Word!

Elle aimerait mieux  
être avec les autres  
Qui font des bulles de musique  
Avec le savon de la lune  
Au bord du lavoir mordoré  
Qu'on voit, là-bas,  
luire entre les branches

She would love to be  
with the others  
Who make music bubbles  
With the soap of the moon  
Beside the lustrous bronze tub  
That one sees there,  
shining between the branches

On lui lance à coeur de journée  
Une pâture de pistoles  
Qui la traversent  
sans lui profiter

At midday one hurls at her  
A feast of discs  
That pass through  
without benefit to her

Et s'en vont sonner  
Dans les cabinets  
De son piédestal numéroté

And will resound  
In the chambers  
Of her numbered pedestal!

Et le soir,  
les insectes couchent  
Dans sa bouche

And at night,  
the insects go to sleep  
In her mouth

## Daphénéo

Dis-moi, Daphénéo,  
quel est donc cet arbre  
Dont les fruits sont des  
oiseaux qui pleurent?

Tell me, Dapheneo,  
what is that tree  
The fruit of which is  
weeping birds?

Cet arbre, Chrysaline,  
est un oisetier.

That tree, Chrysaline,  
is a bird-tree.

Ah! Je croyais  
que les noisetiers  
Donnaient des  
noisettes, Daphénéo.

Ah! I believe  
that trees  
Produce hazelnuts  
Dapheneo.

Oui, Chrysaline,

Yes, Chrysaline,

les noisetiers donnent  
des noisettes,  
Mais les oisetiers  
donnent des oiseaux  
qui pleurent. Ah!

trees give  
hazelnuts,  
But bird-trees  
give weeping  
birds. Ah!

## Le Chapelier

Le chapelier s'étonne  
de constater que sa montre  
retarde de trois jours,  
Bien qu'il ait eu soin  
de la graisser toujours  
avec du beurre  
de première qualité.

The hatmaker is surprised  
to note that his watch  
is three days slow,  
Though he has taken care  
to grease it always  
with butter  
of first quality.

Mais il a laissé tomber  
des miettes de pain  
dans les rouages,  
Et il a beau plonger  
sa montre dans le thé,  
Ça ne le fera pas  
avancer davantage.

But he allowed to fall  
crumbs of bread  
into its gears,  
And though he plunged  
his watch in tea  
This will not  
advance it any further.

## La Serenata

Vola, o serenata:  
La mia diletta è sola,  
e, con la bella  
testa abbandonata,  
posa tra le lenzuola:  
O serenata, vola.

Fly, o serenade:  
My beloved is alone,  
with her beautiful  
head lying back,  
under the sheets:  
O serenade, fly.

Splende Pura la luna,  
l'ale il silenzio stende,  
e dietro i veni  
dell'alcova bruna  
la lampada s'accende.  
Pura la luna splende.

The moonlight is pure,  
wings of silence stretch out,  
and behind the veils  
of the dark alcove  
the lamp burns.  
The pure moonbeams shine.

Vola, o serenata,  
Vola, o serenata, vola.  
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Fly, o serenade,  
Fly, o serenade, fly.  
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Vola, o serenata:  
La mia diletta è sola,  
ma sorridendo ancor  
mezzo assonnata,  
torna fra  
le lenzuola:  
O serenata, vola.

Fly, o serenade:  
My beloved is alone,  
but still smiling  
while half asleep,  
she returns  
beneath the sheets:  
O serenade, fly.

L'onda sogna  
su 'l lido,  
e 'l vento  
su la fronda;  
e a' baci miei  
ricusa ancora un nido  
la mia signora bionda.  
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.

The waves dream  
on the shore,  
and the wind  
in the branches;  
and my kisses  
don't result in a nest  
by my blonde lady.  
Waves dream on the shore.

### **An Die Musik**

Du holde Kunst,  
in wieviel grauen Stunden,  
Wo mich des Lebens  
wilder Kreis umstrickt,  
Hast du mein Herz  
zu warmer Lieb entzünden,  
Hast mich in eine  
bessre Welt entrückt!

Oh sacred art,  
how oft in hours blighted,  
While into life's  
untamed cycle hurled,  
Hast thou my heart  
to warm love reignited  
To transport me  
into a better world!

Oft hat ein Seufzer,  
deiner Harf entflossen,  
Ein süsser, heiliger  
Akkord von dir  
Den Himmel besser  
Zeiten mir erschlossen,  
Du holde Kunst,

So often has a sigh  
from thy harp drifted,  
A chord from thee,  
holy and full of bliss,  
A glimpse of better times  
from heaven lifted.  
Thou sacred art,

ich danke dir dafür!

my thanks to thee for this.

## **No Time At All**

Oh, it's time to start livin'  
Time to take a little from this world we're given  
Time to take time, cause spring will turn to fall  
In just no time at all.