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Junior Recital: Jamila Drecker-Waxman,soprano, The Language of Love

Jamila Drecker-Waxman

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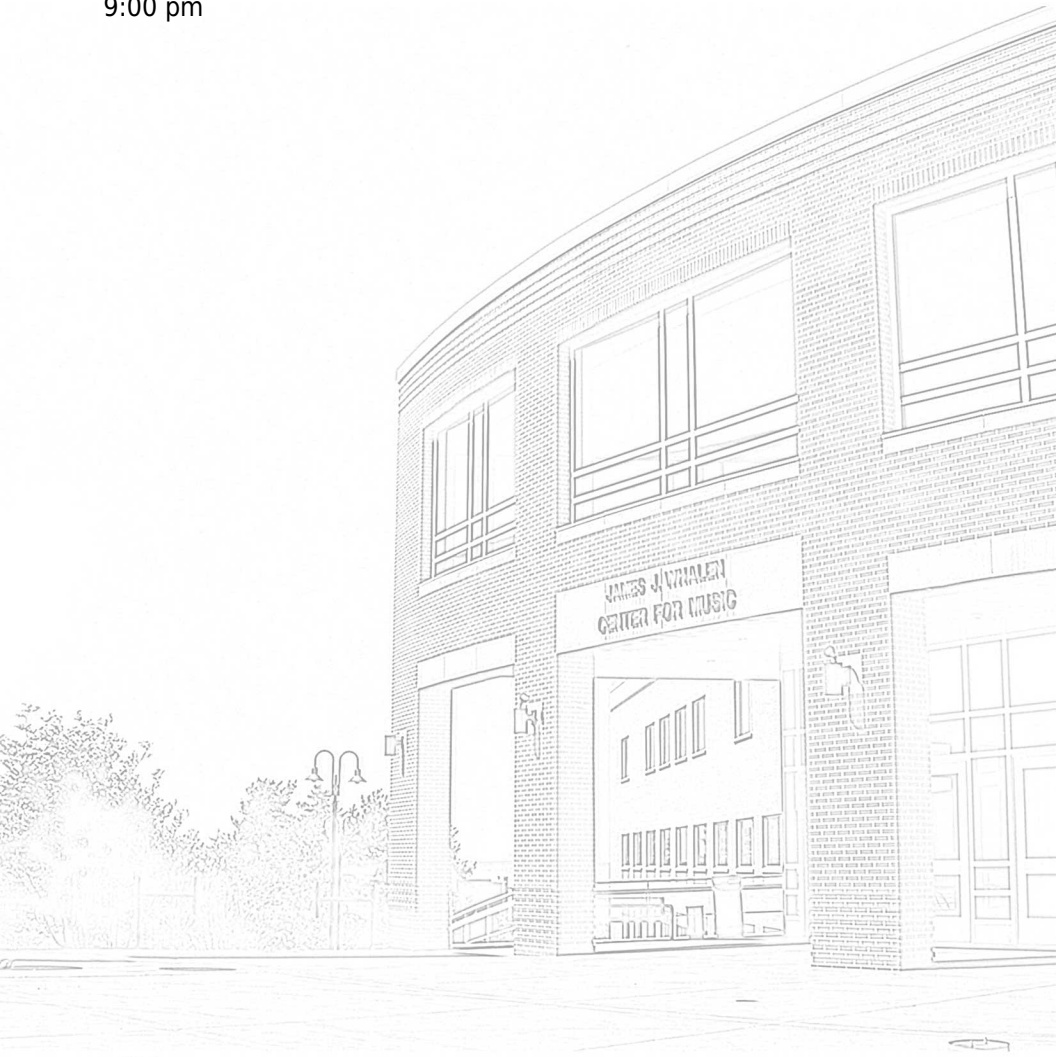
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Junior Recital: The Language of Love

Jamila Drecker-Waxman, soprano

Connor Buckley, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Thursday, March 21st, 2019
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Tornami a vagheggiar

George Friedrich Handel
(1685-1759)

La Danza

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Das Lied der Trennung

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

6 Lieder, op. 17
II. *Ständchen*
V. *Nur Mut!*

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Meine Liebe ist grün

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Intermission

Deux romances
Romance
Les cloches

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Heart, we will forget him!

Jocelyn Hagen
(b. 1981)

The Holy City

Stephen Adams
(1841-1913)

"Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém"
from *Rusalka*

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Performance.
Jamila Drecker-Waxman is from the studio of Dann Coakwell, previously from
the studio of Patrice Pastore.

Translations

Tornami a vagheggiar

Tornami a vagheggiar,

te solo vuol amar
quest'anima fedel,
caro mio bene.

Già ti donai il mio cor;
fido sarà il mio amor;
mai ti sarò crudel,
cara mia speme.

Return to passionately gaze upon
me,
this faithful soul
wishes to love you alone,
my dear beloved.

I've already given you my heart;
my love will be true;
to you I will never be cruel,
my dear hope.

La Danza

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,

mamma mia si salterà,
l'ora è bella per danzare
chi è in amor non mancherà.

Presto in danza tondo a tondo,
donne mie venite quà,
un garzon bello e giocondo
a ciascuna toccherà,
finchè in ciel brilla una stella
e la luna splenderà.
Il più bel con la più bella

tutta notte danzerà.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,

mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche
mamma mia, si salterà,
La la ra la ra

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
già s'avvanza si ritira
e all' assalto tornerà.

Serra, serra colla bionda

The moon is already high over the
sea,
mamma mia how we will leap,
the hour is perfect for dancing,
anyone in love can't miss it.

Swiftly dance around and around,
my ladies, come here,
a handsome and playful lad
will have a turn with everyone,
As long as a star sparkles in the sky
and the moon shines.
The most handsome boy with the
most beautiful girl
will dance the entire night away.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
The moon is already high over the
sea,
Mamma mia, mama mia,
Mamma mia how we will leap,
Strum, strum, strum, strum,
Mamma mia how we will leap,
La la ra la ra

Jump. jump, turn, turn,
Every couple goes in a circle,
Now advancing, now retreating,
And attack once again.

Hug the blonde girl tightly,

collabruna va quà e là,

colla rossa v' a seconda
colla smorta fermo sta!
Viva il ballo a tondo a tondo

sono un Rè, sono un Bascià,
è il più bel piacer del mondo

la più cara voluttà.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,

mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche
mamma mia, si salterà,
La la ra la ra

Go here and there with the
brunette,

Follow after the redhead,
Leave the dull one standing.
Hooray for dancing around and
around,

I am a king, I am a pasha,
It is the most beautiful pleasure in
the world,
The most dear delight.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
The moon is already high over the
sea,

Mamma mia, mama mia,
Mamma mia how we will leap,
Strum, strum, strum, strum,
Mamma mia how we will leap,
La la ra la ra

Das Lied der Trennung (The Song of Parting)

Die Engel Gottes weinen,
Wo liebende sich trennen,
Wie werd ich leben können,
O Mädchen, ohne dich?
Ein Fremdling allen Freuden,
Leb' ich fortan dem Leiden!
Und du? Und du?
Vielleicht auf ewig Vergißt Luisa
mich!
Vielleicht auf ewig Vergißt sie
mich!

Ich kann sie nicht vergessen;
Dieß Herz, von ihr geschnitten,
Scheint, seufzend, mich zu bitten:
"O Freund, gedenk' an mich!"
Ach! dein will ich gedenken,
Bis sie ins Grab mich senken.
Und du? Und du?
Vielleicht auf ewig Vergißt Luisa
mich!
Vielleicht auf ewig Vergißt sie
mich!

Vergessen raubt in Stunden,
Was Liebe Jahrlang spendet!
Wie eine Hand sich wendet,

God's angels weep
When lovers part,
How can I go on living,
Oh maiden, without you?
A stranger to all joys
Henceforth I live in sorrow!
And you? And you?
Maybe Luisa will forget me forever!
Maybe she will forget me forever!

I cannot forget her;
This heart, severed from her,
Seems to beg me, sighing:
"Oh friend, remember me!"
Alas, I will remember you,
Until they lower me in the grave.
And you? And you?
Maybe Luisa will forget me forever!
Maybe she will forget me forever!

Forgetting robs within hours,
What love bestows for years.
Like a hand turns,

So wenden Herzen sich.
Wenn neue Huldigungen
Mein Bild bey ihr verdrungen, O
Gott!
Vielleicht auf ewig Vergißt Luisa
mich!

Ach denk' an unser Scheiden!
Dieß thränenlose Schweigen,
Dieß Auf- und Niedersteigen
Des Herzens drücke dich
Wie schweres Geisterscheinen,
Wirst du wen anders meinen,
Wirst du mich einst vergessen,
Vergessen Gott und dich!

Ach denk' an unser Scheiden!
Dieß Denkmal, unter Küssen

Auf meinen Mund gebissen,
Das richte mich und dich!
Dies Denkmal auf dem Munde,
Komm' ich, zur Geisterstunde,
Mich warnend anzuzeigen,
Vergißt Luisa mich,
Vergißt sie mich.

So turns the heart.
When new courtships
Drive my image from her, O God!

Maybe Luisa will forget me forever.

Oh, think of our parting!
This tearless silence,
These ups and downs of the heart
may weigh you down
like a burdening ghost appearance,
should you think of someone else,
should you forget me one day,
forgetting God and yourself.

Oh, think of our parting!
This constant reminder, bitten
under kisses
onto my mouth,
may judge me and you!
This memento on my lips
When I come in the witching hour,
Signals a warning,
that Luisa forgets me,
that she forgets me!

Ständchen (Serenade)

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise
mein Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu
wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum
zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und
Hecken.

Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß
nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke
gelegt.
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so
sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die
Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am

Open up, open up, but softly my
dear,
So no one wakes from their
slumber.
The brook hardly murmurs, the
wind hardly shakes
A leaf on bushes or hedges.

So, softly, my maiden, so that
nothing stirs,
Just lay your hand softly on the
doorlatch.
With steps, as gentle as the
footsteps of elves,
To hop over the flowers,
Fly lightly out into the moonlit
night,
And slip out into the garden to me.
All around, the blossoms slumber

rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe
ist wach.

along the rippling brook,
And releasing their fragrance in
sleep, only love is awake.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's
geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen
erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den
Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

Sit down, here it darkens
mysteriously
Beneath the lindens,
The nightingale over our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose, when it wakes in the
morning,
Shall glow from the joyous
tremblings of the night.

Nur Mut! (Only Courage!)

Lass' das Zagen, trage mutig
Deine Sorgen, deine Qual,
Sei die Wunde noch so blutig,
Heilen wird sie doch einmal.

Leave your apprehension,
courageously bear
Your worries, your torment,
Be the wound ever so bloody,
Eventually it will heal.

Unter tiefer Eisesdecke
Träumt die junge Knospe schon,
Daß der Frühling sie erwecke
Mit der Lieder holdem Ton.

Beneath a deep blanket of ice
The young bud already dreams
That spring will awaken it
With the sound of lovely songs.

Nur empor den Blick gewendet,
Und durch düst'res Wolkengrau
Bricht zuletzt, daß es dich blendet,
Glorreich noch des Himmels Blau.

Just lift your gaze upwards,
And through the gloomy grey
clouds
Finally breaks, dazzling you,
With glory, the blue sky.

Aber auch die trüben Stunden
Und die Tränen, die du weinst,
Glaub', wie Freuden, die
entschwunden,
Süßer scheinen sie dir einst.

But the dreary hours, too,
And the tears that you weep,
Believe, like joys that have
disappeared,
They will seem all the sweeter to
you someday.

Und mit Wehmut, halb nur heiter,
Scheidest du für immerdar
Von dem Leiden, dem Begleiter,
Der so lange treu dir war.

And with melancholy, only half
cheerful,
You will part forever
From the suffering, the companion
Who, for so long, was faithful to
you.

Meine Liebe ist grün

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der
Fliederbusch,
und mein Lieb ist schön wie die
Sonne,
die glänzt wohl herab auf den
Fliederbusch
und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit
Wonne.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der
Nachtigall,
und wiegt sich in blühendem
Flieder,
und jauchzet und singet vom Duft
berauscht
viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

My love is green like the lilac bush,
And my love is beautiful like the
sun,
Which gleams down upon the lilac
bush
And fills it with fragrance and bliss.

My soul has the wings of a
nightingale,
And rocks itself in blooming lilac,
And, intoxicated by the fragrance,
cheers and sings
many love-drunk songs.

Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lys?

N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?...

The vanishing and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the soul scented
Of divine lilies that I have picked
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds
chased it,
This lovely soul of lilies?

Is there no longer a perfume that
remains
Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you enveloped
me
In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

Les cloches (The Bells)

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des branches délicatement. Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches, dans le ciel clément.	The leaves opened along the edge of the branches Delicately. The bells tolled, light and free, In the clear sky.
Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne, ce lointain appel Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne des fleurs de l'autel.	Rhythmically and fervently, like an antiphon, This distant call Reminded me of the Christian whiteness Of altar flowers.
Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années, et, dans le grand bois, Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées, des jours d'autrefois.	These bells spoke of happy years, And in the great forest they seemed To turn green again the withered leaves Of days gone by.

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém (Song to the Moon)

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém, světlo tvé daleko vidí, po světě bloudíš širokém, díváš se v příbytky lidí.	Oh, moon in the deep heavens, your light sees far away, around the wide world you wander, you look into the dwellings of people.
Měsíčku, postůj chvíli, řekni mi, kde je můj milý?	Oh moon, stand still for a while, tell me, where is my beloved.
Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku, mé že jej objímá rámě, aby si alespoň chvíličku, vzpomenul ve snění na mě. Zasvěť mu do daleka, řekni mu, kdo tu naň čeká!	Tell him, oh silvery moon, that my arms embrace him, so that he, at least for a little while, might remember me in his dreams. Give him light far away, give him light tell him, tell who waits here for him!
O mně-li duše lidská sní, ať se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí! Měsíčku, nezasni!	Oh if his human soul dreams of me, let this remembrance awaken him! Oh, moon, do not disappear!

Trans. Timothy Cheek