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Junior Recital: Reasons to Breathe: Sage Stoakley, soprano

Sage Stoakley

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Reasons to Breathe
Junior Recital: Sage Stoakley, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano
Gillian Kroll, guitar

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, November 10th, 2018
2:00 pm
Program

Sei Ariette
I. Ombra Amene
V. Ad altro laccio
VI. Di due bell' anime

Gillian Kroll, guitar

Das Bächlein
Allerseelen
Ich Trage Meine Minne

"Volta la terrea"
from Un Ballo In Maschera

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Giuseppi Verdi
(1813-1901)

Intermission

Ariettes Oubliées
I. C'est L'extase
V. Aquarelles Green
IV. Paysages belges. Chevaux de Bois

Amor

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

William Bolcom
(b. 1938)

Unusual Way

Maury Yeston
(b. 1982)

I Hadn't Anyone Till You

Ray Noble
(1903-1978)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Performance and Music Education. Sage Stoakley is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.
Translations

Ombra Amene

Ombre amene,  Pleasant shades,
Amiche piante, friendly trees,
Il mio bene, Il caro amante, my beloved, my dear friend,
Chi mi dice ove n'andò? who can tell me where he went?

Zeffiretto lusinghiero, Flattering little breeze,
A lui vola messaggiero, fly to him as a messenger,
Dì'che torni e che mi renda say to return and to give me
Quella pace che non ho. that peace that I do not have.

Ad altro laccio

Ad altro laccio At another lasso
vedersi in braccio see each other in your arms,
in un momento, in a moment,
la dolce amica, the sweet friend,
se sia tormento, if it's torment,
per me lo dica for me to say it
chi lo provò who tried it.

Rendi a quel core Make that core
la sua catena, his chain,
tiranno amore, tyrant love,
ché in tanta pena what a pity
viver non so, no! no! I do not know, no! no!

Ad altro laccio At another lasso
vedersi in braccio see each other in your arms,
in un momento, in a moment,
la dolce amica, the sweet friend,
se sia tormento, if it's torment,
per me lo dica for me to say it
chi lo provò who tried it.
Di due bell'anime

Of two beautiful animations, which love plagued the tender affections turbar does not want, enjoy placid in the love of Sen.

Oh se fedele fosse così, the cruel one that hurt me, meco men barbaro saresti you be loved!

C'est L'extase

It is the langorous ecstatic, It is the fatigue after love, It is the fatigue after love, It is the rustling of the wood, In the embrace of breezes; It is near the gray branches: A chorus of tiny voices.

Oh, what a frail and fresh murmur! It babbles and whispers, It resembles the soft noise That waving grass exhales. You might say it were, under the bending stream, The muffled sound of rolling pebbles.

This soul, which laments And this dormant moan, It is ours, is it not? Is it not mine -- tell me -- and yours,

Whose humble anthem we breathe

On this mild evening, so very quietly?
Chevaux de Bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois, Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours, Tournez souvent et tournez toujours, Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

Turn, turn, good horses of wood, turn a hundred turns, turn a thousand turns, turn often and turn always, turn, turn to the sound of the oboes.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche, Le gars en noir et la fille en rose, L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose, Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

The red-faced child and pale mother, the boy in black and the girl in pink, the one pursuing and the other posing, each getting a penny's worth of Sunday fun.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur, Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois Clignote l'œil du filou sournois, Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts, while all around your turning squints the sly pickpocket's eye -- turn to the sound of the victorious cornet.

C'est étonnant comme ça vous souûle D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête Bien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête, Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

It is astonishing how it intoxicates you to go around this way in a stupid circle, plenty in the tummy and aching in the head, very sick and having lots of fun.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin D'user jamais de nuls éperons Pour commander à vos

Turn, wooden horses, with no need ever to use spurs to command you to gallop
galops ronds
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez !
Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.

Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.

Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,

around, turn, turn, with no hope for hay.

And hurry, horses of their souls--
hear the supper bell already,

the night that is falling and chasing the troop
of merry drinkers, famished by their thirst.

Turn, turn!
The velvet sky
is slowly clothed
with golden stars.

Turn, to the happy sound of drums.

Green

Here are some fruit, some flowers, some leaves and some branches,
And then here is my heart, which beats only for you.

Do not rip it up with your two white hands,
And may the humble present be sweet in your beautiful eyes!

I arrive all covered in dew,
Which the wind of morning comes to freeze on my forehead.

Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

On your young breast allow my head to rest,
Still ringing with your last kisses;
Let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,
And let me sleep a little, since you are resting.

**Das Bächlein**

Du Bächlein, silberhell und klar,
Du eilst vorüber immerdar,
Am Ufer steh' ich, sinn' und sinn',
Wo kommst du her? Wo gehst du hin?

You brooklet, silver-bright and clear,
You hurry past forever;
I stand on the bank, ponder and ponder,
Whence do you come? Whither do you go?

Ich komm' aus dunkler Felsen Schoß,
Mein Lauf geht über Blum' und Moos;
Auf meinem Spiegel schwebt so mild
Des blauen Himmels freundlich Bild.

I come from the womb of dark rocks,
My path leads over flowers and moss;
Upon my mirror-like surface there hovers so gently
the kindly image of the blue heavens.

Drum hab' ich frohen Kindersinn;
Es treibt mich fort, weiß nicht wohin.
Der mich gerufen aus dem Stein,
Der, denk ich, wird mein Führer sein.

Therefore I have a merry childlike spirit;
It drives me onward, I know not whither.
He who called me forth from the rock,
He, I think, shall be my guide.
Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden, Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei, Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden, Wie einst im Mai.

Bring in the mignonettes' fragrant spires, the last red asters on the table lay, and let again us speak of love's desires, like once in May.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei, Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke, Wie einst im Mai.

Give me your hand in furtive, sweet advances - if people see it, mind not what they say: Give me just one of your delighting glances, like once in May.

Es blüht und duftet heute auf jedem Grabe, Ein Tag im Jahre ist jaden Toten frei, Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe, Wie einst im Mai.

Today the graves are full of lights and flowers, one day a year the dead shall hold their sway: Spend on my heart again those lovely hours, like once in May.

Ich Trage Meine Minne

Ich trage meine Minne Vor Wonne stumm Im Herzen und im Sinne Mit mir herum. Ja, daß ich dich gefunden, Du liebes Kind, Das freut mich alle Stunde, Die mir beschieden sind.

I bear my love Silent with joy, In my heart and in my mind With me everywhere. Yes, that I have found you, Beloved one, Will delight me every hour That has been granted to me.

Ob auch der Himmel trübe, Kohlschwarz die Nacht, Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe Goldsonn'ge Pracht.

Though the sky is gloomy, And the night is as black as coal, My love shines brightly, With the splendor of sunny gold.
Und liegt die Welt in Sünden,  And although the world is full
So tut mir's weh  of sin,
-- Die arge muß erblinden  Which makes me sad,
Vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.  The evil must be blinded
By your innocence, pure as

snow.

Volta La Terrea

Volta la terrea  I wish to defend her.
Fronte alle stelle  When she turns
Come sfavilla  her dusky brow to the stars
La sua pupilla,  how her eyes flash, like
Quando alle belle  lightning,
Il fin predice  as she foretells the course
Mesto o felice  of their loves
dei loro amor!  to the belles of the town,
È con Lucifero  be it happy or sad!
D’acordo ognor!  With Lucifer himself

Chi la profetica  she has a pact!
Sua gonna afferra,  Whoever touches
O passi ‘I mare, ’ her prophetic gown,
Voli alla guerra,  whether he plans to cross the
Le sue vicende  sea
Soavi, amare  or go off to war,
Da questa apprende  his future, his fortunes,
Nel dubbio cor.  be they bitter or sweet,
È con Lucifero  his doubting heart
D’accordo ognor!  will learn from her,

it is with Lucifer himself
she has a pact!