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## Senior Recital: Magdalyn Chauby, soprano

Magdalyn Chauby

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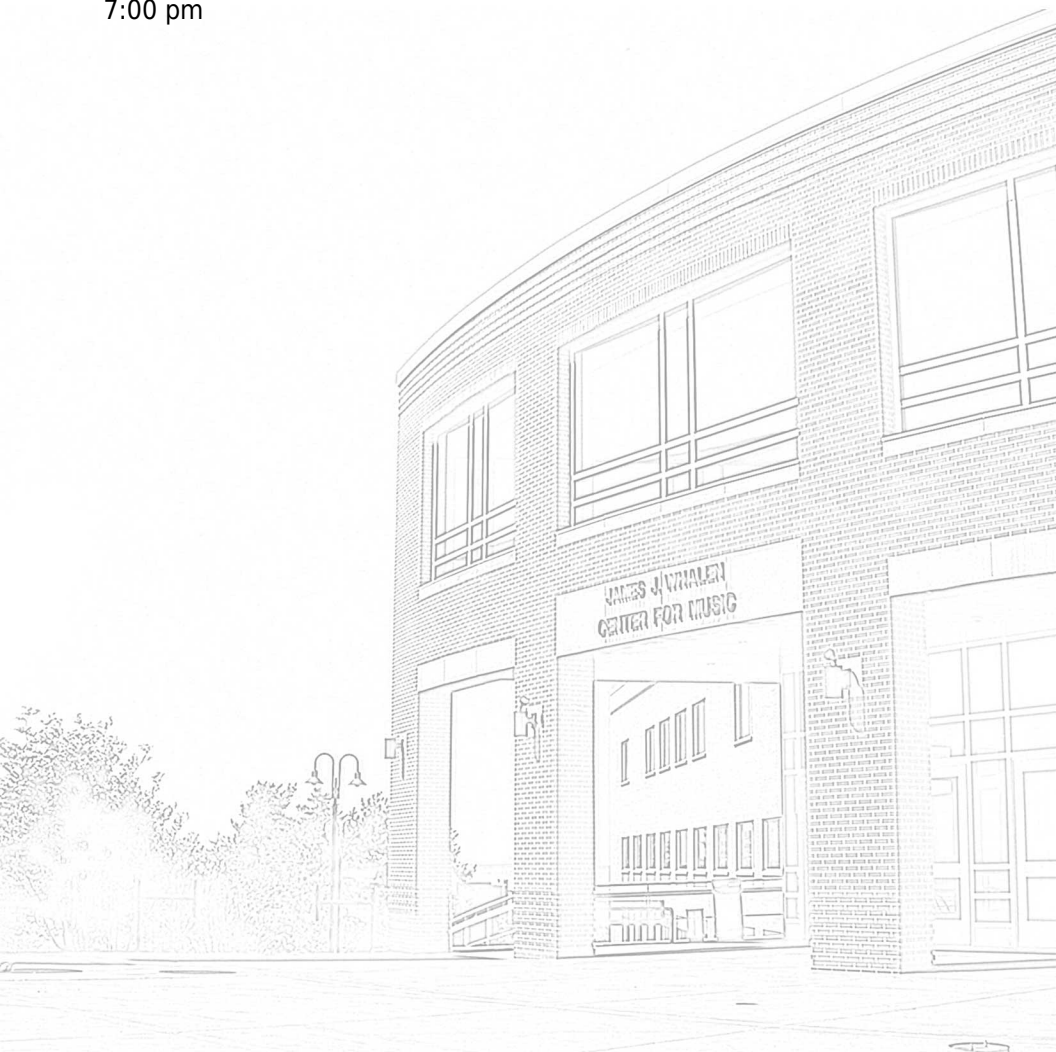
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**Senior Recital:**  
Magdalyn Chauby, soprano

Oliver Scott, piano

Ford Hall  
Thursday, October 4th, 2018  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

*La zingara*

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

*La fioraia fiorentina*

Gioachino Rossini  
(1792-1868)

*Les filles de Cadix*

Léo Delibes  
(1836-1891)

*Chanson triste*  
*L'invitation au voyage*

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

## Intermission

Brettli-Lieder (Selections)  
*Gigerlette*  
*Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien*  
*Jedem das Seine*

Arnold Schoenberg  
(1874-1951)

*Knoxville: Summer of 1915*

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

## Translations

### La zingara

La zingara!	The gypsy-girl!
Fra l'erbe cosparse di rorido gelo, coverta del solo gran manto del cielo, mia madre esultando la vita mi diè.	On the grass sprinkled with frozen dew, Covered by only the large mantle of the sky, My mother recjoicing my life to me gave.
Fanciulla, sui greppi le capre e mulai; per ville e citta di, cresciuta, danzai, le dame lor palme distesero a me.	A young girl on the cliffs, the goats I emulated Through town and cities I grew up, I danced The ladies, their palms extended to me.
La ra la, la ra la, la zingara, la zingara.	La ra la, la ra la, The gypsy girl, the gypsy girl.
lo loro predissi le cose non note, ne feci dolenti, ne feci beate, segreti conobbi di sdegno, d'amor.	For them, I would predict things not noticed, Some I made sad, some I made happy, secrets I knew, of anger, of love.
Un giorno la mano mi porse un donzello; mai visto non fummi garzone, garzone pi ù bello; oh! s'ei nella destra leggesse mi il cor!	One day a hand to me was offered, a page Never had I seen a boy more handsome, Oh! if he in his right hand would read to me my heart!

### La fioraia fiorentina (The Flower Girl of Florence)

I più bei fior comprate, fanciulle amantie spose: son fresche le mie rose, non spiran che l'amor.	The most beautiful flowers buy Young-boys loving and spouses: Fresh are my roses, They will not die like love.
Ahimè! Soccorso implora, mia madre, poveretta, e da me sola aspetta del pan e non dell'or.	Alas! Help implores, my mother, poor thing, and from me she only expects bread, and not gold.

### Les filles de Cadix (The Maids of Cadix)

Nous venion de voir le taureau,	We just came from watching the bull fight
Trois garçons, trois filettes, Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,	Three boys, three girls, On the beautiful lawn

Et nous dansions un bolero  
Au son des castagnettes:

Dites moi, voisin,  
Si j'ai bonne mine,  
Et si ma basquine  
Va bien ce matin.

Vous me trouvez la taille fine?  
Ah! Les filles de Cadix aiment assez  
cela!

Et nous dansion un boléro,  
Un soir, c'était dimanche,  
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo,  
Cousu d'or la plume auchapeau,  
Et le poing sur la hanche:

Si tu veux de moi,  
Brune au doux sourire,  
Tu n'as qu' à le dire,  
Cet or est à toi.

Passez votre chemin, beau sire,  
Ah! Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas  
cela!

We danced a bolero  
To the sound of hte castanets:

Tell me, neighbor,  
If I have good-looks,  
And if my skirt  
Is becoming this morning.

Do you think my waist looks slender?  
Ah! The daughters of Cadix love that a  
lot!

And we were dancing a bolero,  
One evening, on a Sunday,  
Towards us there came a nobleman,  
A gold feather stitched into his hat  
And a fist on his hip:

If you want of me,  
Brunette with the sweet smile,  
you do not have but to say,  
And this gold is for you.

Go on your way, handsome sir,  
Ah! The daughters of Cadix do not listen  
to that!

### Chanson triste (Sad Song)

Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune,  
Un doux clair de lune d'été,  
Et pour fuir la vie importune  
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,  
Mon amour, quand tu berceras  
Mon triste coeur et mes pensées  
Dans le malme aimant de tes bras!

Tu prendras ma tête malade  
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,  
Et lui diras une ballade,  
Qui semblera parler de nous,

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,  
Dans tes yeux alor je boirai  
Tant de baisers et de tendresses  
Que peutêtre je guérirai...

In your heart slumbers the light of the  
moon,  
a gentle light of the summer moon,  
and to escape troublesome life  
I myself shall drown in your light.

I shall forget the sorrows past,  
My love, when you cradle  
My sad heart and thoughts  
In the calm loving of your arms!

You will take my ailing head  
Oh! sometimes on your lap  
and tell a ballad,  
That will seem to speak of us,

And from your eyes, full of sorrow,  
From your eyes I shall drink  
Many kisses and tenderness  
That perhaps I shall be healed...

## L'invitation au voyage (The Invitation to Travel)

Mon enfant, ma soeur,  
Songe à la douceur  
D'aller l' à bas vivre ensemble!  
Aimer à loisir,  
Aimer et mourir  
Au pays qui te ressemble!

Les soleils mouillés  
De ces ciels brouillés  
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes  
Si mystérieux  
De tes traites yeux,  
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux  
Dormir ces vaisseaux  
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;  
C'est pour assouvir  
Ton moindre désir  
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants  
Revêtent les champs,  
Les canaux, la ville entière,  
D'hyacinthe et d'or;  
Le monde s'endort  
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté.

My child, my sister,  
Dream of the sweetness  
Of going down there to live together!  
To love at leisure,  
To love and to die  
In a country that you resemble!

The sun is watery  
Those skies hazy  
For my spirit has the charms  
As mysterious  
As your traitorous eyes  
Shining through your tears.

There nothing is but order and beauty,  
Abundance of calm and sensual delight.

See on those canals  
Sleeping are those vessels  
Whose nature it is to roam  
It is to fulfill  
Your slightest desire  
They have come from the ends of the  
earth.

The sunset  
Covers the fields  
The canals, and the town entirely  
With hyacinth and with gold;  
The world falls to sleep  
In a warm light.

There, all is nothing but order and  
beauty  
Abundance of calm and sensual delight.

## Gigerlette

Fräulein Gigerlette lud mich ein zum  
Tee.  
Ihre Toilette war gestimmt auf Schnee;  
Ganz wie Pierrette war sie angetan.  
Selbst ein Mönch, ich wette, sähe  
Gigerlette  
wohlgefällig an.

War ein rotes Zimmer, drin sie mich  
empfang  
gelber Kerzenschimmer in dem raume  
hing.  
Und sie war wie immer Leben und

Miss Gigerlette invited me in for tea.

Her clothing was certainly of snow;  
Just like Pierrot was she done-up.  
Even a monk, I wager would at  
Gigerlette  
with pleasure.

It was in a red room in which she  
received me  
Yellow candlelight in the room hung.  
And she was, as always, full of life and

Esprit.  
Nie vergess ichs, nimmer weinrot war  
das Zimmer  
blütenweiss war sie.

Und im Trab mit Vieren fuhren wir zu  
zweit  
in das Land spazieren, das heisst  
Heiterkeit.  
Dass wir nicht verlieren Zügel, Ziel und  
Lauf,  
sass bei dem Kutschieren mit den  
heissen Vieren  
Amor hinten auf.

spirit.  
I will never forget wine-red was the  
room  
Blossom white was she.

And at a trot with four horses drove we  
together  
Strolling in that land that is called  
delight.  
That we not lose rein, goal, and course  
Sat with the coachmen with the hot four  
horses  
Cupid behind sat.

### **Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien (Aria from the Mirror of Arcadia)**

Seit ich so viele Weiber sah,  
schlägt mir mein Herz so warm,  
es summt und brummt mir immer dar,  
als wie ein Bienenschwarm.

Und ist ihr Feuer meinem gleich,  
ihr Auge schön und klar,  
so schlägt als wie ein Hammerstreich  
mein Herzchen immerdar.

Bum, bum, bum.

Ich wünschte tausend Weiber mir,  
wenn's recht den Göttern wär;  
da tanzt ich wie ein Murmelthier  
in's Kreuz und in die Quer.

Das wär ein Leben auf der Welt,  
da wollt' ich lustig sein,  
ich hüpfte wie ein Haas durch's Feld  
und's herz schlug immerdrein.

Bum, bum, bum.

Wer Weiber nicht zu schätzen weiss;  
ist weder kalt noch warm,  
und liegt als wie ein Brocken Eis  
in eines Mädchens Arm.

Da bin ich schon ein andrer Mann,  
ich spring' um sie herum;  
mein Herz klopft froh an ihrem an  
und machet bum, bum, bum.

Since I have seen so many women,  
My heart beats so passionately,  
It hums and buzzes in my always,  
Just like a swarm of bees.

And if her fire to mine is equal,  
Her eyes beautiful and clear,  
So beats like a hammer-stroke,  
My little heart ever forth.

Boom, boom, boom.

I would wish a thousand women for me,  
If right the gods were;  
Then I would dance like a marmot,  
In the cross and in the sideways.

That would be a life in the world,  
Then would I joyful be,  
I would hop like a hare through the field,  
And my heart would beat always with it.

Boom, boom, boom.

Those who do not know to treasure  
women,  
Are neither cold nor warm,  
And lay like a chunk of ice,  
In a woman's arms.

But I am, however, a different man  
I spring about them,  
My heart beats happily on their's  
And makes boom, boom, boom.

## Jedem das Seine (To Each His Own)

Ebenes Paradefeld  
Kasper in der Mitte hält  
hoch auf seinem Gaul.

On the level parade ground,  
Kasper in the middle holds,  
High on his old-nag.

König, Herzog um ihn rum,  
gegenüber Publicum,  
Regimenter bum, bum, bum,  
Das marchiert nicht faul.

King and Duke, around him,  
Opposite the public,  
Regimental boom, boom, boom,  
That is not being marched lazily.

Luft sich voller Sonne trinkt,  
Helm und Bayonett das blinkt,  
sprüht und gleisst und glänzt.

The air itself full of sun drinks,  
helmet and bayonet flashes,  
sparkle and blaze and shine.

Schattiger Tribünensitz,  
Bravo! Hurrah! Ulk und Witz.  
Operngläser Augenblitz.  
Hin und her scharwenzt.

Shady grassland,  
Bravo! Hurrah! jokes and quips,  
Opera glasses and eyes shining.  
Back and forth, dancing to attendance.

Neben mir wer mag das sein  
reizend nicht so furchtbar fein,  
doch entzückend schick.

Next to me, who could that be,  
Charming, not so terribly fine,  
But delightfully stylish.

Wird man kritisch angeschaut,  
heimlich ist man doch erbaut,  
und die Hüfte sehr vertraut  
kuppelt die Musik.

Will one critically observe,  
However, secretly one is aroused,  
And the hips very intimately  
Coupled to the music.

Kasper nimm was dir gebührt,  
und die Truppe recht geführt,  
schütze dich und uns.

Kasper take what to you is deserved,  
And the troops rightly lead,  
Protect yourself and us.

Aber jetzt ge lieber Schatz,  
schleunig vom Paradeplatz.  
Hinterm Wall ein Plätzchen hat's  
fern von Hinz und Kunz.

But now dearest sweetheart,  
Quickly from the paradeground.  
Behind the wall is a little place  
far from "all and sundry".

Und da strecken wir uns hin,  
ich und meine Nachbarin,  
weither tönt's Trara.

And the stretch we ourselves out  
I and my neighbor  
With the distant sounds.

Welche Lust Soldat zu sein,  
welche Lust es nicht zu sein,  
wenn still fein allein zu zwein wir

What a pleasure to be a soldier,  
What a pleasure to not be one,  
When quietly fine alone in twos we

et cetera...

Et cetera...



## Knoxville: Summer of 1915

It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession of the trees, of birds hung havens, hangars. People go by; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt; a loud auto; a quiet auto; people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard and starched milk, the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squarred with clowns in hueless amber. A street car raising its iron moan; stopping, belling and starting; stertorous; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past, the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks; the iron whine rises on rising speed; still risen, faints; halts; the faint stinging bell; rises again, still fainter, fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone: forgotten. Now is the night one blue dew.

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose. Low on the length of lawns, a frailing of fire who breathes. Parents on porches: rock and rock: From damp strings morning glories: hang their ancient faces. The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums.

On the rough wet grass of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts. We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there. They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet, of nothing in particular, of nothing at all. The stars are wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and they seem very near. All my people are larger bodies than mine, with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds. One is an artist, he is living at home. One is a musician, she is living at home. One is my mother who is good to me. One is my father who is good to me. By some chance, here they are, all on this earth; and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth, lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the night. May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father, oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble; and in the hour of their taking away

After a little I am taken in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her: and those receive me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well-beloved in that home: but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever; but will not ever tell me who I am