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Joint Junior Recital: Hope Kovera, soprano & Connor Curry, baritone

Hope Kovera

Connor Curry

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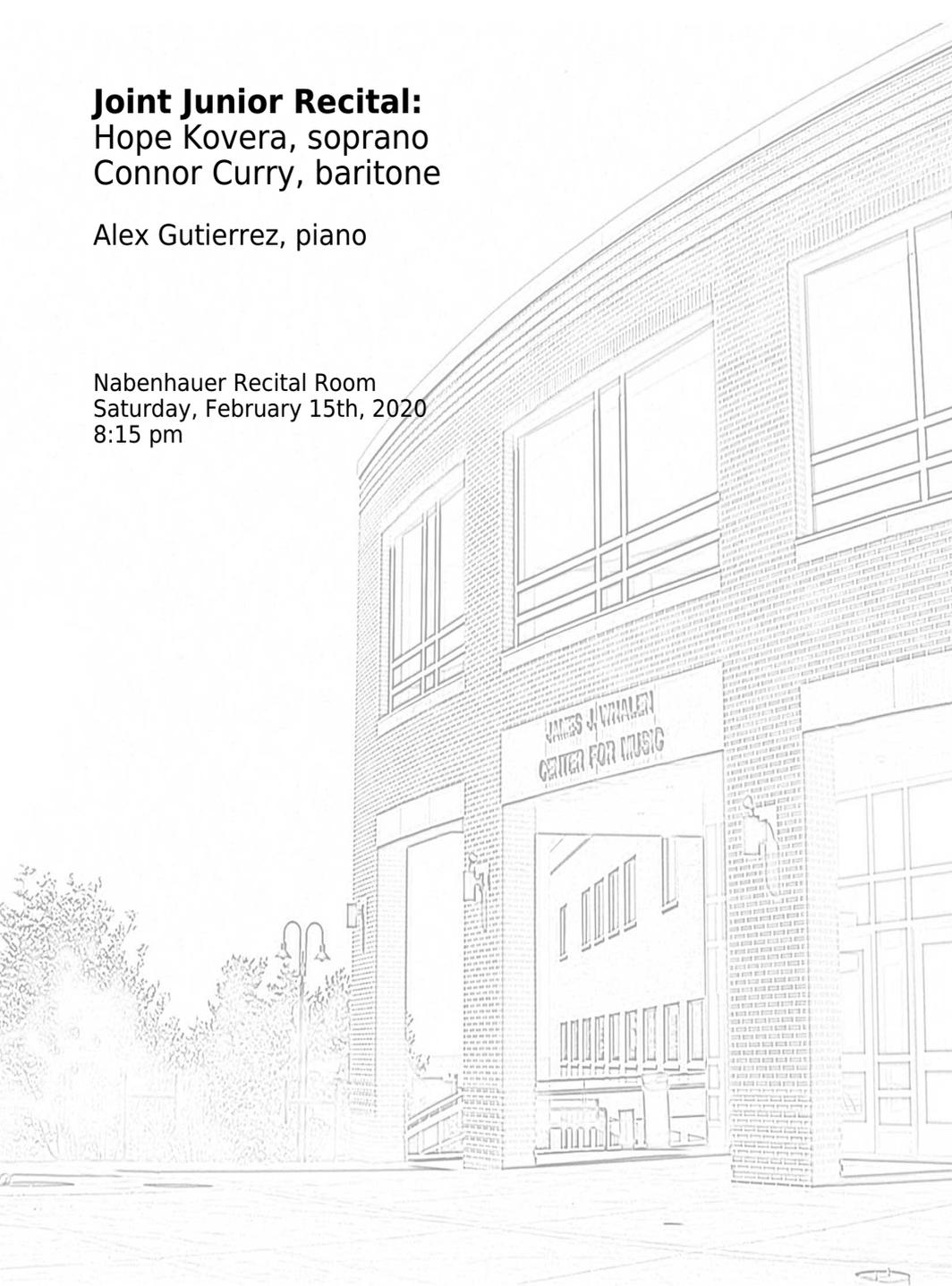
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Joint Junior Recital:
Hope Kovera, soprano
Connor Curry, baritone

Alex Gutierrez, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Saturday, February 15th, 2020
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Chi sà, chi sà, qual sia"

from Il burbero di buon cuore

Hope Kovera

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

Aria di Castagna

from Il burbero di buon cuore

Connor Curry

Vicente Martin y Soler

(1754-1806)

Automne, op. 18, no. 3

Le Secret, op. 23, no. 3

Chanson D'Amour, op. 27, no. 1

Hope Kovera

Gabriel Fauré

(1845-1924)

Winterreise, D. 911, op. 98

I. *Gute Nacht*

II. *Die Wetterfahne*

III. *Gefrorne Tränen*

Connor Curry

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Intermission

Loveliest of Trees
The Bird
A Piper

Hope Kovera

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair
Lordly Hudson

Connor Curry

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

Marian the Librarian

My White Night

Till There Was You

Connor Curry

Hope Kovera

Hope Kovera and Connor Curry

Meredith Willson
(1902-1984)

Translations

Chi sà, chi sà, qual sia

Chi sa, chi sa, qual sia
l'affanno del mio bene,
se sdegno, gelosia,
timor, sospetto, amor.
Voi che sapete, o Dei,
I puri affetti miei,
Voi questo dubbio amaro
Toglietemi dal cor.

Who knows what may be
the anguish of my beloved
if (it be) wrath, jealousy,
fear, suspicion, love.
You that know, oh gods,
pure affections my,
take away this bitter
doubt from my heart.

© 1966 Daniel Harris

Aria di Castagna

Son trent'anni che porto livrea;
è il mestier che mio padre faceva.
Non studiai la moral, la politica;
anzi appena so far l'abbicì.

Pur in fondo un uom dotto mi
credo
e a un filosofo nulla la cedo
per le cose imparate per pratica,
miglior libro che s'abbia oggidì.

Ho imparato il necessario
dal bisogno imaginario
con criterio a separar,
e la spesa col'entrata,
per non far qualche fritatta,
sempre, sempre a misurar.

Ho imparato a non far debiti,
perche arriva il pagherò.
So ber acqua e mangiar cavoli
se capponi e vin non ho.

I have been in livery for thirty
years;
it is the job my father had.
I have not studied morals or
politics;
indeed I can barely read.

Yet at heart I think myself a
learned man
and can stand up to a philosopher
for the things I have learnt in
practice
the best book to be had today.

I have learnt
how to distinguish,
wisely, need from fancy
and, to avoid all mishaps,
to measure
expenses against income.

I have learnt not to make debts,
for the IOU will always come.
I can drink water and eat cabbage
if I have no capons and wine.

Poi se vien qualche disgrazia,
qualche spesa affatto incerta,
ho un padron che non si sazia,
colla borsa sempre aperta,
d' aiutarmi in quel che può.

Then if some misfortune should
befall me,
some uncertain expense,
I have a master who is never
weary,
his purse is always open,
and he helps me as he can.

Automne

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux horizons navrants.
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler, comme l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Autumn, time of misty skies and heart-breaking horizons,
of rapid sunsets and pale dawns,
I watch your melancholy days
flow past like a torrent.

Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits emportés,
Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge renaisse!
Parcourent, en rêvant, les coteaux enchantés,
Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse!

My thoughts borne off on the wings of regret
(as if our time could ever be relived!)
dreamingly wander the enchanted slopes
where my youth once used to smile.

Je sens, au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur,
Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées,
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en mon coeur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

In the bright sunlight of triumphant memory
I feel the scattered roses reblooming in bouquets;
and tears well up in my eyes,
tears which my heart at twenty had already forgotten!

Le Secret

Je veux que le matin l'ignore	I want the morning not to know
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,	the name that I told to the night;
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,	in the dawn wind, silently,
Comme un larme il s'évapore.	may it evaporate like a teardrop.
Je veux que le jour le proclame	I want the day to proclaim
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,	the love that I hid from the morning,
Et sur mon coeur ouvert penché	and (bent over my open heart)
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.	to set it aflame, like a grain of incense.
Je veux que le couchant l'oublie	I want the sunset to forget
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour,	the secret I told to the day,
Et l'emporte avec mon amour,	and to carry it away with my love
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!	in the folds of its pale robe!

© 2001 by Peter Low

Chanson D'Amour

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,	I love your eyes, I love your brow,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,	O my rebel, O my wild one,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche	I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.	Where my kisses shall dissolve.
J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange	I love your voice, I love the strange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,	Charm of all you say,

Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher
ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

O my rebel, O my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise.

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes
cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes
vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

I love all that makes you
beautiful
From your feet to your hair,
O you the object of all my
VOWS,
O my wild one, O my rebel.

© 2000 Richard Stokes

Gute Nacht - Good Night

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,
Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus.
Der Mai war mir gewogen
Mit manchem Blumenstrauß.

As a stranger I arrived,
As a stranger again I leave.
May was kind to me
With many bunches of flowers.

Das Mädchen sprach von
Liebe,
Die Mutter gar von Eh' -

The girl spoke of love,
Her mother even of marriage, -

Nun ist die Welt so trübe,
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.

Now the world is bleak,
The path covered by snow.

Ich kann zu meiner Reisen
Nicht wählen mit der Zeit:
Muß selbst den Weg mir
weisen
In dieser Dunkelheit.
Es zieht ein Mondenschatten

I cannot choose the time
Of my departure;
I must find my own way

In this darkness.
With a shadow cast by the
moonlight

Als mein Gefährte mit,
Und auf den weißen Matten
Such' ich des Wildes Tritt.

As my traveling companion
I'll search for animal tracks
On the white fields.

Was soll ich länger weilen,
Das man mich trieb' hinaus?

Why should I linger, waiting
Until I am driven out?

Laß irre Hunde heulen
Vor ihres Herren Haus!
Die Liebe liebt das Wandern,
Gott hat sie so gemacht -
Von Einem zu dem Andern -
Fein Liebchen, gute Nacht!

Let stray dogs howl
Outside their master's house;
Love loves to wander
God has made her so
From one to the other.
Dear love, good night!

Will dich im Traum nicht
stören,
Wär' Schad' um deine Ruh',
Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören
-
Sacht, sacht die Thüre zu!
Schreib im Vorübergehen
An's Thor dir: gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen
an dich hab ich gedacht.

I will not disturb you in your
dreaming,
It would be a pity to disturb
your rest;
You shall not hear my
footsteps
Softly, softly shut the door!
On my way out
I'll write "Good Night" on the
gate,
So that you may see
That I have thought of you.

Translation by Arthur Rishi

Die Wetterfahne - The Weathervane

Der Wind spielt mit der
Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen Liebchens
Haus.
Da dacht' ich schon in meinem
Wahne,
Sie piff' den armen Flüchtling
aus.

The wind plays with the
weathervane
Atop my beautiful beloved's
house.
In my delusion I thought
It was whistling at the poor
fugitive.

Er hätt' es eher bemerken
sollen,
Des Hauses aufgestecktes
Schild,
So hätt' er nimmer suchen
wollen
Im Haus' ein treues Frauenbild.

If he had seen it before,
The crest above the house,
Then he never would have
looked for
A woman's fidelity in that
house.

Der Wind spielt drinnen mit
den Herzen,
Wie auf dem Dach, nur nicht
so laut.
Was fragen sie nach meinen
Schmerzen?
Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.

The wind plays with hearts
within
As on the roof, but not so
loudly.
What is my suffering to them?
Their child is a rich bride.

Translation by Arthur Rishi

Gefrorne Tränen - Frozen Tears

Gefrorne Tropfen fallen
Von meinen Wangen ab:
Ob es mir denn entgangen,
Daß ich geweinet hab'?

Frozen tear drops fall
from my cheeks:
Can it be that, without
knowing it,
I have been weeping?

Ei Thränen, meine Thränen,
Und seid ihr gar so lau,
Daß ihr erstarrt zu Eise,
Wie kühler Morgenthau?

O tears, my tears,
are you so lukewarm,
That you turn to ice
like cold morning dew?

Und dringt doch aus der Quelle

Yet you spring from a source,

Der Brust so glühend heiß,
Als wolltet ihr zerschmelzen
Des ganzen Winters Eis.

my breast, so burning hot,
As if you wanted to melt
all of the ice of winter!

Translation by Arthur Rishi

Loveliest of Trees

Loveliests of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

© 1896 Alfred Edward Hausman

The Bird

O clear and musical,
Sing again! Sing again!
Hear the rain fall
Through the long night.
Bring me your song again,
O dear delight!

O dear and comforting,
Mine again! Mine again!
Hear the rain sing
And the dark rejoice!
Shine like a spark again,
O clearest voice

© 1932 Elinor Wylie

A Piper

A piper in the streets today set up,
and tuned, and started to play,
And away, away,
away on the tide of his music we started;
on ev'ry side Doors and windows were opened wide,
[And men left down their work and came,]
And women with petticoats coloured [like] flame.
And little bare feet that were blue with cold
went dancing back to the age of gold,
And all the world went gay, went gay
For half an hour in the [street] today.

© 1908 Seumus O'Sullivan

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne like a vapor, on the summer air:
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er:
Oh! I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapor on the soft summer air.

I long for Jeanie with the day dawn smile,
Radiant in gladness, warm winning guile;
I hear her melodies, like joys gone by,
Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die:
Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain,
Wailing for the lost one that comes not again:
Oh! I long for Jeanie and my heart bows low,
Nevermore to find here where the bright waters flow.

© 1854 Stephen Foster

The Lordly Hudson

"Driver, what stream is it?"
I asked, well knowing
it was our lordly Hudson hardly flowing.
"It is our lordly Hudson hardly flowing," he said,
"under the green-grown cliffs."

Be still, heart!
No one needs your passionate suffrage
to select this glory-
this is our lordly Hudson hardly flowing
under the green-grown cliffs.

"Driver has this a peer in Europe or the East?"
"No, no!" He said. Home! Home!

Be quiet, heart!
This is our lordly Hudson
and has no peer in Europe or the East;
this is our lordly Hudson hardly flowing
under the green-grown cliffs

And has no peer in Europe or the East;
be quiet, heart! Home! Home!

© 1947 Paul Goodman

The Music Man – Synopsis

There's trouble in River City! When smooth-talking con man Harold Hill arrives in a small, tight-knit town in Iowa, he expects to dupe its residents with his elaborate moneymaking scheme: Despite his complete lack of musical literacy, he will convince everyone that he is a brilliant bandleader and recruit all the boys in town to form a band, pocketing the cash for instruments and uniforms. The problem? Some of the town members, especially the stern librarian, Marian Paroo, don't quite buy Harold's story. As Harold struggles to keep his scheme afloat, he also finds himself increasingly attached to the townspeople, who have all experienced a positive change since Harold came to town. Complicating matters even more, Harold is also falling head-over-heels for the beautiful Marian. As All-American as apple pie and as charming as can be, *The Music Man* is a crowd-pleasing show with a great number and range of roles that is well-suited to professional, community, and school productions alike.

Ellen Leslie