Senior Recital: Scott Irish-Bronkie, baritone

Scott Irish-Bronkie

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Senior Recital:
Scott Irish-Bronkie, baritone

In collaboration with Brendan Fox

Ford Hall
Sunday, March 22nd, 2015
4:00 pm
Program

Samson

*Total Eclipse*

George Frideric Handel

(1685-1759)

Le Charme
Sérénade Italienne
Le Colibri

Ernest Chausson

(1855-1899)

Breit' über mein Haupt
Du meines Herzens Krônelein
Morgen!
Zueignung

Richard Strauss

(1864-1949)

Bella sicome un angelo

Gaetano Donizetti

(1797-1848)

Intermission

Three Shakespeare Songs Op.6

*Come Away Death*
*O Mistress Mine*
*Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind*

Roger Quilter

(1877-1953)

In Solitaria Stanza
Il poveretto

Giuseppe Verdi

(1813-1901)

On The Street Where You Live

Music by: Loewe
Lyrics by: Lerner

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance.
Scott Irish-Bronkie is from the studio of Dr. Randie Blooding.
Translations

Le Charme

Quand ton sourire me surprit, Je sentis frémir tout mon être, Mais ce qui domptait mon esprit, Je ne pu d’abord le connaître.

Quand ton regard tomba sur moi, Je sentis mon âme se fondre, Mais ce qui serait cet émo, Je ne pus d’abord en répondre.

Ce qui me vainquit à jamais, Ce fut unplug douloureux charme; Et je n’ai su que je t’aimais Qu’en voyant ta première larme.

When I caught your smile, I felt all my being tremble, But what has conquered my mind, I did not know at first.

When your glance rested on me, I felt my soul melting, But what this emotion might be, I could not explain at first.

What conquered me forever, Was a much sadder charm; And I only realized I loved you When I saw you shed your first tear.

Sérénade Italienne

Partons en barque sur la mer Pour passer la nuit aux étoiles. Vous, il soufflé juste assez d’air Pour enfler la toile des voiles. Le vieux pêcheur italien Et ses deux fils, qui nous conduisent Aux mots que nos bouches se dissent. Sur la mer calme et sombre vois, Nous pouvons échanger nos âmes, Et nul ne comprendra nos voix, Que la nuit, le ciel et le lames.

Let us go in a boat on the ocean To pass the night among the stars. See, the breeze is just blowing enough To swell the cloth of the sails. The old Italian fisherman And his two sons, who guide us, Hear but do not understand The words that we speak to each other. On the ocean calm and somber, see, We can exchange our souls, And no one will understand our voices, But the night, the sky and the waves.

Le Colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines, Voyant la rosée et le soliel clair, Luire dans son nid tissé d’herbes fines, Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l’air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines, Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer, Où l’acoka rouge aux oduers divines

The green humming bird, king of the hills, Seeing the dew and the bright sun Glitter on his nest, woven of fine grasses, Like a light breeze escapes into the air. He hurries and flies to the nearby springs, Where the reeds make the sound of the sea, Where the red hibiscus, with its heavenly scent,
S'ouvre porte au Coeur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Sur ta lèvre, pure, ô ma bien aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser, qui l'a parfumée.

Unfolds and brings a humid light to the heart.

Towards the golden flower he descends, alights,
And drinks so much love from the rosy cup
That he dies, not knowing if he could have drained it!

On our pure lips, oh my beloved,
My soul likewise would have wanted to die,
Of the first kiss, which has perfumed it.

Breit' über mein Haupt

Let your raven hair fall upon my head,
Bring your face closer to me, -
The light of your eyes.

I do not wish for the sun's splendor above,
Nor for the radiant wreath of the stars:
And the brightness of your glance.

Du meines Herzens Krönelein

You. little crown of my Heart,
You are of pure gold;
Surrounded by others
You appeareven lovelier.

When others display their cleverness,
You are so sweet and quiet,
That every heart is given joy
Because of your charm, not your design.

The others seek love and gain
With thousands of false words;
You, artless in speech and glance,
Prove your worthiness in every way.

Youa are like the forest rose.
Which is not aware of its blossom's beauty, -
Yet, to everyone who passes by,
It gives delights and inspiration.
Morgen!

Und Morgen wird die Sonne wiederscheinen,
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glüklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten diesser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm warden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glükes stummes Schweigen...

Zueignung

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quale,
Liebe macht die Herzens krank,
Habe Dank!

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank!

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig, ans Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

Bella siccome un angelo

Bella siccome un angelo in terra pellegrino.
Fresca siccome un giglio che s'apre sul mattino.
Occhio che parla e ride, sguardo che i cor conquide, Ah!
Chioma che vincel'ebano, sorriso incantator!
Alma innocente, ingenua, che se medesma ignora.
Modestia impareggiabile, bontá che v'innamora.

Beautiful as an angle on earth as apilgrim.
Fresh as a lily that opens in the morning.
Eyes that speak and laugh, a glance that the heart conquers, Ah!
Hair that surpasses ebony, a smile enchanting!
Soul innocent, ingenuous, that she herself ignores.
Modesty incomparable, goodness that will make you fall in love.
Ai miseri pietosa, gentil, dolce amorosa! Ah!
Il ciel l’ha fatta nascere Per far beato un cor!

For the poor she is full of pity, gentile, sweet, loving! Ah!
The heaven her-has made to be born to make blesses a heart!

In solitaria stanza

In solitaria stanza
Langue per doglia atroce;
Il labbro è senza voce,
Senza respiro il sen,
Come in deserta aiuola,
Che di rugiade è priva,
Sotto alla vampa estiva
Molle narcisso svien.

Io dall'affanno oppresso,
Corro pe vie rimote
E grido in suon che puote
Le rupi intenerir
Salvate, o Dei pietosi,
Quella bontà celesta;
Voi forse non sapreste
Un'altra Irene ordir.

In a solitary room,
The language is a horrible pain;
His mouth is silent
His breast without breath,
Like in a deserted flower-bed,
That is deprived of dew,
Beneath the blaze of summer,
The weak narcissus wilts.

I, from desire oppressed,
I run through life's remote pathways,
And cry out in a sound that could
Crumble the cliffs.
Save, oh God piteous,
This heavenly beauty;
You perhaps might not know
Another Irene to conspire against.

Il Poveretto

Passegger, che al dolce aspetto,
Par che serbi un gentil cor,
Porgi un soldo al poveretto
Che dan man digiuno è ancor.

Passerby, with the sweet appearance
I think you have a kind heart,
Give a penny to the poor one
Who near to you is hungry.

Fin da quando era figliuolo
Sono stato militar
E pugnando pel mio suolo
Ho trascorso e terra e mar;

Since the time of my boyhood
I was a soldier
And fighting for my homeland
I have traveled land and sea;

Ma or che il tempo su me pesa,
Or che forza più non ho,
Fin la terra che ho difesa,
La mia patria m'obliò.

But now that I am old,
Now that I no more have strength,
In the end the soil that I defended,
My country forgets me.