

4-8-2017

Senior Recital: Caroline Fresh, soprano

Caroline Fresh

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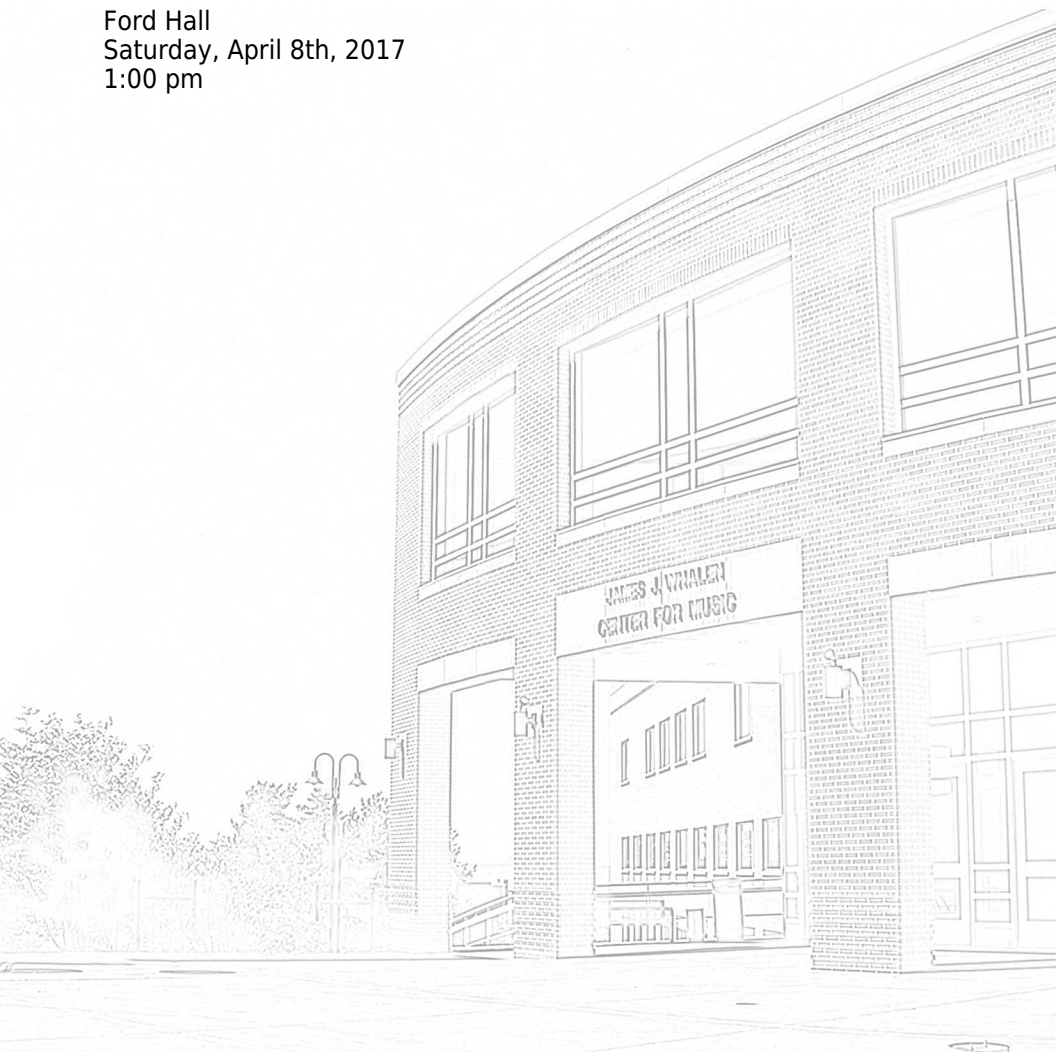
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Senior Recital:
Caroline Fresh, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Ford Hall
Saturday, April 8th, 2017
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Amore e morte

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Fiocca la neve

Pietro Cimara
(1887-1967)

Métamorphoses

- I. Reine des mouettes
- II. C'est ainsi que tu es
- III. Paganini

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Intermission

Cabaret Songs

- Mahnung
- Jedem das Seine
- Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874-1951)

Chanting to Paradise

- I. Bind me - I still can sing - #1005
- II. In this short Life - #1287
- III. By a departing light - #1714
- IV. Out of Sight? - #703

Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)

Poetry by Emily Dickinson

Aria

John Cage
(1912-1992)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Vocal Performance. Caroline Fresh is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.

Translations

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Dolente immagine di Fille mia
perchè sì squallida mi siedi
accanto?
Che piú desideri?

Sorrow image of my Phillis,
why do you sit so desolate beside
me?
What more do you desire?

Dirotto pianto
lo sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Streams of tears
I have poured on your ashes.

Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri
lo possa accendermi ad altra face?

Do you fear that forgetful of sacred
vows,
I could turn to another?

Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace
È inestiguibile l'antico ardor.

Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully
The old flame of love cannot be
extinguished.

Amore e morte

Odi d'un uom che muore,
odi l'estremo suon:
quest' appassito fiore
ti lascio, Elvira in don.

Hear the words of a dying man,
hear the last sound:
this faded flower
I leave to you, Elvira.

Quanto prezio so ei sia
tu dei saperlo appien:
nel di che fosti mia
te lo involai dal sen.

How precious it is
you must know:
the day you became mine
I stole it from your bosom.

Simbolo allor d'affetto
or pegno di dolor:
torna posarti in petto
questo appassito fior.

Then a symbol of affection,
now it is a pledge of sorrow:
put back on your breast
this faded flower.

E avrai nel cor scolpito,
se duro il cor nonè,
Come ti fu rapito,
come ritorna a te.

And you will have engraved on your
heart,
if your heart is not hard,
not as it was stolen from you,
but as returned to you.

Fiocca la neve

Lenta la neve fiocca.
Senti: una zana dondola pian piano.

Un bimbo piange, il piccol dito in bocca.

Canta una vecchia, il mento sulla mano.

La vecchia canta: intorno al tuo lettino

C'è rose e gigli come un bel giardino.

Nel bel giardino il bimbo s'addormenta,

Fiocca la neve lenta, fiocca la neve.

The snow is slowly falling.
Listen: a cradle is rocking softly, softly.

A baby cries, his little finger in his mouth.

An old woman sings, her chin in her hand.

The old woman sings: "Inside your little bed

There are roses and lilies, a beautiful garden."

In the beautiful garden, the child goes to sleep.

The snow falls slowly.

Reine des mouettes

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline,

Je t'ai vue rose, je m'en souviens,
sous les brumes mousselines
de ton deuil ancien.

Rose d'aimer le baiser qui chagrine
tu te laissais accorder à mes mains

sous les brumes mousselines
voiles de nos liens.

Rougis, mon baiser te devine
mouette prise aux nœuds des
grands chemins.

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline,

tu étais rose accordée à mes mains

rose sous les mousselines
et je m'en souviens.

Queen of the seagulls, my orphan girl,

I saw you pink, I remember,
beneath the muslin mists
of you former mourning.

Pink of liking the kiss which vexes
you would surrender yourself to my hands

beneath the muslin mists
veils of our bonds.

Blush, my kiss divines you
seagull caught at the junction of the
great pathways.

Queen of the seagulls, my orphan girl,

you were pink surrendered to my hands

pink beneath the muslin
and I remember it.

C'est ainsi que tu es

Ta chair, d'âme mêlée,
Chevelure emmêlée,
Ton pied courant le temps,
Ton ombre qui s'étend
Et murmure à ma tempe.
Voilà, c'est ton portrait,
C'est ainsi que tu es,
Et je veux te l'écrire
Pour que la nuit venue,
Tu puisses croire et dire,
Que je t'ai bien connue.

Your flesh, mingled with soul,
Entangled hair,
Your foot running through time,
Your shadow which spreads
And murmurs at my temples.
There, that is your portrait,
That is how you are,
And I want to write it for you
So that night having come,
You can believe and say,
That I have known you well.

Paganini

Violon hippocampe et sirène
Berceau des cœurs cœur et
berceau
Larmes de Marie Madeleine
Soupir d'une Reine
Echo

Violin sea-horse and siren
Cradle of hearts heart and cradle
Tears of Mary Magdalen
Sigh of a queen
Echo

Violon orgueil de mains légères
Départ à cheval sur les eaux
Amour chevauchant le mystère
Voleur en prière
Oiseau

Violin pride of agile hands
Departure on horseback over the
waters
Love straddling mystery
Thief at prayer
Bird

Violon femme morganatique
Chat botté courant la forêt
Puit des vérités lunatiques
Confession publique
Corset

Violin morganatic woman
Puss-in-boots running through the
forest
Well of the mad truths
Public confession
Corset

Violon alcool de l'âme en peine
Préférence muscle de soir
Épaules des saisons soudaines
Feuille de chêne
Miroir

Violin spirit of the soul in sorrow
Preference muscle of the evening
Shoulder of sudden seasons
Oak leaf
Mirror

Violon chevalier du silence
Jouet évadé du bonheur
Poitrine des milles présences
Bateau de plaisance
Chasseur.

Violin knight of silence
Play-thing escaped from happiness
Breast of the thousand presences
Pleasure boat
Huntsman.

Mahnung

Mädel sei kein eitles Ding,

Fang dir keinen Schmetterling,
Such dir einen rechten Mann,
Der dich tüchtig küssen kann
Und mit seiner Hände Kraft,
Dir ein warmes Nestchen schafft.

Mädel, Mädel, sei nicht dumm,
Lauf nicht wie im Traum herum,
Augen auf! ob Einer kommt,
Der dir recht zum Manne taugt.

Kommt er, dann nicht lang bedacht!

Klapp! die Falle zugemacht.

Liebes Mädel sei gescheit,
Nütze deine Rosenzeit!

Passe auf und denke dran,
Daß du, wenn du ohne Plan
Ziellos durch das Leben schwirrst,
Eine alte Jungfer wirst.

Liebes Mädel sei gescheit,
Nütze deine Rosenzeit.

Passe auf und denke dran!
Denk daran.

Woman, don't be such a vain
creature,

Don't catch yourself a butterfly.
But seek a real man,
One who can truly kiss you,
And with the power in his hands
Can build you a warm little nest.

Woman, woman, don't be foolish,
Don't run around as in a dream,
Keep watch! In case one appears,
Who might be the right man for
you.

If he arrives, don't think about it for
long!

Bam! Spring the trap.

Lovely woman, be wise,
Use your beauty while it is in
bloom,

Pay attention and think about it,
For, if you do not have a plan,
And stumble aimlessly through life,
You'll become an old maid.

Lovely woman, be wise,
Use your beauty while it is in
bloom,

Pay attention and think about it,
Think about it.

Jedem das Seine

Ebenes Paradenfeld
Kasper in der Mitte hält
Hoch auf seinem Gaul.
König, Herzog um ihn 'rum,

Gegenüber Publicum,
Regimenter bum bum bum.
Das marschirt nicht faul.

Luft sich voller Sonne trinkt,
Helm und Bayonett das blinkt,
Sprüht und glieisst und glänzt.

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

Hin und her scharwenzt.

Neben mir wer mag das sein,

Reizend nicht so furchtbar fein,
Doch entzückend schick.
Wird man kritisch angeschaut,
Heimlich ist man doch erbaut,
Und die Hüfte sehr vertraut
kuppelt die Musik.

Kaspar nimm was dir gebührt
und die Truppe recht geführt,

schütze dich und uns.
Aber jetzt geliebter Schatz, s
chleunig vom Paradeplatz.
Hinterm Wall ein Plätzchen hat's

fern von Kinz und Kunz.

Und da strecken wir uns hin,
ich und meine Nachbarin,
weit her tönt's Trara.
Welche Lust Soldat zu sein,
welche lust es nicht zu sein,
wenn still fein allein zu zwein wir
et cetera.

There on a flat paradeground
Kaspar holds the center
Up on his high horse.
A King, a duke gathered around and

On the opposite side, the public;
With the ranks bang bang bang
Marching strictly, as one.

Drinking the air awash with
sunlight,
Helmet and bayonet glittering,
Bubbling, shimmering and
sparkling.
In the shadowy reviewing stand,
Bravo! Hurray! Jests and jokes.
Lighting-like glanced through opera
glasses.
Parading back and forth.

And next to me, who could that be?

Charmingly not so terribly elegant
Yet enchantingly chic.
If one were to look critically
Senses secretly heightened.
With hips moving trustingly,
Coupled with the music.

Kaspar, take what you've earned,
And what this garrison has led you
to,

Protect yourself and us.
But now, my dear one
Let's hurry from the paradeground
Behind that wall there is a little
place
Far from the glint and hubbub.

And there we will lie down,
I and my neighbor.
From afar, we hear "Tan-ta-ra!"
What joy to be a soldier.
What joy not to be one
When finally the two of us are
quietly alone together,
etc.

Arie aus dem Spiegel

Seit ich so viele Weiber sah
schlägt mir mein Herz so warm.
Es summt und brummt mir immer
dar
als wie ein Bienen schwarm,
und is ihr Feuer meinem gleich
ihr Auge schön und klar;
so schlägt als wie ein
Hammerstreich
mein Herzchen immer dar.

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
un's Herz schlüg immer drein.

We Weiber nicht zu schätzen weiss
ist weder kalt noch warm
und liegt als wie ein Brocken Eis
in eines Mädchens Arm.
Da bin ich schoen ein andrer Mann
ich spring' um sie herum
mein Herz klopft froh an ihren an
und machet bum, bum, bum...

Since I've seen so many women
my heart beats so warm.
It hums and throbs here and there
like a swarm of bees,
and if her flame is equal to mine
her eyes eyes aglow, yet clear;
so beats it like a hammerstrike
my heart evermore.

I'd wish a thousand women mine,
if it was the will of god,
I'd dance like a prairie dog,
in the cross and the pathways.
It would be a life of the world
and I would be happy.
I'd hop like a rabbit through the
field
and my heart would beat on.

The man who doesn't treasure a
woman
is neither cold nor warm,
and lies around like a block of ice
in some young lady's arm.
But I am a different sort of man,
I leap around the room.
My heart beats happily against her
and sounds boom, boom, boom...