

4-15-2017

Senior Recital: Between Night and Day: Ann-Marie Iacoviello, soprano

Ann-Marie Iacoviello

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Iacoviello, Ann-Marie, "Senior Recital: Between Night and Day: Ann-Marie Iacoviello, soprano" (2017). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 2034.

http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/2034

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Senior Recital: Between Night and Day

Ann-Marie Iacoviello, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

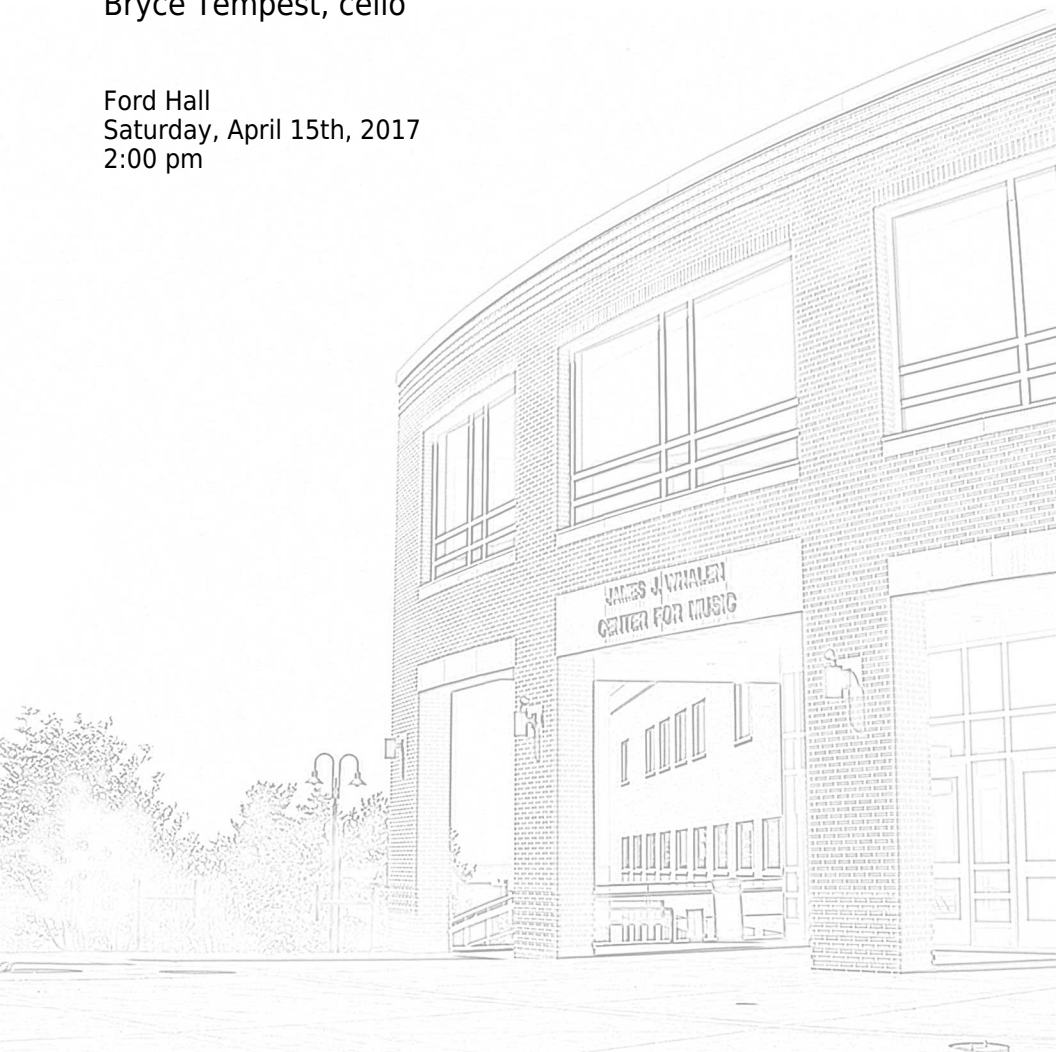
Michael Stern, trumpet

Bryce Tempest, cello

Ford Hall

Saturday, April 15th, 2017

2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Selections from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
O come a roundel
Be Kind and Courteous

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Fiancailles pour rire
I. La dame d'André
II. Dans l'herbe
IV. Mon cadavre est doux comme gant
VI. Fleurs

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

No, no, che non sei capace

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

7 Arie con tromba sola
I. Si suoni la tromba
IV. Rompe sprezza
VII. Farò la vendetta

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

Nichts
Die Nacht
Amor

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

"Emily's Goodbye"
from *Our Town*

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. Voice Performance. Ann-Marie Iacoviello is from the studio of Marc Webster.

Translations

La dame d'André

André ne connais pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
A-t-elle un cœur à lendemains,
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

André doesn't know the lady
he is taking today by the hand.
Has she a heart for tomorrows,
and, for the evening, has she a
soul?

Au retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans les meules la bague

Returning from a country ball
was she leaving in a flowing dress
to search in the haystacks for the
ring

Des fiançailles du hasard?

of the betrothal of chance?

A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,

Had she been frightened, when,
night having come,

Guettée par les ombres d'hier,
Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver
Entrait par la grande avenue?

watched by yesterday's shadows,
in her garden, as winter
was entering by the wide avenue?

Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,
Pour sa bonne humeur de
Dimanche.

He had loved her for her colour,
for her good Sunday disposition.

Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps meilleurs?

Will she fade upon the white pages
of his album of better days?

Dans l'herbe

Je ne peut plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.
Il est mort inaperçu
En criant son passage
En appelant
En m'appelant.
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et que sa voix ne portait plus

I can say no more
nor do anything for him.
He died of his beautiful one
he died of her beautiful death
outside
beneath the tree of Law
in complete silence
in the wide countryside
in the grass.
He died unnoticed
shouting out his passage
calling out
calling out for me.
But as I was far from him
and that his voice would carry no
more

Il est mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance.
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.

he died alone in the woods
beneath the tree of his childhood.
And I can say no more
nor do anything for him

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effacées
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.

My corpse is as soft as a glove
soft as a glove of glacé kid
and my hidden pupils
make white pebbles of my eyes.

Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage,
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombres encore d'un secret
Et lourds du poids mort des images.

Two white pebbles in my face,
in the silence two mutes
still shaded by a secret
and burdened by dead weight of images.

Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude sainte
Appuyées au creux de mes plaintes
Au nœud de mon cœur arrêté.

My fingers, so often gone astray,
are joined in a devout posture
leaning on the hollow of my laments
on the tangle of my still heart.

Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes,
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
A la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent.

And my two feet are the mountains,
the two last hills that I saw
at the moment when I lost
the race that the years win.

Mon souvenir est ressemblant,
Enfants emportez-le bien vite,
Allez, allez ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.

My memory resembles this,
children, bear it quickly away,
go, go, my life is done.
My corpse is as soft as a glove.

Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms
flowers sprouting from the parentheses of a step,
who brought you these flowers in winter

Saupourées du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées

dusted with the sand of the seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of withered loves

Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes

the beautiful eyes are of cinder and in the chimney
a heart wrapped in the ribbons of laments

Brûle avec ses images saintes.

burns with its holy images.

No, che non sei capace

No che non sei capace
Di cortesia, d'onore,
E vanti a torto un core,

Ch'arde d'amor per me.
Vanne! T'aborro, ingrato,
É più me stessa aborro,
Che t'ho un istante amato
Che sospirai per te.

No, you are not capable
of kindness, of honor,
and you boast wrongfully to have a
heart
which burns with love for me.
Go! I abhor you, you ingrate,
and even more, I abhor myself,
that I loved you for an instant
and sighed for you.

Si suoni la tromba

Si suoni la tromba.
Miei fidi guerrieri,
in campo più fieri,
armati rimbomba.

Sound the trumpet.
My faithful warriors,
the battlefield rings with the sound
of most fierce, armed men.

Rompe sprezza

Rompe sprezza con un sospir
ogni cor benché di pietra;
e dai numi l'alma impetra
ogni grazia a suoi desir.

With a sigh she breaks and scorns
every heart, although it may be of
stone;
and through prayer she obtains
from the gods
every grace she desires.

Farò la vendetta

Farò la vendetta
che a me s'aspetta
di quel perfido traditor
che me ha sì vilipesa
fammi star così sospesa
ed ha dato ad altri il cor.

I will deal out the vengeance
that is expected of me
on that perfidious traitor
who me has so scorned
who has discarded me
and given his heart to another.

Nichts

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr,
Meine Königin im Liederreich?
Toren, die ihr seid.
Ich kenne sie am wenigsten von
euch.
Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,

Fragt nach Gang, und Tanz, und
Haltung,
Ach, und was weiss ich davon!
Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Lichts?
Und was wissen von derselben,
Ich und ihr und alle? Nichts, nichts!

I should name, you say,
my queen in the realm of song?
Fools, that you are,
I know her the least of all of you.

Ask me about the color of her eyes,
ask my about the sound of her
voice,
ask about her walk, her dance, and
her bearing,
ah, and what do I know of that!
Is not the sun the source
of all life, of all light?
And what do we know of the same,
I and you and everyone? Nothing,
nothing!

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Shaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die
Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms,
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch;
Rücke näher, Seel'an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Out of the woods treads the night,
out of the trees she gently steals,
she looks around in a wide circle,
now be careful.

All the lights of this world,
all flowers, all colors
she erases and she steals the
sheaves
away from the field.

She takes everything, whatsoever
is lovely,
takes the silver away from the
river,
takes from the copper roof of the
cathedrals,
away the gold.

The shrub stands plundered;
come closer, soul to soul,
oh the night, I'm afraid, she steals
you from me, too.

Amor

An dem Feuer sass das Kind Amor,
Amor und war blind mit den
Kleinen Flügeln fächelt
In die Flammen er und lächelt,
Fächelt, lächelt, schlaues Kind.
Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!
Amor, Amor läuft geschwind,
O, wie ihn die Glut durchpeinet!
Flügelschlagend laut er weinet;
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt
Hilfe schreiend das schlaue Kind.
Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,

Amor, Amor böß und blind
Hirtin sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,

Hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet,
Sieh die Flamme wächst
geschwinde
Hüt' dich, hüt' dich vor dem
schlaun Kind!
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind.

By the fire sits the child, Cupid,
Cupid and was blind with his
little wings fanning
in the flames and smiling,
fanning, smiling, sly child.
Ah, the child's wings are burning!
Cupid, Cupid is running fast,
oh, how the heat burns him!
Wings beating loudly he cries;
into the shepherdess' breast flowed
The cry for help from the sly child.
And the shepherdess helps the
child,
Cupid, Cupid naughty and blind
shepherdess see, your heart burns
through,
you did not know about this rascal.
See the flame grows rapidly

protect yourself from the sly child!
Fanning, smiling, sly child.