

9-16-2016

## Faculty Recital: Hommage: Patrice Pastore, soprano

Patrice Pastore

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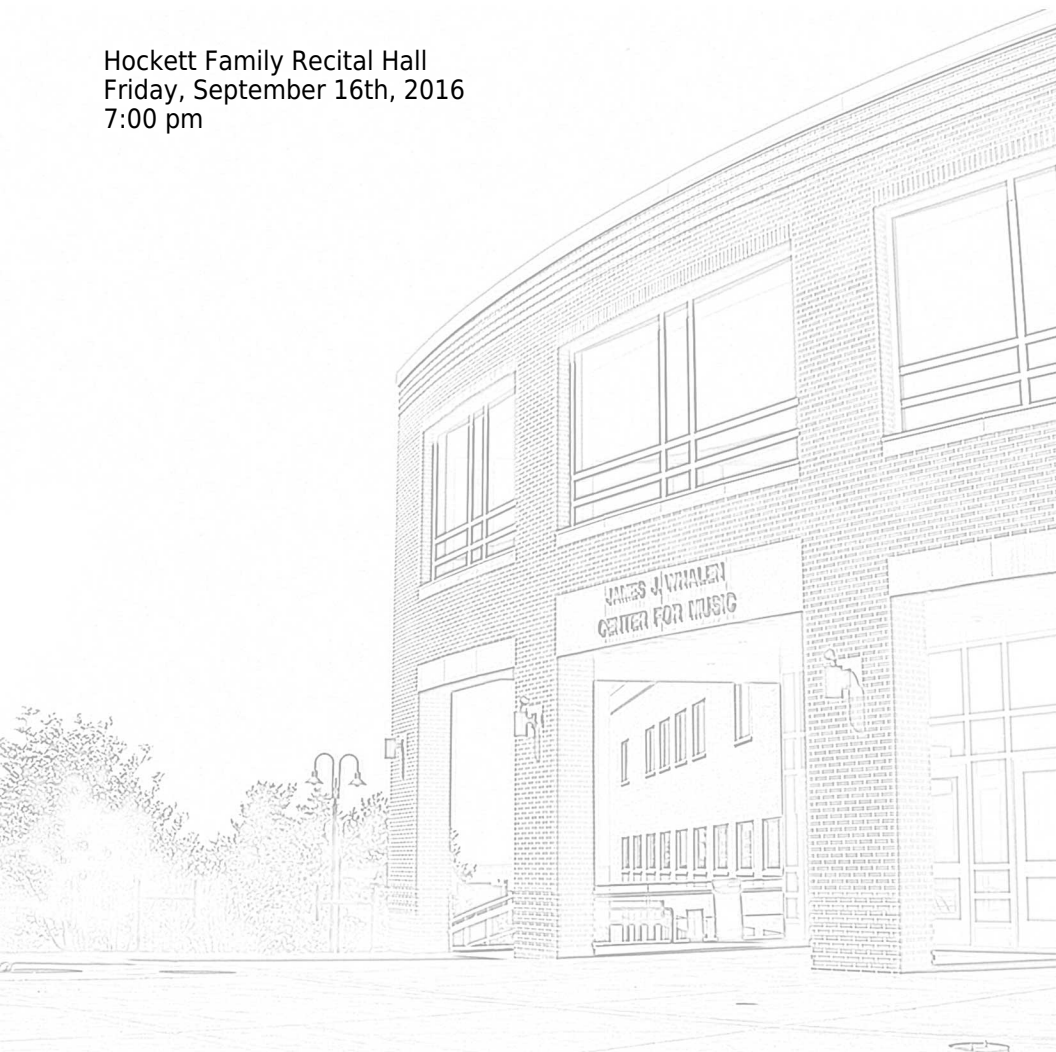
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# Faculty Recital: HOMMAGE

Patrice Pastore, soprano

Diane Birr, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Friday, September 16th, 2016  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

"Ergiti, amor"  
from *Scipione nelle Spagne*  
"Mostri dell'Erebo"  
from *La fede riconosciuta*

Alessandro Scarlatti  
(1660-1725)

*Fiançailles pour rire*  
La Dame d'André  
Dans l'herbe  
Il vole  
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant  
Violon  
Fleurs

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

# Intermission

Three Shakespeare Songs  
*Cry Cock-a-doodle Doo (The Tempest)*  
*The Witches' Song (Macbeth)*  
*Banquo's Buried (Macbeth)*

Alison Bauld  
(b. 1944)

## Translations

### Ergiti, amor

Ergiti, amor, sui vanni E prendi ardito il volo Senz'abbassarti più.	Rise up on the wings of love And take a daring flight Without ever coming down again.
Perchè con nuovi inganni Tu non ricada al suolo,	Even with new deceits You won't fall again to the ground
Lo sosterra virtù.	Because virtue will sustain love.

### Mostri dell'Erebo

Mostri dell'Erebo Furie terribili, Disdegno armatemi In sen spiratemi Ira e furor. Dorinda è morta Ed io vivrò? Non voglio, no Morir degg'io Iniquo e perfido Ingannator.	Monsters of hell, Terrible Furies, Arm me with your disdain, Breathe into my breast Your anger and fury. Dorinda is dead And I will live? No, I don't want that I should die A wrong and lying Cheater
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## Fiançailles pour rire

### La Dame d'André

André ne connaît pas la dame	André does not know the woman
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main	That he takes today by the hand
A-t-elle-un coeur à lendemain	Does she have a heart for the tomorrows
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?	And for the evening does she have a soul?

Au retour d'un bal  
campagnard\_  
S'en allait-elle en robe vague

Chercher dans les meules la  
bague

Des fiançailles du hasard?  
A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit  
venue

Guettés par les ombres  
d'hier-

Dans son jardin lorsque  
l'hiver

Entrait par la grande  
avenue?

Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur

Pour sa bonne humeur de  
Dimanche

Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles  
blanches

De son album des temps  
meilleurs?

Returning from the  
countryside ball  
Is she going in her pretty  
dress

To search in the haystacks  
for the ring

Of random betrothals?  
Has she been afraid when  
night came

Ambushed by the ghosts of  
the past,

Or in her garden when winter

Entered by the grand  
avenue?

He loved her for her  
complexion

And for her Sunday good  
humor

Will she pale on the blank  
pages

of his album of better times?

### **Dans l'herbe**

Je ne peux 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 cannot say anything any  
more

Nor do anything for him

He died a natural death

He died from his beautiful  
death

Outside

Under the tree of Justice

In complete silence

In the open countryside

In the grass

He died unnoticed

Crying out his going

Calling out, calling me

But since I was far away from  
him

And since his voice didn't

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

carry any more  
He died alone in the woods  
Under his childhood tree  
And I cannot say anything  
any more  
Nor do anything for him.

## Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil  
Se reflète au vernis de ma  
table  
C'est le fromage rond de la  
fable  
Au bec de mes ciseaux de  
vermeil  
Mais où est le corbeau? Il  
vole.  
Je voudrais coudre mais un  
amant  
Attire à lui toutes mes  
aiguilles  
Sur la place les joueurs de  
quille  
De belle en belle passent le  
temps  
Mais où est mon amant? Il  
vole.  
C'est un voleur que j'ai pour  
amant  
Le corbeau vole et mon  
amant vole,  
Voleur de coeur manque à sa  
parole  
Et voleur de fromage est  
absent  
Mais où est le bonheur? Il  
vole.  
Je pleure sous le saule  
pleureur  
Je mêle mes larmes à ses

While the sun is setting  
It is reflected in my polished  
table  
The round cheese of the  
fable  
Is in the beak of my silver  
scissors  
But where is the crow? He  
steals  
I would like to sew but a  
lover  
Attracts all my needles to  
him  
In the square the skittle  
players  
Pass the time in one game  
after another.  
But where is my lover? He  
steals away.  
I have a thief for a lover  
The crow steals and my lover  
steals  
The thief of my heart does  
not keep his word  
And the stealer of cheese is  
absent.  
But where is happiness? It  
steals away  
I weep under the weeping  
willow  
I mix my tears with its leaves

feuilles	
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille	I weep because I want to be wanted
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur	And I am not pleasing to my thief
Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.	But where then is love? It steals away
Trouvez la rime à ma déraison	Find the sense in my nonsense
Et par les routes du paysage	And along the country roads
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage	Bring me back my straying lover
Qui prend les coeurs et perd ma raison	Who steals hearts and robs me of my reason
Je veux que mon voleur me vole.	I want my thief to steal me.

### **Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant**

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant	My corpse is as soft as a glove
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée	Soft like a glove of frozen skin
Et mes prunelles effacées	And my hidden pupils
Font de mes yeux deux cailloux blancs	Make two white pebbles of my eyes
Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage	Two white pebbles in my face
Dans le silence deux muets	Two mutes in the silence
Ombrés encore d'un secret	Still darkened by a secret
Et lourds du poids mort des images	And heavy with the dead weight of things seen
Mes doigts tant de fois égarés	My fingers so many times gone astray
Sont joints en attitude sainte	Are joined in a saintly pose
Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes	Leaning on the hollow of my sorrows
Au noeud de mon coeur arrêté	At the center of my stopped heart
Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes	And my two feet are the mountains
Les deux derniers monts que	The two last hills that I have

j'ai vus  
A la minute où j'ai perdu  
La course que les années  
gagnent,  
Mon souvenir est  
ressemblant  
Enfants emportez-le bien vite  
  
Allez, allez, ma vie est dite  
Mon cadavre est doux  
comme un gant

seen  
At the minute where I lost  
The race that the years  
always win  
My memory resembles this  
(description)  
Children carry it away very  
quickly  
  
Go, go, my life is over  
My corpse is soft as a glove

### **Violon**

Couple amoureux aux  
accents méconnues  
Le violon et son joueur me  
plaisent  
Ah! J'aime ces gémissements  
tendus  
Sur la cordes des malaises  
Aux accords sur les cordes  
des pendus  
A l'heure où les Lois se  
taisent  
Le coeur en forme de fraise  
  
S'offre à l'amour comme un  
fruit inconnu

Amorous couple with the  
unrecognized accents  
The violin and its player  
please me  
Ah! I love these drawn out  
wailings  
On the string of disquiet  
To the sounds of strung  
strings  
At the hour where Justice is  
silent  
The heart in the shape of a  
strawberry  
Offers itself to love like an  
unknown fruit.

### **Fleurs**

Fleurs promises, fleurs  
tenue dans tes bras  
Fleurs sorties des  
parenthèses d'un pas  
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs  
l'hiver  
Saupoudrée du sable des  
mers?  
Sable de tes baisers  
Fleurs des amours fanées  
Les beaux yeux sont de

Promised flowers, flowers  
held in your arms  
Flowers coming out of the  
parentheses of a step  
Who brought you these  
flowers in winter  
Dusted with the sand from  
the seas?  
Sand of your kisses  
Flowers of faded loves  
Your beautiful eyes are of



cendre  
Et dans la cheminée  
Un coeur enrubanné de  
plaintes  
Brûle avec ses images  
saintes  
Fleur promises, fleurs  
tenues dans tes bras  
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs  
l'hiver  
Saupoudrée du sable des  
mers?

cinders  
And in the chimney  
A heart beribboned with  
moans  
Burns with its sacred  
images  
Promised flowers, flowers  
held in your arms  
Who brought you flowers in  
winter  
Dusted with the sand from  
the seas?

**Program Notes**  
**Banquo's Buried**

I would like to thank **Catherine Weidner** from the Department of Theatre Arts for staging Lady Macbeth's Sleepwalking scene. Her expertise and guidance were invaluable.