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# Junior Recital: Jenna Capriglione, mezzo-soprano

Jenna Capriglione

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# Junior Recital:

Jenna Capriglione, mezzo-soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Sunday, March 26th, 2017  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

## Program

Al fonte, al prato  
Tu ch'hai le penne, amore  
Amarilli, mia bella

Giulio Caccini  
(1551-1618)

4 Songs, op. 43  
Von ewiger liebe  
Die mainacht

Johannes Brahms  
1833-1897

"Enfin, je suis ici"  
from Cendrillon

Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

## Intermission

3 songs, op. 3  
Love's Philosophy  
Now Sleeps The Crimson Petal  
Fill a Glass with Golden Wine

Roger Quilter  
(1877-1953)

I canti della sera  
L'assolo canta  
Alba di luna sul bosco  
Tristezza crepuscolare  
L'incontro

Francesco Santoliquido  
(1883-1971)

## Translations

### Al fonte, al prato

Al fonte, al prato, al bosco, all'ombra, al fresco fiato che'l caldo sgombra, pastor correte ciascun ch'ha sete, ciascun ch'è stanco riposi il fianco.	To the spring, to the meadow, to the woods, to the shade, to fresh breezes that sweep the heat away; run, shepherds; let those who are thirsty and those who are tired lay down to rest.
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Fugga la noia, fugga 'l dolore, sol riso e gioia, sol caro Amore nosco soggiorni ne' lieti giorni, né s'oda mai querele o lai.	Chase away boredom, chase away pain, let only laughter and joy, only darling Cupid stay with us through days of happiness and let neither quarrels nor laments ever be heard.
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### Tu ch'hai le penne

Tu ch'hai le penne Amore E sai spiegarle a volo, Deh muovi ratto un volo Fin là dov'è 'l mio core. E se non sai la via, Co' miei sospir t'invia.	Cupid, you who has the wings of a bird and knows how to use them in flight, fly then quickly to where my heart is, If you do not know the way then let my sighs lead you.
Va pur ch'il troverai Tra 'l velo e 'l bianco seno, O tra 'l dolce sereno De' luminosi rai, O tra bei nodi d'oro Del mio dolce tesoro.	Go then: you will find it between the veil and her white bosom, or in the sweet serenity of her bright eyes, or among the beautiful golden tresses of my sweet beloved.

## Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli mia bella,  
non credi, o del mio cor dolce  
desio,  
d'esser tu l'amor mio?  
Credi lo pur, e se timor  
t'assale,  
prendi questo mio strale,  
aprimi' il petto,  
e vedrai scritto il core:  
Amarilli è' l mio amore.

Amarilli, my beautiful,  
do you not believe, my  
heart's desire,  
that you are my love?  
Believe it then, and if fear  
grows in you,  
take Cupid's arrow  
and open my chest,  
and you will see written on  
my heart,  
Amarilli is my love.

## Von ewiger leibe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald  
und in Feld!  
Abend schon ist es, nun  
schweiget die Welt.  
Nirgend noch Licht  
und nirgend noch Rauch,  
Ja, und die Lerche sie  
schweiget nun auch.  
Kommt aus dem Dorfe  
der Bursche heraus,  
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten  
nach Haus,  
Führt sie am  
Weidengebüsche vorbei,  
Redet so viel und so  
mancherlei:  
"Leidest du Schmach und  
betrübest du dich,  
Leidest du Schmach von  
andern um mich,  
Werde die Liebe getrennt so  
geschwind,  
Schnell, wie wir früher  
vereinigt sind.  
Scheide mit Regen und  
scheide mit Wind,  
Schnell wie wir früher

Dark, how dark it is in the  
forest and field!  
Night has fallen; the world  
now is silent.  
Nowhere a light  
and nowhere smoke.  
Yes, now even the lark is  
silent.  
From yonder village  
there comes the young lad,  
Taking his beloved home.  
He leads her past the willow  
bushes,  
Talking so much, and of so  
many things:  
"If you suffer shame and if  
you grieve,  
If you suffer disgrace before  
others because of me,  
Then our love shall be ended  
ever so fast  
As fast as we once came  
together;  
It shall go with the rain and  
go with the wind,  
As fast as we once came

vereinigt sind."  
Spricht das Mägdelein,  
Mägdelein spricht:  
"Unsere Liebe sie trennet  
sich nicht!  
Fest ist der Stahl und das  
Eisen gar sehr,  
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch  
mehr.  
Eisen und Stahl, man  
schmiedet sie um,  
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt  
sie um?  
Eisen und Stahl, sie können  
zergehn,  
Unsere Liebe muß ewig  
bestehn!"

together."  
Then says the maiden, the  
maiden says:  
"Our love shall never end!  
Steel is firm and iron is firm,  
Yet our love is firmer still.  
Iron and steel can be recast  
by the smith  
But who would transform our  
love?  
Iron and steel can melt;  
Our love, our love will have  
to last forever!"

### Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond  
durch die Gesträuche blinkt,  
Und sein schlummerndes  
Licht  
über den Rasen streut,  
Und die Nachtigall flötet,  
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch  
zu Busch.

When the silvery moon  
Shines through the fluttering  
leaves,  
When her pale, drowsy light  
Over the field she throws,  
And the nightingale warbles,  
I go sadly over hill and vale.

Überhüllet von Laub  
girret ein Taubenpaar Sein  
Entzücken mir vor;  
aber ich wende mich,  
Suche dunklere Schatten,  
Und die einsame Thräne  
rinnt.

Somewhere hidden in the  
leaves  
Two softly cooing doves fill  
my heart with delight  
Yet, do I turn away  
Turn to shadows that are  
darker  
In my eye is but one tear.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild,  
welches wie Morgenrot  
Durch die Seele mir strahlt,

Where, O vision whose smile  
streams like the rosy dawn  
Through the depths of my

find'  
ich auf Erden dich?

soul, where  
On this earth are you?

Und die einsame  
Thräne Bebt  
mir heißer die Wang' herab!

In my eye is but one tear,  
It burns me,  
Burns upon my cheek.

### **Enfin, je suis ici**

Enfin, je suis ici...  
La maison est déserte...  
A revenir... j'ai réussi...  
Sans être découverte;  
Mais que de peine, que de  
peine et de souci!

At last, I am here  
The house is deserted  
I have managed to return  
without being discovered;  
But such sadness, such  
sadness and worry!

Fuyant dans la nuit solitaire,  
Par les terrasses du palais,  
en courant j 'ai perdu ma  
pantoufle de verre!  
Marraine! Marraine!  
Ah! voudrez-vous me  
pardonner jamais?

feeling in the night alone,  
through the teraces of the  
palace  
while running I lost my glass  
slipper!  
Godmother! Godmother!  
Ah! Will you ever forgive me?

A l'heure dite je fuyais... je  
fuyais...  
Je voyais parmi les noires  
avenues...  
Se dresser des statues...  
Quel effroi! quel effroi!  
Si grandes... si blanches,  
sous des rayons de lune!  
Leur yeux sans regards se  
fixaient sur moi...

at the hour appointed I fled...  
I fled...  
I saw along the dark  
avenues...  
some statues...  
what terror! what terror!  
So large... So white...  
In the moonlight!  
Thier sightless eyes staring  
at me...

Elles me montraient du doigt.

They pointed at me with their  
finger.

Se riant de mon infortune.

They laughed at my  
misfortune.

Ah! ah!  
Quel effroi! quelle effroi!

Ah! Ah!  
what terror! what terror!

Vous avez dû voir ma  
détresse,  
Marraine! Marraine!  
Pour tenir ma promesse,  
J'ai fait tout ce que je  
pouvais!

Je courais...  
Dans les profondeurs du  
jardin...  
Je m'égarais...  
Tout était sombre...  
Et je courais toujours...  
toujours, toujours, toujours!

puis... m'arrêtais... soudain...  
J'avais peur... j'avais peur...

Vous avez dû voir  
ma détresse!  
Marraine! Marraine!  
Pour tenir ma promesse,  
J'ai fait tout ce que je  
pouvais!

Ah! j'avais peur! peur de  
mon ombre...  
Et je courais toujours!

Interrogeant les horizons,  
 Craignant partout des  
trahisons,  
Je glisse, je glisse le long des  
maisons  
N'osant pas traverser la  
place...

Un grand bruit éclate et me  
glace  
De sinistres frissons...

Ah! ah! ah! ah!

You must have seen my  
distress,  
Godmother! Godmother!  
In order to keep my promise,  
I have done everything I  
could!

I ran...  
Deep into the garden...  
I got lost...  
Everthing was dark...  
I ran on and on...  
Always, always, always!

Then... I stopped... suddenly  
I was afraid... I was afraid...

You must have seen my  
distress,  
Godmother! Godmother!  
In order to keep my promise,  
I have done everything I  
could!

Ah! I am afraid! Afraid of my  
shadow...  
And I ran on and on!

Scanning the horizons,  
Fearing treachery  
everywhere,  
I slip, I slip, between the  
houses  
Daring not to cross the  
square...

A loud noise rings out a  
makes me freeze  
With frightening shivers...

Ah! ah! ah! ah!



C'était le carillon,  
le Carillon du Beffroi!  
Ah!  
Réconfortant mon coeur,  
Il me disait en son langage,  
Ah!

It was the bells,  
the bells in the bell tower!  
Ah!  
Comforting my heart,  
They say to me in their  
language,  
Ah!

Il me disait: je veille!  
je veille, je veille.

They say to me: I shall watch  
over you!  
We shall watch over you.

Reprends courage! courage!  
allons! courage!  
Va!

Take again Courage!  
Courage!  
Come now! Courage!  
Go!

### **L'assiolo canta**

Vieni!  
Sul bosco splende serena  
la notte dell'estate e l'assiolo  
canta.  
Vieni, ti voglio dir quel che  
non dissi mai.  
E sul sentiero fioriscono le  
stelle,  
magici fiori.  
Inoltriamoci insieme  
e là nel folto ti dirò perchè  
piansi  
una triste sera  
che non c'eri.  
Inoltriamoci insieme.  
Un mistero c'invita,  
Odi: l'assiolo canta.

Come!  
On the woods shines clear  
the summer night and the  
horned owl sings.  
Come, I want to tell you all  
that I never said before.  
And on the path the stars  
bloom  
as magical flowers.  
Let us walk in together  
and there in the thick I will  
reveal to you why I  
cried  
one unhappy evening  
that you were not there.  
Let us walk in together  
A mystery invites us in,  
Listen: the horned owl sings.

### **Alba di luna sul bosco**

Guarda, la luna nasce tutta  
rossa  
come una fiamma congelata  
nel cielo,

Look, a fully red moon rises  
like a flame congealed in the  
sky,

Lo stagno la riflette e l'acqua  
mossa  
dal vento  
Par rabbrivire al gelo.  
Che pace immensa, Il bosco  
addormentato,  
si riflette nello stagno.  
Quanto silenzio intorno!  
Dimmi: è un tramonto o  
un'alba per l'amor?

It is reflected in the pond's  
water that flickers  
from the wind  
as if shivering.  
What an immense peace, the  
sleepy woods,  
reflected in the pond.  
What silence around!  
Tell me: Is it a sunset or a  
dawn for love?

### **Tristezza Crepuscolare**

È la sera.  
Dalla terra bagnata sale  
l'odore delle foglie morte.  
È l'ora delle campane,  
è l'ora in cui respiro il vano  
profumo d' un  
amore passato.  
E sogno e piango  
È la sera.  
È la sera, una sera piena di  
campane,  
una sera piena di profumi,  
una sera piena di ricordi e di  
tristezze morte.  
Piangete, piangete campane  
della sera,  
Empite tutto il cielo di  
malinconia.  
Ah! Piangete ancor...  
Questa è l'ora dei ricordi,  
è l'ora in cui l'antica fiamma  
s'accende  
nel cuore disperatamente e  
lo brucia  
Campane.  
Odore di foglie morte.  
Tristezze dissepolte!

It is evening.  
From the wet earth rises the  
scent of dead leaves.  
It is time for the ringing bells,  
it is for me the time to relive  
the emptiness  
of a bygone perfume of love.  
And I dream and I cry.  
It is evening.  
It is evening, an evening full  
of bells  
an evening full of perfumes,  
an evening full of memories  
and bygone sadness.  
Keep up your ringing cries,  
oh evening bells,  
do fill-up all the melancholic  
sky.  
Ah! You are still crying...  
This is the time for  
remembering,  
it is the hour in which the old  
flame lights up  
in my heart in desperation  
and burns it!  
Bells.  
Scent of dead leaves.  
Unearthed sadness!

## L'incontro

Non mi ricordo più quando  
noi c'incontrammo  
la prima volta ma fu certo  
una lontana sera  
tutta soffusa di pallide  
tristezze lungo un benigno  
mar!

A noi giungevano di lontano  
suoni di campane e di  
greggi  
ed una pace strana ci veniva  
dal mare.

Questo rammento!  
Cosa dicemmo quel giorno,  
Lo rammentate?  
Io non ricordo più.  
Ma che importa?  
Oggi mi fiorisce in cuore  
la dolcezza appassita di  
quell'ora lontana.

E m'è dolce stringere nella  
mia  
la vostra mano bianca  
e parlarvi d'amor,  
anch'oggi vengono di lontano  
  
suoni di campane e di greggi  
e anch'oggi il mar come  
allora ci sorride lontano.

Ma oggi forse m'amate un  
poco,  
non sorridete più.  
Ah! La vostra mano trema.  
Se oggi le belle labbra voi mi  
darete  
non scorderemo più questa  
dolce ora d'amor!

I no longer remember when  
it was that we met,  
but surely the first time was  
a bygone dusk  
perfused with faded sadness  
along a friendly sea!

The sounds of bells and birds  
came to us from afar  
  
and a strange peace washed  
over us from the sea.

I do remember that!  
Do you remember what I said  
that day?  
I no longer recall.  
But who cares?  
Today my heart blooms  
with sweet passion from that  
time long past.

It's so sweet for me to clasp  
  
your white hand in mine  
and speak to you of love,  
for today, just as then, there  
comes from afar  
  
the sounds of bells and birds,  
with the sea, just as then,  
smiling at us in the  
distance.

But maybe today you love  
me a little-  
you're not smiling now...  
Ah! Your hand trembles.  
If you'll give me your  
beautiful lips today  
we will never forget this  
sweet moment of love!