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# Senior Recital: Ellen Jackson, soprano

Ellen Jackson

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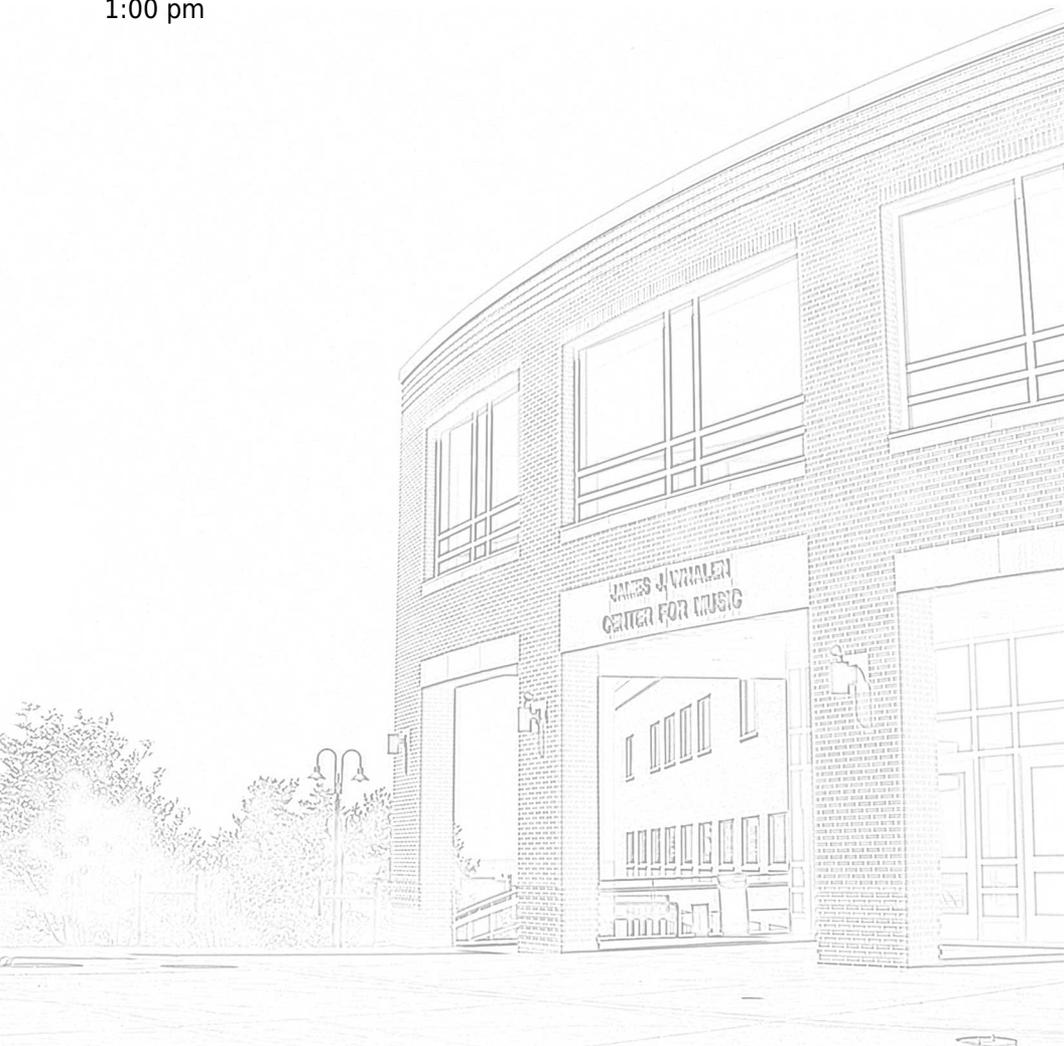
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**Senior Recital:**  
Ellen Jackson, soprano

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

Ford Hall  
Saturday, April 4th, 2015  
1:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Brettli-Lieder

Galathea  
Der genügsame Liebhaber  
Einfältiges Lied  
Mahnung  
Jedem das Seine

Arnold Schönberg  
(1874-1951)

Quattro Rispetti, Op. 11

I.  
II.  
III.  
IV.

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari  
(1876-1948)

Aire de Lia

from *L'Enfant prodigue*

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

# Intermission

La chanson du fou

La coccinelle

Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe

Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

Cabaret Songs

1. Tell me the truth about love  
2. Funeral blues  
3. Johnny  
4. Calypso

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. Performance. Ellen Jackson is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.

## Translations Brettli-Lieder

### **Galathea**

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor  
Verlangen,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,  
Weil sie so entzückend sind.  
Wonne die mir widerfahre,

Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.  
Nimmer wehr mir, bis ich  
ende,

Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.  
Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich  
glühe,

Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.  
Und was tät ich nicht, du  
süsse

Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.  
Aber deinen Mund enthülle,  
Mädchen,  
Meinen Küssen nie,

Denn in seiner Reize Fülle

Kusst ihn nur die Phantasie.

Ah, I'm burning with desire,

Galathea, lovely child,  
just to kiss your cheeks,  
for they are so charming.  
How I yearn for those  
caresses,

Galathea, lovely child,  
just to kiss your hair,  
for it is so enticing.  
Evermore my heart  
demands,

Galathea, lovely child,  
just to kiss your hands,  
for they are so tempting.  
Ah, just see, I burn, I freeze,

Galathea, lovely child,  
just to kiss your hands  
for they are so alluring.  
And what I wouldn't do, my  
sweet,

Galathea, lovely child,  
just to kiss your feet  
for they are so tempting.  
But to my kisses, darling  
maiden,  
revealed your lips should  
never be,

for the fullness of their  
charm

are found only in fantasy.

### **Der genügsame Liebhaber**

Meine Freundin hat eine  
schwarze Katze  
Mit weichem Knisterndem  
Sammetfell,

My girlfriend has a black cat  
with a softly rippling velvet  
hide,

Und ich, ich hab' eine  
blitzblanke Glatze,  
Blitzblank und glatt und  
silberhell.  
Meine Freundin gehört zu  
den üppigen Frauen,  
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das  
ganze Jahr,  
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer  
Katze zu krauen,  
Mein Gott ihr behagt halt das  
sammtweiche Haar.  
Und komm' ich am Abend die  
Freundin besuchen,  
So liegt die Mieze im Schosse  
bei ihr,  
Und nascht mit ihr von dem  
Honigkuchen  
Und schauert, wenn ich leise  
ihr Haar berühr.  
Und will ich mal zärtlich tun  
mit dem Schatze,  
Und dass sie mir auch einmal  
"Eitschi" macht,  
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf  
meine Glatze,  
Dann streichelt die Freundin  
die Katze und lacht.

### **Einfältiges Lied**

König ist spazieren  
gangen,  
Bloss wie ein Mensch  
spazieren gängen,  
Ohne Szepter und ohne  
Kron',  
Wie ein gewöhnlicher  
Menschensohn.  
Ist ein starker Wind  
gekommen,  
Ganz gewöhnlicher Wind  
gekommen,  
Ohne Ahnung, wer das wär',

and I, I have a bald, shiny  
head  
smooth and shiny and silvery  
bright.  
My girlfriend is a voluptuous  
woman,  
she lies upon the couch all  
year long,  
busily stroking the fur of her  
cat  
my god, she loves to touch  
that velvety fur.  
In the evening, when I come  
to visit,  
the kitty lies in her lap,  
and eats honeyed cookies  
with her  
and shudders when I gently  
ruffle its fur.  
So when I wish to be tender  
with my sweet  
and so that she would cuddle  
with me, too -  
I'll put the cat upon my bald  
pate,  
then she'll pet the cat and  
laugh.

The king went out for a  
walk,  
like an ordinary man upon a  
walk,  
without a scepter and  
without a crown,  
like a regular man.

A strong wind began to blow,  
a quite ordinary wind began  
to blow,  
without knowing who it was

Fällt er über den König her.

Hat ihm den Hut vom Kopf  
gerissen,

Hat ihn über's Dach  
geschmissen,

Hat ihn nie mehr  
wiedergesehn!

Seht ihr's! Da habt ihr's!

Das sag' ich ja!

Treiben gleich Allotria!

Es kann kein König ohne  
Kron',

Wie ein gewöhnlicher  
Menschensohn

Unter die dummen Leute  
gehn!

### **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  
Nestchenschafft.

Mädel, mädel, sei nicht  
dumm,

Lauf nicht wie in 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,

at all,  
upon the king the wind did  
fall.

It ripped the hat from off his  
head,

and it hurtled over the roof,

nevermore to be seen!

There you see it! There you  
have it!

I told you so!

What a joke!

One can't be a king without a  
crown,

who, like an ordinary man,

goes up and down among  
the foolish folk.

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,

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!  
  
Denke daran.

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 gleisst und  
glänzt.  
Schattiger Tribünensitz,  
  
Bravo! Hurrah! Ulk und Witz.  
  
Operngläser Augenblitz.  
Hin und her scharwentz.  
  
Neben mir wer mag das sein,

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! Jest and  
jokes.  
Lightning-like glanced  
through opera glasses.  
Parading back and forth.  
And next to me, who could  
that be?  
charmingly not so terribly

Reizend nicht so furchtbar  
 fein,  
 Doch entzückend shick.  
 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,  
 Schutze dich und us.  
 Aber jetzt geliebter Schatz,  
 Schleunig vom Paradeplatz.  
 Hinterm Wall ein Plätzchen  
 hat's  
 Fern von Hinz 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.

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.  
 For 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, et  
 cetera.

### Quattro Rispetti, Op. 11

#### I.

Un verde praticello senza  
 piante  
 È l'immagine vera del mio  
 amante.  
 Un mandorlo fiorito all'acqua  
 in riva  
 È dell'amante mio l'immagine  
 viva.

A green lawn without  
 trees  
 is the true likeness of my  
 lover.  
 An almond-tree in bloom by  
 the water's edge  
 is of my lover the living  
 image.

Tutti i raggi del sole e delle  
stelle  
Sono l'imagin di sue luci  
belle.  
Il dolce olezzo di giovane  
fiore  
È l'immagine vera del mio  
amore.  
Amante, amore!  
O vieni avaccio a ristorarmi il  
core!

All the rays of the sun and of  
the stars  
are the image of his beautiful  
eyes.  
The sweet fragrance of  
young flowers  
is the true likeness of my  
beloved.  
Lover, beloved!  
O come quickly to refresh my  
heart!

## II.

Jo dei saluti ve ne mando  
mille  
Quante sono nel ciel minute  
stelle,  
Quante d'acque nei fiumi  
sono stille,  
Quante dentro all'inferno son  
faville  
E di grano nel mondo son  
granelle  
E quante primavera foglie  
adorna  
Che si bella e gentile a noi  
ritorna!

I of greetings to you send  
thousands  
as many as are in heaven  
small stars,  
as many as of water in the  
streams there are drops  
as many as within hell there  
are sparks  
and of grain in the world  
there are seeds  
and as many as the leaves  
that adorn spring  
when so beautiful and tender  
to us it returns.

## III.

E tanto c'e pericol ch'io ti  
lasci  
Quanto in mezzo del mar  
  
Fare un giardino  
A torno a torno un muricciuol  
di sassi  
Ed in quel mezzo porvi un  
gelsomino.  
E quando il gelsomino sarà  
fiorito  
Allora il nosto amor sarà  
finito!

And so much is the risk  
that I leave you  
as much as in the middle of  
the sea  
to make a garden  
all around a low wall of rock  
and in that center you place  
a jasmine.  
And when the jasmine will be  
in bloom  
then our love will be ended!

## IV.

O si che non sapevo  
sospirare:  
Del sospirar mi son fatta  
maestra!  
Sospir se sono a tavola a  
mangiare,  
Sospir se sono in camera  
soletta,  
Sospir se sono a ridere e a  
burlare,  
Sospir se sono con quella e  
con questa,  
Sospiro prima sospirando poi;  
Sospirare mi fanno gli occhi  
tuoi.  
Sospiro prima e sospiro fra  
un anno  
E gli occhi tuoi sospirare mi  
fanno.

O one that knew not how to  
sigh:  
Of sighing I have made  
myself mistress!  
I sigh if I am at the table  
eating,  
sigh if I am in the bedroom  
alone,  
sigh if I am laughing and  
jesting,  
sigh if I am with that one and  
this one,  
I sigh before sighing  
afterwards:  
your eyes cause me to sigh.  
I sigh at first and I sigh in a  
year  
and your eyes cause me to  
sigh.

### **Aire de Lia**

L'année en vain chasse  
l'année!  
A chaque saison ramenée,  
Leurs jeux et leurs ébats  
M'attristent malgré moi:  
Ils rouvrent ma blessure  
Et mon chagrin s'accroît...  
Je viens chercher la grève  
solitaire...  
Douleur involontaire!  
Efforts superflus!  
Lia pleure toujours  
L'enfant qu'elle n'a plus!...  
Azaël! Azaël!  
Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...  
En mon coeur maternel  
Ton image est restée.  
Azaël! Azaël!  
Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...

Year in vain pursues year!  
At each season returning  
their games and their frolics  
sadden me despite myself:  
they reopen my wound  
and my grief increases...  
I come to seek the solitary  
beach...  
Involuntary pain!  
Superfluous efforts!  
Lia cries still  
for the child she no longer  
has...  
Azael! Azael!  
Why have you left me?  
In my maternal heart  
your image has stayed.  
Azael! Azael!  
Why have you left me?...

Cependant les soirs étaient  
doux,  
Dans la plaine d'ormes  
plantée,  
Quand, sous la charge  
récoltée,  
On ramenait les grands  
boeufs roux.  
Lorsque la tache était finie,  
Enfants, vieillards et  
serviteurs,  
Ouvriers des champs ou  
pasteurs,  
Louaient, de dieu la main  
bénie.  
Ainsi les jours suivaient les  
jours  
Et dans la pieuse famille,  
Le jeune homme et la jeune  
fille  
Echangeaient leurs chastes  
amours.  
D'autres ne sentent pas le  
poids  
De la vieillesse; heureux  
dans leurs enfants,  
Ils voient couler les ans sans  
regret  
Comme sans tristesse...  
Aux coeurs inconsolés  
Que les temps sont  
pesants!...  
Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi  
m'as-tu quittée?  
Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...

Yet the evenings were sweet,  
in the plain of elm trees,  
when under the collected  
harvest,  
we drove the great red oxen.  
When the task was done,  
children, old people and  
servants,  
farm workers or sheperds,  
would praise from god the  
blessed hand.  
So the days followed the  
days  
and in the pious family,  
the young man and the  
young girl  
exchanged their chaste love.  
Others do not feel the weight  
of old age; Happy in their  
children,  
they see pass the years  
without regret  
as without sadness...  
To hearts inconsolable  
how the times are heavy!...  
Azael! Azael! Why have you  
left me?  
Why have you left me?...

### **La chanson du fou**

Au soleil couchant,  
Toi qui va cherchant fortune,  
Prends garde de choir;  
La terre, le soir, est brune.  
  
L'océan trompeur couvre de

To the setting sun,  
You who go seeking fortune,  
Take care of falling;  
The Earth, the evening, is  
brown.  
  
The soaking ocean, covered

vapeur  
La dune.  
Vois, a l'horizon, aucune  
maison, aucune!  
Maint voleur te suit,  
La chose est, la nuit,  
commune.  
Les dames des bois  
Nous gardent parfois  
rancune.  
Elles vont errer;  
Crains d'en rencontrer  
quelqu'une.  
Les lutins de l'air  
Vont danser au clair de lune.

in vapor,  
The dune.  
See on the horizon, no  
house, none!  
Many a thief follows you,  
The thing is, the night,  
communal.  
The ladies of the woods  
Look at us occasionally  
begrudgingly.  
They will wander;  
Fear of encountering  
someone.  
The goblins of the air  
will dance to the clair de  
lune.

### La coccinelle

Elle me dit: "Quelque chose  
me tourmente,"  
Et j'aperçus son cou de  
neige,  
Et, dessus, un petit insecte  
rose.  
J'aurais dû, - mais, sage ou  
fou,  
À seize ans, on est farouche!  
J'aurais dû... oh! Oui j'aurais  
dû  
Voir le baiser sur sa bouche  
Plus que l'insecte à son cou!  
  
On eût dit un coquillage,  
Dos rose et taché de noir:  
Les fauvettes pour nous voir  
  
Se penchaient dans le  
feuillage...  
Sa bouche fraîche était là!...  
Hélas! Hélas! Je me penchais  
sur la belle...  
Et je pris la coccinelle mais...  
Le baiser s'envola!...

She said to me: "Something's  
itching me."  
And I saw her snow-white  
neck,  
and on it a small rose-colored  
insect.  
I should have, - but, right or  
wrong,  
at sixteen one is shy -  
I should have... oh! Yes I  
should have  
seen the kiss on her lips  
rather than the insect on her  
neck!  
Like a shell it shone;  
red back speckled with black.  
The warblers, to catch a  
glimpse of us,  
craned their necks in the  
branches.  
Her fresh mouth was there!...  
Alas! I leaned over the lovely  
girl,  
and dislodged the ladybird,  
but the kiss flew away!

"Fils, apprend comme on me  
nomme:"

Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu!...

"Les bêtes sont au bon  
Dieu!..."

Mais la bêtise est  
à l'homme!..."

Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu!...

Hélas! J'aurais dû... oui...

Hélas! J'aurais dû!...

"Son, learn my name,"

said the insect from the blue  
sky...

"creatures belong to our  
lord!..."

but cretins belong to man."

Said the insect from the blue  
sky!...

Alas! I should have... yes...

Alas! I should have!...

### **Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe**

Puisque rien ne t'arrete

En cet heureux pays,

Ni l'ombre du palmier;

Ni le jaune maïs,

Ni le repos, ni l'abondance,

Ni de voir à ta voix battre le  
jeune sein

De nos soeurs, dont, les  
soirs,

Le tournoyant essaim

Couronne un coteau de sa  
danse;

Adieu, beau voyageur!

Hélas! Adieu!

Oh que n'es-tu de ceux

Qui donnent pour limite

À leurs pieds paresseux

Leur toit de branches ou de  
toiles!

Qui, rêveurs, sans en faire,

Écoutent les recits,

Et souhaitent le soir,

Devant leur porte assis,

De s'en aller dans les étoiles!

Hélas! Adieu! Beau

Since nothing holds you

to this happy land,

neither the shade of a palm  
tree

nor the yellow corn,

neither rest nor abundance

nor seeing at your voice beat  
the youthful breast

of our sisters, who, in the  
evenings,

like that of a hive of bees

crowns the hill with her  
dance;

Adieu, handsome traveler!

Alas! Adieu!

Oh, why aren't you one of  
those

who give limit

to their lazy feet

their own roofs of branches  
or canvas!

Who, dreamers, without  
making any,

listen to stories,

and dream in the evening,

seated in front of their doors,

to fly away into the stars!

Alas! Adieu! Handsome

voyageur!  
Si tu l'avais voulu, peut-être  
une de nous,  
O jeune homme eût aimé

Te servir à genoux  
Dans nos huttes toujours  
ouvertes.  
Elle eût fait, en bercant ton  
sommeil  
De ses chants, pour chasser  
de ton front  
Les moucherons méchants,  
Un éventail de feuilles  
vertes.

Si tu ne reviens pas, songe  
un peu quelquefois  
Aux filles du desert, soeurs  
à la douce voix,  
Qui dansent pieds nus sur la  
dune,  
O beau jeune homme blanc,  
Bel oiseau passager,  
souviens-toi;  
Car peut-être, o rapide  
étranger, ton souvenir  
Reste à plus d'une! Hélas!

Adieu! Bel étranger!  
Hélas! Adieu! Souviens-toi.

traveler!  
Had you wished it, perhaps  
one of us,  
o young man, would have  
liked  
to serve you kneeling  
in our huts that are always  
open.  
She would have lulled you to  
sleep  
with her songs, to chase from  
your face  
the evil flies,  
with a fan of green leaves.

If you do not return, think a  
bit sometimes  
on the desert's daughters,  
soft-voiced sisters  
dancing barefoot on the  
dune,  
handsome young white man,  
lovely bird of passage,  
remember,  
for perhaps, oh rapid  
stranger, your memory  
remains in the more than  
one of them!  
Adieu! Handsome stranger!  
Alas! Adieu! Remember.