

5-1-2011

## Senior Recital: Lydia Walrath, mezzo soprano

Lydia Walrath

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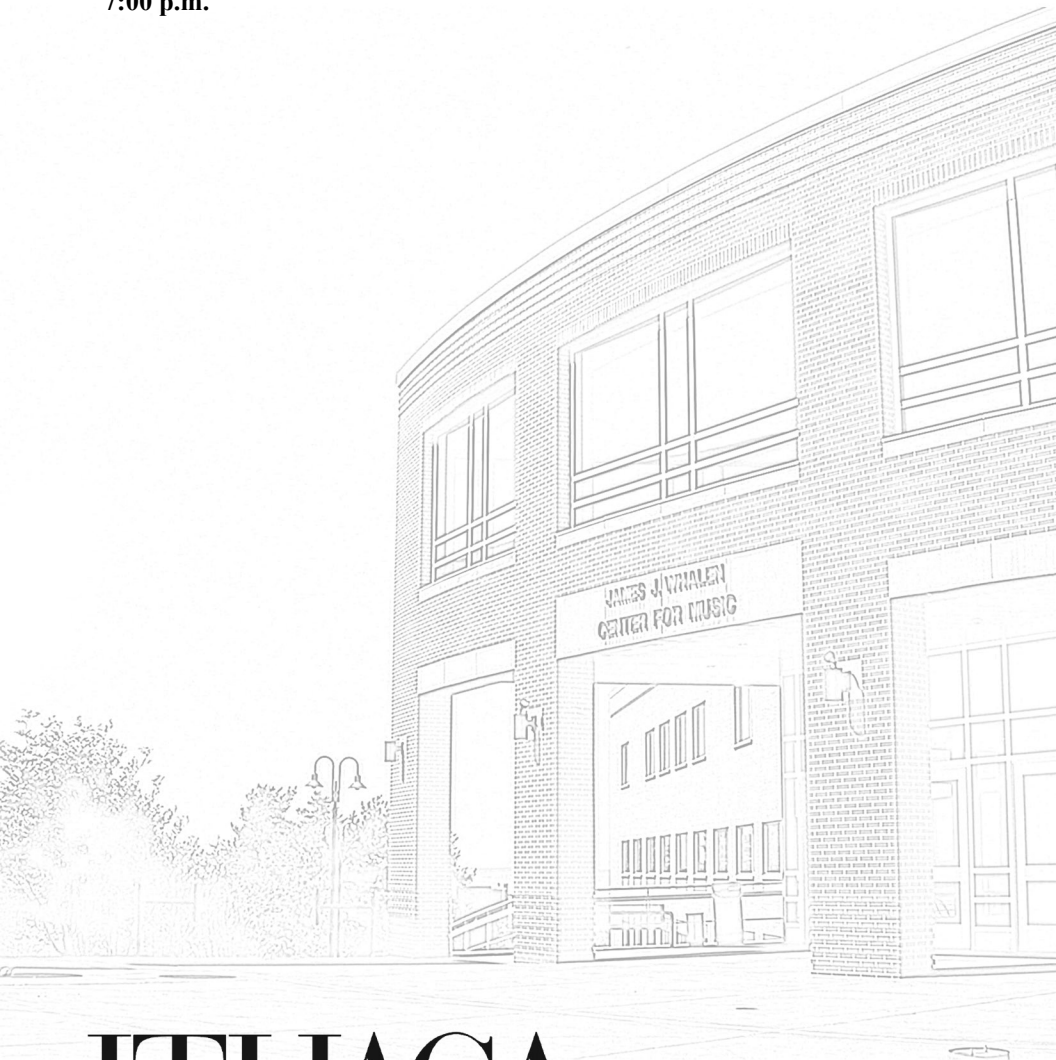
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**Senior Recital:  
Lydia Walrath, mezzo-soprano**

**Mary Holzhauser, piano and harpsichord**

**Ford Hall  
Sunday, May 1, 2011  
7:00 p.m.**



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## Program

Disprezzata regina  
from *L'incoronazione di Poppea* (1642-43) Claudio Monteverdi  
(1567-1643)

Selections from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (1899) Gustav Mahler  
(1860-1911)  
4. Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?  
5. Das irdische Leben  
7. Rheinlegendchen

Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix  
from *Samson et Dalila* (1877) Camille Saint-Saëns  
(1835-1921)

## Intermission

Trois Chansons de Bilitis (1897) Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)  
1. La Flûte de Pan  
2. La Chevelure  
3. Le Tombeau des Naiades

The Childrens' Hour (1904) Charles Ives  
Two Little Flowers (1921) (1874-1954)  
Songs My Mother Taught Me (1895)  
Waltz (1895)  
Autumn (1908)

La Regata Veneziana (1857-1868) Gioachino Rossini  
(1792-1868)  
1. Anzoleta avanti la regata  
2. Anzoleta co passa la regata  
3. Anzoleta dopo la regata

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This Senior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance. Lydia Walrath is from the studio of Carol McAmis.

## Translations

### Disprezzata regina

Disprezzata regina del monarca Romano,  
Afflitta moglie.  
Che fò? Ove son? Che penso?  
O delle donne miserabil sesso;  
Se la natura e' l Cielo libere ci produce,  
Il matrimonio c'incatena serve.  
Se concepimo l'huomo,  
Al nostr' empio tiran formiam le membra,  
Allattiamo il carnefice crudele,  
Che ci scarna, e ci svena,  
E siam costrette per l'indegna sorte  
A' noi medesme fabbricar la morte.  
Nerone, empio Nerone,  
O dio, marito bestemmata pur sempre  
E maledetta dai cordogli miei,  
Dove, ohimè, dove sei?  
In braccio di Poppea,  
Di Poppea tu dimori  
Felice, e godi,  
E in tanto il frequente cader de' pianti miei  
Pur va quasi formando un diluvio dispechi,  
In cui tu miri dentro alle tue delitie  
I miei martiri.  
Destin, se stai là sù,  
Giove, ascoltami tu,  
Se per punir Nerone fulmini tu non hai,  
D'impotenza t'accuso  
D'ingiustitia t'incolpo.  
Ahi, trapasso tropp'oltre, e me ne pento,  
Supprimo e sepelisco in taciturno angoscie  
Il mio tormento.

### We hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Dort oben am berg in dem hohen Haus!  
Da guckt ein fein's lieb's Mäd'el heraus.  
Es ist nicht dort daheime!  
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein!  
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide!

"Mein Herzle ist wund!  
Komm, Schätzle, mach's g'sund!  
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,  
Die hab'n mich vertwundt!

Dein rosiger Mund  
Macht Herzen gesund.  
Macht Jugend verständig,  
Macht Tote lebendig,  
Macht Kranke gesund.

"Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein erdacht?  
Es haben's drei Gäns'  
übers Wasser gebracht.  
Zwei graue und eine weiße!

### Despised queen

Despised queen of the Roman monarch,  
Afflicted spouse.  
What to do? Where am I? What to think?  
O, women, the wretched sex;  
If Heaven makes us born free,  
Marriage makes us slaves.  
If we conceive of man,  
We form the bodies of our wicked tyrants,  
Suckling our cruel executioner,  
That strikes us slaves,  
And to us binds this unworthy fate,  
Creating our own deaths.  
Nero, wicked Nero,  
O God, my sworn husband for always  
And cursed for making me grieve so,  
Where, oh me, where are you?  
In Poppea's embrace,  
In the arms of Poppea you dwell,  
Happy and pleased!  
And all the while my countless tears fall  
Their flood forming a mirror  
In which you see inside your happiness,  
And my suffering.  
Awaken, if you are about,  
Jove, listen to me,  
If to punish Nero you have no lighting,  
Then I accuse you of impotence  
And charge you with injustice!  
Ah, I go to far, but I do not repent,  
I will suppress and lay to rest in quiet anguish  
My torment.

### Who made up this little song?

Up there on the mountain in the high-house!  
There looks out a fine lovely maiden.  
She does not live there!  
She is the innkeeper's daughter!  
She lives in a field of green heather.

"My heart is sore!  
Come, sweetie, make it well!  
Your dark brown eyes,  
They have wounded me!

Your rosy mouth,  
Makes the heart well.  
Makes the young wise,  
Makes the dead live,  
Makes the ill well."

Who has made up this lovely little song?  
It has by three geese  
Been brought over the water.  
Two gray and one white!

Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,  
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen!

And whoever cannot sing this little song,  
Will whistle it instead!

### **Das irdische Leben**

“Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich.  
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!”

“Warte nur, warte nur, mein liebes Kind!  
Morgen wollen  
wir ernten geschwind!”

Und als das Korn geerntet war,  
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:

“Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich.  
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!”

“Warte nur, warte nur, mein liebes Kind!  
Morgen wollen  
wir dreschen geschwind!”

Und als das Korn gedroschen war,  
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:

“Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich.  
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!”

“Warte nur, warte nur, mein liebes Kind!  
Morgen wollen wir bakken geschwind!”

Und als das Brot gebakken war,  
Lag das Kind auf der Totenbahn!

### **The Earthly Life**

“Mother, oh Mother, I am hungry,  
Give me bread, or else I will starve!”

“Wait only, wait only, my dear child!  
Soon, in the morning,  
we will harvest the grain!”

And as the grain was harvested,  
Called the child again:

“Mother, oh Mother, I am hungry,  
Give me bread, or else I will starve!”

“Wait only, wait only, my dear child!  
Soon, in the morning,  
we will thresh the grain!”

And as the grain was being threshed,  
Called the child again:

“Mother, oh Mother, I am hungry.  
Give me bread, or else I will starve!”

“Wait only, wait only, my dear child!  
Soon, in the morning, we will bake!”

And as the bread was being baked,  
The child was laid on the funeral bier!

### **Rheinlegendchen**

Bald gras ich am Neckar,  
bald gras ich am Rhein;  
Bald hab' ich ein Schätzel,  
bald bin ich allein!  
Was hilft mir das Grasen,  
wenn d' Sichel nicht schneid't;  
Was hilft mir ein Schätzel,  
wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt!

So soll ich denn grasen  
am Neckar, am Rhein;  
So werf ich mein goldenes Ringlein hinein!

Es fließet im Neckar  
und fließet im Rhein,  
Soll schwimmen hinunter  
ins Meer tief hinein!

Und schwimmt es, das Ringlein,  
so frißt es ein Fisch!  
Das Fischlein tät kommen  
auf's König sein Tisch!

### **The Legend of the Rhine**

Now I roam by the Neckar,  
Now I roam by the Rhine;  
Now I have a sweetheart,  
Now I am alone!  
What's the use of roaming,  
if the sickle doesn't cut!  
What use is a sweetheart,  
if he doesn't stay with me?

So if I am to roam  
by the Neckar, by the Rhine,  
So shall I throw my little golden ring in!

It will flow through the Neckar  
and flow through the Rhine,  
It shall swim down  
into the deep sea!

And as it floats, the little ring,  
a fish will eat it!  
The fish will come  
to the King's table!

Der König tät fragen,  
"Wem's Ringlein sollt sein?"  
Da tät mein Schatz sagen:  
"Das Ringlein g'hört mein!"

Mein Schätzlein tät springen  
bergauf und bergain,  
Tät mir wiedrum bringen  
das Goldringlein fein!  
Kannst grasen am Neckar,  
kannst grasen am Rhein!  
Wirf du mir nur immer dein  
Ringlein hinein!

### **Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix**

Mon coeur s'ouvre à la voix,  
Comme s'ouvrent les fleurs  
Aux baisers de l'aurore!  
Mais, ô mon bienaimé,  
Pour mieux sécher mes pleurs,  
Que ta voix parle encore!  
Dis-moi qu'à Dalila,  
Tu reviens pour jamais,  
Redis à ma tendresse  
Les serments d'autrefois,  
Ces serments que j'aimais!

Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!  
Verse-moi l'ivresse!

Ainsi qu'on voit des blés  
Les épis onduler  
Sous la brise légère,  
Ainsi frémit mon coeur,  
Prêt à se consoler,  
A ta voix  
Qui m'est chère!  
La flèche est moins rapide  
À porter le trépas,  
Que ne l'est ton amante à voler  
Dans tes bras!

Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!  
Verse-moi l'ivresse!

Samson, je t'aime!

### **La Flûte de Pan**

Pour le jour des Hyacinthes,  
il m'a donné une syrinx faite  
de roseaux bien taillés.  
unis avec la blanche cire  
qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;  
mais je suis un peu tremblante.

The King will say,  
"Whose little ring is this?"  
Then my sweetheart will say,  
"That little ring is mine!"

My little sweetheart will jump  
uphill and downhill,  
And bring back to me  
my little golden ring!  
You can roam by the Neckar,  
You can roam by the Rhine!  
If you always throw your  
little ring in for me!

### **My heart opens to your voice**

My heart opens to your voice,  
Like the flowers open  
To the kisses of the dawn!  
But, of my beloved,  
For better to dry my tears,  
Speak again!  
Say to me that to Dalila,  
You will always return,  
Repeat to my affection  
The oaths of the past,  
The oath that you love me!

Ah! Respond to my affection!  
Pour over me the intoxication!

Just as one sees  
The ears of wheat roll  
Under a light breeze,  
Thus quivers my heart,  
Ready to be consoled,  
By your voice,  
Which is so dear to me!  
The arrow is less quick  
To carry the demise,  
Than your love is to steal  
Into your arms!

Ah, respond to my affection!  
Pour over me the intoxication!

Samson, I love you!

### **Pan's Flute**

For Hyacinth's day,  
he has given me a syrinx made  
of well-trimmed reeds,  
joined together with white sealing wax  
that is sweet to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, sitting on his knees;  
but I am trembling a little.

Il en joue après moi,  
si doucement que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,  
tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre;  
mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,  
et tour à tour nos bouches  
s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard,  
voici le chant des grenouilles vertes  
qui commence avec la nuit.

Ma mère ne croira jamais  
que je suis restée si longtemps  
à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

### **La Chevelure**

Il m'a dit: « Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.  
J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.  
J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir  
Autour de ma nuque  
et sur ma poitrine.

« Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens;  
Et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,  
Par la même chevelure,  
la bouche sur la bouche,  
Ainsi que deux lauriers  
n'ont souvent qu'une racine.

« Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,  
Tant nos membres étaient confondus,  
Que je devenais toi-même,  
Ou que tu entraînais en moi  
comme mon songe. »

Quand il eut achevé,  
Il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules,  
Et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,  
Que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

### **Le Tombeau des Naiades**

Le long du bois couvert de givre,  
je marchais;  
Mes cheveux devant ma bouche  
Se fleurissaient de petits glaçons,  
Et mes sandales étaient lourdes  
De neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?"  
Je suis la trace du satyre.  
Ses petits pas fourchus alternent  
Comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.  
Il me dit: "Les satyres sont morts.

He plays after me,  
so sweetly that I hear his sorrow.

Having nothing to say,  
we are so close to one another;  
but our songs want to respond,  
and in turn our mouths  
unite over the flute.

It is late,  
here is the song of green frogs  
that begins with the night.

My mother will never believe  
that I stayed out such a long time  
to look for my lost belt.

### **The Hair**

He said to me, "Last night, I dreamt.  
I had your hair around my neck.  
I had your hair like a black necklace  
Around the nape of my neck  
and over my chest.

"I caressed it, and it was mine;  
And we were bound forever in this way,  
By the same hair,  
mouth over mouth,  
Such as the roots of two laurels  
often are.

"And little by little, it seemed to me,  
Our limbs had merged so much,  
That I became your double,  
When you entered me  
in my dream."

When he was finished,  
He put his hands sweetly on my shoulders,  
And he looked at me with a face so tender,  
That I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

### **The Tomb of the Naiads**

The length of the frost-covered woods,  
I marched;  
My hair in front of my mouth  
Flowered with little icicles,  
And my sandals were heavy  
With snow muddy and packed.

He said to me, "What are you looking for?"  
I am following the tracks of the satyr.  
The small, forked steps alternate  
Like the holes in a white jacket.  
He said to me, "The satyres are dead.

"Les satyres et les nymphes aussi.  
Depuis trente ans, il n'a pas fait  
un hiver aussi terrible.  
La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc.  
Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau."

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace  
De la source où jadis  
riaient les naïades.  
Il prenait de grands morceaux froids,  
Et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle,  
Il regardait au travers.

#### **Anzoleta avanti la regata**

Là su la machina xe la bandiera,  
varda, la vedistu, vala a ciapar.  
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,  
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta,  
né el primo premio te pol mancar.  
Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta  
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.  
In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar.

#### **Anzoleta co passa la regata**

I xe qua, vardeli,  
povereti i ghe da dreto,  
ah contrario tira el vento,  
ma gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?  
ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.  
Ah! che smania! me confondo,  
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su, coraggio, voga, voga,  
prima d'esser al paletto  
se ti voghi, ghe scometo,  
tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Caro, caro, par che el svola,  
el li magna tuti quanti  
meza barca l'è andà avanti,  
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

"The satyrs and the nymphs also.  
For thirty years, there has not been  
a winter so terrible.  
The tracks that you see are those of a goat.  
But here, where we rest, is their tomb."

And with the iron of his hoe he scraped the ice  
Of the spring where the nymphs  
laughed in times past.  
He took the large, cold pieces  
And, lifting them towards the pale sky,  
He looked through.

#### **Anzoleta before the race**

There on the machine is the flag,  
Look, you can see it, go get it.  
With it, return to me here this evening,  
Or else do not show your face again.

Get in the boat, Momolo, don't be bashful!

Go, quickly now, to the little gondola,  
You can't lose!  
Go there, remember your Anzoleta  
Who is watching you from the balcony.

Get in the boat, Momolo, don't be bashful.  
Get in the boat, Momolo, hurry, fly!

#### **Anzoleta during the race**

I am here, do you see me?  
They are bent over the oars,  
The wind is against them,  
But the current is in their favor.

My Momolo, where is he?  
Ah, I see him, he is second!  
Ah! What madness! I am confused,  
I feel my heart leap.

Come on, have courage go, go,  
Before you reach the finish line,  
If you keep rowing, I'll bet,  
You'll leave all the others behind.

Dear, dear, he seems to be flying,  
He has passed all of them!  
He's half a boat ahead,  
Ah, I understand, he looked at me.



**Anzoleta dopo la regata**

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,  
caro Momolo, de cuor;  
qua destrachite che xe ora  
de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'ò visto co passando  
su mi l'ocio ti a butà  
e go dito respirando:  
un bel premio el ciaparà,

sì, un bel premio in sta bandiera,  
che xe rossa de color;  
gha parlà Venezia intiera,  
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto,  
a vogar nissun te pol,  
de casada, de tragheto  
ti xe el megio barcarol.

**Anzoleta after the race**

Have a kiss, another still,  
Dear Momolo, from my heart;  
Rest here for it's time  
That I wipe away your sweat.

Ah, I saw you while passing,  
You glanced at me up in the balcony  
And I said, sighing:  
He'll win a good prize,

Yes, his prize will be the flag  
That is red in color;  
All of Venice spoke,  
She said you were the winner.

Have a kiss, blessed one,  
No one rows as fast as you!  
Whether noble or common,  
You are the best barcarole.

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