

2-3-2013

Junior Recital: Elizabeth Calabro, soprano

Elizabeth Calabro

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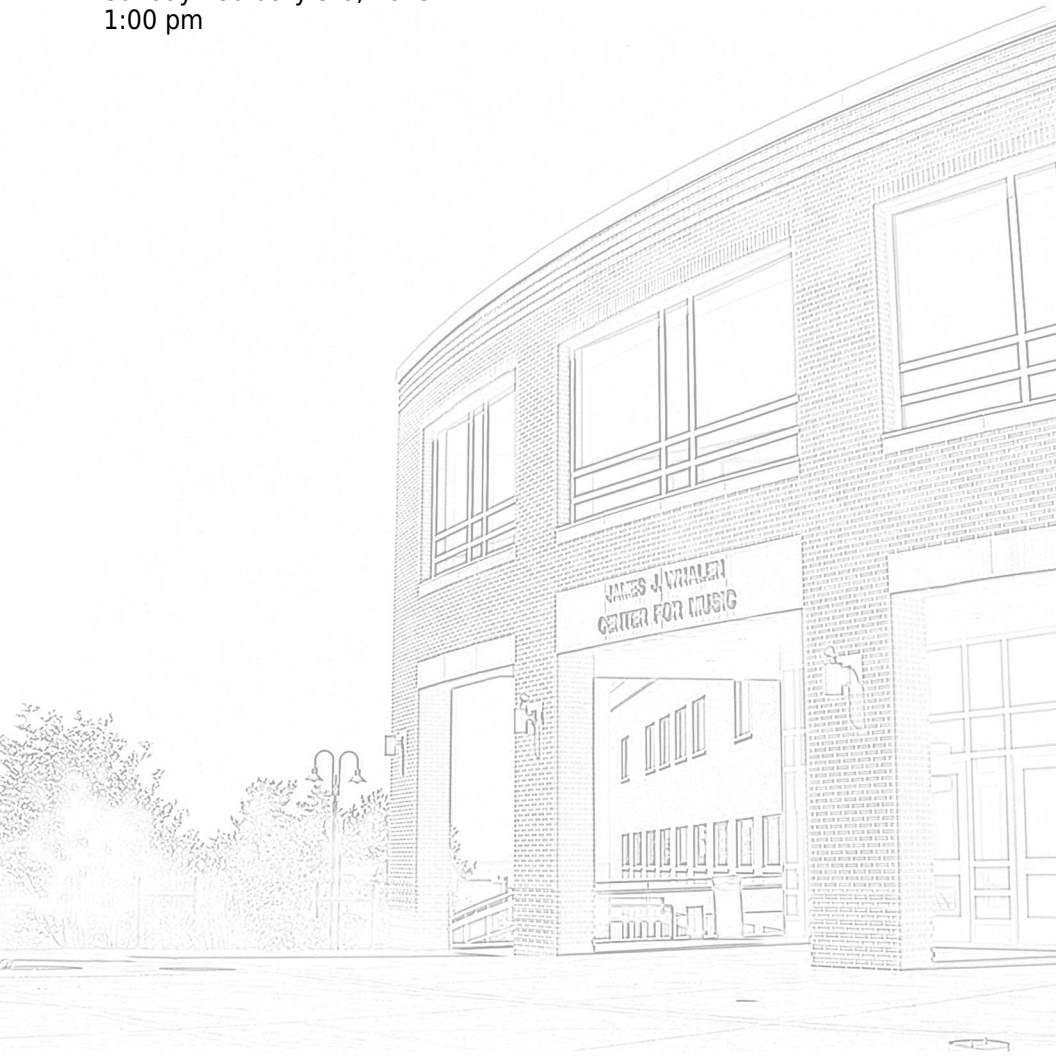
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Junior Recital

Elizabeth Calabro, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday February 3rd, 2013
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Laudate Dominum

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Il mio bel foco

Benedetto Marcello
(1686-1739)

O del mio dolce ardor

Christoph Willibald von Gluck
(1714-1787)

Standchen
Lachen Und Weinen
Du Bist Die Ruh

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Intermission

Lydia
Rencontre
Audieu

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1942)

Let Us Garlands Bring Op.18
1. Come Away, Come Away Death
3. Fear No More The Heat O' The Sun
5. It Was A Lover And His Lass

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

Can't Help Falling In Love

Hugo Peretti
Luigi Creatore
George David Weiss

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree BM Vocal Performance. Elizabeth Calabro is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.

Translations

Laudate Dominum

Laudáte Dóminum ómnes
géntes
Laudáte éum ómnes pópuli.
Quóniam confirmáta est
supérnos misericórdia éjus
Et véritas Dómini mánet in
aetérum.

Praise the Lord

Praise the Lord all nations
Praise the Lord all people
For confrimed is His heavenly
mercy
And the truth of the Lord
endures in eternity.

Il mio bel foco

Il mio bel foco,
O lontano o vicino ch'esser
poss'io,
Senza cangiar mai tempore
per voi,
Care pupille, ardrea sempre.

My ardent fire

My ardent fire,
Whether far or near I am
from you,
My love for you will never
change,
Dear eyes, I will desire you
always.

Quella fiamma che
m'accende,
Piace tanto all'anima mia,
Che giammai s'estinguerá.

This flame that inflames me,
Is pleasing so much to my
soul,
That it will never be
extinguished.

E se il fato a voi mi rende,
Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,
Altra luce ella non vuole
Né voler giammai potrà.

And if fate would return me
to you,
Lovely rays of my beautiful
sun,
Another light my soul does
not want
Nor ever could want.

O del mio dolce ardor

O del mio dolce ardor
bramato oggetto!
L'aura che tu respiri alfin
respiro.
Ovunque il guardo io giro
Le tue vaghe sembianze
Amore in me dipinge,
Il mio pensier si finge
Le piú liete speranze;
E nel desio che cosi m'empie
il petto.
Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e
sospiro!

O you are the object of my sweet desire

O you are the object of my
sweet desire
The air that you breath at
last I may breath.
Wherever I trun my glance
Your lovely features
Love paints for me.
My thoughts, they imagine
The most happy hopes;
And in the that fills my
breast.
I seek you, I call you, I hope
and I sigh!

Stänchen

Leise flehn meine Lieder
Durch die Nact zu dir,
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel
rauschen
In des Mondes Licht,
Des Verräters feindlich
Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen
schlagen?
Ach! Sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens
Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,

Serenade

Softly plead my songs
Through the night to you,
Below in the quite grove,
Sweetheart, come to me!

Whispering, slender tree-tops
rustle
In the moon's light,
Of any betrayer's hostile
listening
Fear, lovely one, not.

Do you hear the nightingales'
call?
Ah, they are imploring you,
With the tones of sweet
lamentation
They plead to you for me.

They understand the heart's
longing,
They know the pain of love,

Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jades wuchs Herz.

Lass auch dir die Brust
bewegen.
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich dir
entgegen!
Komm, beglücke mich!

Lachen und Weinen

Lachen und Weinen zu
jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so
mancherlei Gründe.
Morgens lacht ich vor Lust,
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewusst.

Weinen und Lachen zu
jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so
mancherlei Gründe.
Abends weint ich vor
Schmerz,
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit
Lachen,
Muss ich dich fragen, O Herz.

They touch with their silver
tones
Every tender heart.

Allow also your heart to be
moved.
Sweetheart, hear me!
Trembling, I await you hear!
Come, make me happy!

Laughing and Weeping

Laughing and weeping at any
hour
Is a part of love for so many
reasons.
Mornings, I laughed for you,
And why do I now weep
In the evening's glow,
I myself don't even know.

Weeping and laughing at any
hour
Is a part of love for so many
reasons.
Evenings, I wept out of grief,
And why do you (my heart)
awaken
In the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, oh my heart.

Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir.
Und schlieÙe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz!

You are the repose

You are the repose
The gentle peace,
You are yearning
And what stills it.

I consecrate to you
Full of pleasure and pain
As a dwelling here
My eyes and heart.

Come to me,
And close
Quietly behind you
The gates.

Drive other pain
Out of this breast!
Full may my heart be
Of your joy.

This tabernacle of my eyes,
By your radiance
Alone is illumined,
Oh fill it completely!

Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues,
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,

Roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues.

Le jour qui lui est le
meilleur;
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.

Laisse tes baisers de
colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans
cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;

Les délices comme un
essaim,
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse!

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes
amours!
Mon âme en baisers m'est
ravie.
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir, mourir
toujours!

Lydia

Lydia, on your pink cheeks,
And on your neck fresh and
so white,
Rolls sparkling
The liquid gold that you
untie.

The day that shines in the
best;
Let us forget the eternal
tomb.

Let your dovelike kisses
Sing on your lips that
blossom.

A hidden lily unceasingly
disperses
A fragrance divine from
within your breast;
Delights like a swarm,
Emanate from you, young
goddess!

I love you and die, on my
love!
Your kisses have stolen my
soul.
Oh, Lydia, give back to me
my life,
That I may die, die always!

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand
je t'ai rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui
mon obstiné tourment;
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme
inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi
vainement?

Ô, passante aux doux yeux,
serais-tu donc l'amie

Qui rendrait le bonheur au
poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon
âme affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un
coeur d'exilé!

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la
mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner
sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton
extase s'éveille,
Et le charme des soirs à ta
belle âme est cher.

Une mystérieuse et douce
sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi
comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par
l'amour envahie,
Et mon coeur te chérit sans
te connaître bien!

Enconter

I was sad and pensive when I
met you,
I feel less today my
persistent torment;
Oh tell-me, could you be the
woman un hoped for,
And the ideal dream that I
have pursued in vain?

Oh passer-by with gentle
eyes, could you be the
friend

Who would restore happiness
to the lonely poet,
And will you shine upon my
soul strengthened,
Like the native sky on the
heart of an exile?

Your timid sadness, similar to
my own,
Loves to watch the sun set
on the sea!
Your ecstasy is awakened
before its vastness,
And the charm of the
evening is dear to your
lovely soul.

A mysterious and gentle
sympathy
Already chains me to you like
a living bond;
And my soul trembles,
overcome by love,
And my heart cherishes you,
without knowing you well!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la
rose declose,
Et les frais manteaus diaprés
des prés,
Les longs siupire, les
bien-aimées,
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger
changer
Plus vite que les flots des
grèves,
Nos rêves!
Plus vite que le givre en
fleurs,
Nos coeurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle,
cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs
amours sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vis
charmes, sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon
avue,
Adieu!

Farewell

How everything dies quickly,
the rose in bloom,
And the fresh colored mantle
of the meadows,
The long sighs, loved ones,
Gone up in smoke!

One sees in this fickle world
change
More quickly than the waves
on the shore,
Our dreams!
More quickly than the frost
on the flowers,
Our hearts!

I believed I would be faithful
to you, cruel one,
But alas! The longest loves
are shore!
And I say on taking leave of
your charms,
Almost at the moment of my
avowal,
Farewell!

**Come Away, Come
Away, Death**

Come away, come away,
death,
And in sad cypress let me
be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel
maid.

My shroud of white, stuck
all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so
true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower
sweet,
On my black coffin let
there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend
greet
My poor corpse, where my
bones shall be thrown.

A thousand, thousand sighs
to save,
Lay me, O, where sad true
lover never find my
grave,
To weep there!

**Fear No More The Heat
O' The Sun**

Fear no more the heat o'
the sun,
Nor the furious winter's
rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast
done,

(Fear No More...cont'd)
Home art gone, and ta'en
thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all
must,
As chimney-sweepers,
Come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o'
the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's
stroke:
Care no more to clothe and
eat;
To thee the reed is as the
oak:
The scepter, learning,
physic,
Must all follow this, and
come to dust.

Fear no more the
lighting-flash,
Nor the all dreaded
thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure
rash;
Thou hast finished joy and
moan:
All lovers young,
All lovers must consign to
thee,
And come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm
thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near
thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy
grave!

It Was A Lover And His Lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a
hey nonino
That o'er the green
cornfield did pass
In spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the
spring.

Between the acres of the
rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a
hey nonino,
These pretty country folks
would lie,
In spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the
spring.

This carol they began that
hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a
hey nonino,
How that life was but a
flower
In spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the
spring.

(It Was a Lover...cont'd)
And therefore take the
present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a
hey nonino,
For love is crowned with
the prime
In spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the
spring!

Can't Help Falling In Love

Wise men say only fools
rush in,
But I can't help falling in
love with you.

Shall I stay?
Would it be a sin if I can't
help
Falling in love with you?

Like a river flowers
Surely to the sea,
Darling, so it goes.
Something's are meant to
be.

Take my hand,
Take my whole life too.
For I can't help falling in
love with you.