

3-19-2015

Elective Recital: Liliana Saffa and Alexandra Wright, soprano

Liliana Saffa

Alexandra Wright

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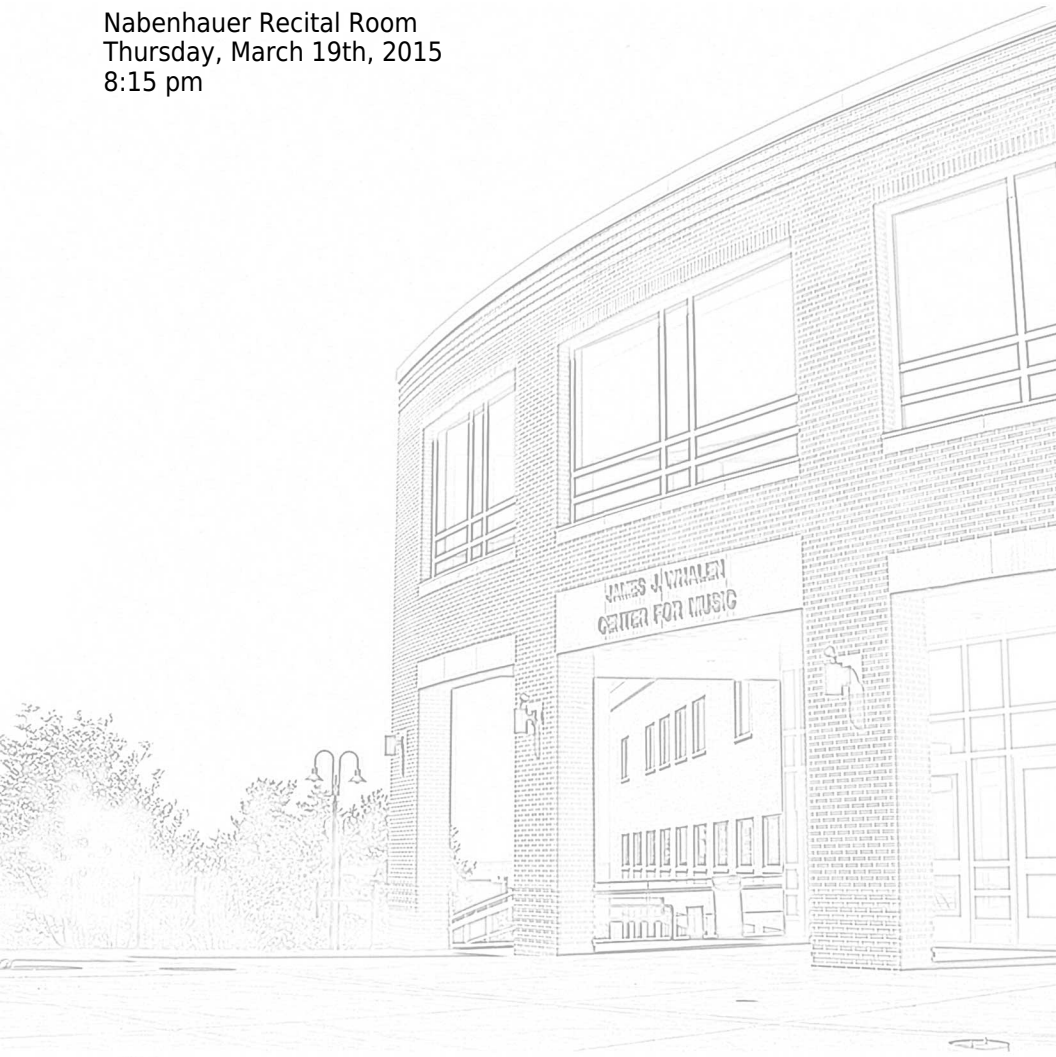
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Joint Elective Recital:
Liliana Saffa, Soprano
Alexandra Wright, Soprano

Sarah Broadwell, Piano
Kerry Mizrahi, Piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Thursday, March 19th, 2015
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Sull'aria

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

An die Nachtigall
Immer leiser wird
Vergebliches Ständchen

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

I am Rose
O You Whom I Often and Silently Come
My Papa's Waltz
For Susan
See How They Love Me

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

Intermission

Au bord de l'eau
Toujours
Notre amour

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

La promessa
La pastorella dell'alpi
La fioraia fiorentina
L'orgia

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Translations

Sull'aria

Cosa mi narri, e che ne disse il Conte?	What are you saying, and what did the Count say?
Gli si leggeva in fronte il dispetto e la rabbia.	One could read in his face the spite and the rage.
Piano, ch' è meglio or lo porremo in gabbia.	Hold on there; it would be better now to set a trap for him.
Dov' è l'appuntamento che tu gli proponesti?	Where is it you proposed to meet him?
In giardino.	In the garden.
Fissiamgli un loco. Scrivi.	Let's fix the exact place. Write.
Ch'io scriva... ma, signora...	I should write to him... but my Lady...
Eh, scrivi dico; e tutto io prendo su me stessa.	Go on, I tell you to write; and I will be responsible for everything.
Canzonetta sull'aria...	Little song on the breeze...
Sull'aria	On the breeze
Che soave zeffiretto	What a gentle little zephyr
Questa sera spirer à	This evening will sigh
Sotto i pini del boschetto	Under the pines in the little grove.
Ei gi à il resto capirà.	And the rest he'll understand.
Certo, certo il capir à.	Certainly, certainly he'll understand.

An die Nachtigall

Geuss nicht so laut der liebentflamnten Lieder Tonreichen Schall	Do not pour forth your love-enflamed songs'
Vom Blütenast des Apfelbaums hernieder,	Tuneful sounds so loudly,
O Nachtigall!	Down for the blossoming branch of the apple tree,
	Oh Nightingale!
Du t önest mir mit deiner süssen Kehle Die Liebe wach;	With your sweet throat, you call me and
Denn schon durchbebt die Tiefen meiner Seele	Awaken love within me;
Dein schmelzend "Ach".	For already the depths of my soul are stirred
	By your melting cry.
Dann flieht der Schlaf von neuem dieses Lager,	Sleep flees once more from this place,
Ich starre dann	I stare then
Mit nassem Blick und totenbleich und hager	With a tearing gaze, deathly pale and haggard,
Den Himmel an.	At the sky.

Fleuch, Nachtigall in grüne
Finsternisse,
Ins Haigestrauch
Und spend im Nest der treuen
Gattin Küsse,
Entfleuch, Entfleuch!

Fly, nightingale, off into the green
darkness,
Into the bushy grove.
And shower kisses on your faithful
mate in your nest,
Fly off, fly off!

Immer leiser wird

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Scheier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen draus' vor meiner Tür,
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.

My slumber grows ever more
peaceful;
And only like a thin veil now does
my anxiety
Lie trembling upon me.
Often in my dreams I hear you
Calling outside my door;
No one is awake to let you in,
And I wake up and weep bitterly.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte weh'n,
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:

Yes, I will have to die;
Another will you kiss,
When I am pale and cold.
Before the May breezes blow,
Before the thrush sings in the
forest:

Willst du mich noch einmal seh'n,
Komm', o komme bald!

If you wish to see me once more,
Come, oh come soon!

Vergebliches Stänchen

Er: Guten Abend mein Schatz,
Guten Abend mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

He: Good evening, my treasure,
Good evening, sweet girl!
I come from love of you,
Ah, open the door,
Open the door for me!

Sie: Meine Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich lass dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

She: My door is locked,
And I won't let you in:
My mother has advised me well!
If you came in,
It would be all over for me!

Er: So kalt ist die Nacht
So eisig der Wind,
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein Lieb' erlösch'n wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

He: The night is so cold,
And the wind is so icy
That my heart will freeze,
And my love will be extinguished!
Open for me, sweet girl!

Sie: Löschet dein' Lieb';

She: If your love starts dying,

Lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett zur Ruh!
Gute nacht, mein Knab'!

Then let it be extinguished!
If it keeps dying
Go home to bed and rest!
Good night, my boy!

Au bord de l'eau

S'asseoir tous deux au bord du flot
qui passe,
Le voir passer;
Tous deux, s'il glisse un nuage en
l'espace,
Le voir glisser;
A l'horizon, s'il fume un toit de
chaume,
Le voir fumer;
Aux alentours si quelque fleur
embaume,
S'en embaumer;

To sit together at the edge of the
passing wave,
To see it pass;
Together, if a cloud glides by in
space,
To see it glide;
If a thatched roof sends smoke on
the horizon,
To see it smoke;
If in the vicinity some flower gives
off a scent,
To take in that scent;

Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau
murmure,
L'eau murmurer;
Ne pas sentir, tant que ce rêve
dure,
Le temps durer;
Mais n'apportant de passion
profonde,
Qu'à s'adorer,
Sans nul souci des querelles du
monde,
Les ignorer;

To hear, at the foot of the willow
where water murmurs,
The water murmur;
Not to feel, so long as this dream
lasts,
Time last;
But bringing no deep passion
Except to adore each other.
With no concern for the quarrels of
the world,
To know nothing of them;

Et seuls tous deux devant tout ce
qui lasse,
Sans se lasser;
Sentir l'amour devant tout ce qui
passe,
Ne point passer!

And alone together, in the face of
all that causes weariness,
Without becoming weary.
To feel love, in the face of all that
passes away.
Not pass away!

Toujours

Vous me demandez de ma taire,
Du fuir loin de vous pour jamais,
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you forever,
And depart in solitude,
Without remembering the one I
loved!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,

Rather ask the stars
To fall into the infinite,

A la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!

The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its light!

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots,
Et, quand les vents sont en
démence,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Ask the boundless ocean
To drain its vast waves,
And, when the winds rage in
madness,
To still their mournful cries!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs

But do not hope that my soul
Will free itself from its bitter
sorrows,

Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs.

And cast off its fire,
As the spring casts off its flowers.

Notre amour

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère

Our love is a light thing
Like the perfumes that the wind
Takes upon the summits from the
fern

Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.

So that they can be inhaled while
dreaming.

Notre amour est chose légère!

Our love is a light thing!

Notre amour est chose charmante
Comme les chansons du matin,
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.

Our love is a charming thing
Like the songs of the morning,
In which no sorrow is lamented,
In which an uncertain hope
vibrates.

Notre amour est chose charmante!

Our love is a charming thing!

Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois,
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont de viox.
Notre amour est chose sacrée!

Our love is a sacred thing
Like the mysteries of the woods,
Where an unknown soul trembles,
Where the silence has a voice.
Our love is a sacred thing!

Notre amour est chose infinie
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieus réunie,

Our love is an infinite thing
Like the paths of sunsets
Where the sea, reunited with the
skies,

S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Falls asleep under the setting suns.

Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu
vainqueur

Our love is an eternal thing
Like everything that a conquering
god

A touché du deu de son aile,

Has touched with the fire of his
wing,

Comme tout ce qui vient du coeur.

Like everything that comes from
the heart.

Notre amour est chose éternelle!

Our love is an eternal thing!

La promessa

Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare,

That I will ever be able to stop
loving you,

Non lo credete, pupille care!

No, don't believe it, dear eyes!

Nè men per gioco vingannerò, nò.

Not even to joke would I deceive
you about this.

Voi foste e siete le mie faville,

You alone are my sparks,

E voi sarete, care pupille,

And you will be, dear eyes,

Il mio bel foco fin ch'io vivrò!

My beautiful fire as long as I live,
ah!

La pastorella dell'alpi

Son bella pastorella

I am the beautiful shepherdess

Che scende ogni mattino

That descends every morning

Ed offre un cestellino

And offers a little basket

Di fresche frutta e fior.

Of fresh fruit and flowers.

Chi viene al primo albore

Whoever comes at first dawn

Avrà vezzose rose

Will have lovely roses

E poma rugiadosa,

And dew sprinkled apples,

Venite al mio giardin.

Come all to my garden.

Ahu, ahu...

Ahu, ahu...

Chi del notturno orrore

Whoever in night's frightness

Smarrí la buona via,

Loses his way,

Alla capanna mia

At my little cabin

Ritroverà il camin.

Will find his path again.

Venite, o passeggero,

Come, Oh traveler,

La pastorella è qua,

The shepherdess is here,

Ma il fior del suo pensiero

But the flower of her thought

Ad uno solo darà!

She will give to only one!

Ahu, ahu...

Ahu, ahu...

La fioraia fiorentina

I più bei fior comprate,

Buy the most beautiful flowers,

Fanciulle amanti e spose:

Amorous young men and spouses:

Son fresche le mie rose

My roses are fresh

Non spiran che l'amor. No!

And will not die like love. No!

Ahimé! Soccorso implora

Alas! Begs for help

Mia madre, poveretta,

My mother, the poor woman,

E da me sola aspetta

And from me she expects only

Del pan e non dell'or.
Ahimé! Ah!

Bread but not for gold.
Alas! Ah!

L'orgia

Amiamo, cantiamo le donne e i
liquor,
Gradita è la vita fra Bacco ed Amor!

Let us love, let us sing of the
women and the wine,
Life is pleasant with Bacchus and
Cupid!

Se amore ho nel core,
Ho il vin nella testa,
Che gioia, che festa, che amabile
ardor!

I have love in my heart,
I have wine in my head,
What a joy, what a party, what
sweet passion!

Amando, scherzando, trincando
liquor,

Loving, joking, drinking liquor,

M'avvampo, mi scampo da noie e
dolor.

I burn, I escape from boredom and
sorrow.

Cantiam, gradita è la vita fra Bacco
ed Amor!

Let us sing, life is pleasant with
Bacchus and Cupid!

Danziamo, cantiamo, alziamo il
bicchier,

Let us dance, let us sing, let us
raise the glass,

Ridiam, sfidiam i tristi pensier!

Let us laugh, let us challenge the
sad thoughts!

Regina divina, la madre d'amor,
Guiliva rinnova, rinnova ogni cor.
Balzante, spumante con vivo bollor,

Queen divine, the mother of love,
With joy renew every heart.
Leaping, sparkling, foaming over
with life,

E il fino divino del mondo signor.

Is the divine wine the Lord of the
world.

Già ballo, traballo, che odor, che
vapor!

Already I dance, I stagger, what a
fragrance, what an aroma!

Si beva, rebeva con sacro furor.

So drink over and over again in a
holy frenzy.

Cantiam, la vita è compita fra
Bacco ed Amor!

Let us sing, life is complete among
Bacchus and Cupid!

Evviva, evviva le donne e il liquor!

Hurray, hurray for the women and
the liquor!

La vita è compita fra Bacco ed
Amor!

Life is complete among Bacchus
and Cupid!

Meow!