

4-19-2015

Junior Recital: Elizabeth Embser, soprano

Elizabeth Embser

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Dream with Me

Elizabeth Embser, Soprano

Sarah Rushing, Piano

Felicya Schwarzman, Cello

Emmett Scott, Piano

Kevin Thompson, Bass

Spenser Forwood, Drums

Dan Felix, Saxophone

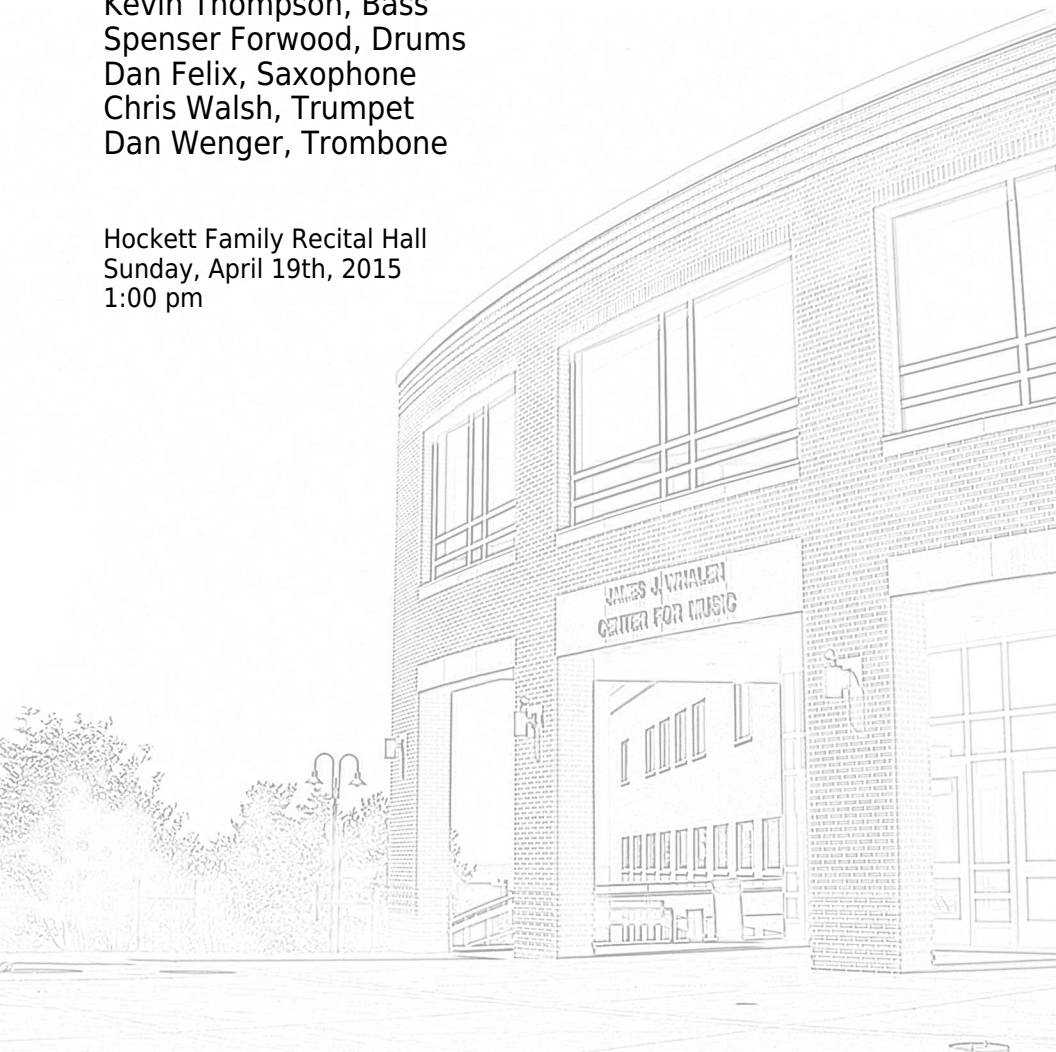
Chris Walsh, Trumpet

Dan Wenger, Trombone

Hockett Family Recital Hall

Sunday, April 19th, 2015

1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Elfenlied
Nixe Binsefuß
Der kleine Sandmann bin ich
 from *Hänsel und Gretel*
Hexenlied

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)
Engelbert Humperdinck
(1854-1921)
Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Lamento della Ninfa, SV 163

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)
Arr. La Venexiana
Emmett Scott, harpsichord; Dan Felix, saxophone; Kevin Thompson, bass

Intermission

Fantoches
Colloque Sentimental
Le Chapelier

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)
Erik Satie
(1866-1925)

Be Kind and Courteous
 from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
Dream with Me
 from *Peter Pan*
 Felicya Schwarzman, cello

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)
Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

There are Fairies at the Bottom of Our Garden

Liza Lehmann
(1862-1918)

Bewitched, Bothered and
Bewildered

Richard Rogers and Lorenz Hart
Published: 1940
Chris Walsh, trumpet; Spenser Forwood, drums

I'd Rather Be Burned as a Witch

Betty Garrett and Gerald Dolin
Arr. Etienne Charles
Published: 1943
Dan Wenger, trombone

Translations

Elfenlied - Song of the Elf

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief: Elfe!	At night in the village the watchman cried "Eleven!"
Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde schlief --Wohl um die Elfe! --	A very small elf was asleep in the wood - just at eleven! -
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall,	And he thinks that the nightingale must have called him by name from the valley,
Oder Silpelit hätt' ihm gerufen.	or Silpelit might have sent for him.
Reibt sich der Elf' die Augen aus, Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann, Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan, Und humpelt also, tippe tapp, Durch's Haselholz in's Tal hinab, Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht, Da sitzt der Glühwurm Licht an Licht.	So the elf rubs his eyes, comes out of his snail-shell house, and is like a drunken man, his nap was not finished; and he hobbles down, <i>tip tap</i> , through the hazel wood into the valley, slips right up to the wall; there sits the glow-worm, light on light.
"Was sind das helle Fensterlein? Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein: Die Kleinen sitzen bei'm Mahle, Und treiben's in dem Saale. Da guck' ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!"	"What are those bright windows? There must be a wedding inside; the little people are sitting at the feast, and dancing about in the ballroom. So I'll just take a peep in!"
-- Pfu! stößt den Kopf an harten Stein!	-- Shame! he hits his head on hard stone!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug? Gukuk! Gukuk!	Well, elf, had enough, have you? Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Nixe Binsefuß - Mermaid of Rushfoot

Des Wassermanns sein Töchterlein Tanzt auf dem Eis im Vollmondschein, Sie singt und lachet sonder Scheu Wohl an des Fischers Haus vorbei.	The daughter of the water-elf Danced on the ice in the moonlight. She sang and laughed fearlessly passing by the fisherman's house.
"Ich bin die Jungfer Binsefuß, Und meine Fisch' wohl hüten muß, Meine Fisch' die sind im Kasten, Sie haben kalte Fasten; Von Böhmerglas mein Kasten ist, Da zähl' ich sie zu jeder Frist.	"I am the maiden Rushfoot, And I must watch over my fishes, They are kept in a chest with only cold meals to eat. This chest is made of Bohemian glass, so I can count them anytime I want.
Gelt, Fischermatz? gelt, alter Tropf, Dir will der Winter nicht in Kopf? Komm mir mit deinen Netzen! Die will ich schön zerfetzen!	Now, you old duffer of a fisherman, Can't you understand that it's winter? Come, bring me your nets! I'll tear them to shreds!

Dein Mägdlein zwar ist fromm und gut,
Ihr Schatz ein braves Jägerblut.

Sure, your daughter is gentle and good,
And her sweetheart an honest young
huntsman.

Drum häng' ich ihr, zum
Hochzeitsstrauß,
Ein schilfen Kränzlein vor das Haus,

So for her wedding gift I will hang

A wedding bouquet of reeds on the
house,

Und einen Hecht, von Silber schwer,
Er stammt von König Artus her,

And a pike of heavy silver,
Which dates back to the time of King
Arthur;

Ein Zwergen-Goldschmids-Meisterstück,
Wer's hat, dem bringt es eitel Glück:
Er läßt sich schuppen Jahr für Jahr,
Da sind's fünfhundert Gröschlein baar.

'Tis a dwarf-goldsmith's masterpiece
That brings good luck to its keeper;
One can scale it year after year,
and get 500 Groschen in cash.

Ade, mein Kind! Ade für heut!"
Der Morgenhahn im Dorfe schreit."

Farewell, my child! Farewell for today!
The morning rooster is wailing in the
village."

Der kleine Sandmann bin ich - The Sleepy Fairy, I am

Der kleine Sandmann bin ich, st!
und gar nichts arges sinn' ich, st!

I am the little Sleep Fairy, shhh!
and would not think of harming you,
shhh!

euch Kleinen lieb' ich innig, st!
bin euch gesinnt gar minnig, st!

I love you little ones dearly, shhh!
and am quite lovingly disposed towards
you, shhh!

Aus diesem Sack zwei Körnelein
euch Müden in die Äugelein:

Two grains of sand from this sack,
my sleepy ones, I will sprinkle in your
eyes;

die fallen dann von selber zu,
damit ihr schlaft in sanfter Ruh';

they will then close by themselves
so that you can rest in gentle peace;

und seid ihr brav und fein geschlafen
ein:

and if you are good and have fallen
asleep,

dann wachen auf die Sterne,
aus hoher Himmelsferne;
gar holde Träume bringen euch die
Engelien!

Then, the stars will wake up
in the distant heavens,
the little-angels will bring you lovely
dreams!

Drum träume, träume, Kindchen,
träume,
gar holde Träume bringen euch die
Engelien!

So dream, little children, dream,
the little angels will bring you lovely
dreams!

Hexenlied - Song of the Witch

Die Schwalbe fliegt,
Der Frühling siegt,
Und spendet uns Blumen zum Kranze!
Bald huschen wir
Leis' aus der Tür,
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!

Ein schwarzer Bock,
Ein Besenstock,
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,
Reißt uns geschwind,
Wie Blitz und Wind,
Durch sausende Lüfte zum Brocken!

Um Beelzebub
Tanzt unser Trupp
Und küßt ihm die kralligen Hände!
Ein Geisterschwarm
Faßt uns beim Arm
Und schwinget im Tanzen die Brände!

Und Beelzebub
Verheißt dem Trupp
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:
Sie sollen schön
In Seide geh'n
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben!

Ein Feuerdrach'
Umflieget das Dach,
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier.
Die Nachbarn seh'n
Die Funken weh'n,
Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem Feuer.

Die Schwalbe fliegt,
Der Frühling siegt,
Die Blumen erblühen zum Kranze!

Bald huschen wir
Leis' aus der Tür
Juchheisa zum prächtigen Tanze.

The swallow soars,
The spring outpours
Her flowers for garlands entrancing;
Soon shall we glide
Away and ride,
Hey-day, to the spirited dancing!

A buck that's black,
A broomstick o' back,
The prangs of a poker will pitch us;
We'll ride a steed
With light'ning speed
Direct to the mountain of witches.

The dancing bands
All kiss the hands
Like claws that belong to the devil,
While other swarms
Have grabbed our arms
And brandish their torches in revel!

Old Satan swears
To make repairs
With promise of marvellous pleasure;
All spirits glad
In silk are clad,
Unearthing great chestfuls of treasure.

A dragon flies
Now down from the skies
With presents of food for the table.
The neighbours sight
The sparks in flight
And cross themselves as fast as they're
able.

The swallow soars,
The spring outpours
Her flowers for garlands entrancing;

Soon shall we glide
Away and ride,
Hey-day, to the spirited dancing!

Lamento della Ninfa - The Nymph's Lament

Amor, dove, dov'è la fè
ch'el traditor giurò?

Fa' che ritorni il mio amor
com'ei pur fu, o tu m'ancidi,
ch'io non mi tormenti più.

Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri
se non lontan da me,
no, no che i martiri
più non darammi affè.

Perché di lui mi struggo,
tutt'orgoglioso sta,
che sí, che sí se'l fuggo
ancor mi pregherà?

Se ciglio ha più sereno colei,
che'l mio non è,
già non rinchiude in seno,
Amor, sí bella fè.

Ne mai sí dolci baci
da quella bocca havrai,
ne più soavi, ah taci,
taci, che troppo il sai.

O Love, where's the fidelity
that the deceiver promised?

Make my love come back
as he used to be
or kill me, so that I will not suffer
anymore.

I don't want him to sigh any longer
if he's far from me.
No! He will not make me suffer
anymore, I swear!

He's proud
because I languish for him.
Perhaps if I fly away from him
he will come to me again.

If her eyes are more serene
than mine, O Love,
she does not hold in her heart
a fidelity so pure as mine.

And you will not receive from those lips
kisses as sweet as mine,
nor softer. Oh, don't speak!
Don't speak, you know better than that.

Fantoches - Marionettes

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassemble,
Gesticulent noirs sous la lune,

Cependant l'excellent docteur
Bolonais cueille avec lenteur
des simples parmi l'herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse demi-nue,

En quête de son beau pirate espagnol,

Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
brought together by some evil scheme,
gesticulate, rudely beneath the moon.

Meanwhile, the excellent doctor
from Bologna slowly gathers
medicinal herbs in the brown grass.

Then his sassy-faced daughter
sneaks underneath the arbor
and glides half-naked,

in quest of her handsome Spanish
pirate,
whose distress a languorous nightingale
deafeningly proclaims.

Colloque Sentimental - Sentimental Dialogue

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé
Deux formes ont tout à l'heure passé.

In the old park's desolation and frost
the paths of two ghostly figures have
crossed.

Leurs yeux sont morts
et leur lèvres sont molles,
Et l'on entend à peine leurs paroles.

Their eyes are dead
and their lips slack and gray
and one can scarcely hear the words
they say.

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé
Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé.

In the old park's desolation and frost
two spectres have been evoking the
past.

-- Te souvient-il de notre extase
ancienne?

-- "Do you recall our bliss of that
September?"

- *Pourquoi voulez-vous donc qu'il m'en
souviennne?*

- "*Why ever should you wish me to
remember?*"

-- Ton cœur bat-il toujours à mon seul
nom? Toujours vois-tu mon âme en
rêve?

-- "Now when you hear my name does
your heart-rate grow? Do you still
see me in your dreams?"

- *Non.*

- "*No.*"

-- Ah! Les beaux jours de bonheur
indicible où nous joignons nos
bouches!

-- "Ah, the enchantment of loving so
dearly, those kisses that we
shared!"

- *C'est possible.*

- "*Maybe.*"

-- Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand
l'espoir!

-- "Skies were so blue and hopes so
high, so proud!"

- *L'espoir a fui, vaincu, vers le ciel noir.*

- "*Defeated hope has fled in a sombre
cloud.*"

Tels ils marchaient dans les avoines
folles,
Et la nuit seule entendit leurs paroles.

Thus did they walk in the wild grass
swaying.
Only the night heard the words they
were saying.

Le Chapelier - The [Mad] Hatter

Le chapelier s'étonne de constater
Que sa montre retarde de trois jours,
Bien qu'il ait eu soin de la graisser
Toujours avec du beurre de première
qualité.

The Hatter is astonished to find
that his watch is three days slow,
despite taking care to grease it
with butter of the finest quality.

Mais il a laissé tomber des miettes
De pain dans les rouages,
Et il a beau plonger sa montre dans le
thé,
Ça ne le fera pas avancer davantage.

But he has dropped breadcrumbs
into the workings,
and though he dips his watch in tea,
that will not make it go faster.

Be Kind and Courteous

Be kind and courteous to this
gentleman;

Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks and
dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and
mulberries;

The honey-bags steal from the
humble-bees,

And for night-tapers crop their waxen
thighs

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's
eyes,

To have my love to bed and to arise;

Nod to him, elves, and do him
courtesies.

Be kind and polite to this gentleman

Follow him around. Leap and dance for
him.

Feed him apricots and blackberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and
mulberries.

Steal honey from the bumblebees,

and make candles out of the bees' wax
from their legs.

Light them with the light of glowworms,

so my love will have light when he goes
to bed and wakes up.

Bow to him, fairies, and curtsy to him.