

4-2-2016

# Senior Recital: Once Upon a Time...: Elizabeth Marie Embser, soprano

Elizabeth Marie Embser

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# Once Upon a Time...

Elizabeth Marie Embser, soprano

Emmett Scott, piano

Carolyn Kruszona, mezzo-soprano

Rachel Silverstein, mezzo-soprano

Kengo Ito, drums

Kevin Thompson, bass

Dan Felix, saxophone

Chris Walsh, trumpet

John Bourdelais, guitar

Rebecca Angel, voice

Kate Griffin, voice

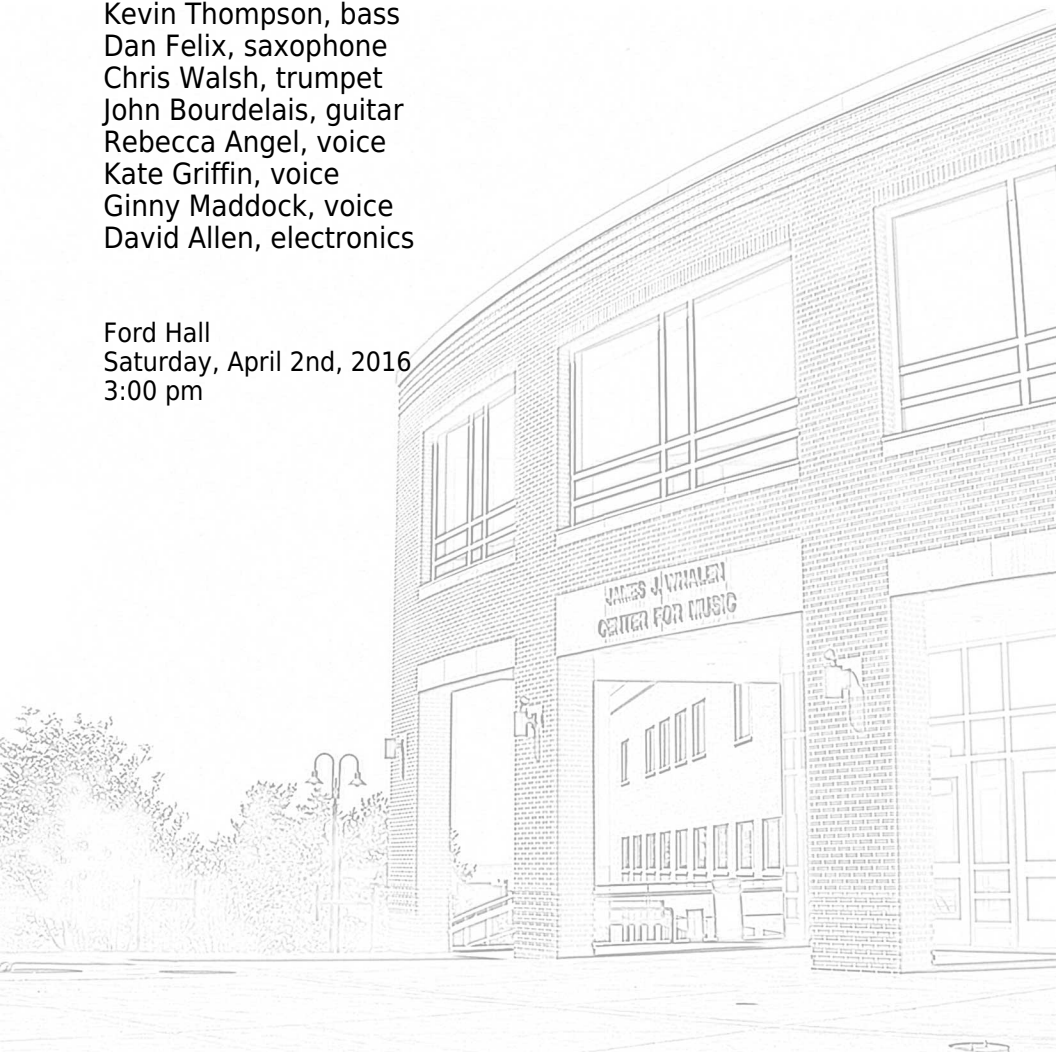
Ginny Maddock, voice

David Allen, electronics

Ford Hall

Saturday, April 2nd, 2016

3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

# Program

Der Musikant  
Die Zigeunerin

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Piangeró la sorte mia

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

La Diva de l'Empire

Erik Satie  
(1866-1925)

La Belle au Bois Dormant

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Matinée d'été

Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

*Rachel Silverstein, mezzo-soprano*  
*Carolyn Kruszona, mezzo-soprano*

Mein Herr Marquis

Johann Strauss II  
(1825-1899)

## Intermission

If I Ruled the World (1963)

Leslie Bricusse and Cyril Ornadel  
*Kengo Ito, drums*  
*Kevin Thompson, bass*

Rum and Coca Cola (1945)

Rupert Grant and Lionel Belasco  
*Rebecca Angel, voice*  
*Kate Griffin, voice*  
*Ginny Maddock, voice*  
*John Bourdelais, guitar*  
*Chris Walsh, trumpet*

California Gurls (2010)

Katy Perry and Bonnie McKee  
*David Allen*

A Dream is a Wish (1949)

Mark David, Al Hoffman, and Jerry Livingston  
*Dan Felix, saxophone*

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This recital is in fulfillment of the Vocal Performance degree.  
Elizabeth Marie Embser is from the studio of Carol McAmis.

## Translations

### Der Musikant ("The Minstrel")

Wandern lieb' ich für mein Leben, Lebe eben, wie ich kann, Wollt ich mir auch Mühe geben,  Paßt es mir doch gar nicht an.	I love the wandering life: I live how I can. If I were to trouble myself about anything, it would not suit me at all.
Schöne alte Lieder weiß ich; In der Kälte, ohne Schuh, Draußen in die Saiten rei ich, Wei nicht, wo ich abends ruh!	I know lovely old songs; in the cold, without shoes, I pluck my strings out there and do not know where I'll sleep in the evening!
Manche Schne macht wohl Augen,  Meinet, ich gefiel ihr sehr, Wenn ich nur was wollte taugen, So ein armer Lump nicht wr.	Many a lovely girl makes eyes at me, as if to say she would like me well if I only made something of myself and were not such a poor beggar.
Mag dir Gott ein'n Mann bescheren,  Wohl mit Haus und Hof versehn! Wenn wir zwei zusammen wren, Mcht mein Singen mir vergehn.	May God provide you with a husband, and a house and yard! If we two were together, my singing would die.

### Die Zigeunerin ("The Gypsy Girl")

Am Kreuzweg da lausche ich, wenn die Stern' und die Feuer im Walde verglommen, und wo der erste Hund bellt von fern, da wird mein Brut'gam herkommen. La, la, la, la.	At the crossroads, there I listen, when the stars and the fires in the forests have died down, and where the first hound barks from afar - from there will my intended come.  La, la, la, la.
"Und als der Tag graut', durch das Gehlz sah ich eine Katze sich schlingen, ich scho ihr auf den nubraunen Pelz, wie tat die weit berspringen!	"And when day broke, through the copse, I saw a cat creeping; I shot at her nut-brown pelt  and how far she leapt!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

"Schad' nur ums Pelzlein, du kriegst  
mich nit!

mein Schatz muß sein wie die  
andern:

braun und ein Stutzbart auf  
ung'rischen Schnitt

und ein fröhliches Herze zum  
Wandern.

La, la, la, la.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

For shame with this little pelt - you  
shall have me not!

My darling must be like the others:

brown and bearded with a  
Hungarian trim

and a merry heart toward  
wandering.

La, la, la, la.

## Piangeró la sorte mia

Recitative:

E pur così in un giorno  
Perdo fasti e gandezze?

Ahi fato rio!

Cesare, il mio del nume,  
è forse estinto.

Cornelia e Sesto inermi son,  
Nè sanno darmi soccorso.

O dio, non resta alcuna speme al  
viver mio.

Aria:

Piangerò la sorte mia,  
Sì crudele e tanto ria,  
Finché vita in petto avrò.  
Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno

Il tiranno e notte e giorno  
Fatta spettro agiterò.

Recitative:

And yet thus in a single day  
do I lose splendour and greatness?

Ah wicked fate!

Cesare, my handsome sovereign,  
is probably dead.

Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless,  
nor do they know how to give me  
assistance.

Oh God, there doesn't remain any  
hope for my life.

Aria:

I shall lament my fate,  
so cruel and so wicked,  
as long as I have life in my breast.  
But when I am dead, from all  
around,

the tyrant, both night and day,  
having become a ghost, I will  
haunt.

## La Diva de l'Empire

Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway,  
Mettant l'éclat d'un sourire,  
D'un rire charmant et frais  
De baby étonné qui soupire,  
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,  
C'est la Diva de l'Empire.  
C'est la rein' dont s'éprennent

Les gentlemen  
Et tous les dandys

Under the great Greenaway hat,  
Showing the burst of a smile,  
Of a laugh charming and fresh  
Of a surprised baby who sighs,  
Little girl with velvety eyes,  
It's the Diva of the Empire.  
It's the queen of whom become  
enamoured

The gentlemen  
And all the dandys

De Piccadilly.

Dans un seul "yes" elle met tant de  
douceur  
Que tous les snobs en gilet à coeur,

L'accueillant de hurras  
frénétiques,  
Sur la scène lancent des gerbes de  
fleurs,  
Sans remarquer le rire narquois

De son joli minois.

Elle danse presque  
automatiquement  
Et soulève, oh très pudiquement,  
Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches,

De ses jambes montrant le  
frétillement.  
C'est à la fois très très innocent

Et très très excitant.

Of Piccadilly.

In only a "yes" she puts so much  
sweetness  
That all the snobs in waistcoats to  
heart,  
Welcome her with frenetic hurrahs,  
On the stage toss wreaths of  
flowers,  
Without noticing the mocking laugh

Of her sweet little face.

She dances almost automatically  
And lifts up, oh very modestly,  
Her underthings of frills and  
furbelows,  
Of her legs showing the quivering.

It is at the same time very very  
innocent  
And very very exciting.

## La Belle au Bois Dormant ("Sleeping Beauty")

Des trous à son pourpoint vermeil,  
Un chevalier va par la brune,  
Les cheveux tout pleins de soleil,  
Sous un casque couleur de lune.

Holes in his ruby doublet,  
A knight passes by the dark,  
His hair full of sunshine  
Under a helmet the color of the  
moon.

Dormez toujours, dormez au bois,  
L'anneau, la Belle, à votre doigt.

Sleep always, sleep in the wood,  
The ring, Beauty, on your finger.

Dans la poussière des batailles,  
Il a tué loyal et droit,  
En frappant d'estoc et de taille,  
Ainsi que frapperait un roi.

In the dust of battles,  
He has killed loyally and justly,  
Striking with cut and with point,  
as a king would strike.

Dormez au bois, où la verveine,  
Fleurit avec la marjolaine.

Sleep in the wood, where the  
verbena,  
flowers with the marjoram.

Et par les monts et par la plaine,  
Monté sur son grand destrier,

And over the mountains and over  
the plains,  
mounted on his large steed,

Il court, il court à perdre haleine,  
Et tout droit sur ses étriers.

He races, he races breathlessly,  
Completely straight in his stirrups.

Dormez la Belle au Bois,  
rêvez q'un prince vous épouserez.

Sleep, Sleeping Beauty,  
dream that you will marry a prince.

Dans la forêt des lilas blancs,  
Sous l'éperon d'or qui l'excite,

In the forest of white lilacs,  
Under the golden spur which urges  
him on,

Son destrier perle de sang  
Les lilas blancs, et va plus vite.

his charger with pearls of blood  
The white lilacs, and he goes more  
quickly.

Dormez au bois, dormez, la Belle  
Sous vos courtines de dentelle.

Sleep in the wood, sleep on, o  
Beauty  
under your curtains of lace.

Mais il a pris l'anneau vermeil,  
Le chevalier qui par la brune,  
A des cheveux pleins de soleil,  
Sous un casque couleur de lune.

But he has taken the ruby ring,  
The knight who, in the dusk,  
has hair full of sunshine,  
under a helmet the color of the  
moon.

Ne dormez plus, la Belle au Bois,  
L'anneau n'est plus à votre doigt.

Sleep no more, Sleeping Beauty,  
The ring is no longer on your finger.

## **Matinée d'été ("Summer Morning")**

Le beau matin vient de luire  
Vermeil et charmant,  
Du fond du vallon gaîment  
Monte comme un rire d'oiseaux  
éveillés  
Dans les bois feuillés

The beautiful morning comes with  
gleams  
Gold and lovely,  
From the bottom of a joyous valley  
Rises like an awakened bird's laugh  
in the wooded forest.

Vite, vite, partons vite, ma petite  
soeur,  
Allons faire une visite  
Au matin en fleur.

Quickly, quickly, we go quickly, my  
little sister,  
We are going on a visit  
To the morning in bloom.

Plein ta légère corbeille  
Il faut rapporter  
Des branches de l'églantier  
La moisson vermeille;  
Je sauve tes doigts mignons  
Des durs aiguillons;

Fill your light basket,  
You must bring  
Some branches of wild roses  
To the scarlet harvest;  
I save your little fingers  
from the hard pricks;

Tu fais un festin de reine,  
Un festin d'un morceau de pain,

Nous buvons à la fontaine  
Au creux de la main.

Vers la chère maisonnette  
Quand nous reviendrons  
Alors nous nous sentirons  
L'âme tout en tête  
Si trop long est le chemin  
Donne moi la main:

Nous aurons pour la journée,  
Nous aurons, ma petite soeur,  
Notre maison parfumée  
Comme notre coeur.

You make a feast fit for a Queen,  
A feast made only from a piece of  
bread,

We drink from the fountain  
In the palm of your hand.

Towards the expensive house  
When we return  
And we will feel  
The celebration.  
If the path is too long,  
give me your hand:

We have for the day,  
We will have, my little sister,  
Our tasteful house  
like our heart.

## Mein Herr Marquis

Mein Herr Marquis, ein Mann wie  
Sie

Sollt' besser das verstehn,  
Darum rate ich, ja genauer sich  
Die Leute anzusehen!

Die Hand ist doch wohl gar zo fein,  
hahaha.

Dies Füßchen so zierlich und klein,  
hahaha.

Die Sprache, die ich führe  
Die Taille, die Tournüre,  
Dergleichen finden Sie Bei einer  
Zofe nie!

Gestehn müssen Sie fürwahr,  
Sehr komisch dieser Irrtum war!

Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha,  
Ist die Sache, hahaha.  
Drum verzeihn Sie, hahaha,  
Wenn ich lache, hahaha!  
Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha  
Ist die Sache, hahaha!  
Sehr komisch, Herr Marquis, sind  
Sie!

My Lord Marquis, a man like you

should better understand that,  
Therefore I advise you to look more  
accurately at people!

My hand is surely far too fine,  
hahaha.

My foot so dainty and small,  
hahaha.

In a manner of speaking  
My waist, my bustle,  
The likes of things you'll  
never find on a maid!

You really must admit,  
This mistake was very funny!

Yes, very funny, hahaha,  
This thing is, hahaha.  
You'll have to forgive me, hahaha,  
If I laugh, hahaha!  
Yes, very funny, hahaha  
This thing is, hahaha!  
Very comical, Sir Marquis, you are!



Mit dem Profil im griech'schen Stil  
Beschenkte mich Natur:  
Wenn nicht dies Gesicht schon  
genügend spricht,  
So sehn Sie die Figur!

Schaun durch die Lorgnette Sie  
dann, ah,  
Sich diese Toilette nur an, ah  
Mir scheint wohl, die Liebe  
Macht Ihre Augen trübe,  
Der schönen Zofe Bild  
Hat ganz Ihr Herz erfüllt!

Nun sehen Sie sie überall,  
Sehr komisch ist fürwahr der Fall!

Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha  
Ist die Sache, hahaha  
Drum verzeihn Sie, hahaha,  
Wenn ich lache, hahaha!  
Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha,  
Ist die Sache, hahaha

With this profile in Grecian style  
being a gift of nature;  
If this face doesn't give it away,  
Just look at my figure!

Just look through the eye-glass,  
then, ah,  
At this outfit I am wearing, ah  
It seems to me that love  
Has clouded your eyes,  
The chambermaid image  
Has fulfilled all your heart!

Now you see her everywhere,  
Very funny indeed, is this situation!

Yes, very funny, hahaha  
This thing is, hahaha.  
You'll have to forgive me, hahaha,  
If I laugh, hahaha!  
Yes, very funny, hahaha  
This thing is, hahaha!