

4-2-2016

Junior Recital: Liliana Saffa, soprano

Liliana Saffa

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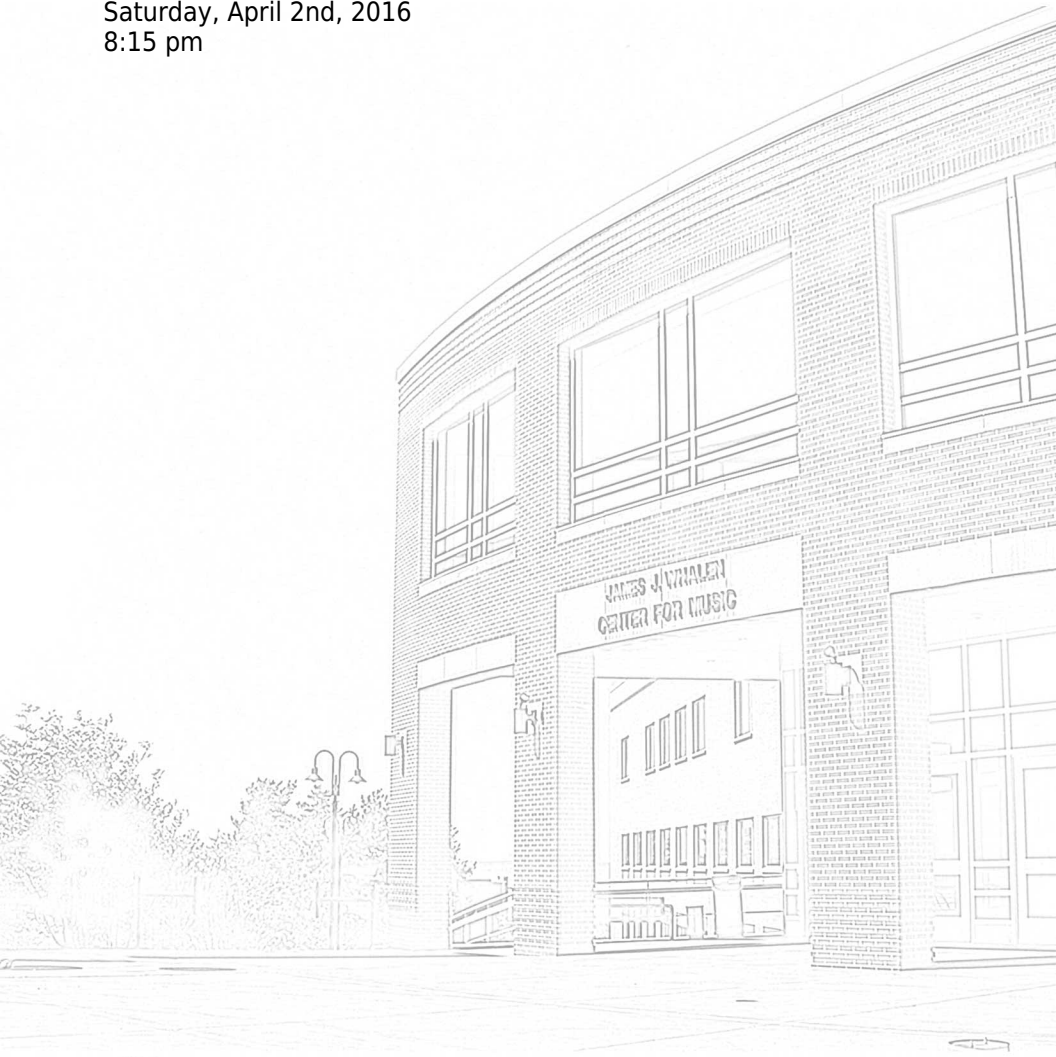
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Junior Recital:
Liliana Saffa, soprano

Kathy Hansen, collaborative pianist
Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, April 2nd, 2016
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Alma grande e nobil core

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Elfenlied
Fussreise
Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Three Dickinson Songs
As Imperceptibly as Grief
Will There Really Be a Morning?
Good Morning Midnight

André Previn
(b. 1929)

Intermission

"Dunque io son"
from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*
Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Quatre Chansons de jeunesse
Pantomime
Clair de lune
Pierrot
Apparition

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

A Word On My Ear

Flanders and Swann
(1922-1975) (1923-1994)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. Vocal Performance.
Liliana Saffa is from the studio of Randie Blooding.

Translations

Alma grande e nobil core

Alma grande e nobil core, le tue pari ognor disprezza. Sono dama al fasto avvezza e so farmi rispettar.	A great soul and noble heart always scorns one like you. I am a lady used to magnificence and know how to make myself respected.
Va', favella, a quell'ingrato, gli dirai che fida io sono.	Go, speak to the ungrateful one, tell him that I am faithful.
Ma non merita perdono, sì mi voglio vendicar. Ingrato, non merita perdono, sì mi voglio vendicar.	But he does not merit my forgiveness, yes, I want revenge. The ingrate, he does not merit my forgiveness, yes, I want revenge.

Elfenlied

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief: Elfe! Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde schlief- wohl um die Elfe!	At night in the village the watchman cried: Eleven! A tiny little elf in the wood slept- just at the eleventh hour!
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Thal bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall, oder Silpelit hätt' ihm gerufen. Reibt sich der Elf' die Augen aus, begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus und ist als wie ein trunken Mann, sein Schläflein war nicht voll gethan,	And he thinks that from out the valley the nightingale must have called him by name, or that Silpelit may have called to him. The elf rubs his eyes open, comes out of his snail-house, and is like a drunken man, who has not quite finished his nap;

und humpelt also, tippe, tapp
durch's Haselholz in's Thal
hinab,
schlupft an der Mauer hin so
dicht,
da sitzt der Glühwurm Licht
an Licht.

and he hobbles about tipsy,
tip, tap,
through the hazelwood into
the valley below,
slipping along close by the
wall,
there sits a glow-worm, light
by light.

"Was sind das helle
Fensterlein?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit
sein:
die Kleinen sitzen bei'm
Mahle,
und treiben's in dem Saale.

"What are those bright little
windows?
There must be a wedding
inside;
the little people are sitting at
the feast
and carousing about in the
ballroom.

Da guck' ich wohl ein wenig
'nein!"

I shall just peep inside a bit!"

Pfui, stösst den Kopf an
harten Stein!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?

Ouch! He hits his head on
the hard stone!
Elf, well, have you had
enough?

Gukuk! Gukuk!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Fussreise

Am frisch geschnittenen
Wanderstab,
wenn ich in der Frühe
so durch Wälder ziehe,
Hügel auf und ab:

When, with a freshly cut
walking stick,
in the early morning
I walk through the woods,
up and down the hills:

dann, wie's Vöglein im Laube
singet und sich rührt,
oder wie die gold'ne Traube
Wonnegeister spürt
in der ersten Morgensonne:

then, like the little bird in the
bush
that sings and stirs,
or the golden grape
that feels the joy of being
in the first morning light:

so fühlt auch mein alter,
lieber
Adam Herbst und

then does my old, dear
Adam feel autumn and

Frühlingsfieber,
Gottbeherzte,
nie verscherzte
Erstlings Paradieseswonne.

spring's fever,
God inspired,
never wasted,
first bliss of paradise.

Also bist du nicht so
schlimm, o alter
Adam, wie die strengen
Lehrer sagen;
Liebst und lobst du immer
doch,
Singst und preisest immer
noch,
wie an ewig neuen
Schöpfungstagen,
deinen lieben Schöpfer und
Erhalter.

Therefore you are not so
bad, oh old
Adam, as the strict teachers
say;
keep on loving and rejoicing
then,
singing and praising,
as if each day were creation
day anew,
your beloved creator and
sustainer.

Möcht' es dieser geben,
und mein ganzes Leben
wär' im leichten
Wanderschweisse
Eine solche Morgenreise!

Might it be granted to me
that I live with that zest
like a wanderer's perspiration
on such a morning journey!

Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens

Was im Netze? Schau
einmal!
aber ich bin bange;
greif' ich einen süssen Aal?
Greif' ich eine Schlange?

What's in the net? Just look!
But I am afraid;
do I grasp a sweet eel?
Do I grasp a snake?

Lieb' ist blinde
Fischerin;
sagt dem Kinde,
wo greift's hin?

Love is a blind
fisher-girl;
tell the child
where she should take hold?

Schon schnellt mir's in
Händen!
ach Jammer! o Lust!
mit Schmiegen und Wenden
mir schlüpft's an die Brust.

Already it leaps into my
hands!
Ah misery! Oh pleasure!
With snuggling and wriggling
it slips onto my breast.

Es beisst sich, o Wunder!
mir keck durch die Haut,
schießt's Herze hinunter!

o Liebe, mir graut!

Was thun, was beginnen?
Das schaurige Ding,
es schnalzet dadrinnen,
es legt sich im Ring.

Gift muss ich haben!
Hier schleicht es herum,
thut wonniglich graben
und bringt mich noch um!

It bites, oh marvel!
Boldly through my skin,
and shoots down to my
heart!

Oh Love, I shudder!

What to do, where to begin?
The hideous thing,
it snaps inside me,
it coils into a ring.

I must have poison!
It creeps about in here,
blissfully burrowing
and will kill me yet!

Dunque io son

ROSINA:
Dunque io son...
tu non m'inganni?
Dunque io son la fortunata!

(Già me l'ero immaginata:
lo sapevo pria di te.)

FIGARO:
Di Lindoro il vago oggetto
siete voi, bella Rosina.
(Oh, che volpe sopraffina!

Ma l'avrà da far con me.)

ROSINA:
Senti, senti, m'a Lindoro,
per parlar come si fa?

FIGARO:
Zitto, zitto, qui Lindoro
per parlarvi or or sarà.

ROSINA:
Can it be...
You are not mocking me?
Can it be I am the fortunate
girl!

(But I had already guessed it,
I knew it all along.)

FIGARO:
You are, sweet Rosina,
the object of Lindoro's love.
(Oh, what a cunning little
fox!

But she'll have to deal with
me.)

ROSINA:
Tell me, tell me, to Lindoro
how shall I contrive to speak?

FIGARO:
Hush, listen, your Lindoro
in a moment shall be here.

ROSINA:
Per parlarmi?
Bravo! Bravo!
Venga pur, ma con prudenza;

io già moro d'impazienza!

Ma che tarda? Ma che fa?

FIGARO:
Egli attende qualche segno,
poverin, del vostro affetto;
sol due righe di biglietto
gli mandate, e qui verrà.
Che ne dite?

ROSINA:
Non vorrei...

FIGARO:
Su, coraggio.

ROSINA:
Non saprei...

FIGARO:
Sol due righe...

ROSINA:
Mi vergogno.

FIGARO:
Ma di che? Ma di che?... Si
sa!
Presto, presto qua il biglietto.

ROSINA:
Un biglietto?...
Eccolo qua.

ROSINA:
To speak to me?
Bravo! Bravo!
Let him come, but with
caution;
meanwhile I am dying of
impatience!
Why is he delayed? What is
he doing?

FIGARO:
He is awaiting some sign,
poor man, of your affection;
send him but two lines
and you will see him here.
What do you think?

ROSINA:
Oh, I could not...

FIGARO:
Come, courage.

ROSINA:
I don't know...

FIGARO:
Only two lines...

ROSINA:
I am too shy.

FIGARO:
But why? But why?... You
know!
Quickly, quickly write a note.

ROSINA:
A note?...
Here it is.

FIGARO:
Già era scritto!... Ve' che
bestia!
Il maestro faccio a lei!
Ah che in cattedra costei
di malizia può dettar.
Donne, donne, eterni Dei,

chi vi arriva a indovinar!
Qui verrà! A momenti
per parlar qui sarò.

ROSINA:
Fortunati affetti miei!
Io comincio a respirar.
Ah tu solo, amor, tu sei
che mi devi consolar!

FIGARO:
Already written!... What a fool
am I!
She could teach me a lesson!
In cunning itself
she could be a professor.
Women, Women, eternal
gods,
who can fathom their minds!
Is on his way! In a moment
he'll be here to speak to you.

ROSINA:
Fortune smiles on my love!
I can breathe once more.
Oh you alone, my love,
can console my heart!

Pantomime

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un
Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus
attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de
l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un cœur dans la
brise
Et d'entendre en son cœur
des voix.

Pierrot, who is no Clitandre,
Empties a flask without
delay,
And, being practical, cuts
into a pâté.

Cassandre, at the end of the
avenue,
Sheds an unnoticed tear
For his disinherited nephew.

That scoundrel Harlequin
plots
The abduction of Columbine
And pirouettes four times.

Columbine dreams, surprised
To feel a heart in the breeze
And to hear in her heart
some voices.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage
choisi
Que vont charmants
masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et
quasi
Tristes sous leurs
déguisements fantasques.
Tout en chantant sur le mode
mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie
opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à
leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au
clair de lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste
et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux
dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets
d'eau,
Les grands jet d'eau sveltes
parmi les marbres.

Your soul is a chosen
landscape
Charmed by masques and
bergamasques,
playing on the lute and
dancing, and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful
disguises.
While singing in a minor
mode
Of love the conqueror and of
favorable life,
They do not seem to believe
in their happiness
And their song mingles with
the light of the moon,
With the calm light of the
moon, sad and beautiful,
Which makes the birds
dream in the trees,
And makes the fountains sob
with ecstasy,
The tall, slim fountains
among the marble
statues.

Pierrot

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule
contemple,
Ayant fini les noces
d'Arlequin,
Suit en songeant le
boulevard du temple.
Une fillette au souple
casaquin
En vain l'agace de son oeil
coquin;
Et cependant mystérieuse et
lisse
Faisant de lui sa plus chère
délice,

The good Pierrot, whom the
crowd watches,
Having finished at
Harlequin's wedding,
Wanders as in a dream along
the Boulevard du Temple.
A young girl in a flimsy
blouse
In vain entices him with her
eye teasing;
And meanwhile, mysterious
and smooth
Loving him above all others,

La blanche lune aux cornes
de taureaux
Jette un regard de son oeil en
coulisse
A son ami Jean Gaspard
Deburau.

The white moon with horns
of a bull
Casts a glance offstage
To her friend Jean Gaspard
Deburau.

Apparition

La lune s'attristeit.
Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts,
Dan le calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de
mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant
sur l'azur des corolles.
C'était le jour béni de ton
premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me
martyriser
S'enivrait savamment du
parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et
sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au
cœur qui l'a cueilli.
J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le
pavé vieilli.
Quand avec du soleil aux
cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en
riant apparue,
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au
chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux
sommeils d'enfant gâté
Passait, laissant toujours de
ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets
d'étoiles parfumées.

The moon grew sad.
Some seraphim in tears
Dreaming, bow in hand,
In the calm of the flowers
Misty, drew from dying viols
Some white sobs as their
bows glided over the
azure of the corollas.
It was the day blessed of
your first kiss.
My dreaming, fond of
tormenting me
Became knowingly drunk on
the perfumed sadness
That, without even the regret
or bitter aftertaste,
The harvest of dreams leaves
in the reaper's heart.
So I wandered, eyes fixed on
the old paving stones.
When, with the sun on your
hair, in the street
And in the evening, you
appeared laughing,
And I thought I saw the fairy
with a hat of light
Who once passed across the
beautiful slumbers of my
spoilt childhood
Who allowed from her
half-closed hands
White bouquets of perfumed
stars to snow.