

4-2-2016

## Junior Recital: Liliana Saffa, soprano

Liliana Saffa

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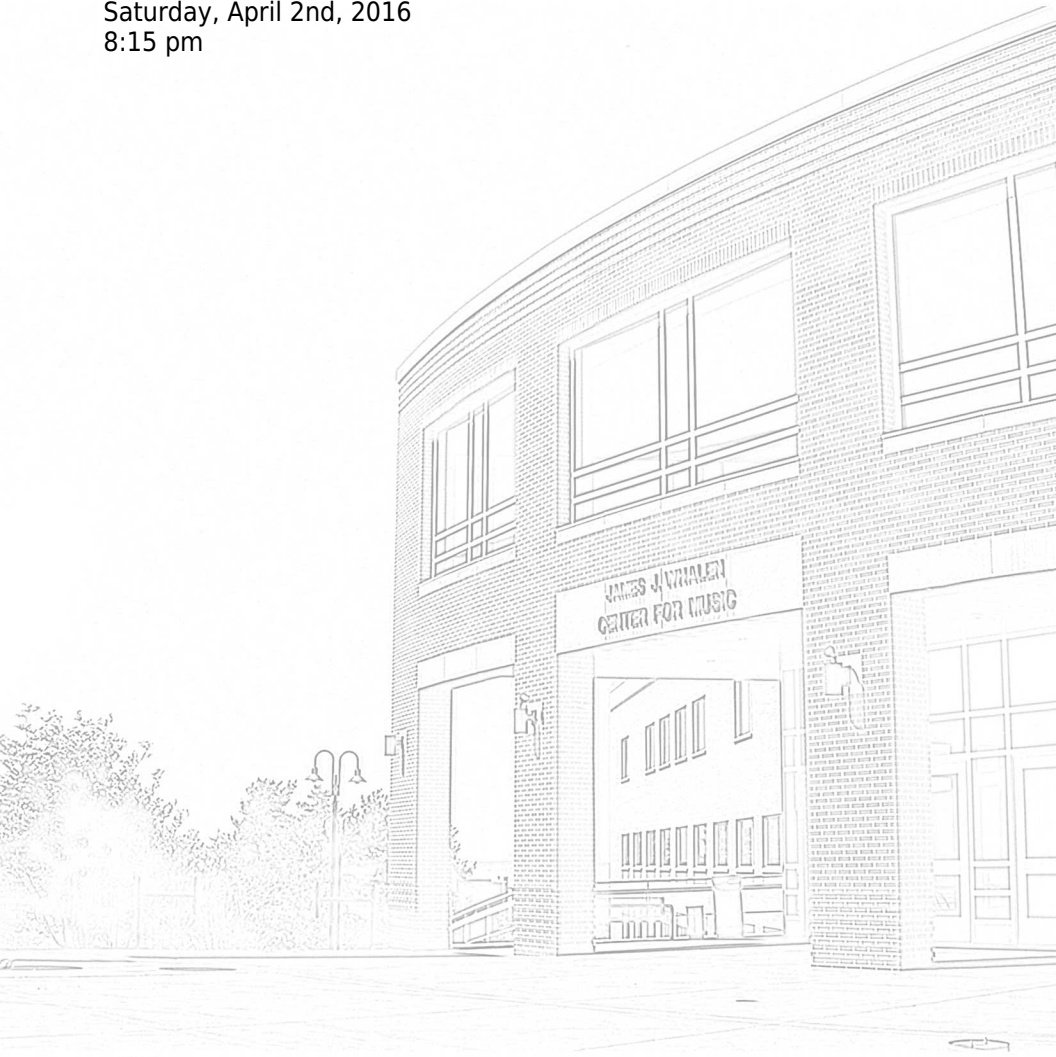
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**Junior Recital:**  
Liliana Saffa, soprano

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)

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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  
singt 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.