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Junior Recital: Alice Lambert, soprano

Alice Lambert

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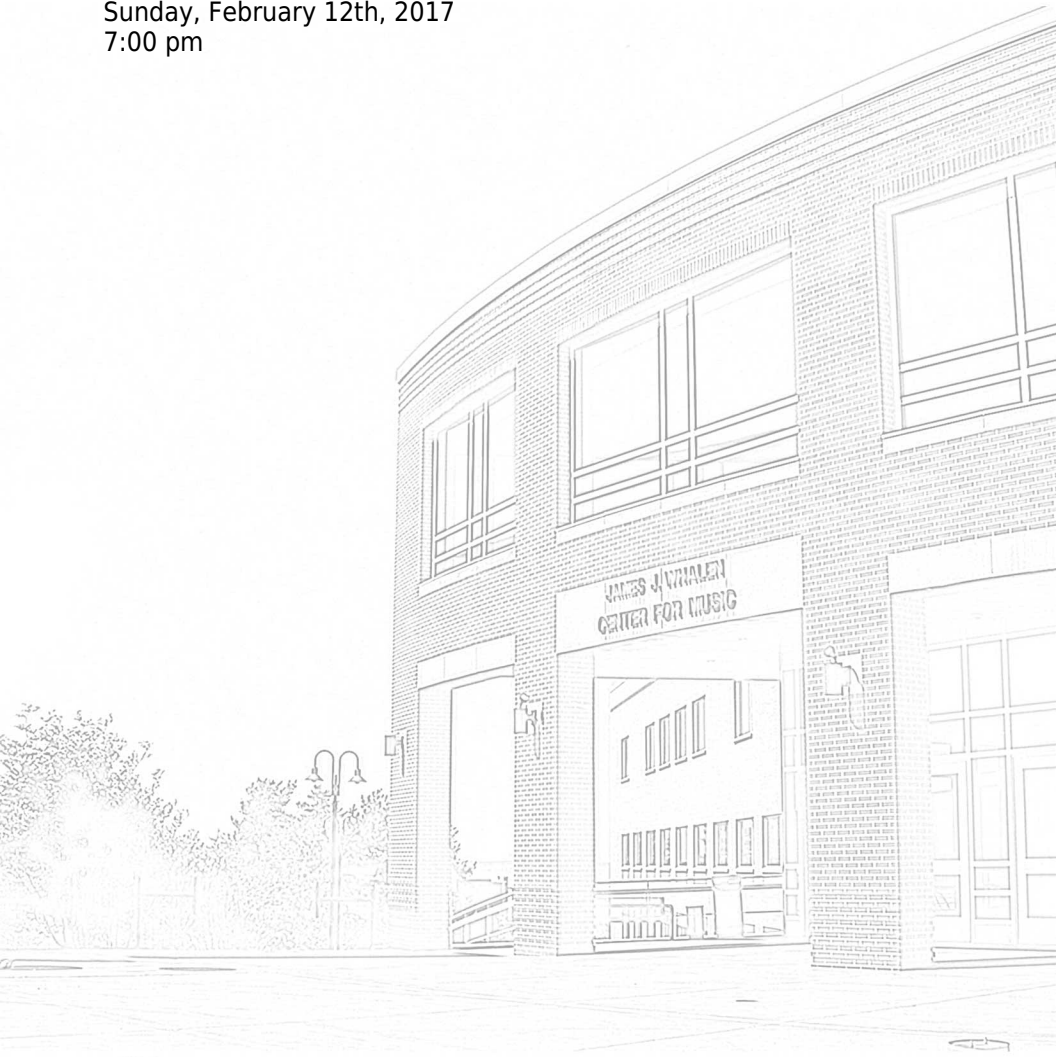
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Junior Recital:
Alice Lambert, soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano
Hannah Morris, flute

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, February 12th, 2017
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

- "Giacché il sonno a lei dipinge"
from *Pensieri notturni di Filli*
Hannah Morris, flute
- George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)
- "Felice cor mio"
from *L'incoronazione di Poppea*
- Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)
- "Si, dolce mia vita"
from *Il trionfo dell'onore*
- Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)
- "Stizzoso, mio stizzoso"
from *La serva padrona*
- Giovanni Battista Pergolesi
(1710-1736)
- "Komm, liebe Zither"
"Sehnsucht nach dem Frühling"
"Das Kinderspiel"
- Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)
- "Je suis veuve d'un colonel"
"Autrefois plus d'un amant"
from *La vie parisienne*
- Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

Intermission

- "Me voglio fà na casa"
"La conocchia"
"Amiamo"
- Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)
- "The Last Rose of Summer"
"Avenging and Bright"
"At the Mid Hour of Night"
- Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Translations

Giacché il sonno a lei dipinge

Nel dolce dell'oblio,
benché riposi,
la mia Filli adorata veglia
coi pensier suoi,
e in quella quiete,
Amor non cessa mai
(con varie forme)
la sua pace turbar
mentr'ella dorme.

In sweet oblivion,
although she is sleeping,
my beloved Phyllis wakes
with her thoughts,
and in that quiet,
Love never ceases
(in various forms)
to disturb her peace
while she sleeps.

Giacché il sonno a lei dipinge
la sembianza del suo bene,
nella quiete ne pur finge
d'abbracciar le sue catene.

Since sleep paints
the illusion of her love,
in the quiet she pretends
to embrace his chains.

Felice cor mio

Felice cor mio,
festeggiami in seno!
Doppo i nemi e gl'horror
godrò il sereno.
Hoggi, hoggi spero che Ottone
mi riconfermi sil suo primiero
amore.

Felice cor mio,
festiggiami in seno!
Festiggiami nel sen, lieto mio
core.

My happy heart,
rejoice in my breast!
After clouds and horrors,
I will enjoy serenity.
Today, today I hope that Ottone
will reconfirm his promised love.

My happy heart,
rejoice in my breast!
Rejoice in my breast, my happy
heart.

Sì, dolce mia vita

Sì, dolce mia vita;
tu l'alma smarrita
mi torni nel petto;
tu rendi la vita
al morto mio cor.

Yes, my sweet life,
You return the soul
to my breast;
You make life
of my dead heart.

Tu cangi in contento
la pena, e il tormento,
in gioia il dolor.

You change pain and torment
into happiness,
sorrow into joy.

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso,
voi fate il borioso.
Ma no! Ma non vi può giovare.

Bisogna al mio divieto
star cheto, cheto,
e non parlare!
Zit! Zit!
Serpina vuol così.

Cred'io che m'intendete, si!
Dacchè mi conoscete
son molti e molti di.

Peevish, my peevish,
you behave with arrogance.
But no! It won't help your
position.

Stay to my demands
and keep silent,
and not talk!
Shut up! Shut up!
Serpina wants it thus.

I think you understand me, yes!
It's been many days
since you understood me.

Komm, liebe Zither

Komm, liebe Zither, komm,
du Freundin stiller Liebe.

Du sollst auch meine Freundin
sein.

Komm, dir vertraue ich die
geheimsten meiner Triebe.
Nur die vertrau ich meine Pein.

Sag' ihr an meiner Statt,
ich darf's ihr noch nicht sagen,
Wie ihr so ganz mein Herz
gehört.

Sag' ihr an meiner Statt,
ich darf's ihr noch nicht klagen,
Wie sich für sie mein Herz
verzehrt.

Come, dear Zither, come,
you are a friend of my silent
love.

You should also be my friend.

Come, I trust you to know
my secret longing.
Only you I can trust to share my
pain.

Tell her in my place,
I'm not allowed to say anything,
how my heart belongs to her.

Tell her in my place,
I'm not allowed to say anything,
how my heart is bursting for
her.

Sehnsucht nach dem Frühling

Komm, lieber Mai, und mache
Die Bäume wieder grün,
Und laß mir an dem Bache
Die kleinen Veilchen blühn!
Wie möcht ich doch so gerne
Ein Veilchen wieder sehn,
Ach, lieber Mai, wie gerne
Einmal spazieren gehn!

Come, dear May, and make
the trees green again,
and by the brook, let
the little violets bloom for me!
How I would love
to see a violet again;
ah, dear May, how gladly
I would take a walk!

Zwar Wintertage haben
Wohl auch der Freuden viel;
Man kann im Schnee eins
traben

Und treibt manch Abendspiel,

Baut Häuserchen von Karten;
Spielt Blindekuh und Pfand;

Auch gibt's wohl
Schlittenfahrten

Auf's liebe freie Land.

Doch wenn die Vöglein singen
Und wir dann froh und flink
Auf grünen Rasen springen,

Das ist ein ander Ding!
Jetzt muß mein
Steckenpferdchen

Dort in dem Winkel stehn;
Denn draußen in dem Gärtchen
Kann man vor Kot nicht gehn.

It is true that winter days
have much joy as well:
one can trot in the snow

and play many games in the
evening;

build little houses of cards,
play blind-man's-buff and
forfeits;

also go tobogganing

in the lovely open countryside.

But when the birds sing
and we joyously and quickly
jump and bounce on the green
turf-

this is another thing!
Now my stick-horse

must stand in the corner there;
for outside in the garden
one cannot walk because of the
dung.

Das Kinderspiel

Wir Kinder, wir schmecken
Der Freunden recht viel!
Wir schäkern und necken.
(Versteht sich im Spiel!)
Wir lärmern und singen
Und rennen uns um,
Und hüpfen und springen
Im Grase herum.

Ha, Brüderchen, rennet!
Ha, wälzt euch im Gras!
Noch ist's uns vergönnet,
Noch kleidet uns das!
Ach, werden wir älter,
So schickt sich's nicht mehr.
Dann treten wir kälter
Und steifer einher.

Ei, seht doch, ihr Brüder,
Den Schmetterling da!

We children,
we have lots of fun!
We cheat and tease.
(But only as a game!)
We make noise and sing
and run around,
and bounce and jump
in the grass.

Hey, little brothers, run!
Hey, run in the grass!
It is still our privilege,
and it still suits us.
Oh, when we get older
it won't be so appropriate.
Then we will be colder
and stiffer.

Oh, look, brother,
that butterfly there!

Wer wirft ihn uns nieder?
Doch schonet ihn ja!
Dort flattert noch einer.
Der ist wohl sein Freund.
O schlag' in ja keiner,
Weil jener sonst weint!

Who will hand it to us?
But be careful!
There flutters another.
It must be his friend.
Oh, don't let anyone hurt it,
or the other one will cry!

Je suis veuve d'un colonel

Je suis veuve d'un colonel
Qui mourut à la guerre!
J'ai chez moi...regret éternel!
Son casque sous un verre!
Maintenant je vis à l'hôtel,
Mais de telle manière
Que de là-haut, du haut du ciel,
Sa demeure dernière,
Il est content, mon colonel,
Ou, du moins, je l'espère.
Es-tu content, mon colonel?

I am the widow of a colonel
who died at war!
I have...eternal regret!
His helmet in a glass!
Now I live at the hotel,
but in such a manner
that from above, from heaven,
in his final resting place,
he is happy, my colonel,
or at least, I hope.
Are you happy, my colonel?

Pour remplacer mon colonel,
Maint et maint téméraire
M'ont parlé d'amour, d'un ton
tel,
Qu'ils m'ont mise en colère!
J'ai par un refus si formel
Repoussé leur prière,
Que de là-haut, du haut du ciel,
Sa demeure dernière,
Il est content, mon colonel,
Ou, du moins, je l'espère.
Es-tu content, mon colonel?

To replace my colonel,
many and many foolhardy men
spoke to me of love in such a
tone
which has made me angry!
I have, with a formal refusal,
rejected their pleas
so that from above, from
heaven,
in his final resting place,
he is happy, my colonel,
Or at least, I hope.
Are you happy, my colonel?

Autrefois plus d'un amant

Autrefois plus d'un amant,
Tendre et galant,
De sa maîtresse osait voler le
gant;
Au plus vite il l'emportait, il le
cachait,
Et de baisers ardents le
dévorerait.
Il couvait ce cher trésor
Mieux que son or

A truly adoring lover,
tender and gallant,
would daringly steal his
mistress's glove.
Furtively he would hide it away,
and secretly smother it with
ardent kisses.
He cherished it as if it were
treasure
better than his gold

Il l'embrassait et l'embrassait
encor.
Et puis, quand l'amour partait,
on conservait
Ce gant mignon, souvenir qui
restait.
Et plus tard, on le trouvait,
Quand les amours étaient finies
Dans le fond d'un vieux coffret,
A côté des lettres jaunies.
On gardait nos gants jadis,
En souvenir de nos menottes
Maintenant nos bons amis
Pourront aussi garder nos
bottes,
Et plus tard nos amoureux,
Devenus vieux,
En rempliront une armoire chez
eux ;
Tout rêveurs, ils l'ouvriront,
contempleront,
Et les voyant, ces bottes, ils
diront:
Celle-ci, c'était madame
Paméla de Sandoval,
A qui je donnai mon âme,
Par un soir de carnaval.
Celle-là, c'était Denise
La friponne aux blonds cheveux.
La comtesse et la marquise,

Les voici toutes les deux.
O transport d'un cœur glacé!

Ces bottes c'est notre passé!
Et voilà, messieurs, comment
Le sentiment rent tout sacré

Vielle botte et vieux gant!

and would kiss it again and
again.
Then, when love had gone, he
retained
the cute glove, as a souvenir of
what remained.
And later, it was found
when love was gone,
at the bottom of an old box,
beside the yellowed letters.
They used to keep our gloves,
as a reminder of our tiny hands.
Now our good friends
can also keep our boots,

And later our lovers,
having become old,
and filled a wardrobe at their
home
will dreamily open it,
and seeing the boots, they'll
say:
"This one, this was Madame
Paméla de Sandoval,
to whom I gave my heart
one evening at a carnival.
This one, this was Denise
that little dizzy blonde.
The countess and the
marquise,
here are both of theirs."
The delight of a chilled old
heart!
These boots are our past!
There, gentlemen, now,
sentiment renders all things
sacred,
even old boots and gloves!

Me voglio fa na casa

Me voglio fa 'na casa miez' 'o
mare
Fravecata de penne de pavune.
D'oro e d'argiento li scaline fare

I want to build a house in the
middle of the sea
made of peacock feathers.
Of gold and silver I will make
the stairs,

E de prete preziose li barcune.

Quanno Nennella mia se va a
facciare

Ognuno dice "mò sponta lu
sole."

and of precious stones, the
balconies.

When my Nennella will appear,

everyone will say "The sun is
rising."

La conocchia

Quann'a lo bello mio voglio
parlare,
ca spisso me ne vene lu golio,
a la fenesta me mett'a filare,

quann'a lo bello mio voglio
parlare.

Quann'isso passa po' rompo lo
filo,

e co'una grazia me mett'a
priare

bello, peccarita, proite milo,

isso lu piglia, ed io lo sto a
guardare,

e accossi me ne vao' mpilo mpilo
ah jeme!

When I want to speak to the one
I love,
because often I want to do that,
I sit down spinning at my
window

when I want to speak to the one
I love.

When he passes by I break the
thread a bit

and with grace begin to ask

handsome one, please get it
back to me

he bends down and I stand
watching him

and so is lit in me a fire
(which will burn) forever!

Amiamo

Or che l'età ne invita,
Cerchiamo di goder.

L'istante del piacer passa,
passa e non torna.

Grave divien la vita

Se non si coglie il fior;

Dì fresche rose amor solo
l'adorna.

Più bella sei, più devi

Ad amor voti e fé;

Altra beltà non è che un suo
tributo.

Amiam ché i dì son brevi;

È un giorno senza amore

Un giorno di dolor, giorno
perduto.

Our youth is so inviting,
so let us find delight.

the time for pleasure passes,
passes and doesn't return.

Life can be grave

if no one culls the flowers;

Only by fresh roses can love be
adorned.

The more beautiful you are, the
more you owe

to love your vows and offerings.

Another gift is but a tribute.

Let's love, for days are short;

A day without love

Is a day of pain, a day lost.