

4-8-2017

Senior Recital: Liliana Saffa, soprano

Liliana Saffa

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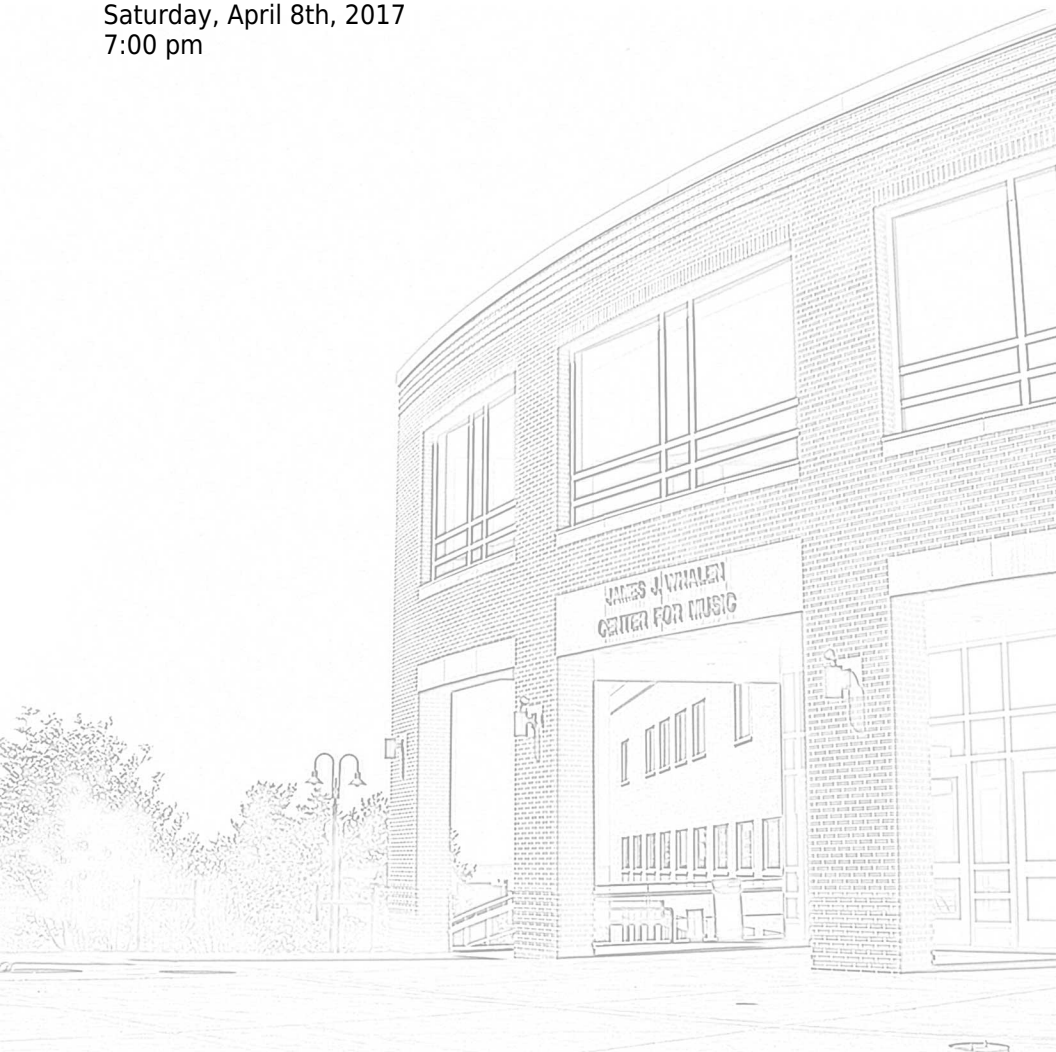
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Senior Recital:
Liliana Saffa, soprano

Kathy Hansen, collaborative pianist
Andrew Meys, bassoon

Ford Hall
Saturday, April 8th, 2017
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Hymn to the Sun"
from *The Golden Cockerel*

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov
(1844-1908)

Ruhe, meine Seele
Ständchen
Morgen!

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

L'invitation au voyage

Andrew Meys, bassoon

Emmanuel Chabrier
(1841-1894)

Intermission

"Obéïssons quand leur voix appelle"
from *Manon*

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

La zingara
Il sospiro
È morta

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Diary of an Urban Maiden
Sunday Morning
Dating Song
Moving On
Mama Called

Gary Schocker
(b. 1959)

Translations

Hymn to the Sun

Ответь мне, зоркое светило, с востока к нам приходишь ты: Мой край родной ты посетило, отчизну сказочной мечты? Всё так же ль там сияют розы и лилий огненных кусты? И бирюзовые стрекозы лобзают пышные листья?	Answer me, bright luminary, from the east to us comes you: My land native you visited, the fatherland of magic dream? Do fiery lilies still shine there as before? And do the turquoise dragonflies still kiss the lush leaves?
И к вечеру у водоёма в несмелых песнях дев и жён,	And in the evening by the brook in the timid songs of maidens and women,
Всё та же ль дивная истома, любви запретной страстный сон?	Are they still filled with the same marvelous longing and the passionate dream of forbidden love?
Всё так же ль дорог гость случайный?	Is an unexpected guest still honored?
Ему готовы и дары, и скромный пир,	For him are prepared both gifts, and a humble feast,
И взгляд потайной сквозь ткань ревнивуы чадры?	Does a secret look still penetrate the jealous cloth of the veil?
А ночь сгустится голубая, к нему, забыв и стыд и страх,	And when the blue night thickens, to him, forgetting both shame and fear,
Спешит хозяйка молодая с признаньем сладостным в устах?	Does a young hostess hurry with a sweet declaration of love on her lips?

Ruhe, meine Seele

Nicht ein Lüftchen regt sich leise, Sanft entschlummert ruht der Hain; Durch der Blätter dunkle Hülle Stiehlt sich lichter Sonnenschein.	Not a breeze is stirring, Softly slumbering lies the grove; Through the dark cover of foliage Steal the bright sunbeams.
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele, Deine Stürme gingen wild, Hast getobt und hast gezittert, Wie die Brandung, wenn sie schwillt!	Rest, rest, my soul, Your turmoil has been furious, You have raged and trembled, Like the surf when it swells!
Diese Zeiten sind gewaltig, Bringen Herz und Hirn in Not,	These times are turbulent, They cause distress to heart and mind,
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele, Und vergiss was dich bedroht!	Rest, rest, my soul, And forget what threatens you!

Ständchen

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind, Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken. Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken. D'rum leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt, Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.	Open up, open up, but quietly my child, Awake no one from his slumber. The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly shakes A leaf in the bushes or hedges. So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing stirs, Just lay your hand softly on the door latch.
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht, Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen, Flieg' leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht, Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen. Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.	With steps as gentle as those of elves, About to hop over the flowers, Slip out quietly into the moonlit night, And fly to me in the garden. The flowers slumber about the rippling brook And fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.
Sitz' nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll Unter den Lindenbäumen, Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll Von uns'ren Küssen träumen, Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht, Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.	Sit down, here it darkens mysteriously Beneath the linden trees, The nightingale above our heads Shall dream of our kisses, And the rose, upon awakening in the morning, Shall glow with the rapture of the night.

Morgen!

Und Morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen, Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde, Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde... Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen, Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen, Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,	And tomorrow the sun will shine again, And on the path that I will follow, It shall again unite us, happy ones, Upon this sun-breathing earth... And to the wide shore, with its blue waves, We will quietly and slowly descend, Speechless, we shall look into each other's eyes,
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Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes
stummes Schweigen...

And upon us will descend the
muted silence of happiness...

L'invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble.

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Des meubles luisants,
Polis par les ans,
Décoreraient notre chambre,
Les plus rares fleurs
Mêlant leurs odeurs
Aux vagues senteurs de l'ambre;
Les riches plafonds,
Les miroirs profonds,
Ah! La splendeur orientale,
Tout y parlerait
À l'âme en secret
Sa douce langue natale.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde!

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

My child, my sister,
Think of the sweetness
Of going there to live together!
To love at leisure,
To love and to die
In a country that is the image of
you.

The misty suns
Of those changeable skies
Have for me the same
Mysterious charm
As your fickle eyes,
Shining through their tears.

There, all is harmony and beauty,
Luxury, calm and delight.

Gleaming furniture,
Polished by age,
Would decorate our bedroom,
The rarest of flowers
Would mingle their fragrance
With the vague scent of amber;
The rich ceilings,
The deep mirrors,
Ah! The splendor of the Orient,
Everything there
Would speak in secret
The soul's soft native tongue.

See how those ships
Nomads by nature
Are slumbering in the canals;
To gratify
Your every desire
They have come from the ends of
the earth!

The westering suns
Clothe the fields,
The canals, and the town,
With reddish-orange and gold;
The world falls asleep
Bathed in warmth and light.

Obéissons quand leur voix appelle

Est-ce vrai? Grand merci!
Je consens, vu que je suis bonne,
A laisser admirer ma charmante
personne!

Je marche sur tous les chemins
Aussi bien qu'une souveraine;
On s'incline, on baise mes mains,
Car par la beauté je suis reine!

Mes chevaux courent à grands pas;
Devant ma vie aventureuse,
Les grands s'avancent chapeau
bas;
Je suis belle, je suis heureuse!

Autour de moi tout doit fleurir!
Je vais à tout ce qui m'attire!
Et, si Manon devait jamais mourir,
Ce serait, mes amis, dans un éclat
de rire!

Obéissons quand leur voix appelle
Aux tendres amours, toujours,
Tant que vous êtes belle,
Usez sans les compter vos jours,
tous vos jours!

Profitons bien de la jeunesse,
Des jours qu'amène le printemps;
Aimons, rions, chantons sans cesse,
Nous n'avons encor que vingt ans!

Le coeur, hélas, le plus fidèle,
Oublie en un jour l'amour,
Et la jeunesse ouvrant son aile
A disparu sans retour, sans retour.

Profitons bien de la jeunesse,
Bien court, hélas, est le printemps!
Aimons, chantons, rions sans cesse,
Nous n'aurons pas toujours vingt
ans!

Is it true? My thanks!
I consent, since I am pretty,
To allow you to admire my
charming self!

I walk along all the paths
Like a sovereign;
They bow, they kiss my hands,
Because by my beauty I am queen!

My horses run with great feeling;
Before my life adventurous,
The nobles bow low;
I am beautiful, I am happy!

Around me all must flourish!
I go to every thing that attracts me!
And, if Manon should die,
I would be, my friends, in a burst of
laughter!

Let us always obey the voice
Of tender love when it calls,
As long as you are beautiful,
Use without counting your days, all
your days!

Let us profit well from the youth,
Of the days brought to us by spring;
Let us love, laugh, sing without end,
We are still only twenty years old!

The heart, alas, the most faithful,
Forgets love in a day,
And the youth opening its wing
Will disappear without return.

Let us profit well from the youth,
Very short, alas, is the spring!
Let us love, sing, laugh without end,
We will not be twenty forever!

La zingara

La zingara! La zingara!	The gypsy girl! The gypsy girl!
Fra l'erbe cosparse di rorido gelo, Coverta del solo gran manto del cielo, Mia madre esultando la vita me diè.	Between the grasses sprinkled with frozen dew, Covered by only the large mantle of the sky, My mother, rejoicing, gave me life.
Fanciulla, sui greppi le capre emulai; Per ville e cittadi, cresciuta, danzai, Le dame lor palme distesero a me.	A young girl, I emulated the goats on the cliffs; Through towns and cities, I grew up, I danced, The ladies reached their palms to me.
Io loro predissi le cose note, Ne feci dolenti, ne feci beate, Segreti conobbi di sdegno, d'amor.	I would predict for them things unnoticed, Some I made sad, some happy, I learned secrets of anger, of love.
Un giorno la mano mi porse un donzello; Mai visto non fummi garzone piu bello; Oh! S'ei nella destra leggessimi il cor!	One day a youth reached his palm to me; Never had I seen a more handsome boy; Oh! If he, from my right hand would read the future of my heart!

Il sospiro

Donna infelice, Stanca d'amore, L'eterno sonno chiedi all'avel?	Unhappy woman, Tired of love, You ask for the eternal sleep of the grave?
Deh! Non rammenti, Che qui v'è un core che, Te perduta, perduto ha il ciel?	Ah! Don't you recall, That here is a heart that, Without you, it has lost heaven?
L'Eden ridente quaggiù la speme Rinnovellata ci può donar Se implori morte, Moriamo insieme, Angiol mio caro, Non mi lasciar.	Eden laughing down here Can give us renewed hopes If you implore death, We will die together, My dear angel, Do not leave me.
Ma se ricusi ch'or teco stretto Nel riso eterno debba salir, Onde la vita mi resti in petto, Dammi l'estremo caldo sospir.	But if you refuse and now must ascend Confined in your eternal smile, On which the life in my breast rests, Give me your last warm sigh.

È morta

Morta e ieri ancor,
Qui vagheggiar,
Il lampeggiar di due bei rai!
Oh! L'amor mio, dove fuggi?
Morte spietata me lo rapì,
Morta e ieri la vagheggiar,
Morta, morta!
Più non ascolta nè i giuramenti,
Nè il flebil suono de'miei lamenti,

Ella è morta.

Or vive un angiol di più nel ciel.

E ieri ancor col suo sospir
Il paradiso sembròmi aprir:
Fu la sua voce canto seren,
Che mi calmava l'affanno in sen,

Morta! E ieri ancora
Stendea la mano
Al poverello
Con volto umano,
Era una madre che lagrimosa
Il ciel pregava per la pietosa
Morta, morta!

Dead and yesterday still,
She who I longed for,
The light of two beautiful eyes!
Oh! My love, where have you gone?
Death, ruthless to me, carries it off,
Dead, and yesterday I longed for it,
Dead, dead!
She no longer hears the oaths,
Nor the melodious sounds of my
laments,
She is dead.

Now one angel more lives in
heaven.

And yesterday still with her sighing
Paradise seemed to open to me:
It was her voice, serene song,
That calmed the suffering in my
breast,

Dead! And yesterday still
She stretched out her hand
To the poor man
With a human face,
She was a mother who tearfully
Prayed to heaven for the pitiful
Dead, dead!