

12-3-2016

## Junior Recital: Lucrezia Ceccarelli, soprano

Lucrezia Ceccarelli

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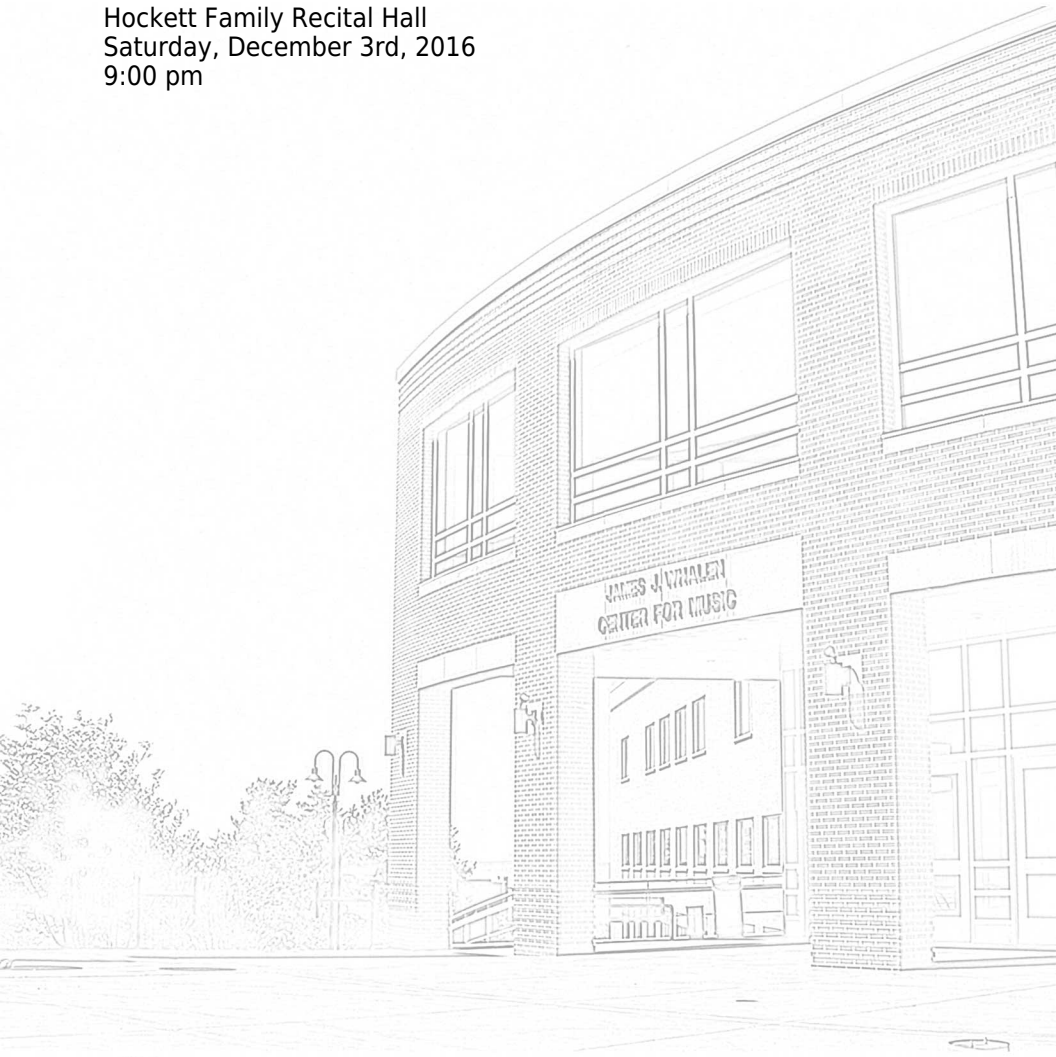
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**Junior Recital:**  
Lucrezia Ceccarelli, soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Saturday, December 3rd, 2016  
9:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

An Chloë  
Ridente la calma  
Das Veilchen

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-91)

Der Fischerknabe  
Vergiftet sind meine Lieder  
Die Lorelei

Franz Liszt  
(1811-1886)

The year's at the Spring  
Ah love, but a day!  
I send my heart up to thee

Amy Beach  
(1867-1944)

# Intermission

Pantomime  
Pierrot  
Apparition

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

"O luce di quest'anima"  
*from Linda di Chamounix*

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Vocal Performance. Lucrezia Ceccarelli is from the studio of Jennifer Kay.

## Translations

### An Chloë

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen, Hellen, offenen Augen sieht, Und vor Lust hinein zu schauen Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;	When love from your blue, Bright, open eyes looks, And from the joy of gazing into them My heart throbs and glows;
Und ich halte dich und küße Deine Rosenwangen warm, Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe Zitternd dich in meinem Arm,	And I hold you and kiss Your rosy cheeks ardently, Dear Maiden, and I clasp You trembling in my arms,
Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke Dich an meinen Busen fest, Der im letzten Augenblicke Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;	Maiden, maiden, and I press You to my breast firmly Which only at the last moment Of dying will release you;
Den berauschten Blick umschattet Eine düstre Wolke mir, Und ich sitze dann ermattet, Aber selig neben dir.	My enraptured gaze will be overshadowed By a dark cloud, And I will sit, then exhausted, But blissful beside you.

### Ridente la calma

Ridente la calma nell'alma si desti; Né resti più segno di sdegno e timor.	Let smiling calm be awakened in the soul; Nor let a sign any longer remain of anger and fear.
Tu vieni, frattanto, a stringer mio bene,	You come, meanwhile, to tighten, my beloved,

Le dolce catene sí grate al  
mio cor.

The sweet chains so  
welcome to my heart.

### Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese  
stand,  
Gebückt in sich und  
unbekannt;  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

A violet upon the meadow  
stood,  
Bent over itself and  
unknown;  
It was a dear little violet.

Da kam ein' junge Schäferin  
Mit leichtem Schritt und  
muntrem Sinn  
Daher, daher,

Then came a young  
shepherdess  
With light step and happy  
mood  
Along, along,

Die Wiese her, und sang.

The meadow along, and  
sang.

"Ach!" denkt das Veilchen,  
"wär ich nur  
Die schönste Blume der  
Natur,  
Ach, nur ein kleines  
Weilchen,  
Bis mich das Liebchen  
abgepflückt  
Und an dem Busen matt  
gedrückt!  
Ach nur, ach nur

"Ah!" thinks the violet, "were  
I but  
The fairest flower in nature,  
Ah, just a little while,  
Until my beloved picked me  
And pressed me firmly to her  
bosom!  
Ah just, ah just

Ein Viertelstündchen lang!"

A short quarter hour long!"

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen  
kam  
Und nicht in Acht das  
Veilchen nahm,  
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.

Ah! But ah! The maiden  
came  
And took no notice of the  
violet,  
And trod on the poor little  
violet.

Es sank und starb und freut'  
sich noch:

It sank and died and rejoiced  
anyway:

Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb'  
ich doch  
Durch sie, durch sie,  
Zu ihren Füßen doch.

"And though I die, I shall  
have died  
Through her, through her  
And at her feet have died."

Das arme Veilchen!  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

The poor violet!  
It was a dear little violet.

### **Der Fischerknabe**

Es lächelt der See, er ladet  
zum Bade,  
Der Knabe schlief ein am  
grünen Gestade,  
Da hört er ein Klingen,  
Wie Flöten so süß,  
Wie Stimmen der Engel  
Im Paradies.

The lake smiles, so inviting to  
bathe,  
The boy sleeps on the green  
shore,  
Then, he hears a tinkling  
sound,  
Like sweet flutes,  
Like the voices of angels  
In paradise.

Und wie er erwachtet in  
seliger Lust,  
Da spielen die Wasser ihm  
um die Brust,  
Und es ruft aus den Tiefen:  
"Lieb' Knabe, bist mein!  
Ich locke den Schläfer,  
Ich zieh ihn herein!"

And as he awakens in blissful  
delight,  
The waters now play against  
his chest,  
And a call from the depths:  
"Dear boy, you are mine!  
I lure the sleeper,  
I draw him down!"

### **Vergiftet sind meine Lieder**

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder  
Wie könnt es anders sein?  
Du hast mir ja Gift  
gegossen  
Ins blühende Leben  
hinein.

Poisoned are my songs  
How could it be otherwise?  
You have poured poison  
Into my blossoming life.

Vergiftet sind meine  
Lieder  
Wie könnt es anders  
sein?

Poisoned are my songs  
How could it be otherwise?

Ich trag' im Herzen viel  
Schlangen,  
Und dich, Geliebte mein!

I bear in my heart many  
snakes,  
And you, my beloved!

### Die Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll's  
bedeuten  
Daß ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten  
Das kommt mir nicht aus  
dem Sinn.

I don't know, what this  
means  
Why I am so sad;  
A fairytale from olden times  
I cannot get it out of my  
mind.

Die Luft ist kühl, und es  
dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.

The air is cool, and it grows  
dark,  
And peacefully flows the  
Rhine;  
The top of the mountain  
sparkles  
In the sunset.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzt  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide  
blitzet  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes  
Haar.

The young woman sits  
up there wonderfully,  
Her golden jewelry sparkles  
She combs her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem  
Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei;  
Das hat eine wundersame  
Gewaltige Melodei.

She combs it with a golden  
comb  
And sings a song with it;  
It has a wondrously  
Powerful melody.

Den Schiffer im kleinen  
Schiffe  
ergreift es mit wildem Weh,  
Er schaut nicht die  
Felsenriffe,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die  
Höh.

The boatman in the small  
boat  
Is seized with a fierce sorrow,  
He sees not the rocky reef,  
He looks only upwards into  
the heights.

Ich glaube, die Wellen  
verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;  
Und das hat mit ihrem  
Singen  
Die Lorelei getan.

I believe, the waves will  
devour  
in the end the boatman and  
boat;  
And this through her singing  
The Lorelei has done.

### **Pantomime**

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

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

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

Cassandre, at the end of the  
avenue,  
Sheds a neglected tear  
For his disinherited nephew.

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

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

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

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

### **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

The good Pierrot, whom the  
crowd gazes at,  
Having finished the wedding  
of Harlequin,  
Follows while dreaming down  
The Boulevard du Temple.  
A girl with a loose flowing  
blouse



En vain l'agace de son oeil  
coquin;  
Et cependant, mystérieuse et  
lisse,  
Faisant de lui sa plus chère  
délice,  
La blanche lune aux cornes  
de taureau  
Jette un regard de son oeil en  
coulisse  
À son ami Jean Gaspard  
Deburau.

In vain provokes him with her  
eye teasing.  
And in the meantime,  
mysterious and smooth,  
Loving him above all others,  
The white moon with the  
horns of a bull,  
Casts a glance with her eye  
sidelong  
To her friend Jean Gaspard  
Deburau.

### Apparition

La lune s'attristait.  
Des séraphins en pleurs,  
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts,  
Dans le calme des fleurs  
Vaporeuses,  
Tiraient de mourantes violes

The moon grew sad.  
Some seraphim in tears,  
Dreaming, bow in fingers,  
In the calm of misty flowers,  
Drew from dying violets,

De blancs sanglots glissant  
Sur l'azur des corolles.

White sobs gliding  
Over the azure of the  
corollas.

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

It was the blessed day  
Of your first kiss.  
My dreaming, fond of  
tormenting me,  
Became knowingly drunk  
On the perfume of sadness  
That, without regret  
Or bitter aftertaste,  
The harvest of a dream

Au coeur qui l'a cueilli.

Leaves in the reaper's heart.

J'errais donc, l'oeil rivé  
Sur le pavé vieilli

I wandered thus, my eyes  
fixed  
On the old paving stones

Quand, avec du soleil aux  
cheveux,  
Dans la rue, et dans le soir,  
Tu m'es en riant apparue.

When, with the sun on your  
hair,  
In the street, and in the  
evening,  
You appeared before me  
laughing.

Et j'ai cru voir la fée  
Au chapeau de claret  
Qui jadis sur mes beaux  
sommeils  
D'enfant gâté  
Passait, laissant toujours  
De ses mains mal fermées  
Neiger de blancs bouquets  
D'étoiles parfumées.

And I thought I saw the fairy  
With a hat of light  
Who once across the  
beautiful  
Slumbers of my spoilt  
childhood  
Passed, letting always  
From her hands half closed  
Snow white bouquets  
Of perfumed stars.

### **O luce di quest'anima**

Ah! tardai troppo, e al nostro  
Favorito convegno  
Io non trovai il mio diletto  
Carlo;  
E chi sa mai  
Quant'egli avrà sofferto!  
Ma non al par di me!

Ah, I waited too long, and at  
Our favorite meeting-place  
I didn't find my dear Carlo;  
And who knows  
How much he suffered!  
But not as much as me!

Pegno d'amore  
Questi fior mi lasciò!  
Tenero core!  
E per quel core io l'amo,  
Unico di lui bene.

A token of love  
Are these flowers he left me!  
Tender heart!  
And I love him for his heart,  
Which is his only possession.

Poveri entrambi siamo,  
Viviam d'amor, di speme;  
Pittore ignoto ancora  
Egli s'innalzerà coi suoi  
talenti!  
Sarò sua sposa allora.

Poor we both are,  
We live on love, on hope;  
An unknown painter,  
He will rise again with  
his talents!  
I will be his wife then.

Oh noi contenti!

O luce di quest'anima,  
Delizia, amore e vita,  
La nostra sorte unita,

In terra, in ciel sarà.

Deh, vieni a me, riposati

Su questo cor che t'ama,

Che te sospira e brama,

Che per te sol vivrà!

Oh we'll be happy!

Oh light of this soul,  
Delight, love and life,  
Our united fate,

On earth, and in heaven will  
be.

Ah, come to me, and rest

On this heart that loves you,

That sighs and longs for you,

And lives only for you!