

9-22-2013

Senior Recital: Emily DeMarzio, soprano

Emily DeMarzio

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Recommended Citation

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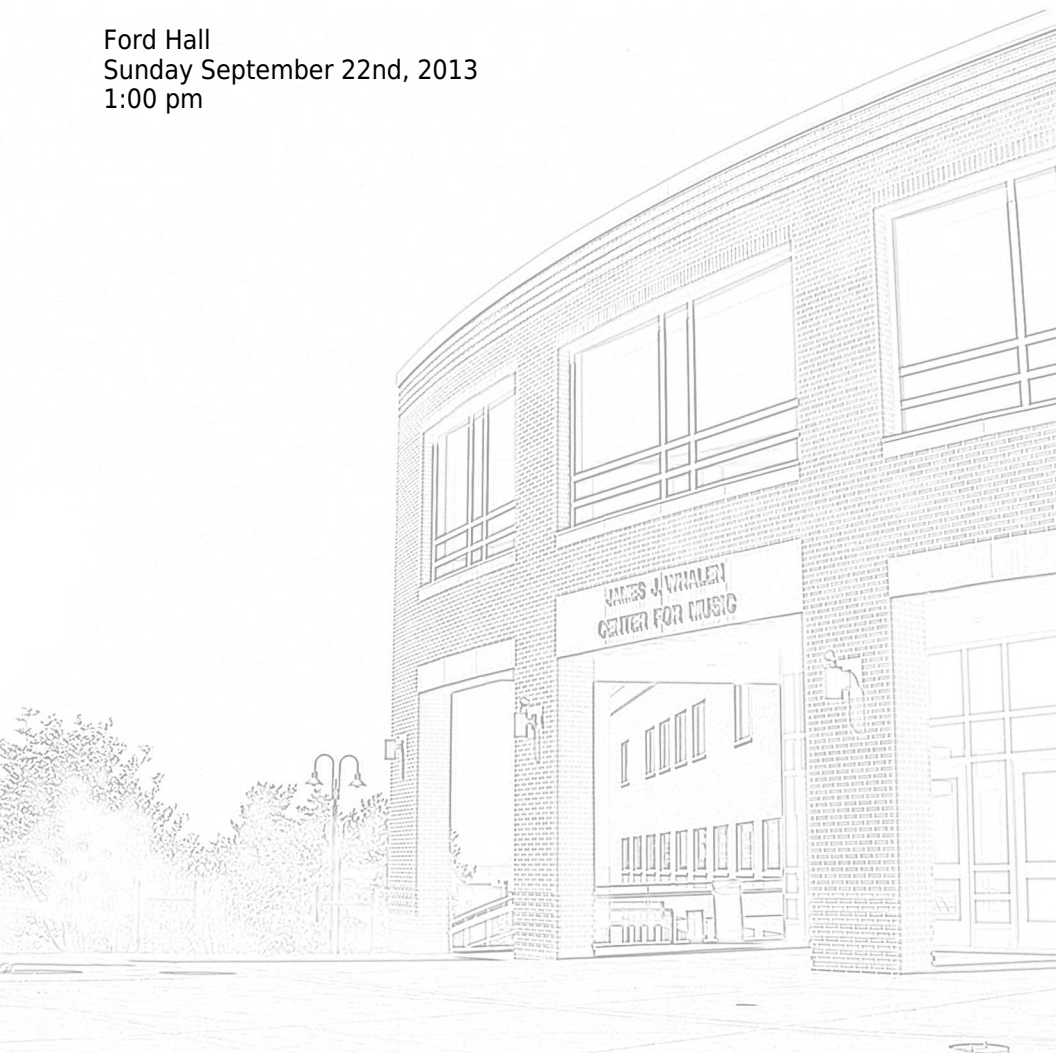
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Senior Recital:

Emily DeMarzio, soprano

Joseph Pepper, piano and harpsichord

Ford Hall
Sunday September 22nd, 2013
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

What can we poor females do?
I attempt from Love's sickness
Sweeter than roses
Hark! The ech'ing Air

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Ma se colpa io non ho!...Batti, batti
from *Don Giovanni*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Frühlingslied
Neue Liebe
Nachtlied
Andres Maienlied (Hexenlied)

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Intermission

Fiançailles Pour Rire
I. La Dame d'André
II. Dans l'herbe
III. Il vole
IV. Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
V. Violon
VI. Fleurs

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Santa Lucia

Traditional Neapolitan Song
trans. Teodoro Cottrau
(1827-1879)

'O sole mio

Eduardo di Capua
(1865-1917)

Funiculì, funiculà

Luigi Denza
(1846-1922)

My Party Dress
from *Henry and Mudge*

Brian Lowdermilk
(b. 1982)

Translations

What can we poor females do?

What can we poor females do,
When pressing, teasing lovers sue?

Fate affords no other way,
But denying or complying,

And resenting, or consenting
Does alike our hopes betray.

I attempt from Love's sickness

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

No more now fond heart, with pride no more swell,
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.

For Love has more power and less mercy than fate.
To make us seek ruin and on those that hate.

Sweeter than Roses

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze,
On a warm flowery shore was the dear kiss,
First, trembling, made me freeze,
Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see, since that dear kiss,
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

Hark! The ech'ing Air

Hark! The ech'ing air a triumph sings.
And all around pleas'd Cupids clap their wings.

Ma se colpa io non ho!...Batti, batti

Ma se colpa io non ho!
Ma se da lui ingannata rimasi!
Eppoi, che temi?
Tranquillati, mia vita,
Non mi toccò la punta della dita.

Non me lo credi? Ingrato!
Vien qui, sfogati, ammazzami,
Fa tutto di me quel che ti piace:
Ma poi Masetto mio ma poi fa pace.

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,
La tua povera Zerlina:
Starò qui come agnellina
Le tue botte ad aspettar.

Batti, batti, la tua Zerlina:

Starò qui, starò qui
Le tue botte ad aspettar.

Lascierò straziarmi il crine,
Lascierò cavarmi gli occhi;
E le care tue manine
Lieta poi saprò baciar.

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,
La tua povera Zerlina:
Starò qui come agnellina
Le tue botte ad aspettar.

O bel Masetto, batti, batti,

Starò qui, starò qui
Le tue botte ad aspettar.

Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!

Pace, pace, o vita mia!
In contento ed allegria
Notte e di vogliam passar.

But what if I was not at fault!
But what if I was betrayed by him!
Then, what are you afraid of?
Clam yourself, my dearest,
He didn't even touch the tip of my
finger.

You don't believe me? Ingrate!
Come here, blow off steam, kill me,
Do all to me that you please:
But then, my Masetto, but then
make peace.

Beat me, beat me, oh dear Masetto,
Your poor Zerlina:
I will remain here like a lamb
To await your blows.

Beat me, beat me, your poor
Zerlina:
I will remain here, I will remain here
To await your blows.

You can tear out my hair,
You can carve out my eyes;
And your dear hands
I will happily kiss.

Beat me, beat me, oh dear Masetto,
Your poor Zerlina!
I will remain here like a lamb
To await your blows.

Oh dear Masetto, beat me, beat
me,
I will remain here, I will remain here
To await your blows.

Ah, I see, you don't have the heart!

Peace, peace, oh my life!
We will spend night and day
In happiness and joy.

Frühlingslied

Es brechen im schallenden Reigen	The resounding voices of spring break loose,
Die Frühlingsstimmen los, Sie können's nicht länger verschweigen, Die Wonne ist gar zu Groß. Wohin, sie ahnen es selber kaum,	They know they can no longer conceal it, The delight is far too great, To where, they themselves hardly sense,
Es rührt sie ein alter, ein süßer Traum!	It stirs within them an old, sweet dream!
Die Knospen schwellen und glühen Und drängen sich an das Licht, Und warten in sehndem Blühen, Daß liebende Hand sie bricht. Wohin, sie ahnen es selber kaum,	The buds swell and glow And push themselves out into the light, And wait in the longing blossoms, That a loving hand will break it, To where, they themselves hardly sense,
Es rührt sie ein alter, ein süßer Traum!	It stirs within them an old, sweet dream!
Und Frühlingsgeister, sie steigen hinab In der Menschen Brust, Und regen dadrin den Reigen Der ew'gen Jugendlust. Wohin, wir ahnen es selber kaum,	And the spirits of spring, they advance downward Into mankind's breast, And stir within there a song Of youthful love, To where, we ourselves hardly sense,
Es rührt uns ein alter, ein süßer Traum!	It stirs within us an old, sweet dream!

Neue Liebe

In dem Mondenschein im Walde sah ich jungst die Elfen reiten, ihre Hörner hört ich klingen, ihre Glöcklein hört ich läuten.	In the moonlight, in the forest, recently, I saw the elves riding, I heard their horns sounding, I heard their bells ringing.
Ihre weißen Röslein trugen gold'nes Hirschgeweih und flogen rasch dahin; wie wilde Schwäne kam es durch die Luft gezogen.	Their little, white horses wore Gold antlers and flew rashly on; like wild swans they came moving through the air.
Lächelnd nichte mir die Königin, lächelnd im Vorüberreiten. Galt das meiner neuen Liebe? Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?	Smiling, the queen nodded to me, smiling as she rode by. Was the smile for my new love? Or does it mean my death?

Nachtlied

Vergangen ist der lichte Tag,
Von ferne kommt der Glocken
Schlag;
So reist die Zeit die ganze Nacht,
Nimmt manchen mit, der's nicht
gedacht.

Gone is the light of day,
From the distance comes the
ringing of the bells;
So the time passes the entire night,
Taking many with it.

Wo ist nun hin die bunte Lust,
Des Freundes Trost und treue
Brust,
Der Liebsten süßer Augenschein?

Where has the colorful joy gone,
The friend's comfort and faithful
breast,
The sweet light from my beloved's
eyes?

Will keiner mit mir munter sein?

Will no one be cheerful with me?

Frisch auf denn, liebe Nachtigall,
Du Wasserfall mit hellem Schall,
Gott loben wollen wir vereint,
Bis daß der lichte Morgen scheint.

Come then, dear Nightingale,
You waterfall of bright sound,
Let us praise God together,
Until the light of morning shines.

Andres Maienlied (Hexenlied)

Die Schwalbe fliegt, der Frühling
sieht,
Und spendet uns Blumen zum
Kranze;
Bald huschen wir leis aus der Tür,
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze.

The swallow flies, the spring is
victorious,
And gives us flowers for our
wreaths;
Soon we dart quietly out the door,
And fly to the splendid dance.

Ein schwarzer Bock, ein
Besenstock,
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken
Reißt uns geschwind, wie Blitz und
Wind,
Durch sausende Lüfte zum
Brocken!

A black billy-goat, a broomstick,
The pitchfork, the distaff
Bring us quickly, like lightning and
wind,
through roaring winds to Brocken
Mountain!

Um Beelzebub tanzt unser Trupp
Und küsst ihm die kralligen Hände!
Ein Geisterschwarm fasst uns beim
Arm
Und schwinget im Tanzen die
Brände!

Our group dances about Beelzebub
And kisses his clawed hands!
A swarm of ghosts grasps us by the
arm
And swings torches in the dance!

Und Beelzebub verheißt dem Trupp
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:
Sie sollen schön in Seide gehn
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben.

And Beelzebub promises the group
Of dancers gifts upon gifts:
They shall beautifully walk in silk
And fill up pots of gold for

Ein Feuerdrach umflieget das Dach
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier.
Die Nachbarn dann sehn die Funken
wehn,
Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem
Feuer.

Die Schwalbe fliegt, der Frühling
siegt,
Die Blumen erblühen zum Kranze.
Bald huschen wir leis aus der Tür.
Juchheisa zum prächtigen Tanze!

themselves.

A dragon flies around the roof
And brings us butter and eggs.
Then, the neighbors see the sparks
blowing,
And make the sign-of-the-cross at
the fire.

The swallow flies, the spring is
victorious,
The flowers blossom on the wreath.
Soon we dart quietly out the door.
Hurray for the splendid dance!

La Dame d'André

André ne connaît pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
A-t-elle un coeur à lendemains,
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

Au retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans les meules la bague
Des fiançailles du hasard?

A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,
Guettée par les ombres d'hier,
Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver
Entraît par la grande avenue?

Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,
Pour sa bonne humeur de
Dimanche.
Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps
meilleurs?

André does not know the woman
whom he took by the hand today.
Has she a heart for the tomorrows,
and for the evening has she a soul?

On returning from a country ball
did she go in her flowing dress
to seek in the hay stacks the ring
for the random betrothal?

Was she afraid, when night fell,
haunted by the ghosts of the past,
in her garden, when winter
entered by the wide avenue?

He loved her for her color,
for her Sunday good humor.

Will she fade on the white leaves
of his album of better days?

Dans l'herbe

Je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.
Il est mort inaperçu
En criant son passage
En appelant
En m'appelant.
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et que sa voix ne portait plus

Il est mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance.
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.

I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.
He died for his beautiful one
he died a natural death
outside
under the tree of the Law
in deep silence
in open countryside
in the grass.
He died unnoticed
crying out in his passing
calling
calling me.
But as I was far from him
and because his voice no longer
carried
he died alone in the woods
beneath the tree of his childhood.
And I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.

Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table

C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.

Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.

Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.

Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de coeur manque à sa
parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent.

Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.

Je pleure sous le saule pleurer
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles.
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me
veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.

Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les coeurs et perd ma
raison.

Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

As the sun is setting
it is reflected in the polished
surface of my table
it is the round cheese of the fable
in the beak of my silver scissors.

But where is the crow? It flies.

I would like to sew but a magnet
attracts all my needles.
On the square the skittle players
pass the time with game after
game.

But where is my lover? He flies.

It is a thief that I have for a lover,
the crow flies and my lover steals,
the thief of my heart breaks his
word
and the thief of the cheese is not
here.

But where is happiness? It flies.

I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves.
I weep because I want to be desired
and I am not pleasing to my thief.

But where then is love? It flies.

Find the rhyme for my lack of
reason
and by the roads of the countryside
bring me back my flighty lover
who takes hearts and takes my
reason.

I wish that my thief would steal
me.

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effacées
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.

My corpse is as soft as a glove
soft as a glove of glacé kid
and my two hidden pupils
make two white pebbles of my eyes.

Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombres encore d'un secret
Et lourds du poids mort des images.

Two white pebbles in my face
two mutes in the silence
still shadowed by a secret
and heavy with the burden of things seen.

Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude sainte
Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes
Au noeud de mon coeur arrêté.

My fingers so often straying
are joined in a saintly pose
resting on the hollow of my groans
at the center of my arrested heart.

Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
A la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent.

And my two feet are the mountains
the last two hills I saw
at the moment when I lost
the race that the years win.

Mon souvenir est ressemblant,
Enfants emportez-le bien vite,
Allez, allez ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.

I still resemble myself
children, bear away the memory quickly,
go, go, my life is done.
My corpse is as soft as a glove.

Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son jouer me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent

Enamored couple unaware of its accents
the violin and its player please me.
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out
on the cord of uneasiness.
To the chords on hanging cords
at the hour when the Laws are silent

Le coeur, en forme de fraise,
S'offre à l'amour
Comme un fruit inconnu.

the heart, formed like a strawberry,
offers itself to love
like an unknown fruit.

Flours

Flours promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras, Flours sorties des parenthèses d'un pas, Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver Saupoudrées du sable des mers? Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée Un coeur enrubanné de plaintes Brûle avec ses images saintes.	Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms, flowers sprung from the parenthesis of a step, who brought you these flowers in winter powdered with the sand of the seas? Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves the beautiful eyes are ashes and in the fireplace a heart beribboned with sighs burns with its treasured pictures.
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Santa Lucia

Sul mare luccica l'astro d'argento, Placida è l'onda, prospero è il vento; Venite all'agile barchetta mia... Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!	On the sea shines a silver star, The wave is calm, the wind is prosperous; Come all onto my boat... Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!
Con questo zeffiro così soave, O, com'è bello star su la nave! Su passeggeri, venite via! Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!	With this gentle breeze so sweet, Oh, how beautiful it is to be onboard the ship! Come passengers, come quickly! Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!
O dolce Napoli, o suol beato, Ove sorridere volle il creato, Tu sei l'impero dell'armonia! Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!	Oh sweet Napoli, oh blessed land, where creation wants to smile, You are the kingdom of harmony! Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

'O Sole Mio

Che bella cosa 'na iurnata 'e sole, N'aria serena doppo 'na tempesta! Pe' ll'aria fresca pare già 'na festa Che bella cosa 'na iurnata 'e sole.	What a beautiful thing a sunny day The serene air after a storm For the fresh air already seems like a celebration What a wonderful thing a sunny day.
Ma n'atu sole cchiù bello, oie Nè, 'O sole mio sta nfronte a te!	But another sun more beautiful, my dear, My own sun lives in your face!

Quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne
scenne,
Mme vene quase 'na malincunia;
Sotto 'a fenesta toia restarria,
Quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne
scenne.

Ma n'atu sole cchiù bello, oie Nè,
O sole mio sta nfronte a te!

When night comes and the sun has
gone down,
I almost start to feel blue;
I'd stay below your window,
When night comes and the sun has
gone down.

But another sun more beautiful, my
dear,
My own sun lives in your face!

Funiculì, funiculà

Aissera, Nanninè, me ne sagliette
Tu saie addò?
Addò sto core ngrato chiù dispiette
Farme non pò.
Addò llo fuoco coce, ma si fuie
Te lassa stà
E non te corre appriesso, non te
struje
Sulo a guardà

Jammo, jammo, ncoppa, jammo, jà
Jammo, jammo, ncoppa, jammo, jà
Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà
Ncoppa, jammo, jà, funiculì,
funiculà!

Se n'è sagliuta, oie Nè, se n'è
sagliuta,
La capa già;
È ghiuta, pò è tornata, e pò è
venuta
Sta sempe ccà!
La capa vota vota attuorno,
attuorno,
Attuorno a te
Llo core canta sempe no taluorno:
Sposammo, oie Nè!

Jammo, jammo, ncoppa, jammo, jà
Jammo, jammo, ncoppa, jammo, jà
Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà
Ncoppa, jammo, jà, funiculì,
funiculà!

Yesterday evening, Nanninè, I
climbed up
Do you know where?
Where this ungrateful heart cannot
play
Tricks on me anymore.
Where the fire burns, but if you run
It lets you be
And it doesn't run after you, nor
destroy you
Only if you look at it

Let's go, let's go, let's go to the top
Let's go, let's go, let's go to the top
Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà
Let's go to the top, funiculì,
funiculà!

She climbed up, my dear, she
climbed up,
My head is spinning;
She went away, then she turned,
then she came back,
She's always here!
My head's spinning, spinning,
around, around,
Around you.
This heart of mine sings always the
same refrain:
Let's marry, dear!

Let's go, let's go, let's go to the top!
Let's go, let's go, let's go to the top!
Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà
Let's go to the top, funiculì,
funiculà!