

2-25-2018

Elective Joint Recital: Sarah Aliperti, mezzo-soprano, Melanie Lota, mezzo-soprano, and Francesco DiLello, tenor

Sarah Aliperti

Melanie Lota

Francesco DiLello

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Joint Recital:

Sarah Aliperti, mezzo-soprano

Melanie Lota, mezzo-soprano

Francesco DiLello, tenor

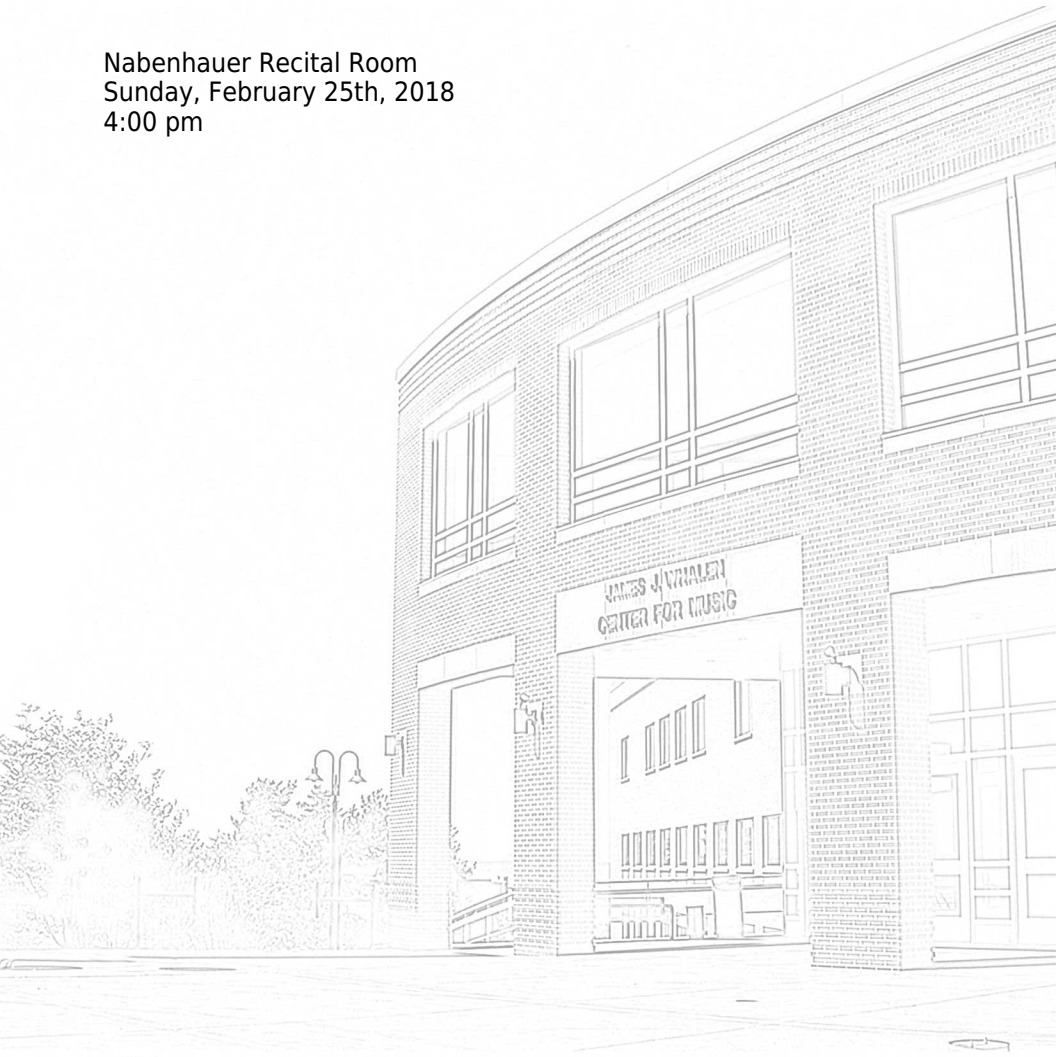
Ginny Maddock, piano

Connor Buckley, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Sunday, February 25th, 2018

4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Stizzoso, mio stizzoso" from <i>La serva padrona</i>	Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)
"Shakespeare Songs" I. Was this Fair Face the cause? II. Take, O Take Those Lips Away III. Tell Me Where is Fancy Bred IV. Pardon, Goddess of the Night V. Sigh No More, Ladies	Virgil Thomson (1896-1989)
Le rossignol des lilas Mai	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
Au bord de l'eau Mandoline	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Bedeckt mit mich Blumen	Robert Schumann (1818-1856)
"Il segreto per esser felici" from <i>Lucrezia Borgia</i>	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Intermission

Die Meere	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
"O Colombina" from <i>Pagliacci</i>	Ruggero Leoncavallo (1857-1919)
"Udenominational" "Song of a Nightclub Proprietress" from <i>Five Betjeman Songs</i>	Madeline Dring (1923-1977)
Silent Noon	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
Unterm Fenster	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Translations

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...
zit... zit...
Serpina vuol così...

Cred' io che m'intendete, sì,
che m'intendete, sì,
dacchè mi conoscete
son molti e molti di.

Cross one, my cross one
You behave with arrogance.
But no! It won't help your position.
You must stay to my prohibitions
and keep silent,
and not talk!
Shut up!... Shut up!...
These are Serpina's commands
Shut up!... Shut up!...
These are Serpina's commands

Now, I think you have understood
Yes, you have captured the message,
Because it's already been a long time
since I've made acquaintance with you.

Le rossignol des lilas

O premier rossignol qui vient
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre,
Ta voix m'est douce à reconnaître!

Nul accent n'est semblable au tien!

Fidèle aux amoureux liens,
Trille encore, divin petit être!
O premier rossignol qui vient
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre!

Nocturne ou matinal, combien

Ton hymne à l'amour me pénètre!
Tant d'ardeur fait en moi renaître
L'écho de mes avrils anciens.

O first nightingale which comes
to the lilacs, beneath my window,
your voice is sweet for me to hear
again!

No other accent can compare with
yours!

Faithful to the bonds of love,
trill on, divine little being!
O first nightingale which comes
to the lilacs, beneath my window,

Whether by night or in the morning, how
deeply

your hymn to love penetrates my being!
So much passion renews in me
the echo of my bygone Aprils.

Mai

Depuis un mois, chère exilée,
Loin de mes yeux tu t'en allas,
Et j'ai vu fleurir des lilas
Avec ma peine inconsolée.

Seul, je fuis ce ciel clair et beau
Dont l'ardent effluve me trouble,
Car l'horreur de l'exil se double
De la splendeur du renouveau.

En vain le soleil a souri,
Au printemps je ferme ma porte,
Et veux seulement qu'on m'apporte

Un rameau de lilas fleuri;

Car l'amour dont mon âme est pleine
Y trouve, parmi ses douleurs
Ton regard dans ces chères fleurs

Et dans leur parfum ton haleine.

It has been one month, sweet exiled
one,
Since you left my sight,
And I have seen the lilacs bloom
With my inconsolable grief.

Alone, I shun fresh air,
Whose ardent fragrance troubles me,
For the horror of an exile doubles
At the sight of nature's renewal.

In vain does the sun smile,
For I close my door against the spring,
And wish only that someone would bring
me

A branch of blossoming lilac;

For Love, of which my heart is full,
in the middle of its grief, finds
Your gaze among these precious
flowers,

And in their scent, your breath!

Au bord de l'eau

S'asseoir tous deux au bord d'un flot qui
passe,

Le voir passer;

Tous deux, s'il glisse un nuage en
l'espace,

Le voir glisser;

À l'horizon, s'il fume un toit de chaume,

Le voir fumer;

Aux alentours si quelque fleur
embaume,

S'en embaumer;

Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau
murmure

L'eau murmurer;

Ne pas sentir, tant que ce rêve dure,

Le temps durer;

Mais n'apportant de passion profonde

Qu'à s'adorer,

Sans nul souci des querelles du monde,

Les ignorer;

Et seuls tous deux devant tout ce qui
lasse,

Sans se lasser,

Sentir l'amour, devant tout ce qui passe,

Ne point passer!

To sit together beside the passing
stream

and watch it pass;

if a cloud glides by in the sky,

together to watch it glide;

if a thatched house sends up smoke on
the horizon,

to watch it smoke;

if a flower spreads fragrance nearby,

to take on its fragrance;

under the willow where the water
murmurs,

to listen to it murmuring;

for the time that this dream endures,

not to feel its duration;

but, having no deep passion

except adoration for one another,

without concern for the world's quarrels,

to ignore them;

and alone together, in the face of all
wearying things,

unwearyingly,

to feel love (unlike all things that pass
away)

not passing away!

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fit maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender
verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen, ich sterbe vor
Liebe,
Daß die Luft mit leisem Wehen
nicht den süßen Duft mir entführe,
Bedeckt mich!

Von Jasmin und weißen Liljen
sollt ihr hier mein Grap bereiten, ich
sterbe.
Und befragt ihr mich: Woran?
sag' ich: Unter süßen Qualen vor Liebe

Cover me with flowers, I am dying from
love,
so that the breeze with gentle wafting
does not take the sweet fragrance
away, cover me!

Of jasmine and white lillies
you shall prepare my grave here; I am
dying,
And if you ask me: Of what?
I say: from the sweet torments of love.

Il segreto per esser felici

Il segreto per esser felici
So per prova e l'insegno agli amici

Sia sereno, sia nubilo il cielo,
Ogni tempo, sia caldo, sia gelo,
Scherzo e bevo, e derido gl'insani
Che si dan del futuro pensier.
Non curiamo l'incerto domani,

Se quest'oggi n'è dato a goder.

The secret to being happy
I know how to prove it and I teach it to
my friends

Be it serene, let the sky be clear,
Every time, both warm and freezing,
I joke and drink, and I deride the insane
Who only think of the future.

We do not concern ourselves about the
uncertain tomorrow,
When this day was given to enjoy.

Profittiamo degli'anni fiorenti,
Il piacer li fa correr più lenti;
Se vecchiezza con livida faccia
Stammi a tergo e mia vita minaccia,
Scherzo e bevo, e derido gl'insani
Che si dan del futuro pensier.
Non curiamo l'incerto domani,
Se quest'oggi n'è dato a goder.

Let us profit from our flourishing years,
Their pleasure makes them pass more
slowly;
If old age with livid face
Should stand at my back and threaten
my life,
I joke and drink, and I deride the
madmen
Who only think of the future.
We do not concern ourselves about the
uncertain tomorrow,
When this day was given to enjoy.

Die Meere

Alle Winde schlafen
auf dem Spiegel der Flut;
kühle Schatten des Abends
decken die Müden zu.

The winds are all sleeping
on the mirror of the water;
cool shadows of evening
cover the weary.

Luna hängt sich Schleier
über ihr Gesicht,
schwebt in dämmernden Träumen
über die Wasser hin.

Luna draws a veil
across her face,
hovering in twilight dreams
over the water.

Alles, alles stille
auf dem weiten Meer!
Nur mein Herz will nimmer
mit zu Ruhe gehn.

Everything, everything is silent
on the broad sea!
Only my heart will never
be at peace.

In der Liebe Fluten
treibt es her und hin,
wo die Stürme nicht ruhen
bis der Nachen sinkt.

The tide of love
drives it here and there,
where storms do not rest
until the little boat sinks.

O Colombina

O Colombina, il tenero fido Arlecchin
È a te vicin!
Di te chiamando, e sospirando aspetta il
poverin!
La tua faccetta mostrami,
Ch'io vo' baciare senza tardar
La tua boccuccia.
Amor mi cruccia!
E mi sta tormentar!
O Colombina, schiudimi il finestrin,
Che a te vicin di te chiamando,
E sospirando è il povero Arlecchin!
A te vicin è Arlecchin!

O Colombina, your faithful Harlequin
is here beside you!
For you, the poor thing calls and sighs!
Show me your dear face,
So I may kiss you without delay!
Your fussiness.
Love torments me so!
It torments me!
O Colombina, open your window for me,
I'm waiting for you! For you, the poor
thing calls,
And sighs, the poor Harlequin!
The Harlequin is near!

Unterm Fenster

Wer ist vor meiner Kammerthür?

"Ich bin es,"

Geh, schier dich fort! was suchst du hier?

"Gar Süßes!"

Du kommst im Dunkeln, wie ein Dieb.

"So fang mich!"

Du hast mich wohl ein wenig lieb?

"Von Herzen!"

Und öffnet' ich nach deinem Wunsch!

"O öffne!"

Da wär ja Schlaf und Ruhe hin

"Laß hin sein!"

Ein Tauber du im Taubenschlag!

"Beim Täubchen!"

Du girrtest bis zum hellen Tag.

"Wohl möglich!"

Nein! nimmer lass' ich dich herein!

"Thu's dennoch!"

Du stelltest wohl dich täglich ein?

"Mit Freuden!"

Wie keck du bist und was du wagst!

"So darf ich?"

Daß du's nur keiner Seele sagst!

"Gewiß nicht!"

Who is at my bedroom door?

It's me!

Go, be off with you, what do you want here?

Really sweet!

You come in the dark like a thief.

So catch me!

Do you have a little love for me?

With all my heart!

And if I opened the door as you wish?

O open it!

That would be the end of sleep and peace!

Let them be!

Are you a dove in a dovecot?

With my little dove!

Will you coo until dawn

Very possibly!

No, I will never let you in!

You must nonetheless!

Would you likely appear every day?

With pleasure!

How cheeky you are and how dare you!

So may I?

As long as you tell not a soul!

Of course not!