

3-29-2018

Junior Recital: Elizabeth C. Stamerra, soprano

Elizabeth C. Stamerra

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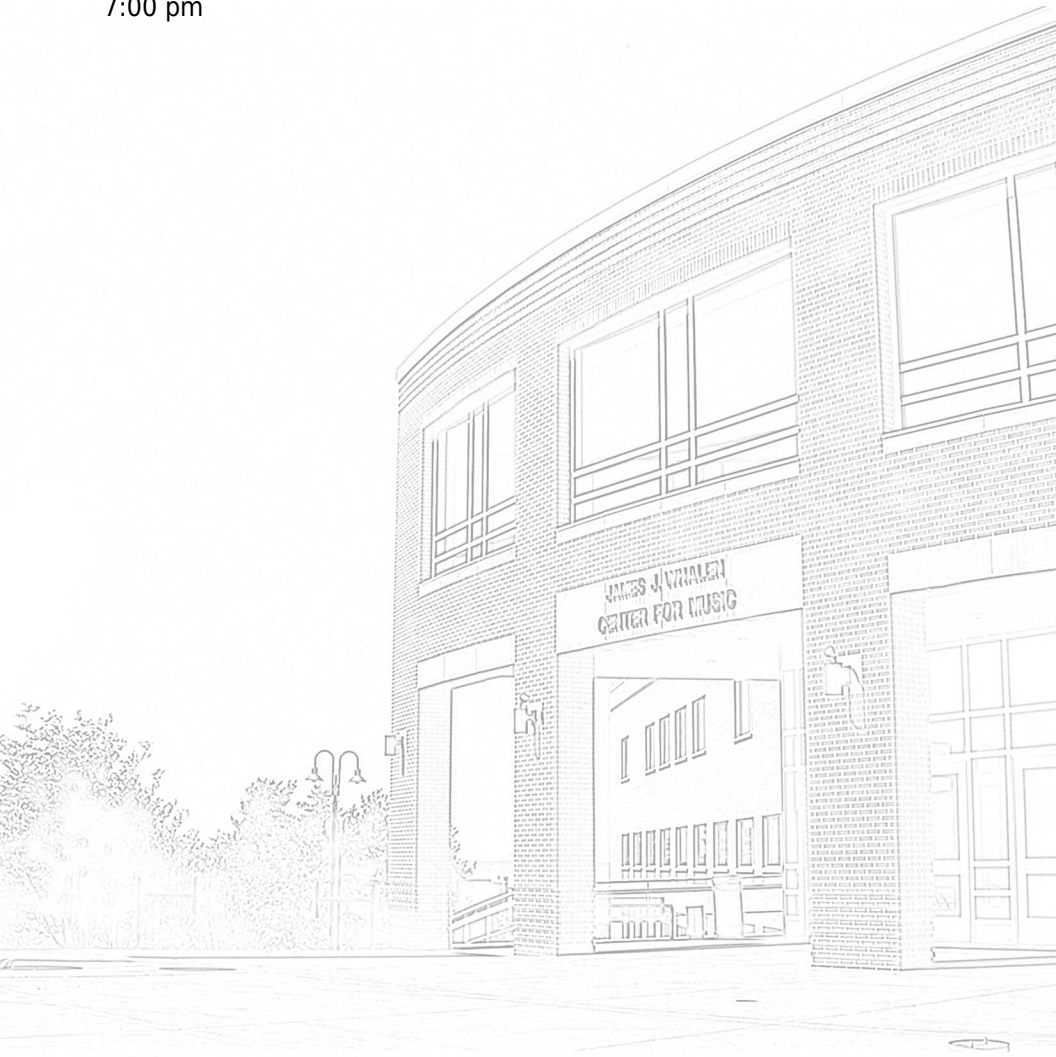
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Junior Recital:
Elizabeth C. Stamerra, soprano

Yetong Tang, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Thursday, March 29th, 2018
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Vanne, o rosa fortunata
Il fervido desiderio
Per pietà, bell'idol mio,

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Liebestreu

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Die Forelle

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Monica's Waltz
from *The Medium*

Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911-2007)

Intermission

Trois Autres Melodies
i. Chanson
ii. Chanson Medieval
iii. Les Fleurs
La Diva de l'Empire

Erik Satie
(1866-1925)

I Hate Music!
I. My Name is Barbara
II. Jupiter Has Seven Moons
III. I Hate Music!
IV. The Little Indian and the Big Indian
V. I'm a Person Too

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Moments in the Woods
from *Into the Woods*

Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930)

No One Else
from *Natasha, Pierre, and the Great Comet of 1812*

Dave Malloy
(b. 1876)

Translations

Vanne, o rosa fortunate

Vanne, o rosa fortunata,
a posar di Nice in petto
ed ognun sar  costretto
la tua sorte invidiar.

Go, fortunate rose,
to rest at Nice's breast
and all will be forced
to envy your fate.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io
transformarmi un sol momento;
non avria pi  bel contento
questo core a sospirar.

Oh, if I could change myself
into you, but for a moment,
my heart would long
for no greater happiness.

Ma tu inchini dispettosa,
bella rosa impallidita,
la tua fronte scolorita
dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

But you bow your head with spite,
fair faded rose,
your brow loses all colour
from disdain and pain.

Bella rosa,   destinata
ad entrambi un'ugual sorte;
l  trovar dobbiam la morte,
tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

Lovely rose, it is destined,
that we meet the same fate:
we shall both meet death there,
you from envy and I of love.

Il fervido desiderio

Quando verr  quel di
che riveder potr 
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so
desires?

Quando verr  quel di
che in sen t'accoglier ,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

When will that day come
when I welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own
soul?

Per piet , bell'idol mio

Per piet , bell'idol mio,
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
infelice e sventurato
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol
do not tell me that I am ungrateful;
unhappy and unfortunate enough
has heaven made me.

Se fedele a te son io,
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,
sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

That I am faithful to you,
that I languish under your bright
gaze,
Love knows, the gods know,
my heart knows, and yours knows.

Liebestreu

"O versenk', o versenk' dein Leid,
mein Kind, in die See, in die tiefe
See!"

Ein Stein wohl bleibt auf des Meeres
Grund,
mein Leid kommt stets in die Höh'.

"Und die Lieb', die du im Herzen
trägst,
brich sie ab, brich sie ab, mein
Kind!"

Ob die Blum' auch stirbt, wenn man
sie bricht,
treue Lieb' nicht so geschwind.

"Und die Treu', und die Treu',

's war nur ein Wort, in den Wind
damit hinaus."

O Mutter und splittert der Fels auch
im Wind

Meine Treue, die hält ihn aus.

"Oh sink, sink your sorrow,
My child, in the sea, in the deep
sea!"

A stone rests well at the bottom of
the ocean;
My sorrow, though, always comes
up to the surface.

"And the love that you carry in your
heart,
Destroy it, destroy it, my child!"

If the flower also dies when one
breaks it off,
True Love is not so swift.

"And your constancy, your
constancy,

It is only a word; into the wind with
it!"

Oh, Mother even if the rock
splinters in the wind,

My constancy withstands it.

Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade,
Und sah' in süßter Ruh
Des muntern Fisches Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Ruthe
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,

So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle

Mit seiner Angel nicht.

In a bright little brook
there shot in merry haste
a capricious trout:
past it shot like an arrow.
I stood upon the shore
and watched in sweet peace
the cheerful fish's bath
in the clear little brook.

A fisher with his rod
stood at the water-side,
and watched with cold blood
as the fish swam about.
So long as the clearness of the
water

remained intact, I thought,
he would not be able to capture the
trout
with his fishing rod.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh' ich es gedacht; -
So zuckte seine Ruthe,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah' die Betrogene an.

But suddenly the thief grew weary
of waiting. He stirred up
the brook and made it muddy,
and before I realized it,
his fishing rod was twitching:
the fish was squirming there,
and with raging blood I
gazed at the bamboozled fish

i. Chanson

Bien courte, hélas! est l'espérance
Et bien court aussi le plaisir
Et jamais en nous leur présence,
Ne dura tant que le désir.

Very short, alas, is hope!
And there is also pleasure
which, in their presence,
never lasts as long as desire.

Bien courte hélas! est la jeunesse
Bien court est le temps de l'amour
Et le serment d'une maîtresse
Ne dura jamais plus d'un jour.

Very short, alas, is the youth
Very short is the time of love
And the promise of a mistress
Never lasted more than a day.

Celui qui met toute sa joie
Et son espoir en la beauté,
Souvent y laissant sa gaieté.
D'un dur souci devient la proie.

He who puts all his joy
And his hope in beauty,
Often leaves his cheerful gaiety and
With a hard worry becomes the
prey.

ii. Chanson Medieval

Comme je m'en retournais de la
fontaine avec ma servante
Un chevalier avec son écuyer passa
par le chemin
Je ne sais si l'écuyer s'inquiéta de
ma servante,
Mais le chevalier s'arrêta pour me
regarder à l'aise

As I was returning from the fountain
with my maid
a knight with his squire passed by
the way.

Et il me regarda d'une telle ardeur
que je crus dans ses yeux
voir briller son coeur.

I do not know if the squire worried
about my maid
but the knight stopped to look at
me with ease and he looked
with such ardor that I believe
his eyes and saw his
shining heart

iii. Les Fleurs

Que j'aime à vous voir, belles fleurs
À l'aube entr'ouvrir vos corolles
Quand Iris vous fait de ses pleurs
De transparentes auréoles

How I love to see you, beautiful
flowers,
when your corollas begin to peep
open in the dawning,
when Iris' tears become
your transparent halos.

vous savez seules dans nos coeurs
évoquer une tendre image

Et par vos suaves couleurs
Vous nous parlez un doux langage

Aussi messagères d'amour
Je vous demande avec tristesse
Pourquoi le sort en un seul jour

Vous arrache à notre tendresse.

You are the only creatures
who know how to call up a gentle
image in our hearts.

Your colours speak to us
in a sweet language.

Messengers of love,
I sadly beg you
to tell me why the fate of just one
day
tears you from our tender care.

La diva de l'Empire

Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway,
Mettant l'éclat d'un sourire,
D'un rire charmant et frais
De baby étonné qui soupire,
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,
C'est la Diva de l'Empire.
C'est la rein' dont s'éprennent
Les gentlemen
Et tous les dandys
De Piccadilly.

Dans un seul "yes" elle mettait de
douceur
Que tous les snobs en gilet à coeur,

L'accueillant des hurrahs
frénétiques,
Sur la scène lancent des gerbes de
fleurs,
Sans remarquer le rire narquois

De son joli minois.

Elle danse presque
automatiquement
Et soulève, oh très pudiquement,
Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches,

De ses jambes montrant le
frétillement.
C'est à la fois très très innocent

Et très très excitant.

Under the great hat Greenaway,
Showing a flash of a smile,
Of a laugh charming and fresh
Of a surprised baby who sighs,
Little girl with velvety eyes,
It's the Diva of the Empire.
She's the queen who all
The gentlemen
And all the dandies
Of Piccadilly fall in love with

In just a "yes" she puts so much
sweetness
That all the snobs in waistcoats to
heart,
Welcome her with frenetic hurrahs,

On the stage toss wreaths of
flowers,
Without noticing the mocking
laughter
In her sweet pretty face.

She dances almost automatically
And lifts up, oh very modestly,
Her underthings of frills and
furbelows,
Of her legs showing the quivering.

It is at the same time very very
innocent
And very very exciting