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Junior Recital: Elizabeth C. Stamerra, soprano

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Junior Recital:
Elizabeth C. Stamerra, soprano
Yetong Tang, piano

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

Vanne, o rosa fortunata
Il fervido desiderio
Per pietà, bell'ido 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)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Vocal Performance.
Elizabeth is from the studio of Carol McAmis.
Translations

Vanne, o rosa fortunate

Vanne, o rosa fortunata, Go, fortunate rose,
a posar di Nice in petto to rest at Nice's breast
ed ognun sarà costretto and all will be forced
la tua sorte invidiar.
to envy your fate.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io Oh, if I could change myself
transformarmi un sol momento; into you, but for a moment,
non avria più bel contento my heart would long
questo core a sospirar.
for no greater happiness.

Ma tu inchini dispettosa, But you bow your head with spite,
bella rosa impallidita, fair faded rose,
la tua fronte scolorita your brow loses all colour
dallo sdegno e dal dolor. from disdain and pain.

Bella rosa, è destinata Lovely rose, it is destined,
ad entrambi un'ugual sorte; that we meet the same fate:
là trovar dobbiam la morte, we shall both meet death there,
tu d'invidia ed io d'amor. you from envy and I of love.

Il fervido desiderio

Quando verrà quel di When will that day come
che riveder potrò when I may see again
quel che l'amante cor tanto desires?
tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel di When will that day come
che in sen t'accoglierò, when I welcome you to my bosom,
bella fiamma d'amor, beautiful flame of love, my own
anima mia?
soul?

Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Per pietà, bell'idol mio, For pity's sake, my beautiful idol
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato; do not tell me that I am ungrateful;
infelice e sventurato unhappy and unfortunate enough
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa. has heaven made me.

Se fedele a te son io, That I am faithful to you,
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi, that I languish under your bright
sallo amor, Io sanno i Numi gaze,
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.
Love knows, the gods know,
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.
your 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.

“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 süßer 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 gaité.
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.
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 eyesand saw his
shining heart

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

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

Et par vos suaves couleurs
Vous nous parlez un doux langage
Your colours speak to us
in a sweet language.

Aussi messagères d'amour
Je vous demande avec tristesse
Pourquoi le sort en un seul jour
You sadly beg you
to tell me why the fate of just one
day
tears you from our tender care.

Vous arrache à notre tendresse.

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 mettant de
doceur
Que tous les snobs en gilet à coeur,
L'accueillant des hourras
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 sweer 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