

5-21-2018

Senior Recital: Lucrezia Ceccarelli, soprano

Lucrezia Ceccarelli

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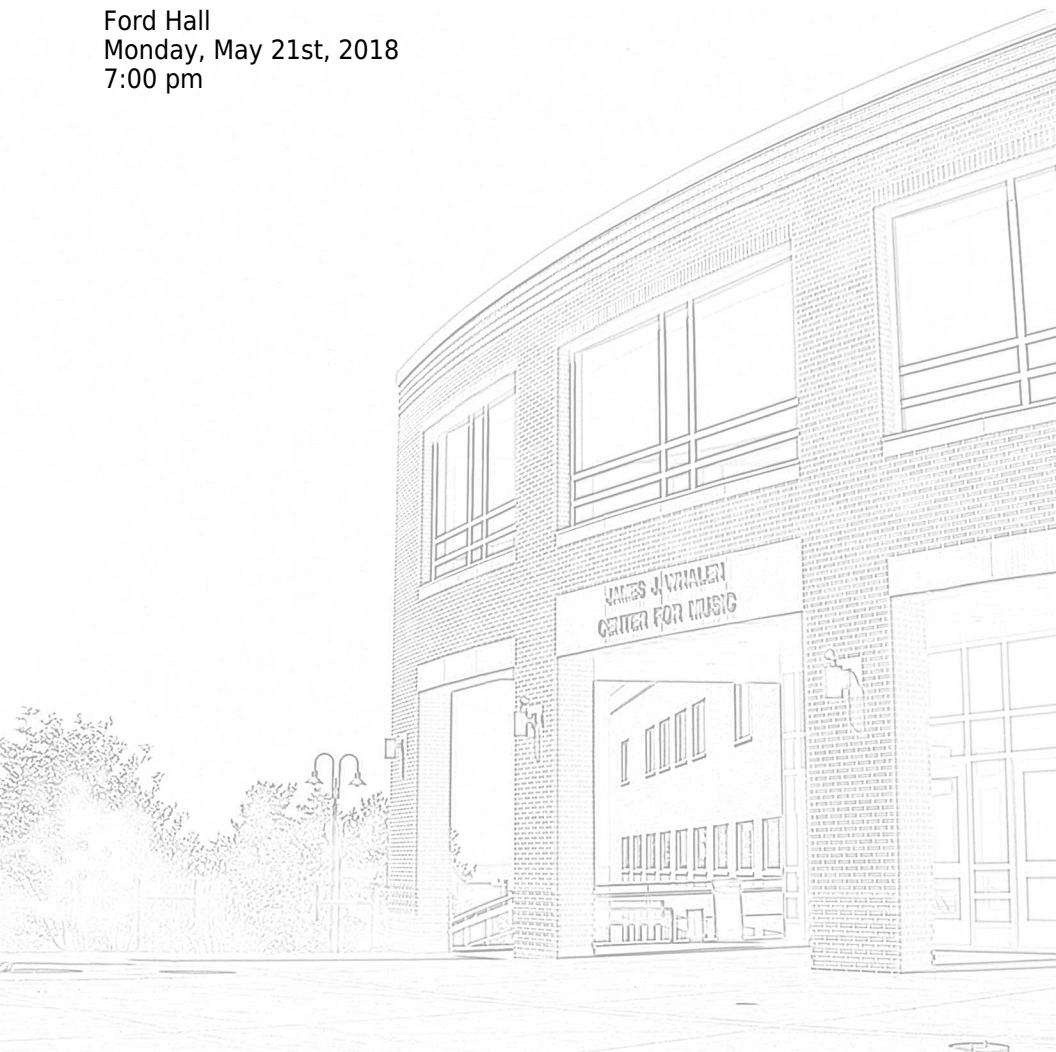
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Senior Recital:
Lucrezia Ceccarelli, soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano

Ford Hall
Monday, May 21st, 2018
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Pastorella vagha bella
Cosi alla bella Nicea
Solo per voi tra mille

G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Neue Liebe
Suleika
Hexenlied

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

À une Fontaine
À Cupidon
Tais-toi, babillarde
Dieu vous gard'

Darius Milhaud
(1892-1974)

Intermission

Daphne
Through Gilded Trellises
Old Sir Faulk

William Walton
(1902-1983)

"Quel guardo il cavaliere...So anch'io la virtù
magica"
from *Don Pasquale*

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Think of Me
from *Phantom of the Opera*
Unusual Way
from *Nine*
Goodnight My Someone
from *The Music Man*

Andrew Lloyd Weber
(b. 1948)
Maury Yeston
(b. 1945)
Meredith Willson
(1902-1984)

Translations

Pastorella vagha bella

Pastorella vagha bella
Rendi amore per amor;
Giovenetta, vezzosetta,
Dona mi cara cor per cor.

Beautiful shepherdess
Make love for love;
Young girl, little girl,
Give me my dear heart for heart.

Cosi alla bella Nicea

Cosi alla bella Nicea
Tirsi fedel dicea,
Quel Tirsi amante, quel Tirsi fedele
De tante volto, e tante per sua ninfe
 crudele
Sparse invan sospiri, e querele.

So to the beautiful Nicea
Tirsi says he is faithful,
That Tirsi lover, that loyal Faith
Of many faces, and often for his cruel
 nymphs
He sighs in vain, and laments.

Distrusse, sì fra timor, e fra speranza
Di quella fiera bella che delude la sua
 costanza,
Chiede pietà con quest'accenti amorosi
 e dolenti.

He was destroyed, yes between fear
 and hope
By that fair beauty who deceives his
 constancy,
He asks for mercy with these loving and
 painful accents.

Solo per voi tra mille

Solo per voi tra mille,
Care pupille
Arde il mio cor.

Only for you among thousands,
Dear eyes
Does my heart burn.

Deh rispondete,
Con dolce faville
E meno rigor
A tanta fè, a tanta amor.

Please respond,
With sweet words
And less strictness
To so much faith, to so much love.

Neue Liebe

In dem Mondenschein im Walde
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten,
Ihre Hörner hört ich klingen,
Ihre Glöcklein hört ich läuten.

Ihre weissen Rösslein trugen
Goldnes Hirschgeweih und flogen
Rasch dahin; wie wilde Schwäne
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Königin,
Lächelnd im Vorüberreiten.
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe?
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

In the moonlight in the forest
I recently saw the elves riding,
Their horns I heard sounding,
Their bells I heard ringing.

Their white little horses wore
Golden antlers and flew
Swiftly on; like wild swans
They came through the air moving.

Smiling, the queen nodded to me,
Smiling as she rode by.
Was the smile for my new love?
Or does it mean my death?

Suleika

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen,
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes, sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlieder;
Ach, für Leid müßt ich vergehen,
Hofft ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder!

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben,
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

Ah, of your moist wings,
West Wind, how much I envy you:
For you can bring him tidings,
Of how I suffer in separation!

The movement of your wings
Awakens quiet longing in the breast;
Flowers, meadows, forests and hill
Are tearful in your breath.

Yet your mild, gentle blowing
Cools my sore eyelids;
Ah, for sorrow would I have to die
If I could not hope to see him again!

Hurry then to my beloved,
Speak softly to his heart;
But avoid saddening him,
And conceal from him my pains.

Tell him, but tell it simply:
His love is my life,
This joyous feeling of both
Will his nearness give to me.

Hexenlied

Die Schwalbe fliegt,
Der Frühling siegt,
Und spendet uns Blumen zum Kranze;
Bald huschen wir
Leis' aus der Tür,
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!

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

Um Beelzebub
Tanzt unser Trupp
Und küßt ihm die kraligen Hände!
Ein Geisterschwarm
Faßt uns beim Arm
Und schwinget im Tanzen die Brände!

Und Beelzebub
Verheißt dem Trupp
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:
Sie sollen schön
In Seide geh'n
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben.

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 er blühen zum Kranze.
Bald huschen wir
Leis aus der Tür,
Juchheisa zum prächtigen Tanze!

The swallow flies,
The Spring has come,
And gives us flowers for our wreaths;
Soon we'll dart
Quietly out the door,
And fly to the splendid dance!

A black bill-goat,
A broomstick,
The over-fork, the distaff,
Bring us quickly,
Like lightning and wind,
Through the roaring winds to Brocken
peak!

Beelzebub
Dances around our group
And kisses his crusty hands!
A swarm of ghosts
Grasps us by the arm
And swings torches into the dance!

And Beelzebub
Promises the group
Of dancers gifts upon gifts:
They shall go
Beautifully in silk
And will dig up pots of gold.

A dragon
Flies around the roof,
And brings us butter and eggs.
The neighbors then see
The sparks blowing,
And strike a cross in front of the fire.

The swallow flies,
The Spring has come,
The flowers blossom on the wreath.
Soon we'll dart
Quietly out the door,
Hurray to the splendid dance!

A une Fontaine

Ecoute moi, fontaine vive,
Enqui j'ai rebu si souvent,

Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent;
Quand l'été ménager moissonne

Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,
Et l'aire par compas résonne

Gémissant sous le blé battu.

Ainsi toujours puisses tu être
En religion à tous ceux
Qui te boiront, ou fairont paitre
Tes verts rivages à leurs boeufs.
Ainsi toujours la lune claire
Voie à minuit au fond d'un val

Les Nymphes près de ton repaire
A mille bonds mener le bal!

Listen to me, living fountain,
From which I have repeatedly drunk so
often,

Lying flat down overlooking your bank,
Idly in the coolness of the breeze;
While thrifty summer gathers the
harvest

From the bare breast of Ceres,
And the air of the threshing floor
resounds

With groans beneath the beaten grain.

So may you always be
A sacred place for all those
Who drink from you, or lead their oxen
To graze on your green shores.
And may the moonlight always
Glimpse at midnight at the bottom of
the valley,

The nymphs around your refuge
With a thousand leaps leading to the
dance!

A Cupidon

Le jour pousse la nuit,
Et la nuit sombre
Pousse le jour qui lui
D'une obscure ombre.

L'automne suit l'été,
Et l'àpre rage
Des vents n'a point été
Après l'orage.

Mais la fièvre d'amours
Qui me tourmente
Demeure en moi toujours,
Et ne s'alente.

Ce n'était pas moi, Dieu,
Qu'il fallait poindre,
Ta flèche; en d'autre lieu
Se devait joindre.

Poursuis les parresseux
Et les amuse,
Mais non pas mwa,
Ni ceux qu'aime la Muse.

The day expels the night,
And the dark night
Expels the day which shines
In a dim shadow.

So Summer yields to Fall,
And the bitter fury
Of the winds no longer blows
After the storm.

But the fever of love
That torments me still
Dwells in me always
And will not go away.

It was not at me, God,
At whom you should have pointed,
Your arrow: at another mark
Should it have found.

Pursue the lazy
Whom it amuses,
But neither me,
Nor those loved by the muses.

Tais-toi, babillarde

Tais-toi, babillarde hirondelle,
Ou bien je plumerai ton aile
Si je t'empongne, ou d'un couteau
Je te couperai la languette,
Qui matin sans repos caquette,
Et m'estourdit tout le cerveau.

Je te preste ma cheminot
Pour chanter toute la journée,
De soi, de nuit, quand tu voudras.
Mais au matin ne me reveille,
Et ne m'oste quand je sommeille
Ma Cassandre d'entre mes bras.

Shut up, babbling swallow,
Or else I will pluck your wing
If I can catch you, or with a knife
I will cut off your tongue,
Which chatters on and on in the
morning,
And drives me out of my mind.

I will lend you my chimney
Where you can sing all day,
All evening, all night, whenever you
want.
But in the morning don't wake me,
And when I sleep do not take
My Cassandra from my arms.

Dieu vous gard'

Dieu vous gard', messagers fidèles
Du printemps, gentes hirondelles,
Huppés, coucous, rossignols,
Tourterelles, et vous oiseaux sauvages
Qui de cent sortes de ramages
Animez les bois verdelets.

Dieu vous gard', belles pâquerettes,
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,
Et vous, boutons jadis connus

Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse;
Et vous, thym, anis et mélisse,
Vous soyez les bien revenus.

Dieu vous gard', troupe diaprée
De papillons, qui par la préé
Les douces herbes suçotez;
Et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles
De votre bouche baisotez.

Cent mille fois je resalue

Votre belle et douce venue.
O que j'aime cette saison
Et ce doux caquet des rivages,
Au prix des vents et des orages
Qui m'enfermaient en la maison.

God protect you, faithful messengers
Of Spring, gentle swallows,
Hoopoes, cuckoos, little nightingales,
Turtle doves, and you wild birds,
Who with a hundred kinds of song
Animate the green woods.

God protect you, lovely daisies,
Pretty roses, beautiful little flowers,
And you, new buds that were once
named
For the blood of Ajax and Narcissus;
And you, thyme, anis and balm,
May you always come back again.

God protect you, multi-colored flight
Of butterflies, who across the meadows
Drink the sweet grasses;
And you, new swarm of bees,
Who the flowers red and yellow
With your mouths kiss.

A hundred thousand times I repeatedly
salute
Your beautiful and sweet coming;
Oh how I love this season
And the soft clucking on the banks
More than the winds and the storms
Which kept me shuttered in the house.

Quel guardo il cavaliere...So anch'io la virtù magica

Quel guardo il cavaliere
In mezzo al cor trafisse;
Piegò il ginocchio e disse:
Son vostro cavalier.
E tanto era in quel guardo
Sapor di paradiso
Che il cavalier Riccardo,
Tutto d'amor conquiso,
Guirò che ad altra mai
Non volgeria il pensier.
Ah ah! Ah ah!

So anch'io la virtù magica
D'un guardo a tempo e loco;
So anch'io come si bruciano
I cori a lento foco.
D'un breve sorrisetto
Conosco anch'io l'effetto,
Di menzognera lagrima,
D'un subito languor.
Conosco i mille modi
Dell'amorose frodi,
I vezzi e l'arti facili
Per adescare un cor.
So anch'io la virtù magica
Per ispirare amor. Ah, sì!

Ho testa bizzarra,
Son pronta, vivace
Brillare mi piace,
Mi piace scherzar.
Se monto in furore,
Di rado sto al segno,
Ma in riso la sdegno
Fo presto a cangiar.
Ho testa bizzarra,
Ma core eccellente. Ah!

Her gaze pierced the knight
In the middle of his heart;
He kneeled before her and said:
I am your knight.
And so much did that gaze
Have the flavor of paradise
That the knight Riccardo,
All by love was conquered,
And swore that he would never
Think of another.
Ha ha! Ha ha!

I also know the magical virtue
Of a glance at the right time and place;
I also know how to burn hearts
Over a slow fire.
Of a quick little smile
I also know the effect,
Of a false tear,
Of a sudden faintness.
I know the thousand ways
To fool a lover,
The easy charms and arts
To seduce a heart.
I also know the magical virtue
That inspires love. Ah, yes!

I have an odd mind,
I am ready, lively
I like to shine,
I like to play.
If I get angry,
I am rarely calm,
But my anger can change
Quickly to laughter.
I have an odd mind,
But an excellent heart. Ah!