

4-12-2018

## Elective Recital: Emily Dimitriou, mezzo-soprano and Andrew Sprague, baritone

Emily Dimitriou

Andrew Sprague

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# **Elective Recital:**

Emily Dimitriou, mezzo-soprano

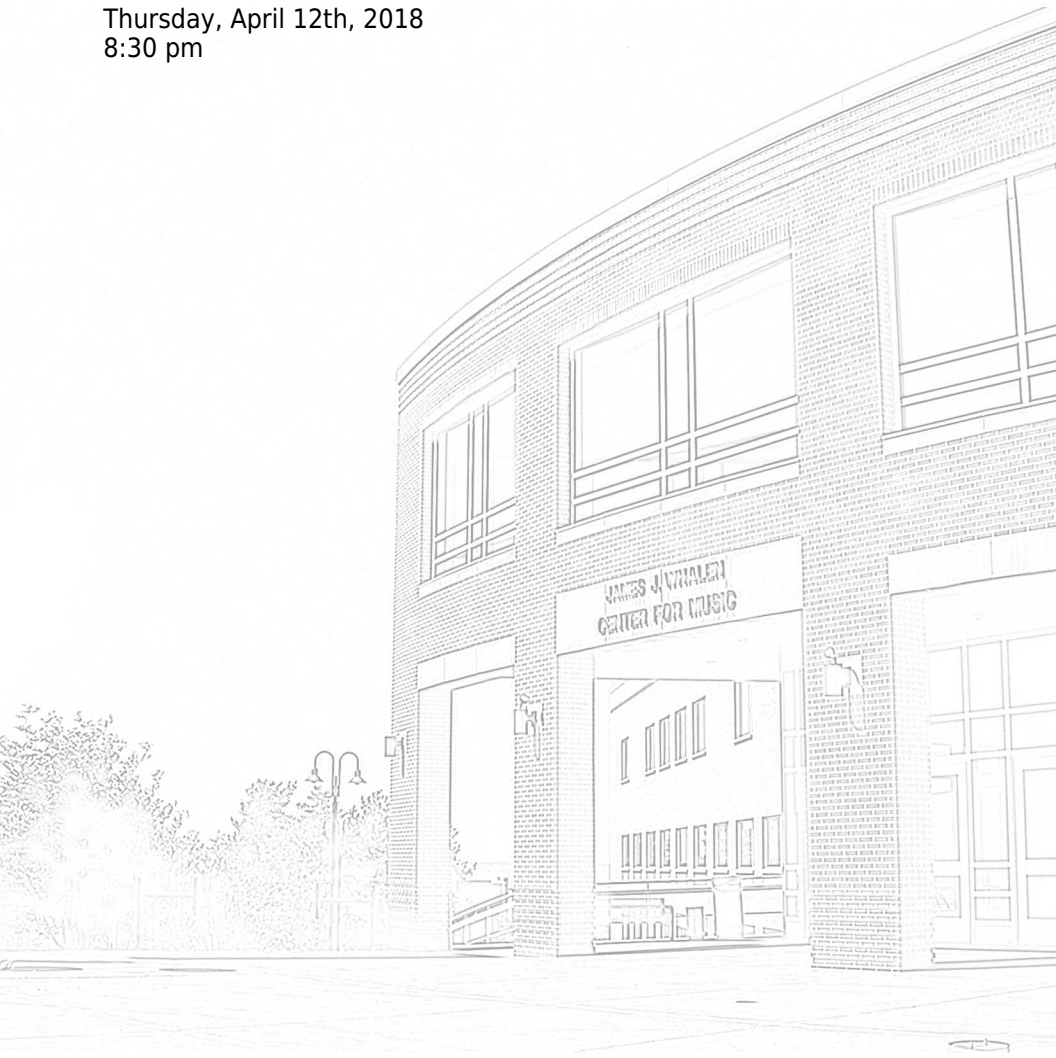
Andrew Sprague, baritone

Shelly Goldman, pianist

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Thursday, April 12th, 2018

8:30 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

"Il core vi dono"  
from *Così fan Tutte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Ideale  
L'ultima canzone

Francesco Paolo Tosti  
(1846-1916)

Verborgenheit

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Serenade  
Der gang zum Liebchen  
Es rauschet das Wasser

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

## Intermission

Tarentelle  
Chanson d'avril  
Ouvre ton cœur

Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

Thomas Moore's Irish Melodies  
V. At Mid Hour of Night  
IX. Last Rose of Summer

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

So in Love  
Under my Skin

Cole Porter  
(1891-1964)

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Emily Dimitriou is from the studio of Dawn Pierce.  
Andrew Sprague is from the studio of Brad Hougham.

## Translations

### Il core vi dono

Il core vi dono,  
Bell'idolo mio;  
Ma il vostro vo' anch'io,  
Via, datelo a me.

Mel date, lo prendo,  
Ma il mio non vi rendo:  
Invan mel chiedete,  
Più meco ei non è.

Se teco non l'hai,  
Perché batte qui?

Se a me tu lo dai,  
Che mai balza lì?

È il mio coricino  
Che più non è meco:  
Ei venne a star teco,  
Ei batte così.

Qui lascia che il metta.

Ei qui non può star.

T'intendo, furbetta.

Che fai?

Non guardar.

Nel petto un Vesuvio  
D'avere mi par.

Ferrando meschino!  
Possibil non par  
L'occhietto a me gira.

Che brami?

Rimira  
Se meglio può andar.

This heart I give you,  
My adored one;  
But I want yours in return;  
Come, give it me.

You've given it and I take it,  
But mine I cannot give;  
In vain you ask it of me,  
It is no longer mine.

If you no longer own it,  
Why does it beat here?

If you gave me it,  
What is still beating there?

It is my own dear heart  
That is no longer mine;  
It's come to lodge with you,  
And that's what's beating so.

Let me put it here.

There it cannot stay.

I understand, you little rogue.

What are you doing?

You're not to look.

I feel I have  
A volcano in my bosom!

Poor Ferrando!  
It doesn't seem as possible.  
Now turn your pretty eyes on me.

What do you want?

See,  
Doesn't that look better?

Oh cambio felice  
Di cori e d'affetti!  
Che nuovi diletta,  
Che dolce penar!

Oh happy exchange  
Of hearts and affections!  
What new delights!  
What sweet pain!

## Ideale

Io ti seguii come'iride di  
pace  
Lungo le vie del cielo;  
Io ti seguii come un'amica face  
De la notte nel velo.  
E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,

Nel profumo dei fiori;  
E fu piena la stanza solitaria  
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.  
In te rapito,  
al suon de la tua voce  
Lungamente sognai,  
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni  
croce  
In quel giorno scordai.  
Torna, caro ideal,  
torna un istante  
A sorridermi ancora,  
E a me risplenderà nel tuo  
sembiante  
Una novell'aurora.  
Torna, caro ideal, torna, torna.

I followed you like a rainbow of  
peace  
Along the paths of the sky;  
I followed you like a friendly torch  
In the Veil of Night.  
And I sensed you in the light, in the  
air  
In the perfume of the flowers;  
And my lonely room was full  
Of you, and your beauty.  
By you I was captured,  
By the sound of your voice  
For a long time I dreamed,  
And of the earth every worry, every  
torment  
I forgot that day.  
Return dear ideal one,  
Return for an instant  
To smile on me again  
And your face will shine for me  
A new dawn  
Return, dear ideal one, return,  
return.

## L'ultima canzone

M'han detto che domani  
Nina vi fate sposa,  
Ed io vi canto ancor la serenata.  
Là nei deserti piani  
Là, ne la valle ombrosa,  
Oh quante volte a voi l'ho ricantata!  
Foglia di rosa  
O fiore d'amaranto  
Se ti fai sposa  
Io ti sto sempre accanto.

Domani avrete intorno  
Feste sorrisi e fiori  
Nè penserete ai nostri vecchi amori.

They Told me tomorrow  
Nina you will marry,  
And I sing to you still a serenade.  
There, in the deserted plains  
There, in the shaded valleys,  
Oh how many times to you I have  
repeatedly sung  
Petal of a rose  
Oh flower of amaranth  
If you become a wife  
I will always remain near to you

Tomorrow you will be surrounded  
By celebration, smiles and fire  
Not thinking of our former love.

Ma sempre notte e giorno  
Piena di passione  
Verrà gemendo a voi la mia  
canzone.

Foglia di menta  
O fiore di granato,  
Nina, rammenta  
I baci che t'ho dato!

Ah! ... Ah! ...

Yet always day and night,  
full of passion  
I will come to you moaning my  
song.

Flower of the mint,  
Oh flower of the pomegranate,  
Nina, remember  
The kisses I have given you

Ah! ... Ah! ...

## Verborgenheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,

Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,  
Und die helle Freude zücket  
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,

Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Oh, world, let me be!  
Tempt me not with the gifts of  
love.

Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

What I mourn, I know not.  
It is an unknown pain;  
At all times I look through tears  
At the sun's lovely light.

Often, when I least expect it,  
Pure joy flashes  
Through the pains that oppress me,  
Blissfully in my heart.

Oh, world, let me be!  
Tempt me not with the gifts of  
love.

Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

## Serenade

Liebliches Kind,  
Kannst du mir sagen,  
Sagen warum  
Einsam und stumm  
Zärtliche Seelen  
Immer sich quälen,  
Selbst sich betrüben,  
Und ihr Vergnügen  
Immer nur ahnen,  
Da, wo sie nicht sind?  
Kannst du mir's sagen,  
Liebliches Kind?

Lovely child,  
Can you tell me,  
Tell why  
Alone and silent  
Tender souls  
Always torture themselves,  
They depress themselves,  
And their pleasures  
They always think to be  
There, where they not are?  
Can you tell me  
Lovely child?

## Der gang zum Liebchen

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,  
Ich sollte doch wieder  
Zu meinem Liebchen,  
Wie mag es ihr geh'n?

It gleams the moon down,  
It is time to go again  
to my darling,  
how is she doing?

Ach weh', sie verzaget  
Und klaget, und klaget,  
Daß sie mich nimmer  
Im Leben wird seh'n!

Ah woe, she is dependant  
And complains, and complains,  
That she never more  
Will see me again in life!

Es ging der Mond unter,  
Ich eilte doch munter,  
Und eilte daß keiner  
Mein Liebchen entführt.

The moon went down  
I hurried very briskly,  
and hurried so no one  
should carry off my love.

Ihr Täubchen, o girret,  
Ihr Lüftchen, o schwirret,  
Daß keiner mein Liebchen,  
Mein Liebchen entführt!

You doves, oh coo,  
You breezes, oh blow,  
That no one my beloved,  
My beloved carries off!

## Es rauschet das Wasser

Es rauschet das Wasser  
Und bleibt nicht stehn;  
Gar lustig die Sterne  
Am Himmel hin gehn;  
Gar lustig die Wolken  
Am Himmel hin ziehn;  
So rauschet die Liebe  
Und fährt dahin.

The water rushes  
And will not stay still;  
The stars pass merrily  
In the sky,  
The clouds advance  
Merrily in the sky,  
And so Love rushes  
And wanders there.

Es rauschen die Wasser,  
Die Wolken zergehn;  
Doch bleiben die Sterne,  
Sie wandeln und gehn.  
So auch mit der Liebe,

The waters are rushing,  
The clouds dissolving;  
Yet the stars remain:  
They wander and drift.  
And so it happens as well with Love,

Der treuen, geschicht,  
Sie wegt sich, sie regt sich,  
Und ändert sich nicht.

The true kind:  
It sways, it stirs,  
And does not change.

## Tarentelle

Le papillon s'est envolé,  
La fleur se balance avec grâce.  
Ma belle où voyez-vous la trace,

La trace de l'amant ailé ?  
Ah ! Le papillon s'est envolé !

Le flot est rapide et changeant,  
Toujours sillonnant l'eau profonde.  
La barque passe, et toujours l'onde  
Efface le sillon d'argent.

Le papillon, c'est votre amour.  
La fleur et l'onde, c'est votre âme

Que rien n'émeut, que rien  
n'entame,  
Où rien ne reste plus d'un jour.

Le papillon, c'est votre amour.

Ma belle où voyez-vous la trace,

La trace de l'amant ailé ?  
La fleur se balance avec grâce...  
Le papillon s'est envolé !

The butterfly has flown away,  
The flower sways gracefully.  
My beauty, where do you see the  
trace,

The trace of the winged lover?  
Ah! The butterfly has flown!

The stream is rapid and  
ever-changing.  
Always furrowing the waters deep,  
the boat passes by, and the waves  
Erase its silver wake.

The butterfly is your love.  
The flower and the wave are your  
soul,

Moved by nothing, marked by  
nothing.  
Nothing stays on them for more  
than a day.

The butterfly is your love.

My beauty, where do you see the  
trace,

The trace of the winged lover?  
The flower sways gracefully...  
The butterfly has flown!

## Chanson d'avril

Lève-toi! lève-toi! le printemps  
vient de naître.

Là-bas, sur les vallons, flotte un  
réseau vermeil.

Tout frissonne au jardin, tout  
chante, et ta fenêtre,

Comme un regard joyeux, est  
pleine de soleil.

Du côté des lilas aux touffes  
violette,  
Mouches et papillons bruissent à la  
fois;

Et le muguet sauvage, ébranlant  
ses clochettes,  
A réveillé l'amour endormi dans les  
bois.

Get up! Get up! Spring has just  
been born.

Below, over the valleys, floats a  
rosy space.

Everything is quivering in the  
garden, all is singing, and your  
window,

like a joyful glance, is full of sun.

By the lilacs with their violet  
clusters,  
flies and butterflies hum together;

and the wild lily-of-the-valley,  
shaking its little bells,  
has woken love, asleep in the  
woods.



Puisque avril a semé ses  
marguerites blanches,  
Laisse ta mante lourde et ton  
manchon frileux;  
Déjà l'oiseau t'appelle, et tes sœurs  
les pervenches  
Te souriront dans l'herbe en voyant  
tes yeux bleus.

Viens partons! Au matin la source  
est plus limpide;  
Lève-toi! Viens partons!  
N'attendons pas du jour les  
brûlantes chaleurs,  
Je veux mouiller mes pieds dans la  
rosée humide,  
Et te parler d'amour sous les  
poiriers en fleurs!

Since April has sown its white  
daisies,  
take off your heavy coat and your  
cosy muff;  
already the birds are calling you,  
and the periwinkles  
in the grass will smile when they  
see your blue eyes.

Come, lets go! In the morning the  
streams are more clear;  
Arise! Come, let's go!  
let us not wait for the burning heat  
of daytime,  
I want to wet my feet in the moist  
dew,  
and talk of love under the flowering  
pear trees!

### Ouvre ton coeur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,  
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.

Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?  
Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.

Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à  
ma flamme,  
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.

Je veux reprendre mon âme,  
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

The daisy has closed its petals,  
The shadow has closed its eyes for  
the day.

Beauty, will you speak to me?  
Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart, o young angel, to  
my flame,  
So that a dream may enchant your  
sleep.

I wish to reclaim my soul,  
As a flower turns to the sun!