

10-28-2017

Senior Recital: Alice Lambert, soprano

Alice Lambert

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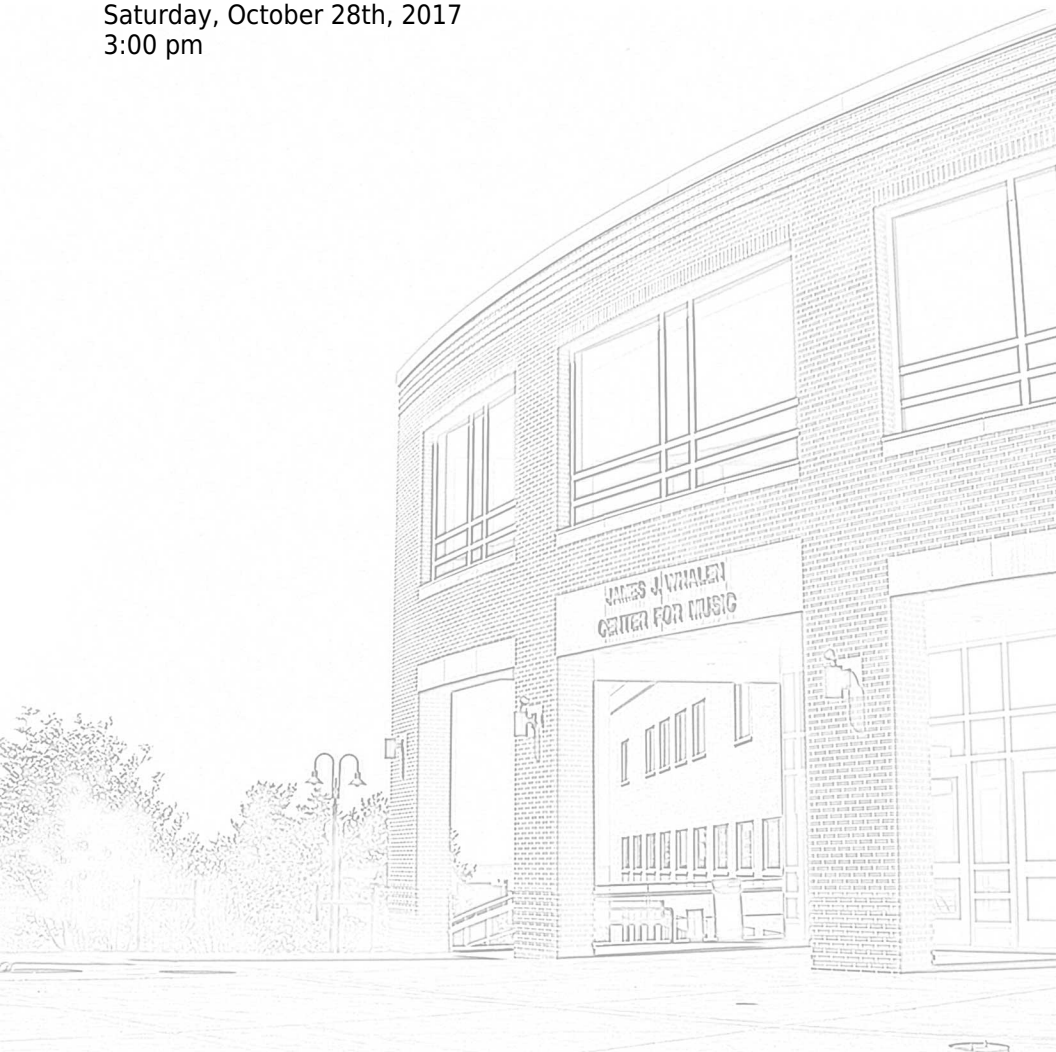
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Senior Recital:
Alice Lambert, soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano
Jessica Voutsinas, mezzo-soprano

Ford Hall
Saturday, October 28th, 2017
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

- Vado al fiume
La bella Rosa ride vezzosa
"Lieta cangiomi in alloro"
from *Dafne* Antonio Caldara
(1670-1736)
- "Fairest Isle, All Isles Excelling"
from *King Arthur*
Sweeter than Roses Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)
- Tanti strali al sen mi scocchi
Jessica Voutsinas, mezzo-soprano George Friedrich Handel
(1685-1759)

Intermission

- "Ach endlich, endlich heut"
from *Der Rastelbinder* Franz Lehár
(1870-1948)
- Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques*
Chanson de la mariée
Là-bas, vers l'église
Quel galant m'est comparable
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
Tout gai! Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)
- "On the Steps of the Palace"
from *Into the Woods* Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930)
- "The Girls of Summer"
from *Marry Me a Little*
- "Vanilla Ice Cream"
from *She Loves Me* Jerry Bock
(1928-2010)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Alice Lambert is from the studio of dawn pierce.

Translations

Vado al fiume

Vado al fiume col bel lume	I go to the river with the beautiful illumination
de' mie' casti almi pensier.	of my chaste, fertile thoughts.
E nell' onda più profonda scuotero,	And in the deepest wave I shake,
Spegnerò amor cieco, acerbo e fier.	extinguish blind, immature, and fierce love.

La bella Rosa ride vezzosa

La bella Rosa ride vezzosa	The beautiful Rose laughs charmingly
sul fresco stello, che onor le fà.	on its fresh stem, which is honorable.
Ma se dal telo del sol' si fiede,	But if the cloth of sun strikes it,
languida siede senza beltà.	it sits languishing without beauty.

Lieta cangiomi in alloro

Lieta cangiomi in alloro,	Happily I change into a laurel
ch'ogn'or verde durerà.	that evermore green will last,
Per serbare il bel tesoro,	to preserve the good treasure
della mia virginita.	of my virginity.

Tanti strali al sen mi scocchi

Tanti strali al sen mi scocchi,	So many arrows shoot at my breast,
quante stelle sono in ciel:	as many as stars in heaven:
Tanti fior, quanti ne tocchi,	So many flowers, as many as you touch,
s'innamorano al tuo bel.	fall in love with your beauty.
Ma se l'alma sempre geme,	But if the soul always moans,
nell' amor arsa e consunta,	it will be burned and battered by love,
questo avvien, perch' arde e teme	this is because it is afraid
dal tuo cor esser disgiunta.	of being separated from your heart.
Dunque annoda pur, ben mio,	Therefore, it is bound, my love,
di catena immortale anch' il desio.	by the immortal chains of its desire.

Ach endlich, endlich heut'

Ach, endlich, endlich heut'
erfüllt sich mir mein Wunsch
nach Jahrelanger Zeit,
und was mein Herz so heiß begehrt,

bald wird es mir gewährt,
doch keine Seele ahnt,
was ich mir hab' gedacht
und insgeheim geplant.

Als Milosch musst' zum Militär,
drei Jahre sind es nun schon her,
sprach er zu mir: "Wie's immer sei,
ich bleib' dir treu!"

Er küsste mich, ich küsste ihn,
und als er that von dannen zieh'n,

sprach ich zu ihm: "Wie's immer
sei;
ich bleib' dir treu!"

Er schrieb mir manches Brieflein,
der liebe, gute Mann,
doch konnt' ich keines lesen,
weil ic nicht lesen kann!
Und ich schrieb ihm kein Brieflein,
ich hätt's so gern gethan,
doch konnt' ich keines schreiben,
weil ich nicht schreiben kann!

Vor Liebesehnsucht,
liebesleid war ich schon
herzenskrank,
da traf sich, Gott, sei dank,
nun die Gelegenheit;
Herr Pfefferkorn, der riest nach
Wien,
dem habe ich gesagt:
"Ich möcht nach Wien als Magd,"

er brachte mich dahin!

O ich freu' mich, daß ich da nun
bin!
Ich bin da in Wien!

At last, at last today
I am satisfied with my desire
after years of time,
and what my heart so passionately
desires

soon will be granted to me,
but no soul suspects
what I have thought
and secretly planned.

As Milosch went to the military,
it is already three years ago,
he said to me: "As always,
I remain faithful to you!"

He kissed me, I kissed him,
and when he went forth from
thence,

I said to him: "As always,
I remain faithful to you!"

He wrote to me many letters,
the dear, good man,
but I could not read any,
because I cannot read!
And I did not write him letters,
I would have liked to do so,
but I could not write any,
because I cannot write!
Before love,
I was already suffering from
heartsickness,
now there met, thank God,
the opportunity:
Herr Pfefferkorn, who is traveling to
Vienna,
I told:
"I would like to go to Vienna as a
maid,"
he brought me there!

Oh, I'm glad that I'm here now!
I'm here in Vienna!

Chanson de la mariée

Réveilletoi, réveilletoi, pendrix
mignone.
Ouvre au matin des ailles.
Trois grain le beauté, mon cœur en
est brûlé!
Vois le ruban, le ruban d'or que je
t'apporte,
pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.

Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous
marier!
Dans no deux familles, tous sont
alliés!

Awake, awake, my darling
partridge.
Open to the morning your wings.
Three beauty marks; my heart is on
fire!
See the ribbon of gold that I bring,
to tie around your hair.

If you want, my beauty, we shall
marry!
In our two families, everyone is
related!

Lá-bas, vers l'église

Lá-bas, vers l'église,
vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
l'église, ô Vierge sainte,
l'église Ayio Costandino
se sont réunis,
rassemblés en nombre infini,
du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
du monde tous le plus braves!

Yonder, by the church,
by the church of Ayio Sidero,
the church, o blessed Virgin,
the church of Ayio Costandino,
these are gathered,
assembled in numbers infinite,
the world's, o blessed Virgin,
all the world's most decent folk!

Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant, galant m'est
comparable,
d'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus, pendus á ma
ceinture,
pistolets et sabre aigu...
et c'est toi que j'aime!

What gallant compares with me,
among those one sees passing by?
Tell me, Lady Vassiliki!
See, hanging on my belt,
my pistols and curved sword...
and it is you whom I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

O joie de mon âme,
joie de mon cœur,
trésor qui m'est si cher;
joie de l'âme et du cœur
toi que j'aime ardemment,
tu es plus beau, plus beau qu'un
ange.

O lors que tu parais,
ange si doux, devant nos yeux,
comme un bel ange blond,
sous le clair soleil,
hélas! tous no pauvres cœur
soupirent!

O joy of my soul,
joy of my heart,
treasure which is so dear to me;
joy of my soul and heart,
you whom I love ardently,
are more handsome than an angel.

O when you appear,
angel so sweet, before our eyes,
like a fine, blond angel,
under the bright sun,
alas! All of our poor hearts sigh!

Tout gai!

Tout gai! Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, que danse;
belle jambe, la vaiselle danse!

Everyone is joyous, joyous!
Beautiful legs, *tireli*, which dance;
beautiful legs, even the dishes are
dancing!