

10-14-2012

Junior Recital: Emily DeMarzio, soprano

Emily DeMarzio

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Recommended Citation

DeMarzio, Emily, "Junior Recital: Emily DeMarzio, soprano" (2012). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 3852.
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Junior Recital:
Emily DeMarzio, soprano

Matthew Holehan, piano
Sam Thurston, trumpet
Carmen Ladipo, cello

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday October 14th, 2012
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Rompe Sprezza
Si Suoni la Tromba
Con Voce Festiva

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

*Sam Thurston, trumpet
Carmen Ladipo, cello*

Nacht und Träume
Ständchen
Das Echo

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Poor Wandering One
from The Pirates of Penzance

Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Intermission

On va courir
from La Vie Parisienne
Ô mon cher amant
from La Périchole
Or, depuis la rose nouvelle
from Barbe-bleue

Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

Awake the Sleeping Sun
Epitaph of a Young Girl
Seashore Girls
Come Ready and See Me
Will There Really Be a Morning?

Richard Hundley
(b. 1931)

Translations

Rompe sprezza

Rompe sprezza con un sospir
Ogni cor benchè di pietra;

Essa i numi l'alma inpetra,
Ogni gratia a suoi desir.

She breaks and scorns

*She breaks and scorns with a sigh
Every heart even though it be of
stone;*

*She petrifies the spirit, the soul,
And every grace at her whim.*

Si suoni la tromba

Si suoni la tromba.
Miei fidi guerrieri,
In campo più fieri,
Armati rimbomba.

Let the trumpet sound

*Let the trumpet sound.
My faithful warriors,
Now bolder on the battlefield,
Resound the call to arms.*

Con voce festiva

Con voce festiva in musici modi,
l'esalti lo lodi del Tebro la riva.

E l'onda gioconda con eco d'amore,
risponda la tromba.
Gioisca mio core.

With festive voice

*With festive voice is musical ways,
Let the banks of the Tiber exalt him
with praise.*

*And let the playful wave with an
echo of love,
respond to the trumpet.
Let my heart rejoice.*

Nacht und Träume

*Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder!
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die
Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.*

*Die belauschen sie mit Lust,
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht,
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht,
Holde Träume, kehret wieder.*

Night and Dreams

*Hallowed night, you sink down!
Downward flow also the dreams,
Like your moonlight, through space,
Through the silent bosom of people.*

*They listen with delight,
Cry out when the day breaks,
Come back, hallowed night,
Lovely dreams, come back.*

Ständchen

*Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir,
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir.*

*Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondeslicht,
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen,
Fürchte, holde, nicht.*

*Hörst die Nachtigallen schlangen?
Ach! sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.*

*Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz.
Rühren mit den Silbertönen,
Jedes weiche Herz.*

*Lass auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre nicht!
Bebend harr ich dir entgegen,
Komm, beglücke mich.*

Das Echo

*Herzliebe, gute Mutter,
o grolle nicht mit mir;
du sahst den Hans mich küssen,
doch ich kann nichts dafür;
ich will dir alles sagen,
doch habe nur Geduld:
Das Echo drauß am Hügel,
beim Bügel,
das ist an allem Schuld.*

*Ich saß dort auf der Weise,
da hat er mich gesehen,
doch blieb er ehrerbietig,
hübsch in der Ferne stehn
und sprach: "Gern trät ich näher,
nähmst du's nicht übel auf:*

Serenade

*Gently plead my songs,
Through the night to you,
Into the quiet grove below,
Sweetheart, come to me.*

*Whispering, slender treetops rustle
In the moonlight,
Of a betrayer's unfriendly
eavesdropping,
Be not afraid, lovely one.*

*Do you hear the nightingales' call?
Ah! They implore you,
With the sound of sweet laments
They plead you for me.*

*They understand the heart's
longing;
They know love's pain.
They stir, with silvery tones,
Every tender heart.*

*Let your heart also be moved,
Sweetheart, hear me!
Trembling, I await you;
Come, make me happy.*

The Echo

*Dear good mother,
don't be angry with me,
you saw Hans kiss me,
but I can't do anything about it;
I will tell you everything,
just have patience:
the echo outside on the hill,
where it bows-
is entirely at fault.*

*I was sitting there on the meadow,
and there he saw me,
yet he offered
to keep his distance
and said, "I would gladly come
closer,
if you did not take it amiss.*

Sag, bin ich dir willkommen?"
"Kommen!"
rief schnell das Echo drauf.

Dann, kam er auf die Wiese,
zu mir hin setzt' er sich,
hie mich die schne Liese,
und schlang den Arm um mich,
und bat, ich mcht ihm sagen,
ob ich ihm gut kann sein?
Das wr ihm sehr erfreulich,
"Freilich!"
rief schnell das Echo drein.

Dies hrt', er und hat nher
zu rcken mir gewagt,
er glaubte wohl, ich hatte
das alles ihm gesagt;
"Erlaubst du", sprach er zrtlich,
"Da ich als meine Braut
dich recht von Herzen ksse?"
"Ksse!"
schrie jetzt das Echo laut.

Nun sieh, so ist's gekommen,
da Hans mir gab den Ku,
das bse, bse Echo,
es macht mir viel Verdruf;
und jetzo wird er kommen,
wirst sehen sicherlich,
und wird von dir begehren
in Ehren
zu seinem Weibe mich.

Ist dir der Hans, lieb Mutter,
nicht recht zu meinem Mann,
so sag, da ihm das Echo
den bsen Streich getan;
doch glaubst du, da wir passen
zu einem Ehepaar,
dann mut du ihn nicht krnken,
magst denken,
da ich das Echo war.

Tell me, am I welcome?"
"Come!"
the echo called quickly.

Then he came onto the meadow
and sat down beside me,
called me his pretty Liese
and put his arm around me.
He asked if I would tell him
whether I could be good to him,
for it would please him gladly.
"Gladly!"
the echo called quickly.

He heard this and dared
to move closer to me:
he believed that I had
said all of this to him:
"Would you," he asked tenderly,
"Be my bride,
and grant me heart-felt kisses?"
"Kisses!"
the echo shouted loudly.

Now you see how it came about
that Hans gave me that kiss--
the wicked, wicked echo
has created such trouble for me!
He will come
and you will certainly see:
he will ask you
respectfully
if I can be his wife.

If you think that Hans is not right
for me as a husband, dear mother,
then tell him that it was
the wicked echo playing a trick;
but if you believe that we would
make
a good couple,
then you must not make him fret--
let him think
that I was the echo!

Poor Wandering One

Poor wand'ring one! Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace, Thy steps retrace,
Poor wand'ring one!

Poor wand'ring one! If such poor love as mine
Can help thee find true piece of mind,
Why, take it, it is thine!

Take heart, fair days will shine;
Take any heart, take mine! Ah!

Poor wand'ring one! Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace, Thy steps retrace,
Poor wand'ring one!

Fair days will shine, Take heart!

On va courir

On va courir, On va sortir,
Sortir à pied pas en berline;
On va pouvoir, En laisser voir,
Un peu plus haut que la bottine.

Ah, que d'apprets, De soins
coquettes,
Quel tracas pour la chambrière;
En fin, c'est fait, Elle parait,

La Parisienne armée en guerre!

En la voyant on devient fou,
Et l'on ressent là comme un choc;
Sa robe fait frou, frou, frou, frou,

Ses petits pieds font toc, toc, toc.

Le nez au vent, Trottant, trottant,
Elle s'en va droit devant elle;

En la croisant, Chaque passant,
S'arrête et dit, "Dieu, quelle est
belle!"

Ce compliment, Elle l'entend,

We'll go running

*We'll go running, We'll go out,
Go out on foot, not by sedan;
At last we'll be able to reveal
something more than the tip of our
boot.*

*Ah, what preparations, What dainty
cares,
What a chore for the chambermaid;
At last, she's done, Here she
comes,
The Parisienne lady armed head to
toe.*

*All who see her go crazy
and feel a kind of shock.
Rustle, rustle, rustling goes her
dress,
Tap, tap, tapping go her little feet.*

*Trotting along with her nose in the
air,
On she goes, straight in front of
her,*

*At the intersection, every passer-by
Stops and says, "God, she's lovely!"*

This compliment, she hears,

Et suit son chemin toute fière;
se balançant, se trémoussant,
D'une façon particulière.

En la voyant on devient fou,
Et l'on ressent là comme un choc;
Sa robe fait frou, frou, frou, frou,

Ses petits pieds font toc, toc, toc.

Ô mon cher amant

Ô mon cher amant, je te jure,
que je t'aime de tout mon cœur,
Mais, vrai, la misère est trop dure,
et nous avons trop de malheur.

Tu dois le comprendre toi même,
Que cela ne saurait durer,
et qu'il vaut mieux, Dieu, que je
t'aime!
Et qu'il vaut mieux nous séparer.

Crois-tu qu'on puisse être bien
tendre,
Alors que l'on manque de pain?
A quels transports peut on
s'attendre,
En s'aimant quand on meurt de
faim!

Je suis faible, car je suis femme,
et j'aurais rondou quelque jour,
Le dernier soupir, ma chère âme,
Croyant un pousser un d'amour!

Ces paroles là sont cruelles,
Je le sais bien, mais que veux tu?
Pour les choses essentielles,
Tu peux compter sur ma vertu.

Je t'adore, si je suis folle,
C'est de toi compte là desus,

Et je signe: la Périchole,
qui t'aime, mais qui n'en peut plus.

*and proudly goes on her way,
Swaying and prancing,
In a particular way.*

*All who see her go crazy
and feel a kind of shock.
Rustle, rustle, rustling goes her
dress,
Tap, tap, tapping go her little feet.*

O my lover

*O my lover, I swear,
that I love you with all of my heart.
But, true, misery is too hard,
and we have too much trouble.*

*You have to understand yourself,
it is not sustainable,
and it is better, God, I love you!
And it is better if we part.*

*Do you believe we can be very
affectionate
When we lack bread?
What transport can we expect, by
loving one
another when we are starving!*

*I am weak, because I am a woman,
and one day, my love,
I will give my last breath,
believing in a push of love!*

*These words are cruel,
I know well, but what do you want?
For the essential things,
You can count on my virtue.*

*I adore you, if I'm crazy
it's you that I rely upon above all
else!*

*And I sign: la Périchole,
who loves you, but who can take no
more!*

Or, depuis la rose nouvelle

Or, depuis la rose nouvelle,
C'est comme ça tous les matins:
Avec cette flûte il m'appelle,
Et nous errons dans ces jardins.

Tous les deux, Amoureux,
Nous tenant un doux langage,
Nous allons, Nous venons,
Nous parcourons ce bocage.

En avril, me dit il,
Tout aime dans la nature,
Le printemps, Donne aux champs,
Leur verdoyante parure.

Aimons nous, C'est si doux,
Aimons nous bien, je t'en prie,
Il n'est pas, Ici bas,
D'autre bonheur dans la vie.

Un bosquet, Trop discret,
L'enhardit...Il saisit
Une main, C'est un vain,
Que je dis: Non! finis.

Tous les deux, Amoureux,
Nous tenant un doux langage,
Nous allons, Nous venons,
Nous parcourons ce bocage.

Aimons nous, C'est si doux,
Aimons nous, car c'est la vie,
Il n'est pas, Ici bas,
D'autre bonheur. Aimons nous!

Pauvre cher! Il a l'air
Tout penaud, Tou nigaud,
Mais souvent le brigand,
Il sourit, et me dit,

Sans motifs, Des mots vifs,
Dans le fond, Qui me font,
M'arrêter, Palpiter
Et rougir de plaisir.

Now, since the new rose

*Now, since the new rose has
appeared,
It's like this every morning:
With his flute, he calls me,
And we wander in the gardens.*

*The two of us, In love,
We talk a sweet language,
We go, We come,
We walk in this grove.*

*In April, He told me,
Everything loves nature,
Spring gives the fields,
Their green finery.*

*Our love, it is so sweet,
We love well, I pray,
Down here, there is no
other happiness in life.*

*A grove of trees, so discreet,
He is bold...He grabs
My hand. It is in vain.
I say: No! Enough.*

*The two of us, In love,
We talk a sweet language,
We go, We come,
We walk in this grove.*

*Our love, It is so sweet.
We love, because that's life,
Down here, there is no
other happiness. Our love!*

*Poor dear! He looks
always sheepish, always dimwitted,
But often is a bandit,
He smiled and told me,*

*Without reasons, with vivid words,
In the grove, he makes me,
Stop, My heart throb
and I blush with pleasure.*

Quand à moi, Sans effroi,
Je l'entends, Et puis,
Tout bas, je reprends:
Oui, c'est bien doux, le printemps.

Il rougit, Il pâlit, Et je sens,
De nos coeurs les battements,
C'est la faute du printemps!
Dans un transport suprême,
Il s'écrie: Ah! Je t'aime!

Tous les deux, Amoureux,
Nous tenant un doux langage,
Nous allons, Nous venons,
Nous parcourons ce bocage.

Aimons nous, C'est si doux,
Aimons nous, car c'est la vie,
Il n'est pas, Ici bas,
D'autre bonheur. Aimons nous!

Qu'il est heureux, Mon amoureux,
Mon amoureux, Qu'il est heureux,
Tous les matins, Dans ces jardins,
Nous nous trouvons et répètons:
Je t'aime, nous nous aimons!

*As for me, without fear,
I listen, and then,
softly, I answer:
Yes, it's very sweet, spring.*

*He blushes, He pales, And I feel
the beats of our hearts,
It is the work of Spring!
In a rapturous moment,
He exclaims: Ah! I love you!*

*The two of us, In love,
We talk a sweet language,
We go, We come,
We walk in this grove.*

*Our love, It is so sweet.
We love, because that's life,
Down here, there is no
other happiness. Our love!*

*He is happy, my lover,
My lover, he is happy,
Every morning in the gardens,
We find each other and repeat:
I love you, we love each other!*

Awake the Sleeping Sun

Come ye shepherds who have seen
Day's King deposed by Night's Queen.
Come lift we up our lofty song
To wake the Sun that sleeps too long.

Welcome to our wondering sight,
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in Winter and Day in Night,
Heaven in Earth and God in Man!

-Richard Crashaw

Epitaph of a Young Girl

Short was my work. I sweetly rest.
God took me home when he saw best.
I am not lost. I shall arise
when Christ, my Lord, descends the lower skies.

-Inscription on a tombstone in Boston Common

Seashore Girls

maggie and millie and molly and may
went down to the beach (to play one day)

and maggie discovered a shell that sang
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and

millie befriended a stranded star
whose rays five languid fingers were;

and molly was chased by a horrible thing
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles: and

may came home with a smooth round stone
as small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)
it's always ourselves we find in the sea

-e.e. cummings

Come Ready and See Me

Come ready and see me no matter how late,
Come before the years run out.
I'm waiting with a candle
no wind will blow out,
But you must haste on foot or by sky,
For no one can wait forever under the bluest sky.
I can't wait forever, for the years are running out.

-James Purdy

Will there really be a Morning?

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where that place called Morning lies!

-Emily Dickinson

Upcoming Events

October

- 14** - Ford - 4:00pm - Symphony Orchestra (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 15** - Ford - 8:15pm - African Drumming and Dance Ensemble
- 16** - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 22** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
- 25** - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble
- 28** - Hockett - 5:00pm - Jaekook Kim, tenor
- 29** - Nabenhauer - 8:15pm - Octubafest Solo Recital
- 30** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Ithaca Brass
- 31** - JJWCM - 6:00pm - Healthy Living For Musicians
- 31** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Tuba Ensemble

November

- 2** - Ford - 8:15pm - **Family Weekend:** Concert Band and Jazz Vocal Ensemble (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 3** - Ford - 4:00pm - **Family Weekend:** Symphonic Band and Jazz Ensemble (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 4** - Ford - 1:00pm - **Family Weekend:** Choral Concert (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 5** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 7** - Hockett - 6:00pm - "On the Edge" Masterclass with Jean Kopperud
- 8** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano masterclass
- 9** - Hockett - 3:00pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano pedagogy lecture
- 10** - Ford - 7:00pm - Choral Composition Festival
- 11** - Hockett - 4:00pm - Susan Waterbury, violin Charis Dimaras, piano
- 11** - Ford - 7:00pm - Taylor Braggins, soprano
- 12** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
- 13** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Choir
- 13** - Iger - 8:15pm - David Rakowski, Husa Visiting Professor, lecture
- 14** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.