Junior Recital: Emily DeMarzio, soprano

Emily DeMarzio

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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
Program

Rompe Sprezza
Si Suoni la Tromba
Con Voce Festiva

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

\textit{Sam Thurston, trumpet}
\textit{Carmen Ladipo, cello}

Nacht und Träume
Ständchen
Das Echo

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Poor Wandering One
\textit{from The Pirates of Penzance}

Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Intermission

On va courir
\textit{from La Vie Parisienne}

Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

\Ô mon cher amant
\textit{from La Périchole}

Or, depuis la rose nouvelle
\textit{from Barbe-bleue}

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)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Emily DeMarzio is from the studio of Carol McAmis.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Translations</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rompe sprezza</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Rompe sprezza con un sospir</td>
<td>She breaks and scorns with a sigh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ogni cor benchè di pietra;</td>
<td>Every heart even though it be of stone;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Essa i numi l’alma inpetra,</td>
<td>She petrifies the spirit, the soul,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ogni gratia a suoi desir.</td>
<td>And every grace at her whim.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Si suoni la tromba</strong></td>
<td>Let the trumpet sound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Si suoni la tromba.</td>
<td>Let the trumpet sound.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miei fidi guerrieri,</td>
<td>My faithful warriors,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In campo più fieri,</td>
<td>Now bolder on the battlefield,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armati rimbomba.</td>
<td>Resound the call to arms.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Con voce festiva</strong></td>
<td>With festive voice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Con voce festiva in musici modi,</td>
<td>With festive voice is musical ways,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l'esalti lo lodi del Tebro la riva.</td>
<td>Let the banks of the Tiber exalt him with praise.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E l'onda gioconda con eco d'amore,</td>
<td>And let the playful wave with an echo of love, respond to the trumpet.</td>
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<tr>
<td>risponda la tromba.</td>
<td>Let my heart rejoice.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gioisca mio core.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Nacht und Träume</strong></td>
<td>Night and Dreams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder!</td>
<td>Hallowed night, you sink down!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nieder wallen auch die Träume,</td>
<td>Downward flow also the dreams,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,</td>
<td>Like your moonlight, through space,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Durch der Menschen stille Brust.</td>
<td>Through the silent bosom of people.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die belauschen sie mit Lust,</td>
<td>They listen with delight,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht,</td>
<td>Cry out when the day breaks,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht,</td>
<td>Come back, hallowed night,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holde Träume, kehret wieder.</td>
<td>Lovely dreams, come back.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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 sußen 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.

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.

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 gesehn,
doch blieb er ehrerbietig,
hübsch in der Ferne stehn
und sprach: "Gern trät ich näher,
nähmst du’s nicht übel auf:

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 wilkommen?"
"Kommen!"
rief schnell das Echo drauf.

Dan, kam er auf die Wiese, zu mir hin setzt’ er sich,
hiess mich die schöne Liese,
und schlang den Arm um mich, und bat, ich möchte ihm sagen, ob ich ihm gut kann sein? Das wär ihm sehr erfreulich,
"Freilich!"
rief schnell das Echo drein.

Dies hört’, er und hat näher zu rücken mir gewagt,
er glaubte wohl, ich hatte das alles ihm gesagt;
"Erlaubst du", sprach er zärtlich, "Daß ich als meine Braut dich recht von Herzen küsse?"
"Küsse!"
schrie jetzt das Echo laut.

Nun sieh, so ist’s gekommen, daß Hans mir gab den Kuß, das böse, böse Echo, es macht mir viel Verdrüss;
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, daß ihm das Echo den bösen Streich getan; doch glaubst du, daß wir passen zu einem Ehepaar, dann mußt du ihn nicht kränken, magst denken, daß 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 paraît,
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.

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

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.

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.

Ô mon cher amant

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

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.

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

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

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!

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!

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

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!

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

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

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

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

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

And I sign: la Pèrichole,
who loves you, but who can take no more!
Or, depuis la rose nouvelle
Now, since the new rose

Or, depuis la rose nouvelle,
Now, since the new rose has appeared,

C'est comme ça tous les matins:
It's like this every morning:
Avec cette flûte il m'appelle,
With his flute, he calls me,
Et nous errons dans ces jardins.
And we wander in the gardens.

Tous les deux, Amoureux,
The two of us, In love,
Nous tenant un doux langage,
We talk a sweet language,
Nous allons, Nous venons,
We go, We come,
Nous parcourons ce bocage.
We walk in this grove.

En avril, me dit il,
In April, He told me,
Tout aime dans la nature,
Everything loves nature,
Le printemps, Donne aux champs,
Spring gives the fields,
Leur verdoyante parure.
Their green finery.

Aimons nous, C'est si doux,
Our love, it is so sweet,
Aimons nous bien, je t'en prie,
We love well, I pray,
Il n'est pas, Ici bas,
Down here, there is no
D'autre bonheur dans la vie.
other happiness in life.

Un bosquet, Trop discret,
A grove of trees, so discreet,
L'enhardit...Il saisit
He is bold...He grabs
Une main, C'est un vain,
My hand. It is in vain.
Que je dis: Non! finis.
I say: No! Enough.

Tous les deux, Amoureux,
The two of us, In love,
Nous tenant un doux langage,
We talk a sweet language,
Nous allons, Nous venons,
We go, We come,
Nous parcourons ce bocage.
We walk in this grove.

Aimons nous, C'est si doux,
Our love, It is so sweet.
Aimons nous, car c'est la vie,
We love, because that's life,
Il n'est pas, Ici bas,
Down here, there is no
D'autre bonheur. Aimons nous!
other happiness. Our love!

Pauvre cher! Il a l'air
Poor dear! He looks
Tout penaud, Tou nigaud,
always sheepish, always dimwitted,
Mais souvent le brigand,
But often is a bandit,
Il sourit, et me dit,
He smiled and told me,

Sans motifs, Des mots vifs,
Without reasons, with vivid words,
Dans le fond, Qui me font,
In the grove, he makes me,
M'ârreter, Palpiter
Stop, My heart throb
Et rougir de plaisir.
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.

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

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!

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!

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

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

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

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

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!

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.