

11-15-2012

Senior Recital: Robyn Lustbader, soprano

Robyn Lustbader

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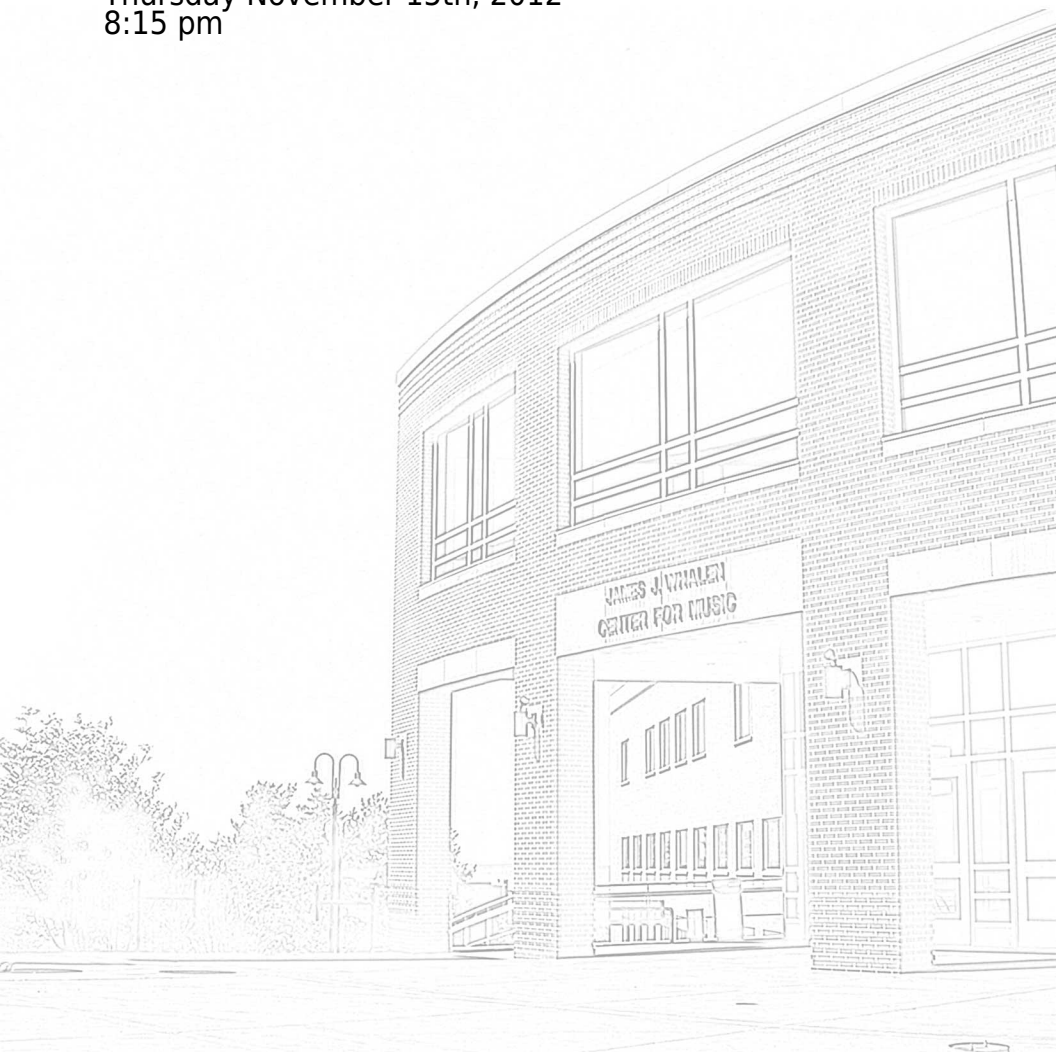
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Senior Recital:
Robyn Lustbader, soprano

Mengfei Xu, piano

Ford Hall
Thursday November 15th, 2012
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

La Gita in Gondola
Aragonese

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Gigerlette,
from *Brettli-lieder*, no. 6
Suleika

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874-1971)
Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel
(1805-1847)

Die Spröde

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Piangeró la sorte mia
from *Giulio Cesare*

George Frideric Handel
(1689-1759)

Intermission

Villanelle
from *Nuits d'Été*, no. 1
Zaïde
from *Feuilles d'album*, no. 1

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Extinguish My Eyes
from *Two Love Songs*
Solitary Hotel
Men With Small Heads
from *Men With Small Heads*, no. 1

Leonard Bernstein
1918-1990
Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)
Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)

The Glamorous Life
from *A Little Night Music*

Stephen Sondheim
(b.1930)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Voice Performance and Music Education. Robyn Lustbader is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.

Translations

La Gita in Gondola

Voli l'agile barchetta
Voga, voga o marinar
Or ch'Elvira, mia diletta
A me in braccio, sfida il mar!
Brilla in calma, la laguna
Una vela non appar
Pallidetta é in ciel la luna
Tutto invita a sospirar
Voga, voga o marinar
Se ad un bacio amor t'invita
Non temer, mio bel tesor

Tu saprai che sia la vita
Sol nel bacio del'amor
Ma già un zeffiro sereno
Dolce ondeggia il mar
Vieni Elvira a questo seno
Viene e apprendi a palpitar!

Fly, quick little boat
Row, row oh boatman
Now that Elvira, my delight
is in my arms, defy the sea!
The lagoon shimmers in calm
Not a sail is in view
The pale moon crosses the sky
Everything invites our sighs
Row, row oh boatman
If love invites you to a kiss
Do not be afraid, my precious
one
You will realize that life exists
Only in the kiss of love
But already a soft breeze
sweetly ripples the sea
Come Elvira to my heart
Come and discover how it
beats!

Aragonese

Mi lagneró tacendo
Della mia sorte amara, ah!
Ma ch'io non t'ami, o cara,

non lo sperar da me.
Crudel, in che t'offesi
farmi penar cosí?

Crudel! Non lo sperar da me.

I will complain in silence
About my bitter fate, ah!
But that I should not love you,
oh dearest,
do not hope for that from me.
Cruel one, how did I offend you,
that you make me suffer like
this?
Cruel one! Do not hope for that
from me.

Gigerlette

Fräulein Gigerlette lud mich
ein zum Tee.
Ihre Toilette war gestimmt
auf Schnee;
Ganz wie Pierrette war sie
angetan.
Selbst ein Mönch, ich wette,

sähe Gigerlette
Wohlgefällig an.
War ein rotes Zimmer,
drin sie mich empfang,
Gelber Kerzenschimmer
in dem Raume hing.
Und sie war wie immer
Leben und Esprit.
Nie vergess ich's, nimmer:
Weinrot war das Zimmer,

Blütenweiss war sie.
Und im Trab mit Vieren
fuhren
wir zu zweit
In das Land spazieren,
das heisst Heiterkeit.
Dass wir nicht verlieren
Zügel, Ziel und Lauf

Sass bei dem Kutschieren
mit den heissen Vieren
Amor hinten auf.

Miss Gigerlette invited me to
tea.
Her evening gown was as
white as snow;
She was done up exactly like
a Pierrot.
I'd wager that even a monk

would look upon Gigerlette
with pleasure.
A red room it was,
in which she received me,
Yellow candlelight
shimmered in the space.
And as always,
she was full of life and spirit.
Never can I forget it:
The room was as red as
wine,
she was white as a blossom.
And in a trot on all fours

the two of us went
For a ride in that land
called happiness.
That we not lose
rein on the course of our
destination,
in the background, near
our ardent limbs,
perched Cupid.

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, Augen, Wald und
Hügel,
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in
Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes
Wehen
Kühlt die wunden
Augenlieder;
Ach, für leit musst' ich
vergehen,
Hofft ich nicht zu sehn in
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, your moist wings,
West wind, how much I envy
them;
For you can bring him tidings
Of what I suffer in our
separation!
The movement of your wings
awakens in my breast a
silent longing;
Flowers, meadows, forests
and hills,
Stand in tears from your
breath.

Yet your mild, gentle blowing
cools my aching eyelids;
ah, for sorrow I would die,
If I could not hope to see him
again.
Hurry then to my beloved,
Speak softly to his heart;
But don't distress him,
and conceal my pain.

Tell him, but tell him
modestly,
that his love is my life,
And a joyous sense of both
will his presence give me.

Die Spröde

An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen
Ging die Schäferin und sang,

Jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,
Dass es durch die Felder klang,

So la la! Lerallala!

Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen
Zwei, drei Schäfchen gleich am Ort,
Schalkhaft ein blickte sie ein
Weilchen;

Doch sie sang und lachte fort:

So la la! Lerallala!

Und ein anderer bot ihr Bänder,
Und der Dritte bot sein Herz;
Doch sie trieb mit Herz und
Bändern

So wie mit den Lämmern Scherz,

Nur lala! Lerallala!

On the clearest of spring mornings
The shepherdess went walking and
singing,

young and fair and carefree,
so that it resounded through the
fields-

So lala! Lerallala!

Thyrsis offered her, just for one
kiss,
two lambkins, three, on the spot.
She looked at him roguishly for a
while,

but then went on singing and
laughing;

So lala! Lerallala!

And another offered her ribbons,
and the third his heart;
but she jested with

heart and ribbons as with the
lambs:

Just lala! Lerallala!

Piangeró la sorte mia

É pur cosí in un giorno
perdo fasti e grandezze?
Ahi, fato rio!
Cesare, il mio bel nume
é forse estinto,
Cornelia e Sesto innermi son,
né sanno darmi soccorso!
O Dio! Non resta alcuna speme
al viver mio.

Piangeró la sorte mia,
Si crudele e tanto ria
Finché vita in petto avró.
Ma poi morta! D'ogni intorno
Il tiranno e notte e giorno
Fatta spettra agiteró.

And so thus in a day,
I lose pomp and grandeur!
Ah, cruel fate!
Caesar, my beautiful protecting god
is perhaps dead,
Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless,
and are unable to render me help!
Oh God! There remains no hope
for this life of mine.

I will weep for my fate,
So cruel and so unjust
as long as I have life in my breast.
But when dead! From all around
I will haunt the tyrant night and day
when I am a ghost.

Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison
nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux, nous irons, ma
belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les
perle
Que l'on voit, au matin
trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler.

Le printemps est venu, ma
belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni;
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit des vers au rebord du nid.

Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de
mousse
Pour parler de nos beaux
amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
"Toujours!"

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos
courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois
penché;
Puis chez nous tout heureux,
tout aises,
En paniers, enlacant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
des bois.

When the new season comes,
When the cold has vanished,
Through the woods we shall go,
my beauty,
to gather the lilies of the valley
in the woods;
Beneath our feet scattering the
pearls of dew
that we see in the morning
trembling,
we will go to hear the blackbirds
singing.

The spring has come, my
beauty,
It the month blessed by lovers,
And the bird, preening its wing,
sings his verses on the edge of
the next.

Oh! Come to this mossy bank,
To speak of our beautiful love,
and tell me with your voice so
sweet: "Forever!"

Far, very far, straying from our
course,
we make the hidden rabbit flee,
and the deer, mirrored in the
spring,
admires his great lowered
antlers;
Then, to our home we will
return, all happy, all
content,
Like interwoven baskets are our
fingers,
Let us return, bringing
strawberries of the woods.

Zaïde

"Ma ville, ma belle ville,
c'est Grenade au frais jardin.
C'est le palais d'Aladin,
Qui vaut Cordoue et Séville."

Tous ses balcons sont ouverts,
tous ses bassins diaphanes,
toute la cour des sultanes
s'y tient sous les myrthes verts.

Ainsi près de Zoraïde,
a sa voix donnant l'essor,
chantait la jeune Zaïde,
le pied dans ses mules d'or.

La reine lui dit:
"Ma fille, d'où viens-tu donc?"

"Je n'en sais rien."
"N'as-tu donc pas de famille?"
"Votre amour est tout mon bien;
O ma reine, j'ai pour père
ce soleil plain de douceurs;
la sierra, c'est ma mère,
et les étoiles mes soeurs."

Ce pendant sur la colline,
Zaïde à la nuit pleurait:
"Hélas! je suis sans famille,
De moi qui se chargerait?"
Un cavalier vit la belle,
La prit sur sa selle d'or.

Grenade, hélas! est loin d'elle,
Mais Zaïde y rêve encor.

My city, my lovely city,
Is Granada with its cool garden.
Aladdin's palace is there,
The equal of Cordova and
Seville.

All her balconies are open,
All her fountains' basins clear;
All the sultans' court
Is held beneath the green
myrtles.

Thus near to Zoraïde,
Letting her voice run free,
Sang the young Zaïde,
Her feet in golden sandals.

The queen said to her,
"My girl, Where do you come
from?"

I know not.
"Have you then no family?"
Your love is all my happiness.
Oh my queen, for father I have
This sun full of sweetness;
The sierra is my mother,
And my sisters are the stars.

But then upon the hill
Zaïde wept to the night:
"Ah! I am just an orphan,
Who will care for me?"
A knight saw the pretty girl,
Took her upon his golden
saddle.

Granada, alas, is far from her,
But Zaïde still dreams of it.