

5-11-2019

## Senior Recital: Stella Rivera, soprano

Stella Rivera

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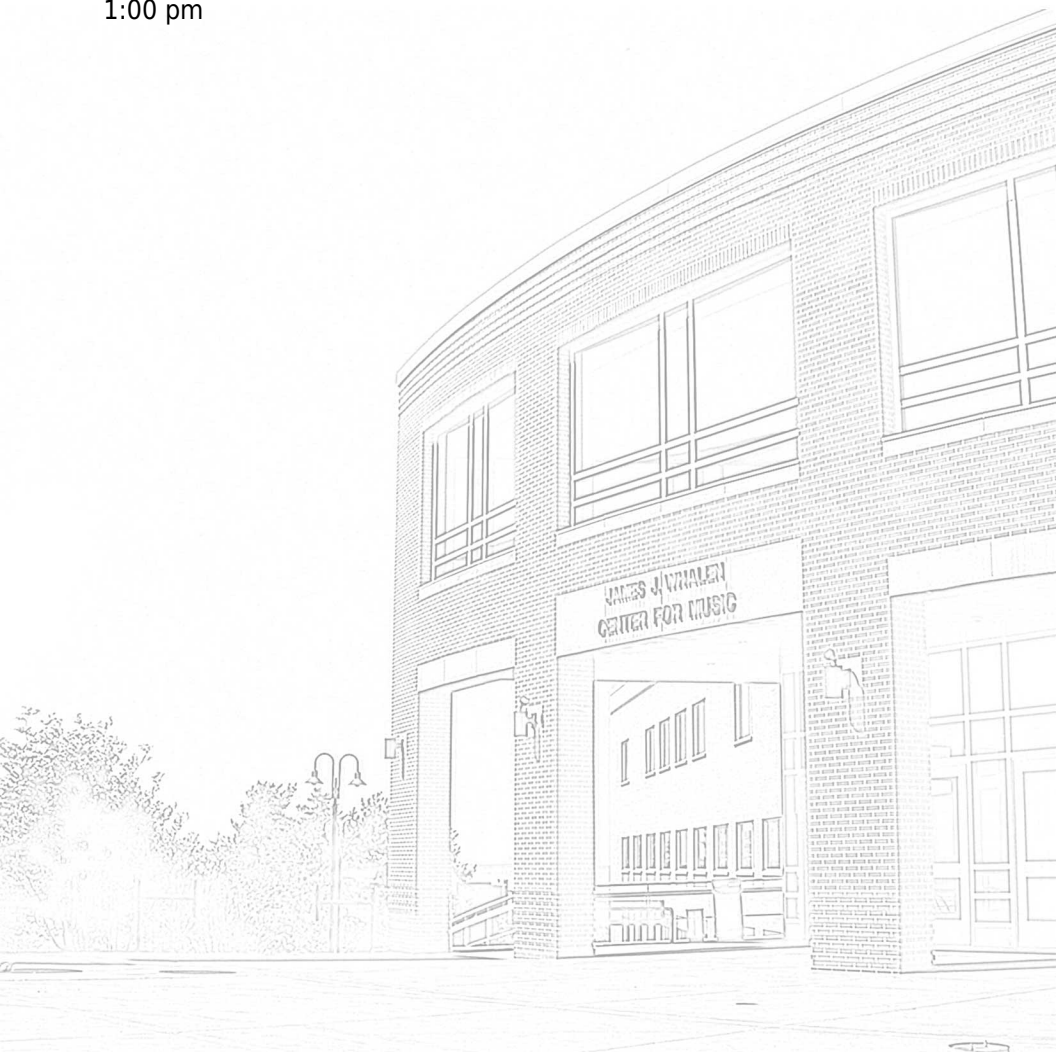
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**Senior Recital:**  
Stella Rivera, Soprano

Blaise Bryski, piano

Ford Hall  
Saturday, May 11th, 2019  
1:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

"Tornami A Vagheggiar" from *Alcina*

George Frideric Handel  
1685-1759

Op. 45

1. Now I Have Fed and Eaten up the Rose
2. A Green Lowland of Pianos
3. O Boundless Boundless Evening

Samuel Barber  
1910-1981

"Steal Me, Sweet Thief" from *The Old Maid and The Thief*

Gian Carlo Menotti  
1911-2007

Das verlassene Magdlein  
Verborgenheit  
Elfenlied  
Er Ist's

Hugo Wolf  
1860-1903

## Intermission

Der Tod und das Madchen  
Gretchen Am Spinnrade

Franz Schubert  
1797-1828

Oh Quand je Dors

Franz Liszt  
1811-1886

### **Airs Chantes**

Air Romantique  
Air Champetre  
Air Grave  
Air Vif

Francis Poulenc  
1899-1963

Il Barcaiolo  
Amiamo

Gaetano Donizetti  
1797-1848

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Stella Rivera is from the studio of Dr. Elisabeth Marshall.

### **Tornami A Vagheggiar (Come back to wander)**

Tornami a vagheggiar, te  
solo vuol' amar  
quest' anima fedel, caro mio  
bene.

Return to me to look upon  
with passionate gaze,  
you alone wishes to love this  
faithful soul, dear my  
beloved.

Gia ti donai il mio cor: fido  
sara il mio amor; mai ti  
saro crudel, cara mia  
spene.

Already to you I gave my  
heart: faithful will be my  
heart; never to you will I  
be cruel, dear my hope.

### **Verborgenheit (Seclusion)**

Lass, o welt! O lass mich  
sein! Locket nicht mit  
liebes gaben, lasst dies  
herz alleine haben seiner  
wonne, seine pein!

Leave, o world! O leave me  
be! Tempt not with loves  
gifts, leave this heart  
alone to have it's joy,  
it's pain!

Was ich traure weiss ich  
nicht, es ist unbekanntes  
wehe; immerdar durch  
thranen sehe ich der  
sonne liebes licht.

What I grieve know I not, it is  
an unknown pain; at all  
times through tears see I  
the suns lovely light.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,  
und die helle freude  
zucket durch die schwere,  
so mich  
drucket wonninglich in  
meiner burst.

Often am I in me scarcely  
aware, and the bright joy  
flashes through the  
difficulties, that me  
oppress blissfully in my  
breast.

Lass, o welt! O lass mich  
sein! Locket nicht mit  
liebes gaben, lasst dies  
herz alleine haben seiner  
wonne, seine pein!

Leave, o world! O leave me  
be! Tempt not with loves  
gifts, leave this heart  
alone to have it's joy,  
it's pain!

## **Das Verlassene Magdlein (The Abandoned Maid)**

Fruh, wann die hahne krahn,  
eh' die sternlein  
schwinden, muss ich am  
herde stehn, muss feuer  
zunden.

Early, when the cocks crow,  
before the little stars  
disappear, must I at the  
hearth stand, must fire  
kindle.

Schon ist der flammen  
schein, es springen die  
funken; ich schau so  
darein, in lied versunken.

Beautiful is the flames glow,  
there leap the sparks; I  
gaze so there-in in grief  
sunken.

Plotzlich, da kommt es mir,  
treuloser knabe, dass ich  
die nacht von dir  
getraumet habe.

Suddenly, there it comes to  
me, unfaithful boy, that I  
the night from you  
dreamed have.

Thrane auf thrane dann  
sturzet hernieder; so  
kommt der tag heran... o  
ging'er wieder!

Tear upon tear then plunges  
down; so comes the day  
on... oh, would go it  
again!

## **Elfenlied (Fairy song)**

Bei nacht im dorf der  
wachter rief: Elfe! Ein  
ganz kleines Elfchen im  
Walde schlief wohl um  
die Elfe!

At night the village the  
watchman cried: Eleven! A  
very small elf in the  
wood slept just at the  
eleventh hour!

Und meint, es rief ihm aus  
dem thal bei seinem  
namen die nachtigall, oder  
Silpelit hatt' ihm gerufen.

And thinks, there called him  
from the valley by his  
name by nightingale, or  
Silpelit may have to him  
called.

Reibt sich der Elf' die Augen  
aus, begibt sich vor sein  
Schneckenhaus und ist als  
wie ein trunken mann,

Rubs himself the elf the eyes  
open, brings himself  
before his snailhouse and  
is as like a drunken  
man,

sein schlaflein war nicht voll  
gethan, und humpelt also  
tippe tapp durch's  
haselholz in's thal hinab,

his nap was not fully done  
and hobbles then tippy  
tap through the hazelwood  
into the valley,

schlupt an der mauer hin so  
dicht, da sitzt der  
Gluhwurm licht an licht.

below slips by the wall up  
very close, there sits the  
glowworm light by light.

"Was sind das helle  
fensterlein? Da drin wird  
eine hochzeit sein: die  
kleinen sitzen bei'm  
mahle, und treiben's in  
dem saale. Da guck' ich  
wohl ein wenig 'nein!"

"What are those bright little  
windows? There within  
must a wedding be; the  
little people are sitting at  
the meal, and doing  
something in the hall.  
Then I peek just a little  
in!"

Pfui, stosst den kopf an  
harten stein!

Ouch! He hits his head on  
the hard stone!

Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?

Elf, well, you have enough?

Gukuk!

Cuckoo!

### **Er Ist's (It is Spring)**

Fruhling lasst sein blaues  
band wieder flattern durch  
die Luft; susse wohl  
bekannte Dufte streifen  
ahnungsvoll das Land.

Spring lets its blue ribbon  
again flutter in the  
breeze; sweets, well-known  
scents sweeps protentously  
the land.

Veilchen traumen schon,  
wollen balde kommen.

Violets are-dreaming already,  
want soon to arrive.

Horch, von fern ein leiser  
Harfenton!

Listen, from far off a soft  
harp tone!

Fruhling, ja du bist's! Dich  
hab ich vernommen! Ja  
du bist's!

Spring, yes you it-is! You  
have I heard! Yes you it  
is!

## **Der Tod und das Mädchen (Death and The Maiden)**

Das Mädchen:

Voruber, ach voruber, geh  
wilder Knochenmann!

The Maiden:

Pass by, ah pass by, away  
wild bone-man!

Ich bin noch jung, geh lieber  
und ruhre mich nicht an,  
und ruhre mich nicht an.

I am still young, dear one  
leave me and do not  
touch me, and do not  
touch me.

Der Tod:

Gib deine hand, du schon  
und zart gebild, bin  
freund und komme nicht  
zu strafen.

Death:

Give me your hand, you  
beautiful delicate form, I  
am your friend and come  
not to chastise.

Sei gutes muts! Ich bin nicht  
wild, sollst sanft in  
meinen armen schlafen.

Be of good courage! I am not  
wild, you shall sleep  
softly in my arms.

## **Gretchen Am Spinnrade (Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel)**

Meine ruh ist hin, mein herz  
ist schwer, ich finde, ich  
finde sie nimmer und  
nimmermehr.

My peace is gone, my heart  
is heavy, I will find, I  
will find it never and  
nevermore.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab, ist mir  
das grab, die ganze welt,  
ist mir vergallt,

Where I him not have, is to  
me the grave, the whole  
world has for me turned  
bitter,

Mein armer kopf ist mir  
verruckt, mein armer sinn  
ist mir zerstückt.

My poor head has to me  
gone mad, my poor mind  
is to me torn apart.

Meine ruh ist hin, mein herz  
ist schwer, ich finde, ich  
finde sie nimmer und  
nimmermehr.

My peace is gone, my heart  
is heavy, I will find, I  
will find it never and  
nevermore.

Nach ihm nur schau ich zum

For him only look I the

fenster hinaus, nach ihm  
nur geh ich aus dem  
haus, sein hoher gang,  
sein edle gestalt, seines  
mundes lacheln seiner  
augen gewalt,

window out, to him only  
go I out of the house,  
his high gait, his noble  
figure, his mouths smile,  
his eyes power,

und seiner reder zauberfluss,  
sein handedruck, und ach,  
sein kuss!

and his speech magic flow,  
his hand clasp, and ah,  
his kiss!

Meine ruh ist hin, mein herz  
ist schwer, ich finde, ich  
finde sie nimmer und  
nimmermehr.

My peace is gone, my heart  
is heavy, I will find, I  
will find it never and  
nevermore.

Mein busen drangt sich nach  
ihm hin, ach durft ich  
fassen und halten ihn,  
und kussen ihn, so wie  
ich wollt',

My bosom urges itself toward  
him, ah, might I grasp  
and hold him, and kiss  
him, as much as I want,

an seinen kussen vergehen  
sollt', o konnt ich ihn  
kussen, so wie ich wollt',  
an seinen kussen  
vergehen sollt'.

from his kisses pass away I  
should, oh could I kiss  
him as much as I want,  
from his kisses pass  
away I should.

Meine ruh ist hin, mein herz  
ist schwer.

My peace is gone, my heart  
is heavy.

### **Oh Quand je Dors (Oh while I sleep)**

Oh! Quand je dors viens  
aupres de ma couche  
comme a Petrarque  
apparaissait Laura.

Oh! While I sleep, come close  
to my bed like to  
Petrarch appeared to  
Laura.

Et qu'en passant ton haleine  
me touche soudain ma  
bouche s'entrouvrira!

And let in passing your  
breath me touches at  
once my lips will part!

Sur mon front morne ou

On my face sorrowful where



peutetre s'acheve un  
songe noir qui trop  
longtemps dura,

perhaps a dream dark  
which too long has  
lasted,

que ton regard comme un  
astre s'eleve, et soudain  
mon reve rayonnera,  
rayonnera!

let your gaze like a star rise,  
at once my dream will  
shine, will shine!

Puis, sur ma levre ou voltige  
une flamme eclair d'amour  
que Dieu meme e pura,

Then, on my lips where  
flickers a flame a flash  
of love which God himself  
has purified,

pose un baiser, et dange  
deviens femme soudain  
mon ame s'eveillera.

place a kiss, and from angel  
become a woman, at  
once my soul will awake.

Oh! Viens! Comme a  
Petrarque apparaissait  
Laura!

Oh! Come! Like to Petrarch  
appeared Laura!

### **Air Romantique (Romantic air)**

J'allais dans la campagne  
avec le vent d'orage,  
sous le pale matin, sous  
les nuages bas;

I walked in the countryside  
with the wind of the  
storm, beneath the pale  
morning, beneath the  
clouds low;

un corbeau tenebreux es  
cortait mon voyage, et  
dans les flaques d'eau  
retentissaient mes pas.

a raven dark accompanied  
my journey, and in the  
puddles of water splashed  
my steps.

La foudre a l'horizon faisait  
courir sa flamme et  
l'Aquilon doublait se longs  
gemisement;

The lightening on the horizon  
made flash it's flame and  
the north wind redoubled  
it's long moans;

mais la tempete e tait trop  
faible pour mon ame, qui

but the tempest was too  
weak for my soul, which

couvrait le tonnerre avec  
ses battements.

drowned out the thunder  
with it's beating.

De la de pouille dor du frene  
et de l'erable L'automne  
composait son eclatant  
butin

From the remains golden of  
the ash and of the  
maple tree the autumn  
composed its sparkling  
loot

Et le corbeau toujours d'un  
vol inexorable,  
m'accompagna sans rien  
changer a mon destin.

And the raven always, with a  
flight  
relentless, accompanied me  
without anything changing  
of my fate.

### **Air Champetre (Country air)**

Belle source, belle source, je  
veux me rappeler sans  
cesse, qu'un jour, guide  
par lamitie ravi,

Beautiful spring, beautiful  
spring, I want myself to  
remind without ceasing,  
that one day, guided by  
friendship delighted,

J'ai ton visage, o de esse,  
perdu sous la mou, sous  
la mousse a moitie.

I gazed at your face, o  
goddess, lost beneath the  
moss, beneath the moss  
half hidden.

Que n'est il de meure cet ami  
que je pleure, O nymphe,  
a ton culte attache, pour  
se meler encore au  
souffle qui t'effleure, et  
repondre a ton flot  
cache.

That he did not remain, this  
friend for whom I weep,  
oh nymph to your cult  
attached, to himself  
mingle again with the  
breeze that caresses you,  
and to respond to your  
waters hidden.

Belle source, belle source, je  
veux me rappeler sans  
cesse, qu'un jour, guide  
par l'amitie, j'ai contemple  
ton visage, o de esse.

Beautiful spring, beautiful  
spring, I want myself to  
remind without ceasing,  
that one day, guided by  
friendship, I gazed at  
your face, o goddess.

**Air Grave**  
**(Serious air)**

Ah! Fuyez a present,  
malheureuses pensees! O!  
Colere, O! Remords!

Oh! Be off (-now), unhappy  
thoughts! Oh! Anger, O!  
Remorse!

Souvenirs qui m'avez les  
deux tempes pressees, de  
l'etreinte de morts.

Memories which have my  
two temples pressed, with  
the grip of the dead.

Sentiers de mousse pleins,  
vaporeuses fontaines,  
grotes profondes,

Paths with moss overgrown,  
misty fountains, grottoes  
deep,

voix des oiseaux et du vent,  
lumieres incertaines des  
sauvages sous bois,

voices of birds and of the  
wind, lights of uncertain  
origin, of the wild  
undergrowth,

insectes, animaux, beaute  
future, ne me repousse  
pas oh divine nature je  
suis ton suppliant.

Insects, animals, beauty to  
come, me reject not, oh  
divine nature I am your  
suppliant.

Ah! Fuyez a present, colere,  
remords!

Oh! Be off (-now), anger,  
remorse!

**Air Vif**  
**(Brisk air)**

Le tresor du verger et le  
jardin en fete, les fleurs  
de champs, des bois, e  
clatent de plaisir, helas!

The treasure of the orchard  
and the garden in  
celebration, the flowers of  
the field, of the wood,  
bursting with pleasure,  
alas!

Et seur leur tete le vent en  
fle sa voix.

And above their head the  
wind raises it's voice.

Mais toi noble ocean que  
l'assaut des tourmentes ne  
saurait ravager certes plus

But you noble ocean whom  
the assault of tempests  
not can ravage, certainly

dignement, lors que tu te lamentes, tu te prends a songer.

(-with) more dignity when you (yourself) lament you yourself (lose) in daydreams.

Le tresor du verger et le jardin en fete, les fleurs des champs, des bois, eclatent de plaisir, helas! Helas!

The treasure of the orchard and the garden in celebration, the flowers of the field, of the wood, bursting with pleasure, alas! Alas!

Et sur leur tete le vent enfle sa voix.

And above their head the wind raises it's voice.

### **Il Barcaiole (The Boatman)**

Voga, voga, il vento tace, pura e l'onda, il ciel sereno, solo un alito di pache parce allegri e cielo e mar: voga, voga o marinar.

Row, row, the wind is silent, pure is the wave, the sky clear, alone a breath of peace seems that it cheers heaven and sea: row, row o sailor.

Or che tutto a noi soride, in si tenero momento, all'ebrezza del contento voglio l'alme abandonar, voga, voga, o marinar.

Now that everything on us smiles, in such a tender moment, to the intoxication of happiness I want the souls to abandon, row, row, o sailor.

Voga, voga, il vento tace, pura e l'onda, il ciel sereno, ed un'alito di pace parce allegri e cielo e mar.

Row, row, the wind is silent, pure is the wave, the sky is clear, and a breath of peace seems that cheers heaven and sea.

Che se infiera la tempesta, ambiduenne tragge a

Because it rages the storm, both of us it ferries to

morte, ambiduenne tragge  
a morte.

death, both of us it  
ferries to death.

Sara lieta la mia sorte, al tuo  
fianco vuo spirar, si, al  
tuo fianco io vuo spirar:  
voga, voga, o marinar.

It will be happy the my fate,  
at your side I want to  
pass away, yes, at your  
side I want to pass  
away: row, row, o sailor.

Sara lieta la mia sorte, al tuo  
fianco, io vuo spirar:  
voga voga, marinar

It will be happy the my fate,  
at your side I want to  
pass away, row row,  
sailor

O, marinar!

O, sailor!

### **Amiamo (Let us love)**

Or che l'eta ne invita,  
cerchiamo di goder.  
L'istante del piacer pasa,  
pasa e non torna.

Now that our age invites us,  
let us seek out pleasure.  
The moment of pleasure  
passes and does not  
return.

Grave di vien la vita se non si  
coglie il fior; se non si  
coglie il fior; di fresche  
rose amor solo l'adorna. Di  
rose solo l'adorna.

Life becomes serious if one  
does not gather flowers;  
if one does not gather  
flowers; love adorns life  
only with fresh roses. Of  
roses only adore her.

Piu bella sei, piu devi ad  
amor voti e fe, e voti e  
fe; altra belta non e, che  
un suo tributo.

The more beautiful you are,  
the more you owe to  
love's vows and fidelity;  
another beauty is nothing  
but that which it is due.

Amiam, amiam...  
Amiam che i di son brevi;  
amiam. E un giorno  
senza amore un giorno di

Let us love, let us love...  
Let us love because the days  
are brief; let us love. A  
day without love is a

dolor, giorno perduto.

day of sadness, a lost  
day.

Ah! L'istante del piacere,  
l'istante de piacer pasa, e  
non torna.

Ah! The moment of pleasure  
passes and does not  
return.

Amiam! Amiam!

Let us love! Let us love!