

4-28-2019

Junior Recital: Sarah Aliperti, soprano

Sarah Aliperti

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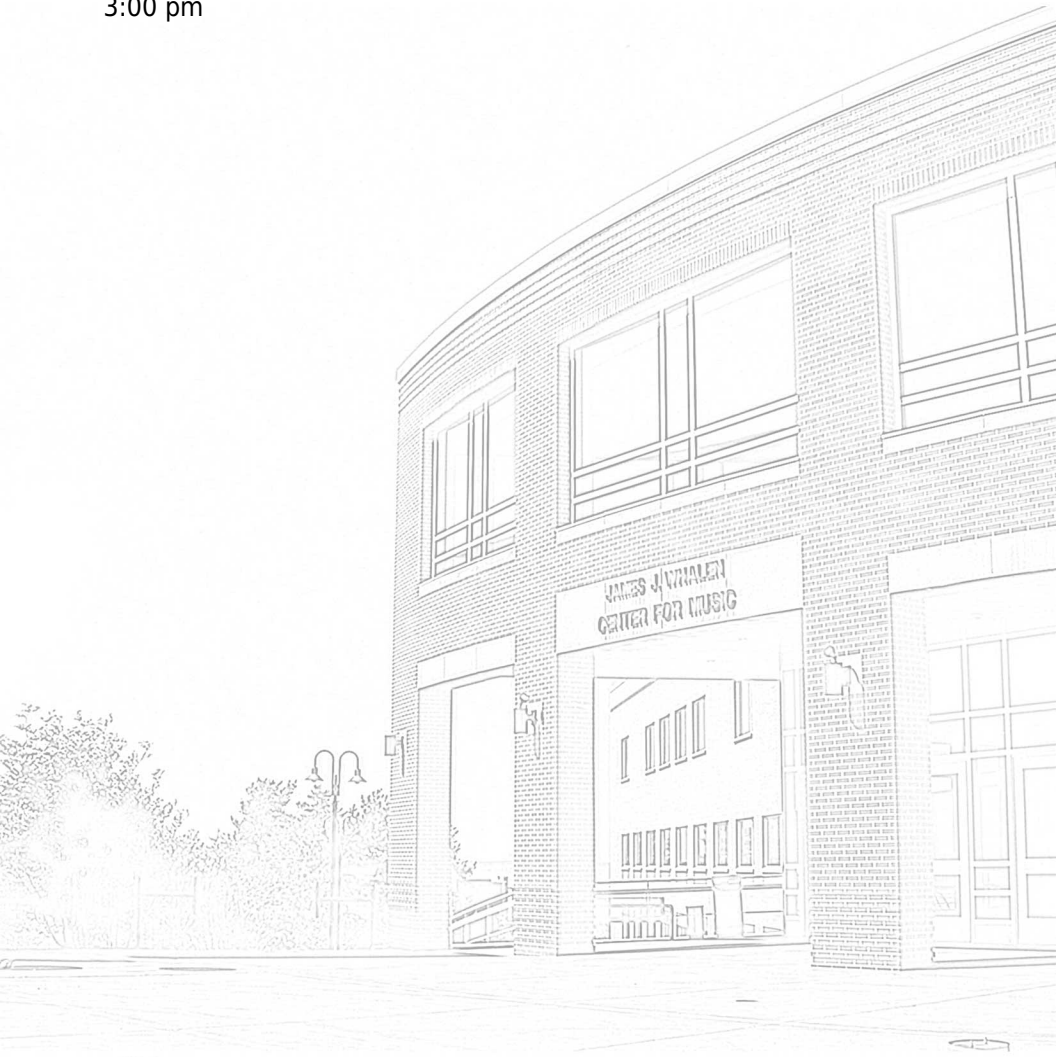
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Junior Recital:
Sarah Aliperti, soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, April 28th, 2019
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Mi lagnerò tacendo
La gita in gondola
La promessa

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer
Meine Liebe ist grün
Lerchengesang

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

"Faites-lui mes aveux"
from *Faust*

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Intermission

Four Dickinson Songs
Will There Really be a Morning?
I'm Nobody
She Died
If I...

Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)

Fêtes Galantes
En sourdine
Clair de lune
Fantoches

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

I Get Along Without You Very Well

Hoagy Carmichael
(1899-1981)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in vocal performance.
Sarah Aliperti is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.

Translations

Mi lagnerò tacendo

Mi lagnerò tacendo
della mia sorte amara.
Ma ch'io non t'ami,
o cara, non lo sperar da me.

Crudel, farmi penar così, crudel!

I will lament in silence
my bitter fate.
But that I should cease to love you,
my heart's desire, is too much to
expect.
Cruel you are to make me suffer so.

La gita in gondola

Voli l'agile barchetta
voga, voga marinar
Or ch'Elvira mia diletta a
me in braccio sfida il mar.

Brilla in calma la laguna
una vela non appar
palli detta e in ciel la luna
tutto in vita a sospirar.

Voga, voga 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
vieni e apprendi a palpitar!

Voga, voga marinar...

Fly, agile little boat
row, row, boatman
now that my sweet Elvira
is in my arms, defy the sea.

The lagoon shimmers in the calm
Not a sail is in view
The pale moon crosses the sky
Everything invites our sighs.

row, row, o boatman ...

If love invites you to a kiss
Don't be afraid my beautiful
treasure,
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!

Row, row boatman ...

La Promessa

Ch'io mai vi possa
Lasciar d'amare,
No, nol credete,
Pupille care;
Nemmen per gioco

That I will ever be able
to stop loving you
No, don't believe it,
dear eyes;
Not even to joke

V'ingannerò.

would I deceive you.

Voi solo siete
Le mie faville,
E voi sarete,
Care pupille,
Il mio bel foco
Sin ch'io vivrò.

You alone
are my sparks,
and you will be,
dear eyes,
my beautiful fire
as long as I live, ah!

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.

Ever lighter grows my slumber,
like a veil lies my sorrow
trembling over me.

Oft im Traume hör ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür,
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach und weine bitterlich.

Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door,
no one wakes to let you in,
I wake up and weep bitterly.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.

Yes, I will have to die,
Another you will kiss,
when I am pale and cold.

Eh die Maienlüfte wehn,
Eh die Drossel singt im Wald:

Before the May breezes blow,
before the thrush sings in the
forest:

Willst du mich noch ein mal
sehn, Komm, o komme bald!

If you wish to see me once
more, come, o come soon!

Meine Liebe ist grün

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der
Fliederbusch,
und mein Lieb ist schön wie die
Sonne,
die glänzt wohl herab auf den
Fliederbusch
und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit
Wonne.

My love is verdant like the lilac
bush,
And my loved one is as beautiful
as the sun,
which shines down on the lilac
bush
and fills it with fragrance and
bliss.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der
Nachtigall
und wiegt sich in blühendem
Flieder,
und jauchzet und singet vom Duft
berauscht
viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

My soul has the wings of a
nightingale
and sways among the blooming
lilac,
and rejoices and sings, drunk
with the fragrance,
many love intoxicated songs.

Lerchengesang

Ätherische ferne Stimmen,
Der Lerchen himmlische Grüße,
Wie regt ihr mir so süße
Die Brust, ihr lieblichen Stimmen!

Ethereal distant voices,
Of the lark's heavenly greetings,
How sweetly you move
My heart, you lovely voices!

Ich schließe leis mein Auge,
Da ziehn Erinnerungen
In sanften Dämmerungen
Durchweht vom Frühlingshauche.

I close my eyes gently,
There, memories pass by
Of soft twilights,
Pervaded with the breath of Spring.

Faites-lui mes aveux

Faites-lui mes aveux,
Portez mes vœux,
Fleurs écloses près d'elle,
Dites-lui qu'elle est belle,
Que mon cœur nuit et jour
Languit d'amour!

Confess to her for me,
Carry my wishes,
Flowers who bloomed at her side,
Tell her she is beautiful
And that my heart, night and day
languishes with love!

Révélez à son âme
Le secret de ma flamme!
Qu'il s'exhale avec vous
Parfums plus doux!

Reveal to her soul
The secret of my flame!
Let it exhale with you
The sweetest fragrances!

Fanée! hélas!
Ce sorcier que Dieu damne,
M'a porté malheur!
Je ne puis sans qu'elle se fane
Toucher une fleur!

Withered! Alas!
This God-forsaken wizard
Has brought me bad luck!
I cannot, without its wilting,
touch a flower!

Si je trempais mes doigts dans l'eau
bénite!
C'est là que chaque soir
vient prier Marguerite!
Voyons maintenant!
Voyons vite!
Elles se fanent?
Non! Satan, je ris de toi!
C'est en vous que j'ai foi;
Parlez pour moi!
Qu'elle puisse connaître
L'émoi qu'elle a fait naître,
Et dont mon cœur troublé
N'a point parlé!

What if I dipped my hand in holy
water?
This is where Marguerite
Comes to pray every evening!
Now, quickly,
let's see!
Do they wither?
No! Satan, I laugh at you!
It is you that I trust;
Speak for me!
May she know
The passion she has roused,
And of which my troubled heart
Has scarcely spoken!

Si l'amour l'effarouche,
Que la fleur sur sa bouche
Sache au moins déposer
Un doux baiser!

If love alarms her,
May the flower know,
How to drop on her mouth
A gentle kiss!

En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Calm in the half-day
That the high branches make,
Let us soak well our love
In this profound silence.

Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our ecstatic senses
Among the vague langours
Of the pines and the bushes.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Close your eyes halfway,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your sleeping heart
Chase away forever all plans.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Let us abandon ourselves
To the breeze, rocking and soft,
Which comes to your feet
to wrinkle the waves of auburn
grass.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

And when, solemnly, the evening
From the black oaks falls,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale will sing.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et
bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi

Your soul is a chosen landscape
That is charmed by masqueraders
and revellers
Playing the lute and dancing and
almost

Tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques.

Sad beneath their fantastic
disguises.

Tout en chantant sur le mode
mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie
opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur

Even while singing in a minor key
Of victorious love and the
opportune life,
They do not seem to believe in their

bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de
lune.

Au calme clair de lune, triste et
beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les
arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi
les marbres.

happiness
And their song mingles with the
moonlight.

With the still moonlight, sad and
beautiful,
That sets the birds dreaming in the
trees
And the fountains sobbing in
ecstasy,
The tall slender fountains among
marble statues.

Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla,
Gesticulent noirs sous la lune,

Cependant l'excellent docteur
Bolonais
Cueille avec lenteur des simples
Parmi l'herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse demi-nue

En quête de son beau pirate
espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détesse à tue-tête.

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
whom a nefarious plot brought
together,
gesticulate black shadows beneath
the moon,

Meanwhile the excellent doctor of
Bologna
leisurely gathers the medicinal
herbs
in the dark grass.

Then his daughter, prettily piquant,
beneath the trees,
glides stealthily half naked

In quest of her handsome Spanish
pirate
Whose passion thrills her in the
pain
of the loud languorous nightingale.