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Junior Recital: Melanie Lota, mezzo-soprano

Melanie Lota

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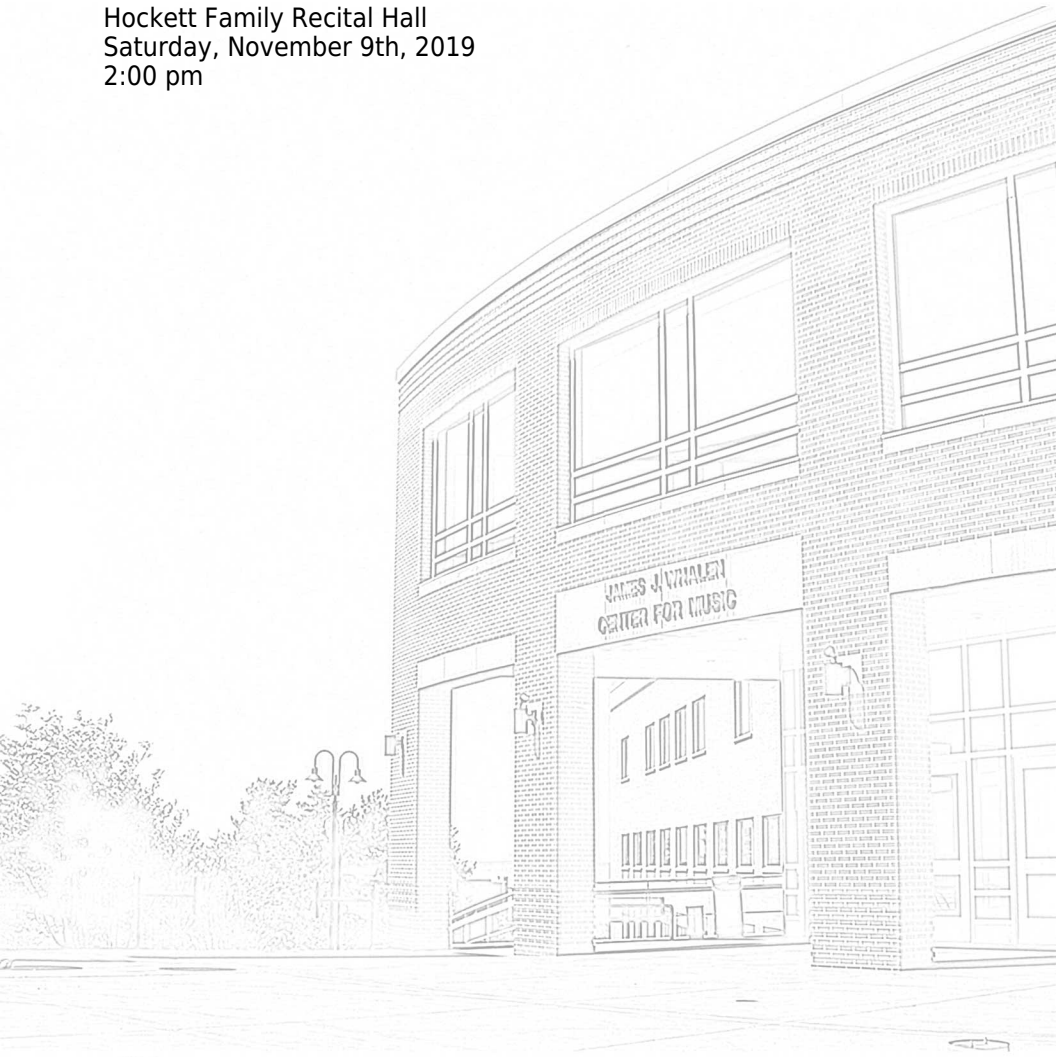
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Junior Recital:

Melanie Lota, mezzo-soprano

Connor Buckley, piano
Francesco DiLello, tenor
Kristy Shuck, soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, November 9th, 2019
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

La regata veneziana
Anzoleta avanti la regata
Anzoleta co passa la regata
Anzoleta dopo la regata

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Licht und Liebe

Francesco DiLello, tenor

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

An den Mond
Auflösung

Blue

Facing Forward

Kristy Shuck, Soprano

William Bolcom
(b. 1938)
Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

Intermission

Métamorphoses
Reine des mouettes
C'est ainsi que tu es
Paganini
"Les Chemins de l'Amour"
from *Léocadia*

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Songs to the Moon: "Fairy-Tales for the Children"
Euclid
The Haughty Snail-King
What the Rattlesnake Said
The Moon's the North Wind's Cooky (*What the Little Girl Said*)
What the Scarecrow Said
What the Gray-Winged Fairy Said
Yet Gentle Will the Griffin Be (*What Grandpa Told the Children*)

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Melanie Lota is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.

Translations

Anzoleta avanti la regata (Anzoleta before the regatta)

Là su la machina
xe la bandiera
varda, la vedistu,
vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime
in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte
ti pol andar.
In pope, Momolo,
no te incantar.

Over there on the machina
the flag is flying,
Look, you can see it,
now go for it.
Bring it back to me
this evening,
Or else run away
and hide
Once in the boat, Momolo,
don't gawp.

Va, voga d'anema
la gondoleta
nè el primo premio
te pol mancar,
va là, recordite
la to Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo
te sta a vardar.
In pope, Momolo,
no te incantar,
In pope, Momolo,
cori a svolar.

With heart and soul, row
the gondola
But to be first
you cannot help.
Go, think of
your Anzoleta
From this balcony
I am watching you
Once in the boat, Momolo,
don't gawp,
Once in the boat, Momolo,
fly like the wind.

Anzoleta co passa la regata (Anzoleta during the regatta)

I xe qua,
vardeli, povereti
i ghe da drento,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l'acqua in so favor.

Here they come,
look at them, poor things,
they're nearly done,
Ah, the wind is against them,
But the tide's in their favour.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Che smania! Mi confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.

My Momolo, where is he?
I see him, in second place.
I figit! I'm confused!
I can feel my heart racing.

Su coraggio, voga,
prima d'esser al paletto

Have courage, row
You'll be first to finish,

se ti voghi,
ghe scometo,
tutti indrio ti lassarà.

If you keep rowing,
I'll lay a bet
You'll leave them all behind.

Caro, par che ei svola,
el li magna tutti quanti,
meza barca l'è andà avanti,
ah capisso,
el m'a vardà!

Dear, it's as if he's flying,
he's beating all of them,
He's half a length ahead,
Ah! Now I understand,
he's seen me.

Anzoleta dopo la regata (Anzoleta after the regatta)

Ciapa un baso,
un altro ancora,
caro Momolo,
de cuor;
qua destrachite
che xe ora
de sugarte sto sudor.

Take a kiss,
and another,
dear Momolo,
from my heart;
at your right hand
is it time
to dry your sweat.

Ah t'ho visto
co passando
su mi l'ocio
ti a butà
e godito respirando:
un bel premio
el ciaparà

Ah I have seen
you in passing
by throwing my glance
toward you
and enjoyed whispering:
A beautiful prize
he will catch

Sì un bel premio
in sta bandiera
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà
Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.

Yes this flag
is a nice prize,
Red is the color;
of which all of
Venice will talk,
you are called the winner.

Ciapa un baso,
benedeto a vogar
nissun te pol,
de casada de tragheto
ti xe el megio barcarol.

Take a kiss,
no rower is more
blessed than you,
yours is the best name
among all rowers

Licht und Liebe (Light and Love)

Liebe ist ein süßes Licht.
Wie die Erde
strebt zur Sonne,
Und zu jenen
hellen Sternen
In den weiten
blauen Fernen,
Strebt das Herz
nach Liebeswonne:
Denn sie ist
ein süßes Licht.

Love is a sweet light.
Just as the earth
aches for the sun
and those
bright stars
in the distant
blue expanses,
so the heart aches
for love's bliss,
for love is
a sweet light.

Sieh! wie hoch
in stiller Feier
Droben helle
Sterne funkeln:
von der Erde
fliehn die dunkeln
Schwermutsvollen
trüben Schleier.

See, high
in silent solemnity,
bright stars
glitter up above:
from the earth
flee the dark
heavy
baleful mists.

Wehe mir,
wie so trübe
Fühl ich tief
mich im Gemüte,
Das in Freuden
sonst erblühte,
Nun vereinsamt,
ohne Liebe!

Alas! Yet how
sad I feel
deep in
my soul;
once I brimmed
with joy;
now I am abandoned,
unloved.

An den Mond (To the Moon)

Geuss, lieber Mond,
geuss deine Silberflimmer
Durch dieses Buchengrün,
Wo Phantasien
und Traumgestalten
Immer vor mir vorüberfliehn.

Beloved moon,
shed your silver radiance
through green beeches,
where fantasies
and dreamlike images
forever flit before me.

Enthülle dich,

Unveil yourself,

dass ich die Stätte finde,
Wo oft mein
Mädchen sass,
Und oft, im Wehn des
Buchbaums und der Linde,
Der goldnen Stadt vergass.

so I may find the spot
where often
my beloved sat,
in the swaying
branches of the linden,
she forgot the golden town.

Enthülle dich, dass ich des
Strauchs mich freue,
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
Und einen Kranz
auf jeden Anger streue,
Wo sie den Bach belauscht.

Unveil yourself, so I may
delight in the whispering
bushes that cooled her,
and lay a wreath
on that meadow
where she listened to the brook.

Dann, lieber Mond, dann
nimm den Schleier wieder,
Und traur um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den
Wolkenflor hernieder,
Wie dein Verlassner weint!

Then, beloved moon,
take your veil once more,
and mourn for your friend.
Weep down through
the hazy clouds,
as the one you have forsaken
weeps.

Auflösung (Dissolution)

Verbirg dich, Sonne,
Denn die Glutten der Wonne
Versengen mein Gebein;

Hide yourself, sun,
for the fires of rapture
burn through my bones.

Verstummet, Töne;
Frühlings Schöne
Flüchte dich
und lass mich allein!

Be silent, sounds;
spring's beauty
escapes me,
let me be alone!

Quillen doch aus allen Falten
Meiner Seele
liebliche Gewalten,
Die mich umschlingen,
Himmlich singen.
Geh unter, Welt,
und store Nimmer die
süssen, ätherischen Chöre.

From every recess of my soul
gentle powers
well up
and envelop me
with celestial song.
Dissolve, world,
never more disturb the
sweet ethereal choirs.

Reine des mouettes (Queen of seagulls)

Reine des mouettes,
mon orpheline
Je t'ai vue rose,
je m'en souviens
Sous les brumes mousselines
De ton deuil ancien.

Queen of seagulls,
my orphan,
your blushing pink,
I recall
Beneath the muslin mists
Of your ancient sorrow.

Rose d'aimer
le baiser qui chagrine
Tu te laissais accorder
à mes mains
Sous les brumes mousselines
Voiles de nos liens.

Blushing at
the kiss which provokes you,
You surrendered
to my hands
Beneath the muslin mists,
Veils of bond between us.

Rougis, rougis
mon baiser te devine
Mouette prise aux noeuds
des grands chemins.

Blush, blush,
my kiss finds you out,
Seagull caught where
great paths meet.

Reine des mouettes,
mon orpheline
Tu étais rose,
accordée à mes mains
Rose sous les mousselines
Et je m'en souviens

Queen of seagulls,
my orphan,
your blushing pink,
I recall my hands
Pink beneath the muslin
And I recall the moment.

C'est ainsi que tu es (It is thus that you are)

Ta chair
d'âme mêlée
Chevelure emmêlée,
Ton pied courant le temps,
Ton ombre qui s'étend
Et murmure à ma tempe.

Your flesh,
mingled with soul,
Your tangled hair,
Your feet pursuing time,
Your shadow which stretches
And whispers near my temple.

Voilà,
c'est ton portrait,
C'est ainsi que tu es
Et je veux te l'écrire
Pour que la nuit venue

There,
that is your portrait,
It is thus that you are,
I shall write it for you
So when night comes,

Tu puisses croire et dire
Que je t'ai bien connue.

You may believe and say
That I knew you well.

Paganini

Violon
hippocampe et sirène
Berceau des cœurs
cœur et berceau
Larmes de Marie-Madeleine
Soupir d'une Reine
Écho

Violin
sea-horse and siren,
Cradle of hearts
heart and cradle
Tears of Mary Magdalene
A queen's sigh
Echo

Violon
orgueil des mains légères
Départ à cheval
sur les eaux
Amour chevauchant
le mystère
Voleur en prière
Oiseau

Violin
pride of delicate hands
Departure on horseback
over the waters
Love astride
the mystery
Thief at prayer
Bird

Violon
femme morganatique
Chat botté
courant la forêt
Puits des vérités lunatiques
Confession publique
Corset

Violin
morganatic wife
Puss-in-Boots
ranging the forest
Well of capricious truths
Public confession
Corset

Violon
alcool de l'âme en peine
Préférence.
Muscle du soir
Épaule des saisons soudaines
Feuille de chêne
Miroir

Violin
alcohol of the troubled soul
Preference
muscle of the evening
Shoulders of sudden seasons
Oak-leaf
Mirror

Violon
chevalier du silence
Jouet évadé du bonheur
Poitrine des mille présences
Bateau de plaisance
Chasseur

Violin
knight of silence
Toy escaped from happiness,
Breast of a thousand presences
Pleasure-boat
Hunter.

Les Chemins de l'Amour (The Paths of Love)

Les chemins
qui vont à la mer
Ont gardé de notre passage
Des fleurs effeuillées
Et l'écho sous leurs arbres
De nos deux rires clairs.

The paths
that lead to the sea
Have kept of our passing
Flowers that shed their petals
And echo beneath their trees
Of our bright laughter.

Hélas! des jours de bonheur,
Radiieuses joies envolées,
Je vais sans retrouver traces
Dans mon coeur.

Alas! no trace of happy days,
radiant joys now flown,
Can I find again
In my heart.

Chemins de mon amour,
Je vous cherche toujours,
Chemins perdus,
vous n'êtes plus
Et vos échos sont sourds.
Chemins du désespoir,
Chemins du souvenir,
Chemins du premier jour,
Divins chemins d'amour.

Paths of my love,
I search for you ceaselessly,
Lost paths,
you are no more
And your echoes are muted.
Paths of despair,
Paths of memory,
Paths of our first day,
Divine paths of love.

Si je dois l'oublier un jour,
La vie effaçant toute chose,
Je veux dans mon coeur
qu'un souvenir
Repose plus fort
que l'autre amour.

If one day I must forget,
life effacing everything,
I wish in my heart
that one memory
remains stronger than
the other love,

Le souvenir du chemin,
Où tremblante
et toute éperdue,
Un jour j'ai senti
sur moi brûler tes mains.

To remember the path
Where trembling
and quite distracted,
I one day felt your
passionate hands on me.