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Junior Recital: Emily Dimitriou, mezzo-soprano

Emily Dimitriou

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Junior Recital:

Emily Dimitriou, mezzo-soprano

Shelly Goldman, piano

Maria Rabbia, harpsichord

Peter McGarry, violin

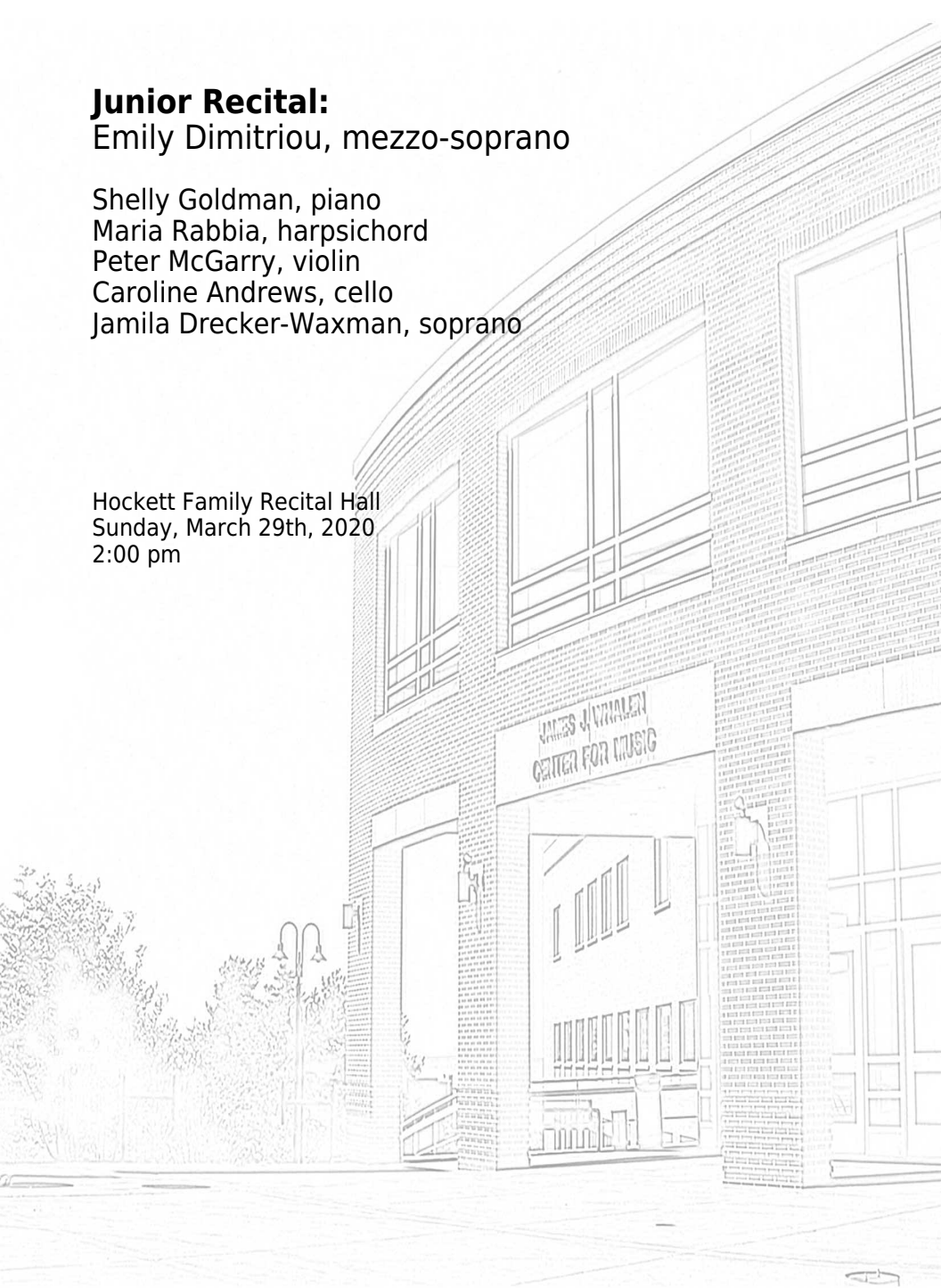
Caroline Andrews, cello

Jamila Drecker-Waxman, soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall

Sunday, March 29th, 2020

2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Furibondo spira il vento

George Frideric Handel
1685-1759

Maria Rabbia, harpsichord
Peter McGarry, violin
Caroline Andrews, cello

La regata Veneziana

I. Anzoleta avanti la regata
II. Anzoleta co passa la regata
III. Anzoleta dopo la regata

Gioacchino Rossini
1792-1868

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
Liebst du um schönheit
Lorelei

Clara Schumann
1819-1896

Intermission

Five Poplular Greek Songs

I. Ξύπνησε Πετροπέρδικα
II. Κάτω στον Άγιο Σίδερο
III. Ποιος ασίκης
IV. Άγγελος είσαι μάτια μου
V. Γιαρούμπι

Maurice Ravel
1875-1937

Salut d'amour

Edward Elgar
1857-1934

Barcarolle

Jacques Offenbach
1819-1880

Jamila Drecker-Waxman, soprano

C'est l'amour vainqueur

Translations

Furibondo spira il vento

Furibondo spira il vento e sconvolge il cielo e il suol.	Furiously blows the wind and upsets the sky and the earth.
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Tal adesso l'alma io sento agitate dal mio duol.	Likewise now my soul I feel troubled by my sorrow.
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Anzoleta avanti la regata

Là su la machina xe la bandiera varda, la vedistu, vala a ciapar. Co quella tornime in qua sta sera, o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.	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.
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In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.	Once in the boat, Momolo, don't be lost in wonder.
-------------------------------------	---

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.	Row the gondola with heart and soul, and the first prize you cannot miss, Go on, think of your Angelina watching you from this balcony.
--	---

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar, cori a svolar.	Once in the boat, Momolo, don't be lost in wonder. fly like the wind.
---	---

Anzoleta co passa la regata

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, The poor things, they're nearly done in, ah, the wind is against them, but the tide's in their favor.
--	---

El mio Momolo dov'elo?
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che mania! mi confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su coragio, voga,
prima d'esser al paletto
se ti voghi, ghe scometo,
tutti indrio ti lassarà.

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

My Momolo, where is he?
Ah, I see him, in second place.
Ah! What anxiety! I am
confused,
I can feel my heart racing.

Come on, keep it up, row,
You must be first to the finish,
If you keep rowing, I'll lay a
bet that
you'll leave all the others
behind.

Dear boy, it's as if he's flying,
And he's beating all the
others,
he's gone half a length ahead,
ah now I understand, he's seen
me.

Anzoleta dopo la regata

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

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

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

Ciapa un baso, benedeto

Take a kiss, another,
dear Momolo, from my heart;
lay down here for it is time
now
to dry away the sweat.

Ah, I saw you when passing by
on me your eyes glanced
and I said to you, breathing:
a beautiful reward he will
gain...

Yes that beautiful prize is this
flag,
which is red in color;
about which all of Venice will
speak,
you are named the winner.

Take a kiss, blessed one

a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada, de tragheto
ti xe el megio barcarol.

no one rows better than you,
of all the breeds of gondoliers,
you are the best boatman.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug bekloffen
mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen,
Dass seine Bahnen
Sich einen sollten meinen
Wegen?

He came
In storm and rain;
My anxious heart
Beat against his.
How could I have known
That his path
Should unite itself with mine?

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Er hat genommen
Mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine?
Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich
entgegen.

He came
In storm and rain;
He has taken
my heart bodily.
Did he take mine?
Did I take his?
Both drew near to each other.

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Nun ist gekommen
Des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter,
Ich seh' es heiter,
Denn er bleibt mein auf allen
Wegen.

He came
In storm and rain.
Now has come
the springtime's blessing.
My friend journeys on,
I look on it cheerfully,
For he shall be mine wherever
he goes.

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,

If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring,

Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Who is young each year!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar!

If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid,
Who has many shining pearls!

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me always;
I shall love you forever!

Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es
bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem
Sinn.

I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden
times
I cannot get out of my mind.

Die Luft ist kühl und es
dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel der Berge funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

The air is cool and it grows
dark,
And peacefully flows the
Rhein;
The top of the mountain
sparkles
In the evening sun.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitztet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide
blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are
sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem
Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

She combs it with a golden
comb
And sings a song with it;
It has a wondrously,
Powerful melody.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe

The boatman in his small boat

Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;	is seized by overwhelming sorrow;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,	He does not see the rocky reefs,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.	He only looks up to the heights.
Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen	I think at last the waves swallow
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;	The boatman and his boat;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen	And that, with her singing,
Die Lorelei getan.	The Loreley has done.

Ξύπνησε Πετροπέρδικα

Ξύπνησε, ξύπνησε πετροπέρδικα, τίναξε τα φτερά σου, τρεις ελιές και μια βαμένη, την καρδιά μου χεις καμένη.	Wake up, rock partridge spread your wings, three beauty marks and one painted on, the heart you have burned.
Χρυσή κορδέλα σούφερα, να πλέξεις τα μαλλιά σου. Βρ' έλα να γινούμεν ταίρια, κ' οι γονιοί μας συμπεθέρια.	Golden ribbon I brought you, to braid your hair. Oh come to become a pair, and the parents, our in-laws.

Κάτω στον Άγιο Σίδερο

Κάτω στον Άγιο Σίδερο, στον Άγιο, Παναγιά μου, στον Άγιο Κωνσταντίνο, μαζεύονται, σωριάζονται, του κόσμου γοι αντριωμένοι.	Yonder at Saint Sidero, at Saint, Virgin Mother, at Saint Konstantino, they gather, they fall, the brave ones of the world.
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Ποιος ασίκης

Ποιος ασίκης σαν κ' εμένα, στο μπαζάρι περπατεί... καπετάν Βασιλιχή;	What dandy like me, in the market strolling... Madame Vasiliki;
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Με κουμπούρια δυο στη μέση
και με δίκανο σπαθί...

With two pistols on the waist,
and with double-edged
sword...

Για σ' αγάπη μου χρυσή.

Hello love, my golden.

Άγγελος είσαι μάτια μου

Ω ν' άντζελος είσαι, μάτια
μου,

Oh one angel, you my eyes,

ω, τσ' αντζελικά φορένεις.

oh, and angel's clothes you're
dressed.

Ε τσ' αντζελικά πατείς τη γη,

So angel-like you walk the
earth,

η κι όλες τας νιες μαραίνεις.

oh, and all the girls you
wither.

Γιαρούμπι

Γιαρούμπι , έχεις γάμπα,
τικ ε τικ ε σπάστα,
τα ποτήρια σπάστα, βάι να μα.

Joyous, you have legs,
go ahead, break them,
the glasses break them, la la
la!

Barcarolle

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
Souris à nos ivresses,
Nuit plus douce que le jour,

Lovely night, oh, night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night much sweeter than the
day

Ô belle nuit d'amour!

Oh beautiful night of love!

Le temps fuit et sans retour
Emporte nos tendresses,
Loin de cet heureux séjour

Time flies by, and carries away
Our tender caresses for ever!
Time flies far from this happy
oasis

Le temps fuit sans retour.

And does not return

Zéphyrs embrasés,
Versez-nous vos caresses,

Burning zephyrs
Embrace us with your
caresses!

Zéphyrs embrasés,
Donnez-nous vos baisers!

Burning zephyrs
Give us your kisses!

vos baisers! vos baisers! Ah!

Your kisses! Your kisses! Ah!

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
Souris à nos ivresses,
Nuit plus douce que le jour,

Lovely night, oh, night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night much sweeter than the
day

Ô belle nuit d'amour!
Ah! Souris à nos ivresses!
Nuit d'amour, ô nuit d'amour!

Oh, beautiful night of love!
Ah! Smile upon our joys!
Night of love, oh, night of love!

C'est l'amour vainqueur

Vois sous l'archet
frémissant
vibrer la boîte sonore.

See how under the
quivering bow
the sonorous body of the
instrument vibrates.

Entends le céleste accent
de cette âme qui s'ignore.

Hear the heavenly accents
of this soul that is unaware of
itself.

Écoute passer dans l'air
le son pénétrant et clair
de cette corde éplorée:
Elle console tes pleurs,
Elle mêle ses douleurs à ta
douleur enivrée!
C'est l'amour vainqueur,
poète, donne ton cœur!

Hear it pass through the air
the sound penetrating and
clear
of this string grief-stricken:
It consols your tears,
it mingles its suffering with
your intense sorrow!
It is all conquering love,
poet, give your heart!