2-3-2013

Junior Recital: Elizabeth Calabro, soprano

Elizabeth Calabro

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Junior Recital
Elizabeth Calabro, soprano
Richard Montgomery, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday February 3rd, 2013
1:00 pm
Program

Laudate Dominum
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Il mio bel foco
Benedetto Marcello
(1686-1739)

O del mio dolce ardor
Christoph Willibald von Gluck
(1714-1787)

Standchen
Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Lachen Und Weinen
Du Bist Die Ruh

Intermission

Lydia
Rencontre
Audieu
Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1942)

Let Us Garlands Bring Op.18
1. Come Away, Come Away Death
3. Fear No More The Heat O' The Sun
5. It Was A Lover And His Lass
Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

Can't Help Falling In Love
Hugo Peretti
Luigi Creatore
George David Weiss

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree BM Vocal Performance. Elizabeth Calabro is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Translations</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Laudate Dominum</strong></td>
<td><strong>Praise the Lord</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laudáte Dóminum ómnes géntes</td>
<td>Praise the Lord all nations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laudáte éum ómnes pópuli.</td>
<td>Praise the Lord all people</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quóniam confirmáta est supérnos misericórdia éjus</td>
<td>For confirmed is His heavenly mercy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et véritas Dómini mánet in aetérnum.</td>
<td>And the truth of the Lord endures in eternity.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Il mio bel foco</strong></td>
<td><strong>My ardent fire</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Il mio bel foco,</td>
<td>My ardent fire,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O lontano o vicino ch'esser poss'io,</td>
<td>Whether far or near I am from you,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senza cangiar mai tempre</td>
<td>My love for you will never change,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>per voi,</td>
<td>Dear eyes, I will desire you always.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Care pupille, ardreá sempre.</td>
<td>This flame that inflames me,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quella fiamma che m'accende,</td>
<td>Is pleasing so much to my soul,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piace tanto all'alma mia,</td>
<td>That it will never be extinguished.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Che giammai s'estinguerá.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E se il fato a voi mi rende,</td>
<td>And if fate would return me to you,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,</td>
<td>Lovely rays of my beautiful sun,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Altra luce ella non vuole</td>
<td>Another light my soul does not want</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Né voler giammai potrá.</td>
<td>Nor ever could want.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
O del mio dolce ardor
O del mio dolce ardor
bramato oggetto!
L'aura che tu respiri alfin
respiro.
Ovunque il guardo io giro
Le tue vaghe sembianze
Amore in me dipinge,
Il mio pensier si finge
Le più liete speranze;
E nel desio che così m'empie
il petto.
Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e
sospiro!

O you are the object of
my sweet desire
O you are the object of my
sweet desire
The air that you breath at
last I may breath.
Wherever I trun my glance
Your lovely features
Love paints for me.
My thoughts, they imagine
The most happy hopes;
And in the that fills my
breast.
I seek you, I call you, I hope
and I sigh!

Stänchen
Leise flehn meine Lieder
Durch die Nact zu dir,
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel
raushen
In des Mondes Licht,
Des Verräters feindlich
Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen
schlagen?
Ach! Sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Serenade
Softly plead my songs
Through the night to you,
Below in the quite grove,
Sweetheart, come to me!

Whispering, slender tree-tops
rustle
In the moon’s light,
Of any betrayer’s hostile
listening
Fear, lovely one, not.

Do you hear the nightingales’
call?
Ah, they are imploring you,
With the tones of sweet
lamentation
They plead to you for me.

They understand the heart’s
longing,
They know the pain of love,

Hast du die Nachtigallen
gehört?
Ach, sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens
Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silber
tonen

Jades wichs Herz.

Lass auch dir die Brust
bewegen.
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr’ ich dir
entgegen!
Komm, beglücke mich!

They touch with their silver
tones

Every tender heart.

Allow also your heart to be
moved.
Sweetheart, hear me!
Trembling, I await you hear!
Come, make me happy!

Lachen und Weinen

Laughing and Weeping

Laughing and weeping at any
hour
Is a part of love for so many
reasons.
Mornings, I laughed for you,
And why do I now weep
In the evening's glow,
I myself don't even know.

Weinen und Lachen zu
jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Leib auf so
mancherlei Grunde.
Morgens lacht ich vor Lust,
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb’ nicht bewusst.

Weeping and laughing at any
hour
Is a part of love for so many
reasons.
Evenings, I wept out of grief,
And why do you (my heart)
awaken
In the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, oh my heart.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Du bist die Ruh</th>
<th>You are the repose</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Du bist die Ruh</td>
<td>You are the repose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Der Friede mild,</td>
<td>The gentle peace,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die Sehnsucht du</td>
<td>You are yearning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Und was sie stillt.</td>
<td>And what stills it.</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ich weihe dir</td>
<td>I consecrate to you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voll Lust und Schmerz</td>
<td>Full of pleasure and pain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zur Wohnung hier</td>
<td>As a dwelling here</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mein Aug und Herz</td>
<td>My eyes and heart</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kehr ein bei mir.</td>
<td>Come to me,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Und schließe du</td>
<td>And close</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Still hinter dir</td>
<td>Quietly behind you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die Pforten zu.</td>
<td>The gates.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treib andern Schmerz</td>
<td>Drive other pain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aus dieser Brust!</td>
<td>Out of this breast!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voll sei dies Herz</td>
<td>Full may my heart be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Von deiner Lust.</td>
<td>Of your joy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dies Augenzelt</td>
<td>This tabernacle of my eyes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Von deinem Glanz</td>
<td>By your radiance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allein erhellt,</td>
<td>Alone is illumined,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O füll es ganz!</td>
<td>Oh fill it completely!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Lydia sur tes roses joues,  
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,  
Roule étincelant  
L'or fluide que tu dénoues.

Le jour qui lui est le meilleur;  
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.

Laisse tes baisers de colombe  
Chanter sur ta lévre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse  
Une odeur divine en ton sein;  
Les délices comme un essaim,  
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse!

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours!  
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie.  
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,  
Que je puisse Mourir, mourir toujours!

Lydia, on your pink cheeks,  
And on your neck fresh and so white,  
Rolls sparkling  
The liquid gold that you untie.

The day that shines in the best;  
Let us forget the eternal tomb.

Let your dovelike kisses  
Sing on your lips that blossom.

A hidden lily unceasingly disperses  
A fragrance divine from within your breast;  
Delights like a swarm,  
Emanate from you, young goddess!

I love you and die, on my love!  
Your kisses have stolen my soul.  
Oh, Lydia, give back to me my life,  
That I may die, die always!
Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment;
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?

Ô, passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un coeur d'exilé!

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille,
Et le charm des soirs à ta belle âme est cher.

Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à tow comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie,
Et mon coeur te chérit sans te connaître bien!

Enconter

I was sad and pensive when I met you,
I feel less today my persistent torment;
Oh tell-me, could you be the woman unhoped for,
And the ideal dream that I have pursued in vain?

Oh passer-by with gentle eyes, could you be the friend
Who would restore happiness to the lonely poet,
And will you shine upon my soul strengthened,
Like the native sky on the heart of an exile?

Your timid sadness, similar to my own,
Loves to watch the sun set on the sea!
Your ecstasy is awakened before its vastness,
And the charm of the evening is dear to your lovely soul.

A mysterious and gentle sympathy
Already chains me to you like a living bond;
And my soul trembles, overcome by love,
And my heart cherishes you, without knowing you well!
Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose declose,
Et les frais manteaus diapres des prés,
Les longs siupire, les bien-aimées,
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger changer
Plus vite que les flots des gréves,
Nos rêves!
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,
Nos coeurs!

Á vous l'on se croyait fidéle, cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vis charmes, sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon avue,
Adieu!

Farewell

How everything dies quickly, the rose in bloom,
And the fresh colored mantle of the meadows,
The long sighs, loved ones,
Gone up in smoke!

One sees in this fickle world change
More quickly than the waves on the shore,
Our dreams!
More quickly than the frost on the flowers,
Our hearts!

I believed I would be faithful to you, cruel one,
But alas! The longest loves are shore!
And I say on taking leave of your charms,
Almost at the moment of my avowal,
Farewell!
Come Away, Come Away, Death

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid.  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.  

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown.  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.  

A thousand, thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

(Fear No More...cont'd)

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.  

Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The scepter, learning, physic,  
Must all follow this, and come to dust.  

Fear no more the lighting-flash,  
Nor the all dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan:  
All lovers young,  
All lovers must consign to thee,  
And come to dust.  

No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave!

Fear No More The Heat O' The Sun

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
It Was A Lover And His Lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

(It Was a Lover...cont'd)
And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring!

Can't Help Falling In Love

Wise men say only fools rush in,
But I can't help falling in love with you.

Shall I stay?
Would it be a sin if I can't help
Falling in love with you?

Like a river flowers
Surely to the sea,
Darling, so it goes.
Something's are meant to be.

Take my hand,
Take my whole life too.
For I can't help falling in love with you.