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# Senior Recital: Emily DeMarzio, soprano

Emily DeMarzio

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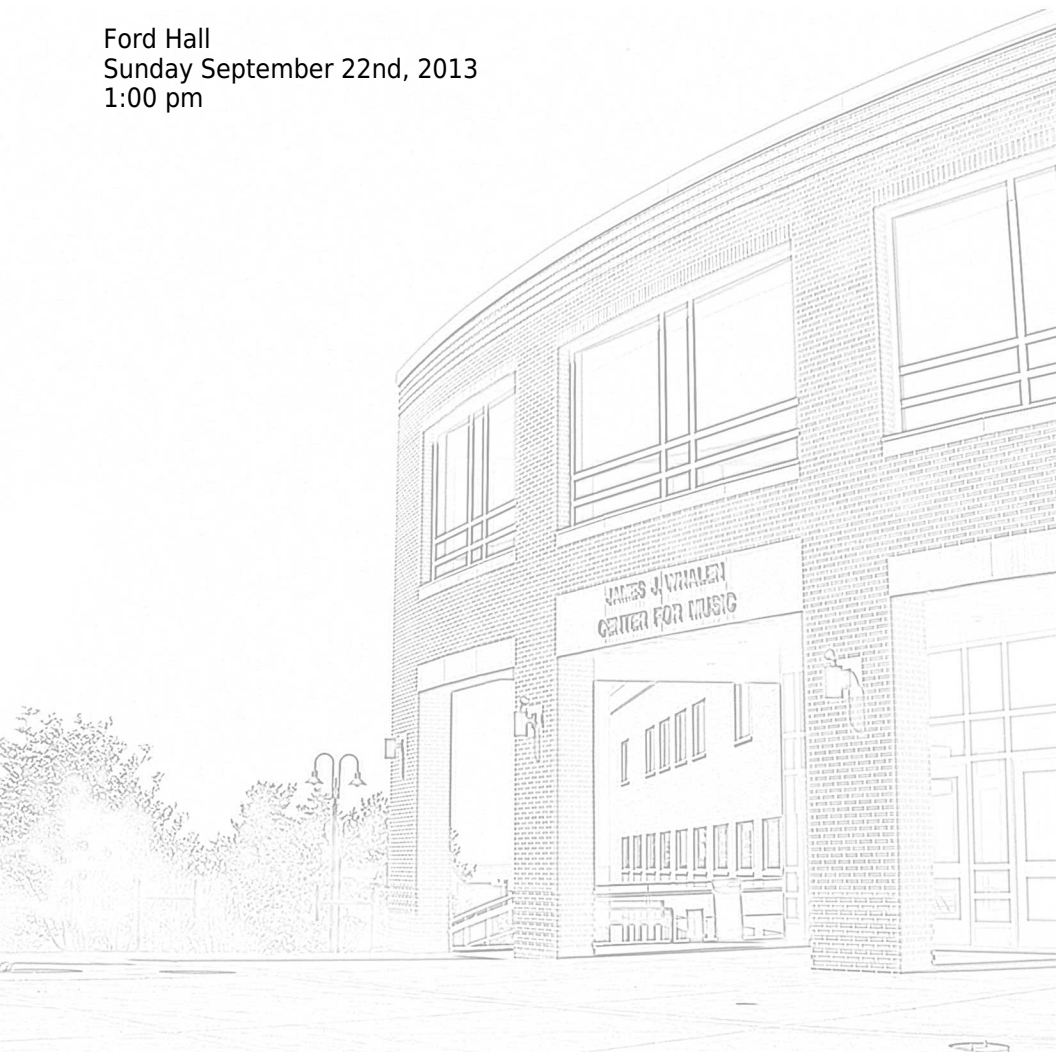
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# Senior Recital:

Emily DeMarzio, soprano

Joseph Pepper, piano and harpsichord

Ford Hall  
Sunday September 22nd, 2013  
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

# Program

What can we poor females do?  
I attempt from Love's sickness  
Sweeter than roses  
Hark! The ech'ing Air

Henry Purcell  
(1659-1695)

Ma se colpa io non ho!...Batti, batti  
from *Don Giovanni*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Frühlingslied  
Neue Liebe  
Nachtlied  
Andres Maienlied (Hexenlied)

Felix Mendelssohn  
(1809-1847)

## Intermission

Fiançailles Pour Rire  
I. La Dame d'André  
II. Dans l'herbe  
III. Il vole  
IV. Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant  
V. Violon  
VI. Fleurs

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

Santa Lucia

Traditional Neapolitan Song  
trans. Teodoro Cottrau  
(1827-1879)

'O sole mio

Eduardo di Capua  
(1865-1917)

Funiculì, funiculà

Luigi Denza  
(1846-1922)

My Party Dress  
from *Henry and Mudge*

Brian Lowdermilk  
(b. 1982)

## Translations

### What can we poor females do?

What can we poor females do,  
When pressing, teasing lovers sue?

Fate affords no other way,  
But denying or complying,

And resenting, or consenting  
Does alike our hopes betray.

### I attempt from Love's sickness

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,  
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

No more now fond heart, with pride no more swell,  
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.

For Love has more power and less mercy than fate.  
To make us seek ruin and on those that hate.

### Sweeter than Roses

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze,  
On a warm flowery shore was the dear kiss,  
First, trembling, made me freeze,  
Then shot like fire all o'er.  
What magic has victorious love!  
For all I touch or see, since that dear kiss,  
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

### Hark! The ech'ing Air

Hark! The ech'ing air a triumph sings.  
And all around pleas'd Cupids clap their wings.

## Ma se colpa io non ho!...Batti, batti

Ma se colpa io non ho!  
Ma se da lui ingannata rimasi!  
Eppoi, che temi?  
Tranquillati, mia vita,  
Non mi toccò la punta della dita.  
  
Non me lo credi? Ingrato!  
Vien qui, sfogati, ammazzami,  
Fa tutto di me quel che ti piace:  
Ma poi Masetto mio ma poi fa pace.

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,  
La tua povera Zerlina:  
Starò qui come agnellina  
Le tue botte ad aspettar.

Batti, batti, la tua Zerlina:  
  
Starò qui, starò qui  
Le tue botte ad aspettar.

Lascierò straziarmi il crine,  
Lascierò cavarmi gli occhi;  
E le care tue manine  
Lieta poi saprò baciar.

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,  
La tua povera Zerlina:  
Starò qui come agnellina  
Le tue botte ad aspettar.

O bel Masetto, batti, batti,  
  
Starò qui, starò qui  
Le tue botte ad aspettar.

Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!

Pace, pace, o vita mia!  
In contento ed allegria  
Notte e di vogliam passar.

But what if I was not at fault!  
But what if I was betrayed by him!  
Then, what are you afraid of?  
Clam yourself, my dearest,  
He didn't even touch the tip of my  
finger.  
  
You don't believe me? Ingrate!  
Come here, blow off steam, kill me,  
Do all to me that you please:  
But then, my Masetto, but then  
make peace.

Beat me, beat me, oh dear Masetto,  
Your poor Zerlina:  
I will remain here like a lamb  
To await your blows.

Beat me, beat me, your poor  
Zerlina:  
I will remain here, I will remain here  
To await your blows.

You can tear out my hair,  
You can carve out my eyes;  
And your dear hands  
I will happily kiss.

Beat me, beat me, oh dear Masetto,  
Your poor Zerlina!  
I will remain here like a lamb  
To await your blows.

Oh dear Masetto, beat me, beat  
me,  
I will remain here, I will remain here  
To await your blows.

Ah, I see, you don't have the heart!

Peace, peace, oh my life!  
We will spend night and day  
In happiness and joy.

## Frühlingslied

Es brechen im schallenden Reigen	The resounding voices of spring break loose,
Die Frühlingsstimmen los, Sie können's nicht länger verschweigen, Die Wonne ist gar zu Groß. Wohin, sie ahnen es selber kaum,	They know they can no longer conceal it, The delight is far too great, To where, they themselves hardly sense,
Es rührt sie ein alter, ein süßer Traum!	It stirs within them an old, sweet dream!
Die Knospen schwellen und glühen Und drängen sich an das Licht, Und warten in sehndem Blühen, Daß liebende Hand sie bricht. Wohin, sie ahnen es selber kaum,	The buds swell and glow And push themselves out into the light, And wait in the longing blossoms, That a loving hand will break it, To where, they themselves hardly sense,
Es rührt sie ein alter, ein süßer Traum!	It stirs within them an old, sweet dream!
Und Frühlingsgeister, sie steigen hinab In der Menschen Brust, Und regen dadrin den Reigen Der ew'gen Jugendlust. Wohin, wir ahnen es selber kaum,	And the spirits of spring, they advance downward Into mankind's breast, And stir within there a song Of youthful love, To where, we ourselves hardly sense,
Es rührt uns ein alter, ein süßer Traum!	It stirs within us an old, sweet dream!

## Neue Liebe

In dem Mondenschein im Walde sah ich jungst die Elfen reiten, ihre Hörner hört ich klingen, ihre Glöcklein hört ich läuten.	In the moonlight, in the forest, recently, I saw the elves riding, I heard their horns sounding, I heard their bells ringing.
Ihre weißen Röslein trugen gold'nes Hirschgeweih und flogen rasch dahin; wie wilde Schwäne kam es durch die Luft gezogen.	Their little, white horses wore Gold antlers and flew rashly on; like wild swans they came moving through the air.
Lächelnd nichte mir die Königin, lächelnd im Vorüberreiten. Galt das meiner neuen Liebe? Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?	Smiling, the queen nodded to me, smiling as she rode by. Was the smile for my new love? Or does it mean my death?

## Nachtlied

Vergangen ist der lichte Tag,  
Von ferne kommt der Glocken  
Schlag;  
So reist die Zeit die ganze Nacht,  
Nimmt manchen mit, der's nicht  
gedacht.

Gone is the light of day,  
From the distance comes the  
ringing of the bells;  
So the time passes the entire night,  
Taking many with it.

Wo ist nun hin die bunte Lust,  
Des Freundes Trost und treue  
Brust,  
Der Liebsten süßer Augenschein?

Where has the colorful joy gone,  
The friend's comfort and faithful  
breast,  
The sweet light from my beloved's  
eyes?

Will keiner mit mir munter sein?

Will no one be cheerful with me?

Frisch auf denn, liebe Nachtigall,  
Du Wasserfall mit hellem Schall,  
Gott loben wollen wir vereint,  
Bis daß der lichte Morgen scheint.

Come then, dear Nightingale,  
You waterfall of bright sound,  
Let us praise God together,  
Until the light of morning shines.

## Andres Maienlied (Hexenlied)

Die Schwalbe fliegt, der Frühling  
sieht,  
Und spendet uns Blumen zum  
Kranze;  
Bald huschen wir leis aus der Tür,  
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze.

The swallow flies, the spring is  
victorious,  
And gives us flowers for our  
wreaths;  
Soon we dart quietly out the door,  
And fly to the splendid dance.

Ein schwarzer Bock, ein  
Besenstock,  
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken  
Reißt uns geschwind, wie Blitz und  
Wind,  
Durch sausende Lüfte zum  
Brocken!

A black billy-goat, a broomstick,  
The pitchfork, the distaff  
Bring us quickly, like lightning and  
wind,  
through roaring winds to Brocken  
Mountain!

Um Beelzebub tanzt unser Trupp  
Und küsst ihm die kralligen Hände!  
Ein Geisterschwarm fasst uns beim  
Arm  
Und schwinget im Tanzen die  
Brände!

Our group dances about Beelzebub  
And kisses his clawed hands!  
A swarm of ghosts grasps us by the  
arm  
And swings torches in the dance!

Und Beelzebub verheißt dem Trupp  
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:  
Sie sollen schön in Seide gehn  
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben.

And Beelzebub promises the group  
Of dancers gifts upon gifts:  
They shall beautifully walk in silk  
And fill up pots of gold for

Ein Feuerdrach umflieget das Dach  
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier.  
Die Nachbarn dann sehn die Funken  
wehn,  
Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem  
Feuer.

Die Schwalbe fliegt, der Frühling  
siegt,  
Die Blumen erblühen zum Kranze.  
Bald huschen wir leis aus der Tür.  
Juchheisa zum prächtigen Tanze!

themselves.

A dragon flies around the roof  
And brings us butter and eggs.  
Then, the neighbors see the sparks  
blowing,  
And make the sign-of-the-cross at  
the fire.

The swallow flies, the spring is  
victorious,  
The flowers blossom on the wreath.  
Soon we dart quietly out the door.  
Hurray for the splendid dance!

### La Dame d'André

André ne connaît pas la dame  
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.  
A-t-elle un coeur à lendemains,  
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

Au retour d'un bal campagnard  
S'en allait-elle en robe vague  
Chercher dans les meules la bague  
Des fiançailles du hasard?

A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,  
Guettée par les ombres d'hier,  
Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver  
Entraît par la grande avenue?

Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,  
Pour sa bonne humeur de  
Dimanche.  
Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches  
De son album des temps  
meilleurs?

André does not know the woman  
whom he took by the hand today.  
Has she a heart for the tomorrows,  
and for the evening has she a soul?

On returning from a country ball  
did she go in her flowing dress  
to seek in the hay stacks the ring  
for the random betrothal?

Was she afraid, when night fell,  
haunted by the ghosts of the past,  
in her garden, when winter  
entered by the wide avenue?

He loved her for her color,  
for her Sunday good humor.

Will she fade on the white leaves  
of his album of better days?



### Dans l'herbe

Je ne peux plus rien dire  
Ni rien faire pour lui.  
Il est mort de sa belle  
Il est mort de sa mort belle  
Dehors  
Sous l'arbre de la Loi  
En plein silence  
En plein paysage  
Dans l'herbe.  
Il est mort inaperçu  
En criant son passage  
En appelant  
En m'appelant.  
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui  
Et que sa voix ne portait plus

Il est mort seul dans les bois  
Sous son arbre d'enfance.  
Et je ne peux plus rien dire  
Ni rien faire pour lui.

I can say nothing more  
nor do anything for him.  
He died for his beautiful one  
he died a natural death  
outside  
under the tree of the Law  
in deep silence  
in open countryside  
in the grass.  
He died unnoticed  
crying out in his passing  
calling  
calling me.  
But as I was far from him  
and because his voice no longer  
carried  
he died alone in the woods  
beneath the tree of his childhood.  
And I can say nothing more  
nor do anything for him.

## Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil  
Se reflète au vernis de ma table

C'est le fromage rond de la fable  
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.

Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.

Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant  
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.  
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles  
De belle en belle passent le temps.

Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,  
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,  
Voleur de coeur manque à sa  
parole  
Et voleur de fromage est absent.

Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.

Je pleure sous le saule pleurer  
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles.  
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me  
veuille  
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.

Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison  
Et par les routes du paysage  
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage  
Qui prend les coeurs et perd ma  
raison.

Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

As the sun is setting  
it is reflected in the polished  
surface of my table  
it is the round cheese of the fable  
in the beak of my silver scissors.

But where is the crow? It flies.

I would like to sew but a magnet  
attracts all my needles.  
On the square the skittle players  
pass the time with game after  
game.

But where is my lover? He flies.

It is a thief that I have for a lover,  
the crow flies and my lover steals,  
the thief of my heart breaks his  
word  
and the thief of the cheese is not  
here.

But where is happiness? It flies.

I weep under the weeping willow  
I mingle my tears with its leaves.  
I weep because I want to be desired  
and I am not pleasing to my thief.

But where then is love? It flies.

Find the rhyme for my lack of  
reason  
and by the roads of the countryside  
bring me back my flighty lover  
who takes hearts and takes my  
reason.

I wish that my thief would steal  
me.

## Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant  
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée  
Et mes prunelles effacées  
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.

My corpse is as soft as a glove  
soft as a glove of glacé kid  
and my two hidden pupils  
make two white pebbles of my eyes.

Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage  
Dans le silence deux muets  
Ombres encore d'un secret  
Et lourds du poids mort des images.

Two white pebbles in my face  
two mutes in the silence  
still shadowed by a secret  
and heavy with the burden of things seen.

Mes doigts tant de fois égarés  
Sont joints en attitude sainte  
Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes  
Au noeud de mon coeur arrêté.

My fingers so often straying  
are joined in a saintly pose  
resting on the hollow of my groans  
at the center of my arrested heart.

Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes  
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus  
A la minute où j'ai perdu  
La course que les années gagnent.

And my two feet are the mountains  
the last two hills I saw  
at the moment when I lost  
the race that the years win.

Mon souvenir est ressemblant,  
Enfants emportez-le bien vite,  
Allez, allez ma vie est dite.  
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.

I still resemble myself  
children, bear away the memory quickly,  
go, go, my life is done.  
My corpse is as soft as a glove.

## Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus  
Le violon et son jouer me plaisent.  
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus  
Sur la corde des malaises.  
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus  
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent

Enamored couple unaware of its accents  
the violin and its player please me.  
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out  
on the cord of uneasiness.  
To the chords on hanging cords  
at the hour when the Laws are silent

Le coeur, en forme de fraise,  
S'offre à l'amour  
Comme un fruit inconnu.

the heart, formed like a strawberry,  
offers itself to love  
like an unknown fruit.

## Flours

Flours promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras, Flours sorties des parenthèses d'un pas, Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver Saupoudrées du sable des mers? Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée Un coeur enrubanné de plaintes Brûle avec ses images saintes.	Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms, flowers sprung from the parenthesis of a step, who brought you these flowers in winter powdered with the sand of the seas? Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves the beautiful eyes are ashes and in the fireplace a heart beribboned with sighs burns with its treasured pictures.
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## Santa Lucia

Sul mare luccica l'astro d'argento, Placida è l'onda, prospero è il vento; Venite all'agile barchetta mia... Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!	On the sea shines a silver star, The wave is calm, the wind is prosperous; Come all onto my boat... Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!
Con questo zeffiro così soave, O, com'è bello star su la nave! Su passeggeri, venite via! Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!	With this gentle breeze so sweet, Oh, how beautiful it is to be onboard the ship! Come passengers, come quickly! Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!
O dolce Napoli, o suol beato, Ove sorridere volle il creato, Tu sei l'impero dell'armonia! Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!	Oh sweet Napoli, oh blessed land, where creation wants to smile, You are the kingdom of harmony! Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

## 'O Sole Mio

Che bella cosa 'na iurnata 'e sole, N'aria serena doppo 'na tempesta! Pe' ll'aria fresca pare già 'na festa Che bella cosa 'na iurnata 'e sole.	What a beautiful thing a sunny day The serene air after a storm For the fresh air already seems like a celebration What a wonderful thing a sunny day.
Ma n'atu sole cchiù bello, oie Nè, 'O sole mio sta nfronte a te!	But another sun more beautiful, my dear, My own sun lives in your face!

Quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne  
scenne,  
Mme vene quase 'na malincunia;  
Sotto 'a fenesta toia restarria,  
Quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne  
scenne.

Ma n'atu sole cchiù bello, oie Nè,  
O sole mio sta nfronte a te!

When night comes and the sun has  
gone down,  
I almost start to feel blue;  
I'd stay below your window,  
When night comes and the sun has  
gone down.

But another sun more beautiful, my  
dear,  
My own sun lives in your face!

### **Funiculì, funiculà**

Aissera, Nanninè, me ne sagliette  
Tu saie addò?  
Addò sto core ngrato chiù dispiette  
Farme non pò.  
Addò llo fuoco coce, ma si fuie  
Te lassa stà  
E non te corre appriesso, non te  
struje  
Sulo a guardà

Jammo, jammo, ncoppa, jammo, jà  
Jammo, jammo, ncoppa, jammo, jà  
Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà  
Ncoppa, jammo, jà, funiculì,  
funiculà!

Se n'è sagliuta, oie Nè, se n'è  
sagliuta,  
La capa già;  
È ghiuta, pò è tornata, e pò è  
venuta  
Sta sempe ccà!  
La capa vota vota attuorno,  
attuorno,  
Attuorno a te  
Llo core canta sempe no taluorno:  
Sposammo, oie Nè!

Jammo, jammo, ncoppa, jammo, jà  
Jammo, jammo, ncoppa, jammo, jà  
Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà  
Ncoppa, jammo, jà, funiculì,  
funiculà!

Yesterday evening, Nanninè, I  
climbed up  
Do you know where?  
Where this ungrateful heart cannot  
play  
Tricks on me anymore.  
Where the fire burns, but if you run  
It lets you be  
And it doesn't run after you, nor  
destroy you  
Only if you look at it

Let's go, let's go, let's go to the top  
Let's go, let's go, let's go to the top  
Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà  
Let's go to the top, funiculì,  
funiculà!

She climbed up, my dear, she  
climbed up,  
My head is spinning;  
She went away, then she turned,  
then she came back,  
She's always here!  
My head's spinning, spinning,  
around, around,  
Around you.  
This heart of mine sings always the  
same refrain:  
Let's marry, dear!

Let's go, let's go, let's go to the top!  
Let's go, let's go, let's go to the top!  
Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà  
Let's go to the top, funiculì,  
funiculà!