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Joint Recital: Lydia Arnts and Isabel Vigliotti, soprano

Lydia Arnts

Isabel Vigliotti

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Joint Recital:

Lydia Arnts, soprano

Isabel Vigliotti, soprano

Alexei Aceto, piano

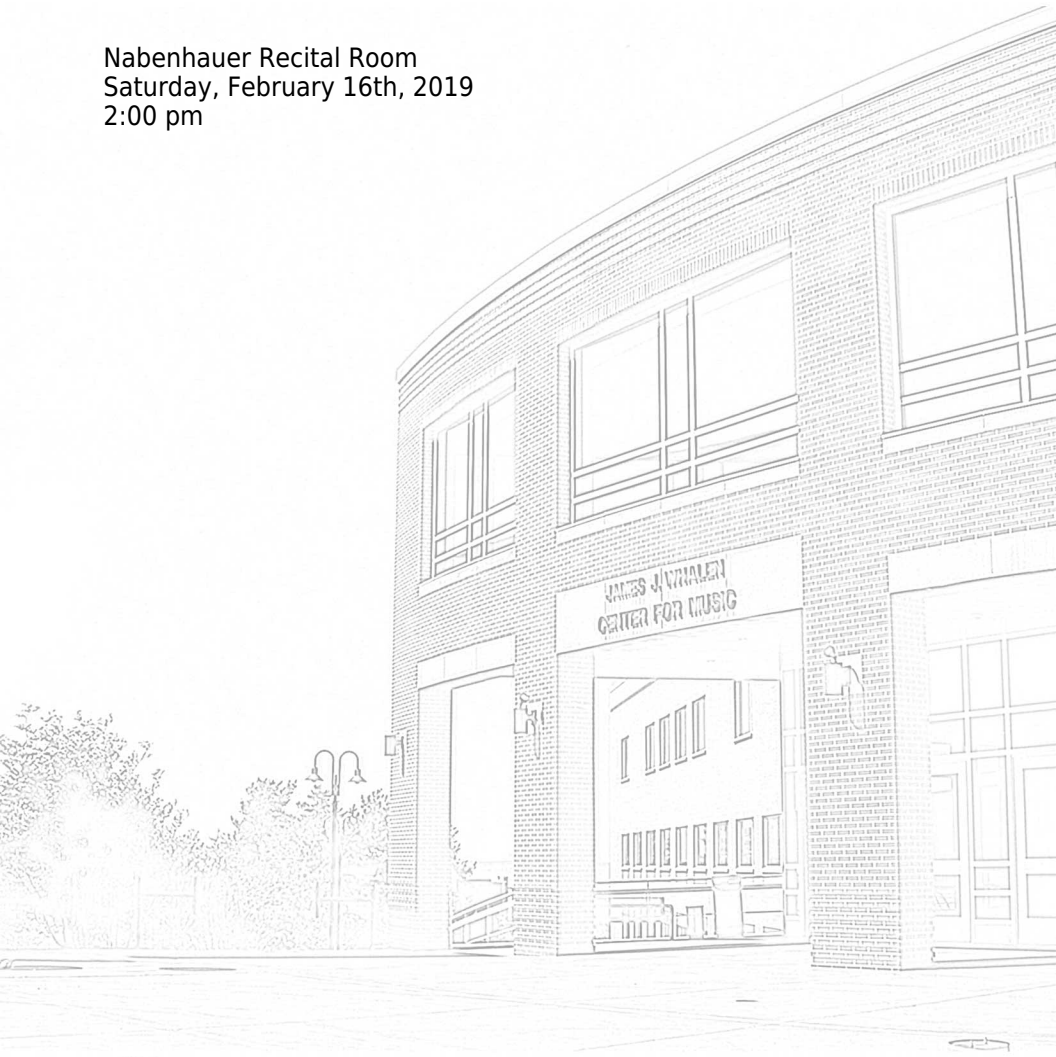
Nolan Miller, piano

Megan Smythe, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Saturday, February 16th, 2019

2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Nymphs and Shepherds
Thrice Happy Lovers
Sweeter Than Roses
Lydia Arnts
Megan Smythe
Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

La promessa
Il barcaiolo
Vanne, o rosa fortunata
Isabel Vigliotti
Alexei Aceto
Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)
Geatano Donizetti
(1797-1848)
Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

"Sull'aria"
from *Le nozze di Figaro*
Lydia Arnts, Isabel Vigliotti
Nolan Miller
W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

"Wenn Mein Bastien einst im Scherze"
from *Bastien und Bastienne*
Lachen und Weinen
Ganymed
Lydia Arnts
Megan Smythe
W.A. Mozart
Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Ouvre ton cœur
Pastorale
Chanson d'Avril
Isabel Vigliotti
Alexei Aceto
Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

De Donde Venís Amore?
Lydia Arnts
Megan Smythe
Joaquín Rodrigo
(1901-1999)

El Majo Discreto
Isabel Vigliotti
Alexei Aceto
Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

Habanera
Lydia Arnts, Isabel Vigliotti
Nolan Miller
Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Translations

La promessa

Ch'io mai vi possa
Lasciar d'amare,
No, nol credete,
Pupille care;
Ne men per gioco
v'ingannerò.

Voi solo e siete
Le mie favile,
E voi sarete,
Il mio bel foco
Sin ch'io vivrò.

That I will ever be able
to stop loving you
No, don't believe it
dear eyes!
Not even to joke
would I deceive you about this.

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

Il barcaiolo

Voga, voga, il vento tace,
pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno,
solo un alito di pace,
par che allegri il cielo e mar:
Voga, voga, o marinar.

Or che tutto a noi sorride,
in si tenero momento,
all'ebrezza del contento,
voglio l'anima abbandonar.
Voga, voga, o marinar.

Ché se inferia la tempesta,
ambedue ne tragge a morte,
sarà lieta la mia sorte
al tuo fianco vuol spirar sí.
Voga, voga, o marinar.

Row, row, the wind has died,
the water is pure, the sky bright,
only a breath of peace
seems to cheer both sky and sea.
Row, row, sailor.

Now that everything smiles upon
us,
in such a tender moment,
to the exhilaration of happiness
I want to abandon my soul.
Row, row, sailor.

Because if a storm should rage
and carry us both to our death,
it will be my happy fate
to die at your side.
Row, row, sailor.

Vanne, o rosa fortunata

Vanne, o rosa fortunata,
a posar di Nice in petto
ed ognun sarà costretto
la tua sorte invidiar.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io
transformarmi un sol momento;
non avria più bel contento

Go, fortunate rose,
to rest at Nice's breast
and all will be forced
to envy your fate.

Oh, if I could change myself
into you, but for a moment,
my heart would long

questo core a sospirar.

Ma tu inchini dispettosa,
bella rosa impallidita,
la tua fronte scolorita
dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

Bella rosa, è destinata
ad entrambi un'ugual sorte;
là trovar dobbiam la morte,
tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

for no greater happiness.

But you bow your head with spite,
fair faded rose,
your brow loses all colour
from disdain and pain.

Lovely rose, it is destined,
that we meet the same fate:
we shall both meet death there,
you from envy and I of love.

Sull'aria

Sull'aria
Che soave zeffiretto
Questa sera spirerà
Sotto i pini del boschetto.
Ei già il resto capirà.
Certo, certo il capirà.

On the breeze
What a gentle little zephir
This evening will sigh
Under the pines in the little grove.
And the rest he'll understand.
Certainly, certainly, he'll
understand.

Wenn Mein Bastien einst im Scherze

Wenn Mein Bastien einst im
Scherze
mir ein Blümchen sonst entwand,
drang mir selbst die Lust durch's
Herze,
die er bei dem Raub empfand.

When my Bastien, as a joke,
once stole a little flower from me,
my heart was filled with the same
joy
that he felt at the little theft.

Warum wird er von Geschenken
einer andern jetzt geblendet?
Alles, was nur zu erdenken,
ward im ja von mir gegönnt.

Why then, is he now blinded by
gifts from another?
Everything that one could think of,
I freely gave to him.

Meiereien, Feld, und Herden bot ich
ihm mit Freuden an.
Jetzt soll ich verachtet werden, da
ich ihm so viel getan.

Dairies, field and herds I gladly
offered him.
Now I am despised, when I have
done so much for him.

Lachen und Weinen

Lachen und Weinen 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.

Laughing and weeping at any hour
is part of love for so many reasons.
In the morning, I laughed for joy,
and why do I now weep
in the evening's glow,
I myself do not even know.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher
Stunde
Ruht bei der Leib auf so mancherlei
Grunde.
Abends weint ich vor Schmerz,
und warum du erwachen
kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
muss ich dich fragen, O Herz.

Weeping and laughing at any hour
is part of love for so many reasons.
In the evening, I wept out of grief;
and how can you wake up
in the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, oh heart.

Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
sich an mein Herze drängt
deiner ewigen wärme
heilig Gefühl,
unendliche Schöne!

How in the morning light
you glow all around me,
spring, beloved!
With thousand-fold love's raptures
penetrate to my heart
your eternal warmth
heavenly feeling,
endless beauty!

Dass ich dich fassen möcht
in diesen Arm!

That I might hold you
in these arms!

Ach, an deinem Busen
lieg' ich und schmachte,
und deine Blumen, dein Gras
drängen sich an mein Herz.

Ah, on your bosom
I might lay and languish,
and your flowers, your grass
penetrate themselves to my heart.

Du kühlst den brennenden
durst meines Busens,
lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komm, ich komme!
Ach, Wohin, wohin?

You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
lovely morning wind!
The nightingale calls to me
from the misty vale.
I am coming, I am coming!
Ah, where, where?

Hinauf strebts Hinauf!

Upwards it strives upwards!

Es schweben die Wolken abwärts
die Wolken neigen sich der
sehnsüchtigen Liebe.

Mir! Mir!

In eurem Schoße

Aufwärts!

Umfangend umfassen!

Aufwärts an deinen Busen,

Allliebender Vater!

The clouds float downward
The clouds bow themselves before
the yearning love

To me! To me!

In your lap

Upwards!

Embracing and embraced!

Upwards to your bosom,

All-loving Father!

Ouvre ton cœur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.

Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?

Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.

The daisy has closed its petals,
The shadow has closed its eyes for
the day.

Beauty, will you speak with me?

Open your heart to my love.

Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange, à
ma flamme,

Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.

Je veux reprendre mon âme,

Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

Open your heart, o young angel, to
my flame

So that a dream may enchant your
sleep.

I wish to reclaim my soul,

As a flower turns to the sun!

Pastorale

Un jour de printemps,
Tout le long d'un verger
Colin va chantant,
Pour ses maux soulager :
Ma bergère, ma bergère,
tra la la la la la la la
Ma bergère, laisse-moi
Prendre un tendre baiser !

One day in the Springtime
as they walked in the valley,
Colin sang a song
to express his desire:
Shepherdess, oh shepherdess,
Oh tra la la
Please allow, grant me this,
may I now steal a kiss?

La belle, à l'instant
Répond à son berger:
Tu veux, en chantant
Un baiser dérober?...
Non Colin, non Colin,
Tra la la la la la la la
Tu voudrais, en chantant
Prendre un tendre baiser
Non, Colin, ne le prends pas,
Je vais te le donner.

She then in reply
answered him in this way:
You wish, says your song,
to take something of mine.
No, Colin. No, Colin,
tra la la
Would you dare steal a kiss?
Could I be so remiss?
No, Colin. You will not steal it.
For I'll give it away to you!

Chanson d'Avril

Lève-toi! lève-toi! le printemps
vient de naître!

Là-bas, sur les vallons, flotte un
réseau vermeil!

Tout frissonne au jardin, tout
chante et ta fenêtre,

Comme un regard joyeux, est
pleine de soleil!

Du côté des lilas aux touffes
violette,
Mouches et papillons bruissent à la
fois

Et le muguet sauvage, ébranlant
ses clochettes,

A réveillé l'amour endormi dans les
bois!

Puisqu'Avril a semé ses marguerites
blanches,

Laisse ta mante lourde et ton
manchon frileux,

Déjà l'oiseau t'appelle et tes soeurs
les pervenches

Te souriront dans l'herbe en voyant
tes yeux bleus!

Viens, partons! au matin, la source
est plus limpide;

Lève-toi! viens, partons!
N'attendons pas du jour les
brûlantes chaleurs;

Je veux mouiller mes pieds dans la
rosée humide,

Et te parler d'amour sous les
poiriers en fleurs.

Get up! Get up! Spring has just
been born!

Over those valleys a rosy mist is
floating!

Everything in the garden trembles
and sings; your window
is full of sunshine, like a joyful gaze.

Around the bunches of
purple-flowering lilac
butterflies and bees flutter and hum
together,

and the little shaking bells of
lily-of-the-valley

have woken up Eros who was
sleeping in the woods.

Now that April has scattered its
white daisies,

go without your heavy cloak and
cold-weather muff!

The birds are already calling you,
and the periwinkles (your
sisters)

will smile in the grass when they
see your blue eyes.

Let's get going! The stream is
clearer in early morning.

Get up! Let's not wait for the day's
burning heat.

I want to wet my feet in the moist
dew

and talk to you of love under the
blossoming pear-trees.

De Donde Venís Amore?

De donde venís amore?
Bien sé yo de donde.

Where were you, love?
I know where you were.

De donde venís amigo?
Fuere yo testigo.

Where were you friend?
I was a witness.

El Majo Discreto

Dicen que mi majo es feo.

Es posible que sí que lo sea,
que amor es deseo
que ciega y marea.
Ha tiempo que sé
que quien ama no ve.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre
que por lindo descuelle y asombre,

en cambio es discreto
y guarda un secreto
que yo posé en él
sabiendo que es fiel.

¿Cuál es el secreto
que el majo guardó?
Sería indiscreto
contarlo yo.
No poco trabajo costara saber
secretos de un majo con una mujer.

Nació en Lavapiés.
¡Eh, ieh! ¡Es
un majo, un majo es!

Some say that my beloved is
homely.

It is possible that he may be,
For love is desire
Which blinds and dizzies.
For long have I known
That loving is not seeing.

But if my beloved is not a man
Whose beauty turns heads and
astonishes,

Then he is discreet
And the keeper of a secret
That I entrusted to him
Knowing that he is true.

What could this secret be
That my beloved is safeguarding?
It would be indiscreet
For me to reveal it.
It is no small feat to learn
The secrets between a man and a
woman.

He was born in Lavapiés.
Uh-huh!
He is handsome, handsome is he!

Habanera

Vente, niña, conmigo al mar,
Que en la playa tengo un bajel.
Bogaremos a dos en él,
Que allí sólo se sabe amar.

Ay, rubita, si tú supieras!

Dame, dame tu amar.

Come to the sea with me, little one;
I have a ship at the beach.
In it we will sail together,
For only there does one know how
to love.

Oh, fair-haired girl, if only you
knew!

Give, give to me your love.