

4-30-2014

Senior Recital: Dave Klodowski, baritone

Dave Klodowski

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Klodowski, Dave, "Senior Recital: Dave Klodowski, baritone" (2014). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 617.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/617

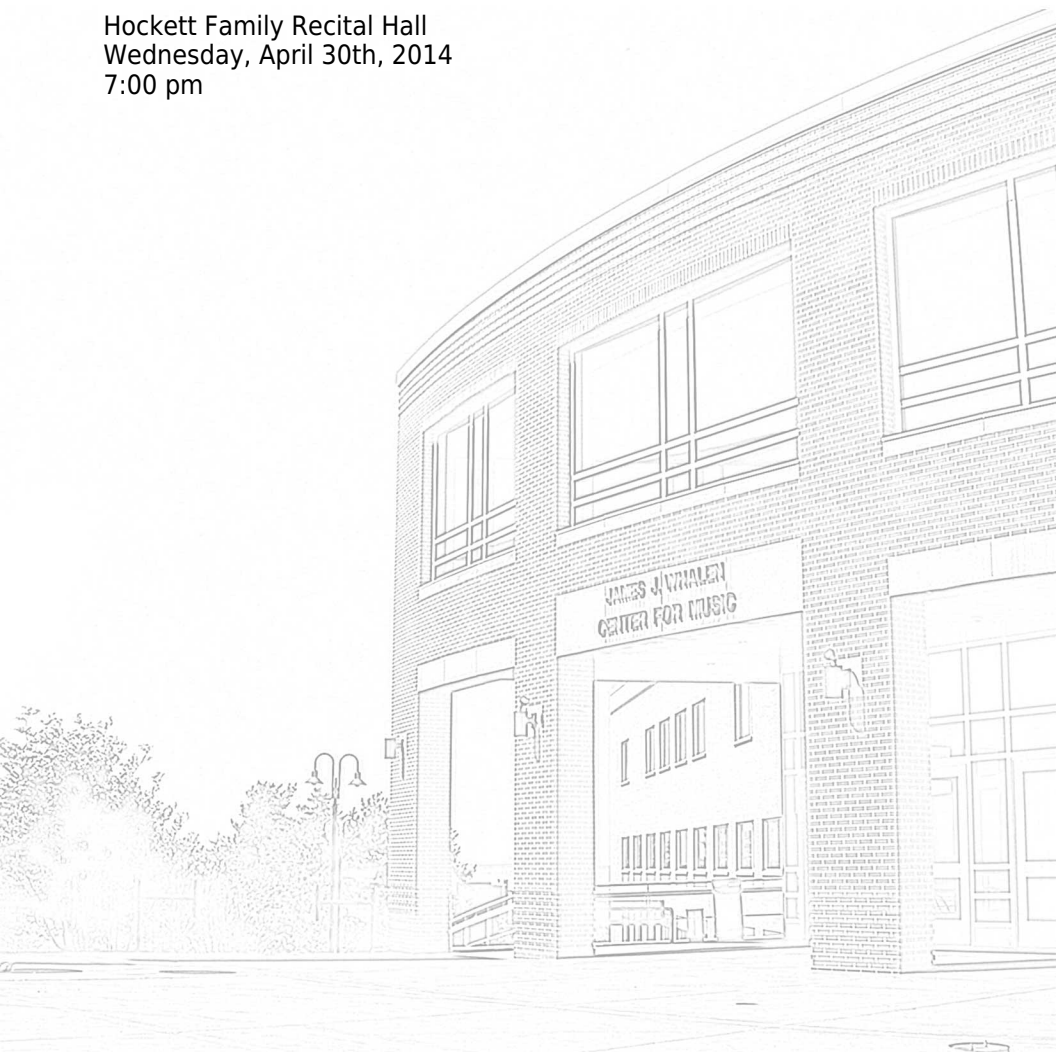
This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Senior Recital:
Dave Klodowski, baritone

"Braving the Elements"
Songs about Air, Earth, Fire and Water

Kerry Mizrahi, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Wednesday, April 30th, 2014
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Fire

Il mio bel foco

Benedetto Marcello
(1686-1739)

Come raggio di sol

Antonio Caldara
(1670-1736)

Già il sole dal Gange

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

Sole e amore

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

'O Sole mio

Eduardo di Capua
(1865-1917)

Earth

Das irdische Leben

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Liebst du um Schönheit

Lob des hohen Verstands

Intermission

Water

L'Horizon chimérique

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

I. La mer est infinie

II. Je me suis embarqué

III. Diane, Séléné

IV. Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés

Air

When the Air Sings of Summer

(from *The Old Maid and the Thief*)

Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911-2007)

Pause

Three Tennyson Songs

Jonathan Dove
(b. 1959)

I. O Swallow, Swallow

II. Dark House

III. The Sailor-boy

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Dave Klodowski is from the studio of Brad Hougham.

Translations

Fire

Il mio bel foco

Il mio bel foco,
o lontano o vicino ch'esser poss'io,
senza cangiar mai tempre per voi,
care pupille, arderà sempre.

*Quella fiamma che m'accende,
piace tanto all'alma mia,
che giammai s'estinguerà.*

E se il fato a voi mi rende,
vaghi rai del mio bel sole,
altra luce ella non vuole
nè voler giammai potrà.

Come raggio di sol

Come raggio di sol mite e sereno,

sovrà placidi flutti si riposa,
mentre del mare nel profondo seno
sta la tempesta ascosa:

così riso talor gaio e pacato

di contento, di gioia un labbro
infiora,
mentre nel suo segreto il cor
piagato
s'angoscia e si martora.

Già il sole dal Gange

Già il sole dal Gange

più chiaro sfavilla,
e terge ogni stilla
dell'alba che piange.

Col raggio dorato
ingemma ogni stelo,
e gli astri del cielo
dipinge nel prato.

My beautiful fire

My beautiful fire,
whether far or near I might be,
never changing, will always
be burning for you, dear eyes.

*This flame that kindles me
is so pleased with my soul
that it never dies.*

And if fate entrusts me to you,
lovely rays of my beloved sun,
my soul will never be able
to long for any other light.

Like a ray of sunshine

Like a ray of sunshine mild and
serene
upon placid waves it rises,
while deep in the sea's bosom
the tempest remains hidden:

so sometimes gay and peaceful
laughter
of contentment blooms upon the
lips,
while in secret the wounded heart
anguishes and is tortured.

Already the sun from over the Ganges

Already the sun from over the
Ganges
sparkles more brightly
and dries every drop
of dawn, which weeps.

With the gilded ray
it adorns each blade of grass,
and the stars of the sky
it paints in the field.

Sole e amore

Il sole allegramente batte ai tuoi
vetri.
Amor pian pian batte al tuo cuore,
e l'uno e l'altro chiama.

Il sole dice: O dormiente
mostrati che sei bella.

Dice l'amor: Sorella,
col tuo primo pensier
pensa a chi t'ama!

'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.

Ma n'atu sole cchiù bello, ohine',
'O sole mio stanfronte a te!
'O sole, 'o sole mio
sta 'nfronte a te!

Sun and love

The sun cheerfully knocks at your
windows.
Love softly softly knocks at your
heart,
And one and the other calls.

The Sun says: O sleeping one,
Show yourself how beautiful you
are.

Love says: Sister,
With your first thought
think of the one you love!

My Sun

What a wonderful thing a sunny
day,
The serene air after a
thunderstorm!
The fresh air, and a party is already
going on,
What a wonderful thing a sunny
day.

But another sun that's brighter,
still,
It's my own sun that's on your face!
The sun, my own sun
It's on your face!

Earth

Das irdische Leben

"Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert
mich.
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!"
*"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir ernten
geschwind!"*

Und als das Korn geerntet war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
"Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert
mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!"
*"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir dreschen
geschwind!"*

The Earthly Life

"Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry,
Give me bread, or I shall die!"
*"Wait a little, my darling child!
Tomorrow we shall harvest quickly."*

And when the corn had been sown,
The child wailed again:
"Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry,
Give me bread, or I shall die!"
*"Wait a little, my darling child!
Tomorrow we shall thresh quickly."*

Und als das Korn gedroschen war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
"Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert
mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!"
*"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir bakken
geschwind!"*

Und als das Brot gebakken war,
Lag das Kind auf der Totenbahrl!

Liebst du um Schönheit

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

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

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

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

Lob des hohen Verstands

Einstmals in einem tiefen Tal
Kukkuck und Nachtigall
Täten ein Wett' anschlagen:
Zu singen um das Meisterstück,
Gewinn' es Kunst, gewinn' es Glück:
Dank soll er davon tragen.

Der Kukkuck sprach: "So dir's
gefällt,
Hab' ich den Richter wählt",

And when the corn had been
threshed,
The child wailed again:
"Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry,
Give me bread, or I shall die!"
*"Wait a little, my darling child!
Tomorrow we shall bake quickly."*

And when the bread had been
baked,
The child was lying on the funeral
bier!

If you love for beauty

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

If you love for youth,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the spring;
It is young every year!

If you love for treasure,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid;
She has many clear pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, do love me!
Love me ever,
I'll love you evermore!

In Praise of Higher Understanding

Once in a deep valley,
The cuckoo and the nightingale
Had a contest:
To sing the Masterpiece.
To win by art or to win by luck,
Fame would the victor gain.

The cuckoo said: "If it pleases you,
I will nominate the judge."

Und tät gleich den Esel ernennen.
"Denn weil er hat zwei Ohren groß,
So kann er hören desto bos
Und, was recht ist, kennen!"

Sie flogen vor den Richter bald.
Wie dem die Sache ward erzählt,
Schuf er, sie sollten singen.
Die Nachtigall sang lieblich aus!
Der Esel sprach: "Du machst mir's
kraus!
Du machst mir's kraus! I-ja! I-ja!
Ich kann's in Kopf nicht bringen!"

Der Kukkuck drauf fing an
geschwind
Sein Sang durch Terz und Quart
und Quint.
Dem Esel g'fiels, er sprach nur
"Wart! Wart! Wart! Dein Urteil will
ich sprechen,
Wohl sungen hast du, Nachtigall!
Aber Kukkuck, singst gut Choral!"

Und hältst den Takt fein innen!
Das sprech' ich nach mein' hoh'n
Verstand!
Und kost' es gleich ein ganzes
Land,
So laß ich's dich gewinnen!"

And he named the donkey right
away.
"Since he has two huge ears,
He can hear so much better
And will know what is correct."

They soon flew before the judge
And when the issue was explained
to him,
He told them they should sing.
The nightingale sang out sweetly!
The donkey said: "You make me
dizzy!
You make me dizzy! Eee-yah!
I can't get it into my head!"

The cuckoo then quickly started
his song through thirds and fourths
and fifths;
The donkey found it pleasing, and
only said
"Wait! Wait! Wait! I will pronounce
judgment now.
Well have you sung, Nightingale!
But, Cuckoo, you sing a good
chorale!"

And you keep the rhythm finely and
internally!
Thus I say according to my sublime
understanding,
And, although it may cost an entire
land,
I will let you win!"

Water

La mer est infinie

La mer est infinie et mes rêves sont
fous.
La mer chante au soleil en battant
les falaises
Et mes rêves légers ne se sentent
plus d'aise
De danser sur la mer comme des
oiseaux soûls.

Le vaste mouvement des vagues

The sea is endless

The sea is endless and my dreams
are mad.
The sea sings to the sun, lashing
the cliffs
And my flighty dreams taste only of
the pleasure
Of dancing over the sea like
drunken birds.

The vast motion of the waves

les emporte,
La brise les agite et les roule en ses
plis;
Jouant dans le sillage, ils feront une
escorte
Aux vaisseaux que mon coeur dans
leur fuite a suivis.

Ivres d'air et de sel et brûlés par
l'écume
De la mer qui console et qui lave
des pleurs,
Ils connaîtront le large et sa bonne
amertume;
Les goélands perdus les prendront
pour des leurs.

Je me suis embarqué

Je me suis embarqué sur un
vaisseau qui danse
Et roule bord sur bord et tangue et
se balance.
Mes pieds ont oublié la terre et ses
chemins;
Les vagues souples m'ont appris
d'autres cadences
Plus belles que le rythme las des
chants humains.

A vivre parmi vous, hélas! avais-je
une âme?
Mes frères, j'ai souffert sur tous vos
continents.
Je ne veux que la mer, je ne veux
que le vent
Pour me bercer, comme un enfant,
au creux des lames.

Hors du port qui n'est plus qu'une
image effacée,
Les larmes du départ ne brûlent
plus mes yeux.
Je ne me souviens pas de mes
derniers adieux...
O ma peine, ma peine, où vous ai-je
laissée?

Diane, Séléne

Diane, Séléne, lune de beau métal,
Qui reflète vers nous, par ta face

carries them,
The breeze shakes and tumbles
them in the folds;
Playing in the wake, they form an
escort
To the ships my heart has followed
in their flight.

Drunk with the air and salt and
stung by the foam
Of a sea that consoles and washes
tears away,
They will know the ocean and its
good bitterness;
Stray gulls will take them for their
own.

I am embarked

I am embarked on a ship that
dances
And rolls from side to side, and
pitches and sways.
My feet have forgotten the land and
its ways;
The supple waves have taught me
other cadences
Lovelier than the weary rhythm of
human songs.

Living among you, ah! have I a
soul?
My brothers, I have suffered on all
your continents.
I want nothing but the sea, nothing
but the wind,
To rock me like a baby in the trough
of the waves.

Out of port, which is no more than a
faded image,
The tears of leaving burn my eyes
no longer.
I do not remember anything of my
last goodbyes...
O my sadness, my sadness, where
have I left you?

Diana, Selena

Diana, Selena, moon of lovely
metal,
You reflect to us upon your desert

déserte,
Dans l'immortel ennui du calme
sidéral,
Le regret d'un soleil dont nous
pleurons la perte.

O lune, je t'en veux de ta limpidité
Injurieuse au trouble vain des
pauvres âmes,
Et mon coeur, toujours las et
toujours agité,
Aspire vers la paix de ta nocturne
flamme.

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés
en pure perte;
Le dernier de vous tous est parti sur
la mer.
Le couchant emporta tant de voiles
ouvertes
Que ce port et mon coeur sont à
jamais déserts.

La mer vous a rendus à votre
destinée,
Au-delà du rivage où s'arrêtent nos
pas.
Nous ne pouvions garder vos âmes
enchaînées;
Il vous faut des lointains que je ne
connais pas.

Je suis de ceux dont les désirs sont
sur la terre.
Le souffle qui vous grise emplit mon
coeur d'effroi,
Mais votre appel, au fond des soirs,
me désespère,
Car j'ai de grands départs
inassouvis en moi.

face,
In the eternal boredom of the stars'
quietude,
The regret of a sun whose loss we
mourn.

O moon, I covet your clarity,
Insult to the vain turmoil of poor
souls,
And my heart, ever weary and ever
restless,
Aspires toward the peace of your
nocturnal flame.

Ships, we loved you

Ships, we loved you, to no avail;
The last of all of you has left upon
the sea.
The setting sun has carried you off
Empty we stand, forlorn, the port
and I.

The sea has sped you onward to
your own fate.
Our feet are rooted here upon the
sand.
Your souls with chains we never
dared to weight;
You yearn for places where I'll
never stand.

I am one whose desires are on the
earth.
You thrive on winds that fill my
heart with cold fear.
Your call at midnight leads me to
despair.
For I have grand departures unmet
within me.