

3-8-2012

## Junior Recital: Katherine Cacciola, soprano

Katherine Cacciola

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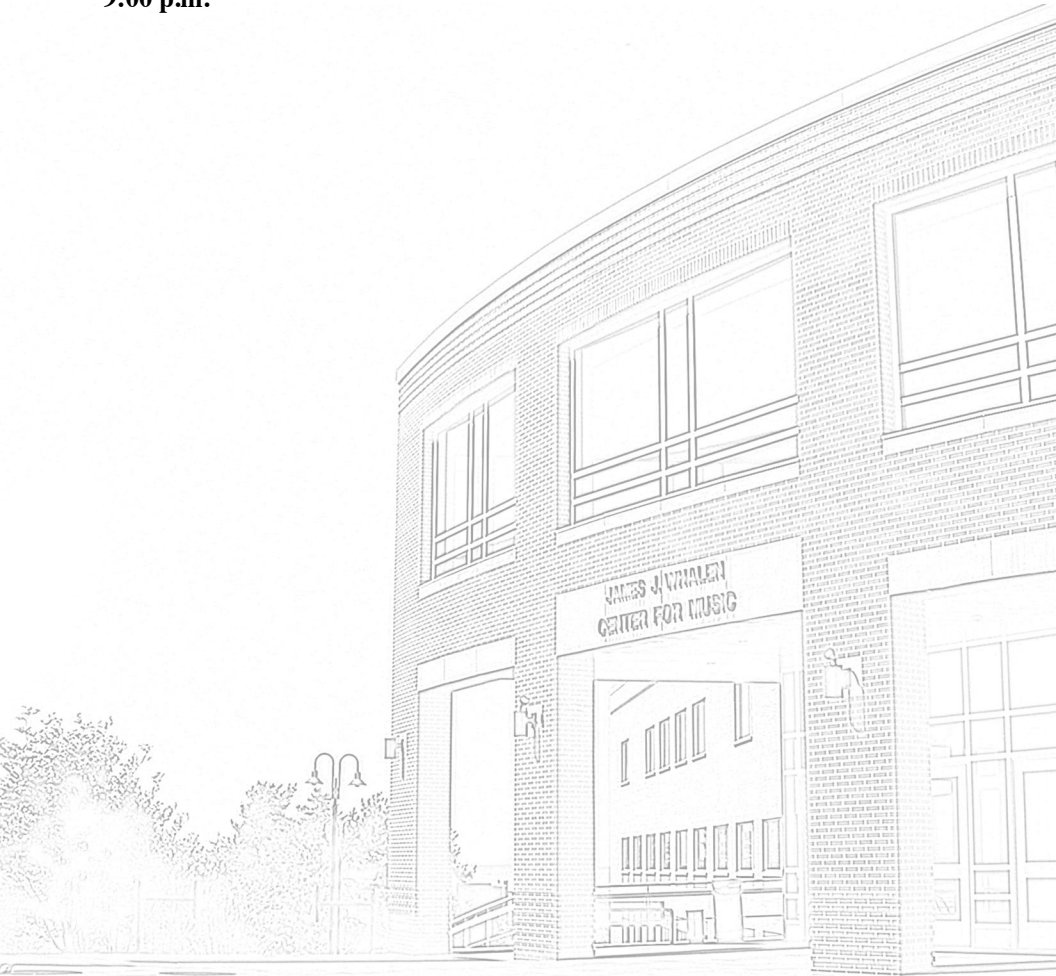
Cacciola, Katherine, "Junior Recital: Katherine Cacciola, soprano" (2012). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 658.  
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**Junior Recital:  
Katherine Cacciola, soprano**

**Michael Lewis, piano**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Thursday, March 8, 2012  
9:00 p.m.**



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

**School of Music**

*Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.*

## Program

Non lo dirò col labbro  
Lascia ch'io pianga  
Và godendo

George Frederick Handel  
(1685-1759)

Poème de Théodore de Banville  
I. Rêverie  
III. Le lilas  
IV. Sérénade  
VII. Fête Galante

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Der Hölle Rache  
from *Die Zauberflöte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

## Intermission

A Green Lowland of Pianos  
Secrets of the Old  
Strings in the Earth and Air  
Sure on this shining night

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

Ich schwebe  
Nichts  
Breit' über mein Haupt  
Kling!

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

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This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Music Education and Performance. Katherine Cacciola is from the studio of Carol McAmis.

## Texts and Translations

### Non lo dirò col labbro

Non lo dirò col labbro  
Che tanto ardir non hà;  
Forse con le faville  
Dell'ave pupille  
Per dir come tutt'ardo,  
Lo sguardo parlerà.

### Lascia ch'io pianga

Recitativo:

Armida dispietata! Colla forza  
d'abisso  
rapimmi al caro Ciel di miei  
contenti,

e qui con duolo eterno viva mi tieni

in tormentoso inferno.

Signor! Ah! per pietà lasciami  
piangere.

Aria:

Lascia ch'io pianga mia cruda sorte  
E che sospiri la libertà!  
Il duolo infranga queste ritorte  
De' miei martiri, sol per pietà.

### Và godendo

Và godendo vezzoso e bello  
Quel ruscello la libertà,  
E tra l'erbe con onde chiare

Lieto al mare correndo và.

### I will not tell you with my lips

I will not say it with my lips  
Which have no that courage;  
Perhaps the sparks  
Of my burning eyes,  
Revealing my passion,  
My glance will speak.

### Let me weep

Recitativo:

Pitiless Armida! With fiendish force

You have abducted me from the  
blessed Heaven, from my  
happiness.

And here, in eternal pain, you hold  
me

alive, tormented in Hell.

Oh Lord! Ah! Have pity, let me  
weep.

Aria:

Let me weep my cruel fate,  
And let me breathe freedom!  
Let sorrow break these chains  
Of my sufferings, for pity's sake.

### It goes joyously

Joyously and graciously ripples  
That free-flowing brooklet,  
And with clear waves it runs through  
the grass  
Gaily towards the sea.

### I. Rêverie

Le zéphir à la douce haleine  
Entrouvre la rose des bois  
Et sur les monts et dans la plaine,

Il féconde tout à la fois.

Le lys et la rouge verveine  
S'échappent fleuris de ses doigts.  
Tout s'enivre à sa coupe pleine  
Et chacun tréssaille à sa voix.

Mais il est une frêle plante  
Qui se retire et fuit tremblante.  
Le baiser qui va la meurtrir  
Or je sais des âmes plaintives  
Qui sont comme les sensibles,  
Et que le bonheur fait mourir.

### III. Le lilas

Ô floraison divine du lilas,  
Je te bénis, pour si peu que tu dures!

Nos pauvres coeurs de souffrir  
étaient las.

Enfin l'oubli guérit nos peines dures

Enivrez-nous, fleurs horizons,  
verdures!

Le clair réveil du matin gracieux;

Charme l'azur irradié des cieux;

Mai fleurissant cache les blanches  
tombes,

Tout éclairé de feux délicieux,  
Et l'air frémit, blanc des vols de  
colombes.

### I. Daydream

The zephyr with its sweet breath  
half-opens the rose of the woods  
and on the mountains and on the  
plains,  
he pollinates everything at the same  
time.

The lily and the red verbena  
are brought to bloom by his fingers,  
Everything is intoxicated  
and all quiver at his voice.

But there is one frail plant  
that draws back and flees trembling.  
The kiss that will wound it  
and yet I know the plaintive souls  
who are like these sensitive plants,  
and who die from happiness.

### III. The lilacs

Oh, the divine blossoming of lilacs,  
I thank you, for you last such a short  
time!

Our poor hearts were weary of  
suffering.

In the end, forgetfulness cures our  
heavy sorrows

Intoxicate us, flowers of the  
horizon!

The awakening clarity of the graceful  
morn;

The azure shines charmingly from  
the heavens;

Flourishing May hides the white  
tombs,

Everything is lit by delicious fires,  
And the air trembles, white from the  
flight of doves.

#### IV. Sérénade

Las! Colombine a fermé le volet,  
Et vainement le chasseur tend ses  
toiles,  
Car la fillette au doux esprit follet,  
De ses rideaux laissant tomber les  
voiles,  
S'est dérobée,  
Ainsi que les étoiles.

Bien qu'elle cache à l'amant indigent  
Son casaquin pareil au ciel  
changeant.

C'est pour charmer cette beauté  
barbare  
Que remuant comme du vif argent.

Arlequin chante et gratte sa guitare.  
Arlequin chante.

#### VII. Fête Galante

Voilà Sylvandre et Lycas et Myrtil,  
Car c'est ce soir fête chez Cydalise.

Partout dans l'air court un parfum  
subtil  
Dans le grand parc où tout s'idéalise  
Avec la rose, Aminthe rivalise.

Philis, Églé qui suivent leurs amants,  
Cherchent l'ombrage en mille  
endroits charmants;

#### IV. Serenade

Alas! Colombine closed the shutter,  
And in vain the hunter casts his nets  
For the young girl with the sweet,  
flighty spirit  
Lets her curtain of veils fall  
She is concealed  
Like the stars.

Although she hides from her lover,  
the poor fellow  
Her garment is like the changing  
sky.

It is for her to charm this barbaric  
beauty  
Stirring like quicksilver.

Harlequin sings and strums his  
guitar.  
Harlequin sings.

#### A Gallant Festival

Here are Silvandre and Lycas and  
Myrtil,  
For there is this evening a party at  
the home of Cydalise.

Everywhere a subtle perfume floats  
in the air  
In the great park where all is  
perfection  
Aminthe rivals the beauty of the  
rose.

Philis, Eglé, who are pursuing their  
lovers,  
Searching among the shadows in a  
thousand charming places;

Dans le soleil qui s'irrite et qui joue,  
Luttant d'orgueil avec les diamants,  
Sur le chemin, le paon blanc fait la  
roue. Ah!

In the sun which is both angry and  
playful,  
Struggling pridefully with the  
diamonds,  
On the road the white peacock  
displays the wheel of his plumage,  
Ah!

### **Der Hölle Rache**

Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinem  
Herzen,  
Tot und Verzweiflung flammet um  
mich her!  
Fühlt nicht durch dich Sarastro  
Todesschmerzen,  
so bist du meine Tochter  
nimmermehr.

### **The Revenge of Hell**

The revenge of hell seethes in my  
heart,  
Death and despair flame up about  
me!  
If Sarastro does not meet his death  
through you,  
then you are my daughter no more.

Verstoßen sei auf ewig, verlassen sei  
auf ewig,  
zertrümmert sei'n auf ewig alle  
Bande der Natur,  
wenn nicht durch dich Sarastro wird  
erblassen!  
Hört, Rachegötter, hört der Mutter  
Schwur!

Disowned be forever, abandoned be  
forever,  
destroyed be forever all the bonds of  
nature,  
if Sarastro does not die at your  
hands!  
Hear, gods of revenge, hear the  
mother's oath!

### **Ich schwebe**

Ich schwebe wie auf  
Engelsschwingen,  
die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,  
in meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen  
wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.

### **I float**

I float as if upon angel wings,  
my feet barely touch the earth,  
in my ears I still hear the sound  
of my beloved's parting words.

Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,  
das spricht so zage, zart und rein,  
leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise  
in wonneschweren Traum mich ein.

It sounds so lovely, gentle and soft,  
that speaks so timidly, tenderly and  
purely,  
softly lulls the echoing melody  
in my blissful dream.



Mein schimmernd' Aug' indess mich  
füllen  
die süßesten der Melodien,  
sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen  
mein lächelnd' Lieb' vorüberziehn.

### **Nichts**

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr,  
meine Königin im Liederreich?  
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne  
sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,  
fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,  
fragt nach Gang und Tanz und  
Haltung,  
ach, und was weiß ich davon!

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle  
alles Lebens, alles Lichts?  
Und was wissen von derselben  
ich und ihr und alle? Nichts.

### **Breit' über mein Haupt**

Breit' über mein Haupt dein  
schwarzes Haar,  
neig' zu mir dein Angesicht,  
da strömt in die Seele so hell und  
klar  
mir deiner Augen Licht.

Ich will nicht droben der Sonne  
Pracht,  
noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,  
ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht  
und deiner Blicke Glanz.

My shining eyes, while I am filled  
with these sweetest of melodies,  
sees without robes or coverings,  
my smiling love passes by.

### **Nothing**

You ask me to name  
my queen in the realm of song?  
Fools, that you are, I know  
even less about her than any of you.

Ask me about the color of her eyes,  
ask me about the sound of her voice,  
ask me about her walk, her dancing,  
overbearing,  
ah, and what do I know of that?

Is the sun not the source  
of all life, all light?  
And what do we know of that  
I and you and everyone? Nothing.

### **Spread your raven hair over my head**

Spread your raven hair over my  
head,  
Incline your face over me,  
For then streams so brightly and  
clearly  
The light of your eyes into my soul.

I do not want the sun's splendor,  
Nor the shining wreath of stars  
above,  
I only want the black night of your  
curls  
And the radiance of your glance.

**Kling!**

Kling!...Meine Seele gibt reinen  
Ton.

Und ich währte die Arme  
Von dem wütenden Harme  
Wilder Zeiten zerrissen schon.

Sing... meine Seele, den  
Beichtgesang  
Wiedergewonnener Fülle!  
Hebe vom Herzen die Hülle!  
Heil dir, geläuterter Innenklang!

Kling! meine Seele, kling dein  
Leben,  
Quellendes, frisches Gebild!  
Blühendes hat sich begeben  
Auf dem verdorrten Gefild'.

**Ring!**

Ring!...My soul gives forth a pure  
tone.

And I had imagined the poor thing  
from the raging afflictions  
of wild times to be torn apart  
already.

Sing...my soul, the confessional  
song  
of reclaimed fullness;  
Lift the veil from the heart!  
Hail to you, resounding inner note!

Ring! my soul, ring out your life,  
swelling, fresh image!  
Blossoming has begun  
upon the dried up field.

**A Green Lowland of Pianos**

in the evening  
as far as the eye can see  
herds  
of black pianos

up to the knees  
in the mire  
they listen to the frogs

they gurgle in water  
with chords of rapture

they are entranced  
by froggish, moonish spontaneity

after the vacation,  
they cause scandals in a concert hall  
during the artistic milking  
suddenly, they lie down like cows

looking with indifference  
at the white flowers of the audience  
at the gesticulating of the ushers

black pianos

### **Secrets of the Old**

I have old women's secrets now  
That had those of the young;  
Madge tells me what I dared not think  
When my blood was strong,  
And what had drowned a lover once  
Sounds like an old song.

Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb  
If thrown in Madge's way,  
We three make up a solitude;  
For none alive today  
Can know the stories that we know  
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most  
Of all that are gone,  
How such a pair loved many years  
And such a pair but one,  
Stories of the bed of straw  
Or the bed of down.

### **Strings in the Earth and Air**

Strings in the earth and air  
make music sweet.  
Strings by the river  
where the willows meet.  
There's music along the river,  
for Love wanders there.  
Pale flowers on his mantle,  
dark leaves in his hair.  
All softly playing  
with head to the music bent.  
And fingers straying upon the instrument.

### **Sure on this shining night**

Sure on this shining night  
Of star made shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.  
The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.  
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder wand'ring far  
alone  
Of shadows on the stars.

## **Ithaca College School of Music**

Ever since its founding in 1892 as a Conservatory of Music, Ithaca College has remained dedicated to attracting the most talented young musicians, and then immersing these students in an advanced culture of musical learning that positions them to be leading professionals in music. As the conservatory evolved into a comprehensive college with expanded academic offerings, the School of Music has continued to earn its reputation as one of the best in the nation.

Through a blend of world-class faculty, state-of-the-art facilities, professional performance opportunities, access to liberal arts classes, and a beautiful campus setting, students grow in a challenging yet supportive community.

Not only do students have access to our broad music curriculum, but they can also take classes in any of the College's other schools and divisions. As a result, graduates are well prepared for a host of careers and work in almost every music field imaginable. School of Music alumni include symphony, opera, and Broadway performers; faculty members and deans at prestigious universities and colleges; teachers in school systems through the country; music therapists, composers; publicists; audio engineers in professional studios; and managers in the music industry. The School of Music boasts a consistent 100% job placement for music education graduates actively seeking employment, and 98% placement for other graduates into jobs or graduate schools.

Since 1941, the Ithaca College School of Music has been accredited by the National Association of Schools of Music.

For more information regarding the Ithaca College School of Music, please visit us on the web at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music>

## Upcoming Events

### March

- 10 - Ford - 8:00pm - Cayuga Chamber Orchestra
- 18 - Ford - 3:00pm - Percussion Ensemble (GS)
- 19 - Ford - 8:15pm - Frank Campos and Djug Django
- 20 - Hockett - 4:00pm - Music from the China West Normal University
- 20 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Ithaca Bach Ensemble
- 21 - Ford - 5:00pm - Susan Milan, flute masterclass
- 21 - Nabenhauer - 7:00pm - Music from the China West Normal University
- 21 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Ithaca Jazz Quartet
- 22 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Susan Milan, flute
- 23 - Ford - 8:15pm - ICC: Borealis Wind Quintet with pianist Leon Bates
- 24 - Ford - 10:00am - ICC: Borealis Wind Quintet and Leon Bates masterclasses
- 24 - Ford - 8:15pm - Choir
- 25 - Ford - 4:00pm - Saxophone Studio Recital
- 26 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres IV
- 27 - Hockett - 8:15pm - FLEFF
- 28 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Guest Recital: Velvet Brown, tuba
- 31 - Ford - 8:15pm - Gospel Festival

### April

- 1 - Hockett - 2:00pm - Voice Faculty Opera Scenes
- 1 - Ford - 4:00pm - Symphony Orchestra
- 2 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Ithaca Brass
- 3 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase Recital
- 4 - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble
- 5 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Guest Recital: Sean Duggan, piano
- 6 - Hockett - 10:00am - Sean Duggan, piano masterclass