

11-9-2014

Junior Recital: Kate Clemons, soprano

Kate Clemons

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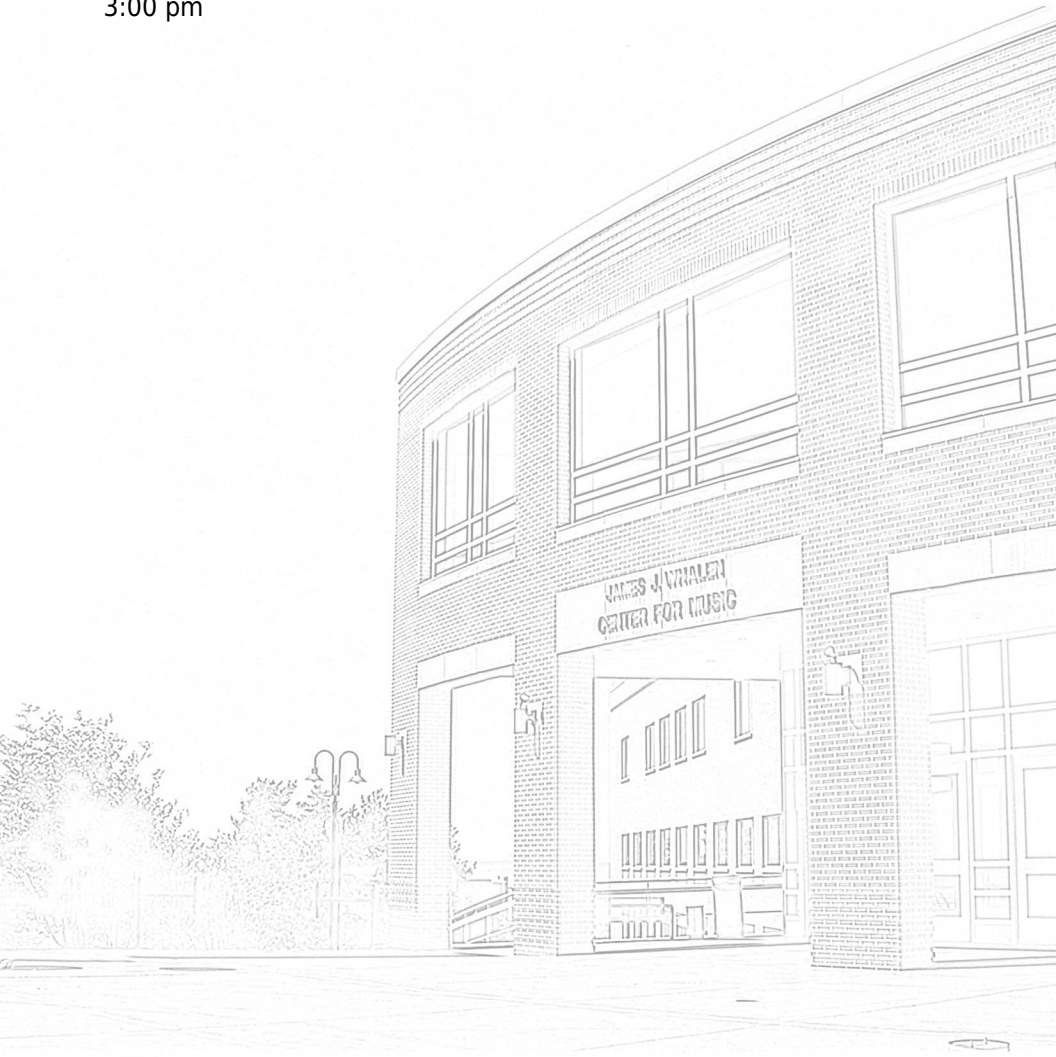
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Junior Recital:
Kate Clemons, soprano

Mary Ann Erickson, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, November 9th, 2014
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

V'adoro pupile
Piangeró

G.F. Handel
from Giulio Cesare
(1685-1759)

Wie Melodien
Wir Wandelten
Meine Liebe ist Grün

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Intermission

The Jewel Song

Charles Gounod
from Faust
(1818-1893)

Green
C'est l'extase
Il Pleure dans mon Coeur
L'ombre des arbres

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

The Sideshow
Two Little Flowers
The Childrens' Hour

Charles Ives
(1874-1954)

Translations

V'adoro pupile

V'adoro, pupille,
saette d'amore;
le vostre faville
son grate nel sen.

I adore you, oh eyes,
lightening bolts of love;
your sparks
are welcome in my breast.

Piestose vi brama
il mesto mio core,
ch'ogn'ora vi chiama
l'amato suo ben.

Have pity on
my poor heart
that at every hour calls
the lover your beloved.

Piangeró

E pur cosi in un giorno
perdo fasti e grandezze?
Ahi, fato rio!
Cesare, il mio bel nume,
é forse estinto;
Cornelia e Sesto inermi
son,
né sanno darmi soccorso.
Oh dio!
Non resta alcuna speme,
al viver mio.

And so in a day
I lose all my grandeur?
Ah, unjust fate!
Cesar, my beautiful god,
is perhaps dead.
Cornelia and Sesto are
defenseless
not knowing how to help
me.
Oh God!
There remains no hope,
for this life of mine.

Piangeró, la sorte mia,
si crudele e tanto ria,
finche vita in petto avró.

I will weep, for my fate,
so cruel and so unjust,
as long as I have life in my
breast.

Ma poi morta,
d'ogn'intorno
il tiranno e notte e giorno
fatta spetro agiteró.

But when I am dead,
I will become a ghost
night and day
I will haunt the tyrant from
every side.

Wie Melodien

Wie Melodien zieht es
mir leise durch den Sinn,
wie Frühlingsblumen blüht
es,
und schwebt wie Duft

Like melodies it moves
quietly through my mind,
it blooms like flowers
and floats away like a
fragrance.

dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und
fasst es
und fuhr es vor das Aug,
wie Nebelgrau erblasst es
und schwindet wie ein
Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im
Reime
verborgen wohl ein Duft,
den mild aus stillem Keime
ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

But when one tries to
express it in words,
and set it before the eyes,
like a gray mist is pales
and disappears like a
breath.

And yet there remains in a
rhyme
perhaps a hidden fragrance
that gently from this silent
bud
can be brought forth by
tears.

Wir Wandelten

Wir Wandelten wir zwei zu
samen
Ich war so still und du so
stille
Ich gäbe fiel, um zu ehr
faren
Was du gedacht, in Jenem
Fall.

We walked, us two
together
I was so quiet and you so
quiet,
I would give so much to
learn
what you were thinking in
that moment.

Was ich gedacht, un
ausgesprochen verbleibe
das
Nur eines sag'ich:
So schön war alles, was ich
dachte
So himmlisch heiter war es
all

What I thought shall
remain unsspoken.
Only this I will say:
All I thought was so
beautiful
and so heavenly cheerful.

In meinem Haupte die
gedanken
sie leuteten wie
Goldneglöchen:
So wundersüß, so wunder
lieblich ist in der Welt
kein and'rer Hall.

The thoughts in my head
Rang like little golden bells:
So marvellously sweet and
lovely
That in the world there is
no other echo.

Meine Liebe ist Grün

Meine Liebe ist grün

My love is as green

wie der Fliederbusch,
und mein Lieb is schön
wie die Sonne;

die glantz wohl herab
auf den Fliederbusch
und füllht in mit Duft
und mit Wonne.

Meine Seele hat Schwindet
der Nachtigall
und wiegt sich
in blühendem Flieder;

und jauchzet und singet
vom Duft berauscht
viel liebestrunknen Lieder

as the lilac bush,
And my love is as fair
as the sun;

which gleams down
on the lilacbush
and fills it with fragrance
and with bliss.

My soul has the wings
of a nightingale
and rocks itself
in blooming lilac;

and, intoxicated by the
fragrance, cheers and sings
many
love-drunk songs.

The Jewel Song

Que vois-je la?
D'où ce riches coffret
pêut-il venir?
Je n'ose y toucher,
et pourtant, voici la clef, je
crois!
Si je l'ouvrais; ma main
tremble!
Pourquoi? Je ne fais en
l'ouvrant,
rien de mal je suppose...
Ô Dieu! Que de bijoux!
Est-ce un rêve un charmant
qui méblouhit, ou si je
veille?
Mes yeux non jamais vu de
richesses pareille!
Si j'osais seulement me
parer un moment
de ces pendants d'oreille!
Ah! Voici justement
au fond de la cassette- un
miroir!
Comment n'être pas
coquette?

What do I see here?
From where does this box
of riches come?
I don't dare touch it,
and yet, here is the key, I
think!
If I open it; my hand
trembles!
Why? I'm not doing, by
opening it,
anything bad I suppose...
Oh God! The jewels! Is this
a charming dream,
or am I shrouded?
My eyes have never seen
riches such as these!
If I dared only to take a
moment
to put on these earrings!
Ah! Here's just the thing
at the bottom of the box- a
mirror!
How could I not be a
coquette?

Ah! Je ris de me voir si
belle en ce miroir!
Est-ce toi? Marguerite?
Rèponds-moi vite!
Non, non ce ne plus toi.
Non ce ne plus ton visage.
C'est la fille d'un roi!
C'est la fille d'un roi qu'on
salue au passage.
Ah s'il était ici, s'il me
voyait ainsi...
comme une de moiselle
Il me trouverait belle. Ah!

Achevons la
metamorphose!
Il me tarde encore
d'essayer le bracelet et le
collier.
Dieu! C'est comme une
main,
qui sur mon bras suppose!
Ah!

Ah! Je ris...

Voici des fruits, des fleurs,
des feuilles et des braches
et puis voici mon coeur
qui ne bas que pour vous.

Ne le déchirez pas
avec vos deux mains
blanches
et qu'à vos yeux si beaux
l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore
de rosée
que le vent du matin vient
glacer à mon front.

Ah! I laugh at my beautiful
sight in the mirror!
Is it you? Marguerite?
Answer me quickly!
No, no it's not you
anymore.
No it's not your face
anymore.
It's the daughter of a king!
It's the daughter of a king
who waves as she passes.
Ah if he could see me here,
if he could see me like...
like a madam
he would find me beautiful.
Ah!

Now to complete the
metamorphosis!
I am excited again
to try on the bracelet and
the necklace.
God! It's like my hand,
is posed on my arm! Ah!

Ah! I laugh...

Green

Here are some fruits, some
flowers, some leaves and
some branches
and then here is my heart
that beats only for you.

Do not tear it up
with your two white hands
and may the humble gift
be pleasing for your
beautiful eyes.

I arrive still covered in dew
which the morning wind
froze to my brow.
Allow that my weariness,

Souffrez que ma fatigue
à vos pieds reposée
rêve des chers instants qui
la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez
rouler ma tête
toute sonore encore de vos
derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la
bonne tempête,
et que je dorme un peu
puisque vous respirez.

resting at your feet
dream of the dear
moments that will refresh it.

On your young breast let
me roll my head
all ringing with your last
kisses;
Let it calm down from the
good storm
and let me sleep a little
while you rest.

C'est l'Extase

C'est l'extase langoureuse.
C'est la fatigue amoureuse.

C'est tous les frissons des
bois, parmi l'étreinte des
brises.
C'est vers les ramures
grises,
Le chœur de petites voix.

It is the langourous
ecstasy,
It is the amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the
forest
amid the embrace of the
breezes,
It is around the grey
branches
the choir of little voices.

Ô le frele et frais murmure,
cela gazouille et susurre,
c'est la ressemblance au de
crix doux,
que l'herbe agite expire.

Oh the frail and fresh
murmuring!
That twittering and
whispering,
that resembles the soft cry
that the ruffled grass
exhales.

Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui
vire.
Le roulis sourde cailloux.

You might say, under the
swirling water.
It was the muffled sound of
rolling pebbles.

Cette âme qui ce lamente,
encette plainte dormante,
ce la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dit et la tienne
dont s'exhale le l'humble
tienne.
Parce tiède soir, tout bas?

This soul which mourns
in this subdued lament.
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, say, and yours
which breathes out the
humble anthem

on this warm evening, very
softly?

Il Pleure dans mon Coeur

Il pleure dans mon coeur,
comme il pleu sur la ville.
Quel est cette languor,
Qui pénètre mon coeur?

It rains in my heart
like it rains in the village.
What is this languish,
that penetrates my heart?

Ô bruit du de la pluie
par terre sur les toits.
Pour un coeur qui
s'ennuyie
Ô le bruit de la pluie.

Oh noise of the rain
on the earth and the roofs.
For a heart that is busy
o the noise of the rain.

Il pleure sans raison
dans ce coeur qui
s'écoeure.
Quoi? Nulle trahison? Ce
deuill!
Et sans raison.

It rains without reason
in this sick heart.
What? No betrayal? This
pain!
And without reason.

C'est bien la pire peine,
de ne savoir pourquoi.
Sans amour et sans heine.
Mon coeur a tant de peine.

It is well the worst pain
that I don't know why.
Without love and without
hate
my heart is full of pain.

L'ombre des Arbres

L'ombre des arbres
dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée,
tandis qu'en l'air,
parmi les ramures réelles,
se plaignent les
tourterelles.

The shadow of the trees
in the misty river, dies like
the smoke,
while in the air,
among the real branches,
the turtledoves lament.

Combien, ô voyageur,
ce paysage blême
te mira blême toi-même,
et que tristes pleuraient
dans les hautes feuillées,
tes espérances noyées.

How, o traveler,
this pale landscape
you watched it pale
yourself,
and how your drowned
hopes,
weep sadly in the foliage.