

3-26-2012

Graduate Lecture Recital: Zohaniris Torres Rosado, mezzo-soprano

Zohaniris Torres Rosado

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



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Torres Rosado, Zohaniris, "Graduate Lecture Recital: Zohaniris Torres Rosado, mezzo-soprano" (2012). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 870.

http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/870

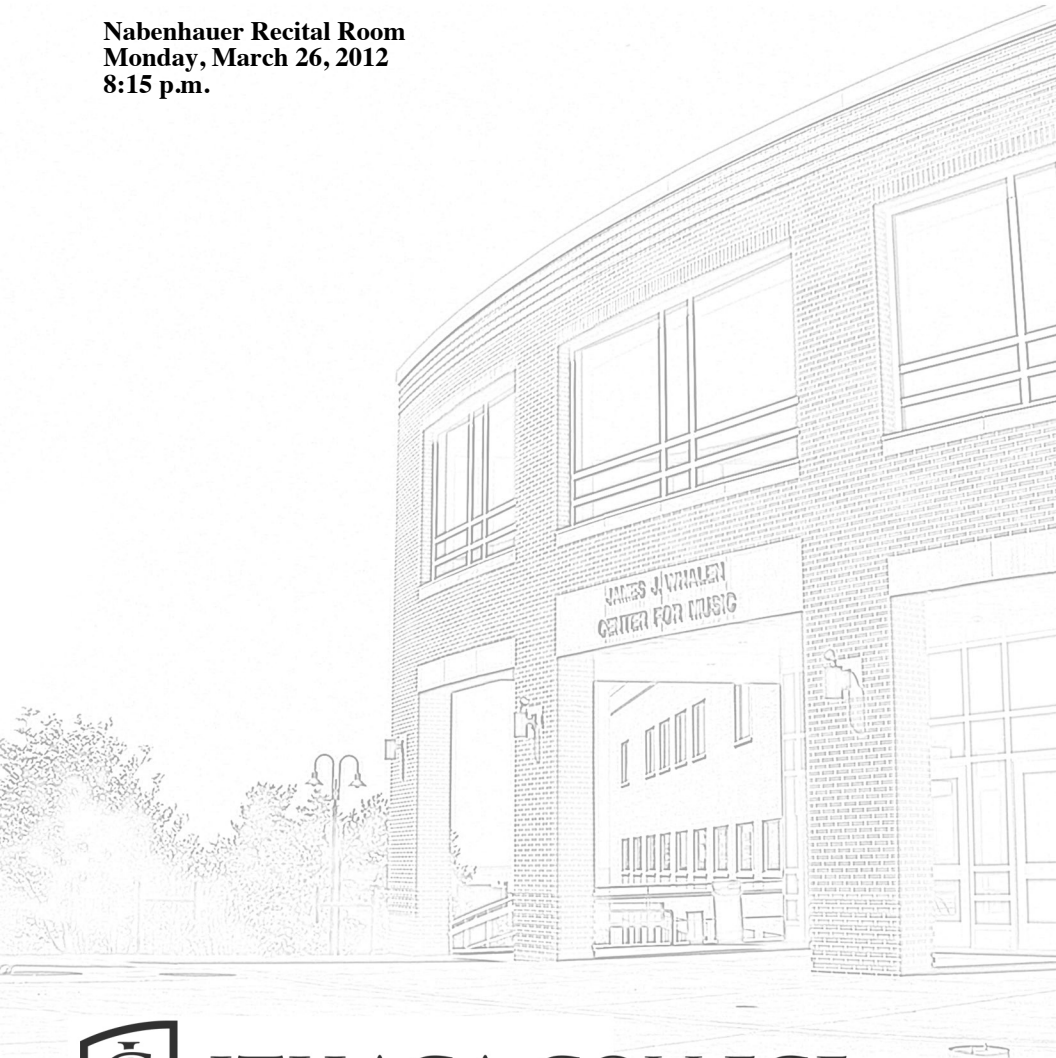
This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

**Graduate Lecture Recital:
Zohaniris Torres Rosado, mezzo-soprano**

Mahler's Voices

Matthew Holehan, piano

**Nabenhauer Recital Room
Monday, March 26, 2012
8:15 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.

Lecture

Mahler's Voices

Intermission

Program

Ging heut morgen übers Feld

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Urlicht

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Jacqueline Compton, piano

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Um Mitternacht

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Liebst du um Schönheit

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

This Graduate Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Voice Performance.
Zohaniris Torres is from the studio of Jennifer Kay .

Translations

Ging heut morgen übers Feld

Ging heut morgen übers Feld,

Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;

Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
"Ei du! Gelt? Guten Morgen! Ei
gelt?"

Du! Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,

Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling, kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!
Heia!"

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles Ton und Farbe gewann
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!
"Guten Tag, ist's nicht eine schöne
Welt?
Ei du, gelt? Schöne Welt?"

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl
an?
Nein, nein, das ich mein',
Mir nimmer blühen kann!

I walked across the fields this morning

I walked across the fields this
morning;
dew still hung on every blade of
grass.

The merry finch spoke to me:
"Hey! Isn't it? Good morning! Isn't
it?"

You! Isn't it becoming a fine world?
Chirp! Chirp! Fair and sharp!
How the world delights me!"

Also, the bluebells in the field
merrily with good spirits
told out to me with bells (ding,
ding)

their morning greeting:
"Isn't it becoming a fine world?
Ding, ding! Fair thing!
How the world delights me!"

And then, in the sunshine,
the world suddenly began to glitter;
everything gained sound and color
in the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small!
"Good day, is it not a fine world?"

Hey, isn't it? A fair world?"

Now will my happiness also begin?

No, no - the happiness I mean
can never bloom!

Urlicht

O Röschen rot,
Der Mensch liegt in größter Not,
Der Mensch liegt in größter Pein,
Je lieber möcht' ich im Himmel sein.
Da kam ich auf einem breiten Weg,
Da kam ein Engelein und wollt' mich
abweisen.
Ach nein, ich ließ mich nicht
abweisen!
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu
Gott,
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein
Lichtchen geben,
Wird leuchten mir bis in das ewig
selig' Leben!

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Dort oben in dem hohen Haus,
Da guckt ein fein's lieb's Mädel
heraus,
Es ist nicht dort daheime,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.

Und wer das Mädel haben will,
Muß tausend Taler finden
Und muß sich auch verschwören,
Nie mehr zu Wein zu gehen,
Des Vaters Gut verzehren.

"Mein Herze ist wund,
komm Schätzel mach's gesund!

Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich vertwundet!

Dein rosiger Mund
Macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,

Primal light

O little red rose,
Man lies in greatest need,
Man lies in greatest pain.
Ever would I prefer to be in heaven.
Once I came upon a wide road,
There stood an Angel who wanted to
turn me away.
But no, I will not be turned away!

I came from God, and will return to
God,
The loving God who will give me a
little light,
To lighten my way up to eternal,
blessed life!

Who thought up this little song?

Up there on the mountain, in a
high-up house,
a lovely, darling girl looks out of the
window.
She does not live there:
she is the daughter of the innkeeper,
and she lives on the green meadow.

And he who would have her
would find a thousand thalers,
but he would have to swear
never to have wine again
to have her father's property.]2

"My heart is sore!
Come, my treasure, make it well
again!

Your dark brown eyes
have wounded me.

Your rosy mouth
makes hearts healthy.
It makes youth wise,

Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund."

Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein
erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser
gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen
kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen.

Um Mitternacht

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himme;
Kein Stern vom Sternegewimmel
Hat mir gelacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Nahm ich in Acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War angefacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.

brings the dead to life,
gives health to the ill."

Who has thought up this pretty little
song then?
It was brought over the water by
three geese -
two grey and one white -
and if you cannot sing the little
song,
they will whistle it for you!

At Midnight

At midnight
I awoke
and gazed up to heaven;
No star in the entire mass
did smile down at me
at midnight.

At midnight
I projected my thoughts
out past the dark barriers.
No thought of light
brought me comfort
at midnight.

At midnight
I paid close attention
to the beating of my heart;
One single pulse of agony
flared up
at midnight.

At midnight
I fought the battle,
o Mankind, of your suffering;
I could not decide it
with my strength
at midnight.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben!
Herr über Tod und Leben
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht!

At midnight
I surrendered my strength
into your hands!
Lord! over death and life
You keep watch
at midnight!

Liebst du um Schönheit

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

If you love for beauty

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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>