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## Senior Recital: Rachel Ozols, mezzo-soprano

Rachel Ozols

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# Senior Recital:

Rachel Ozols, mezzo-soprano

Kerry Mizrahi, Piano Collaborator

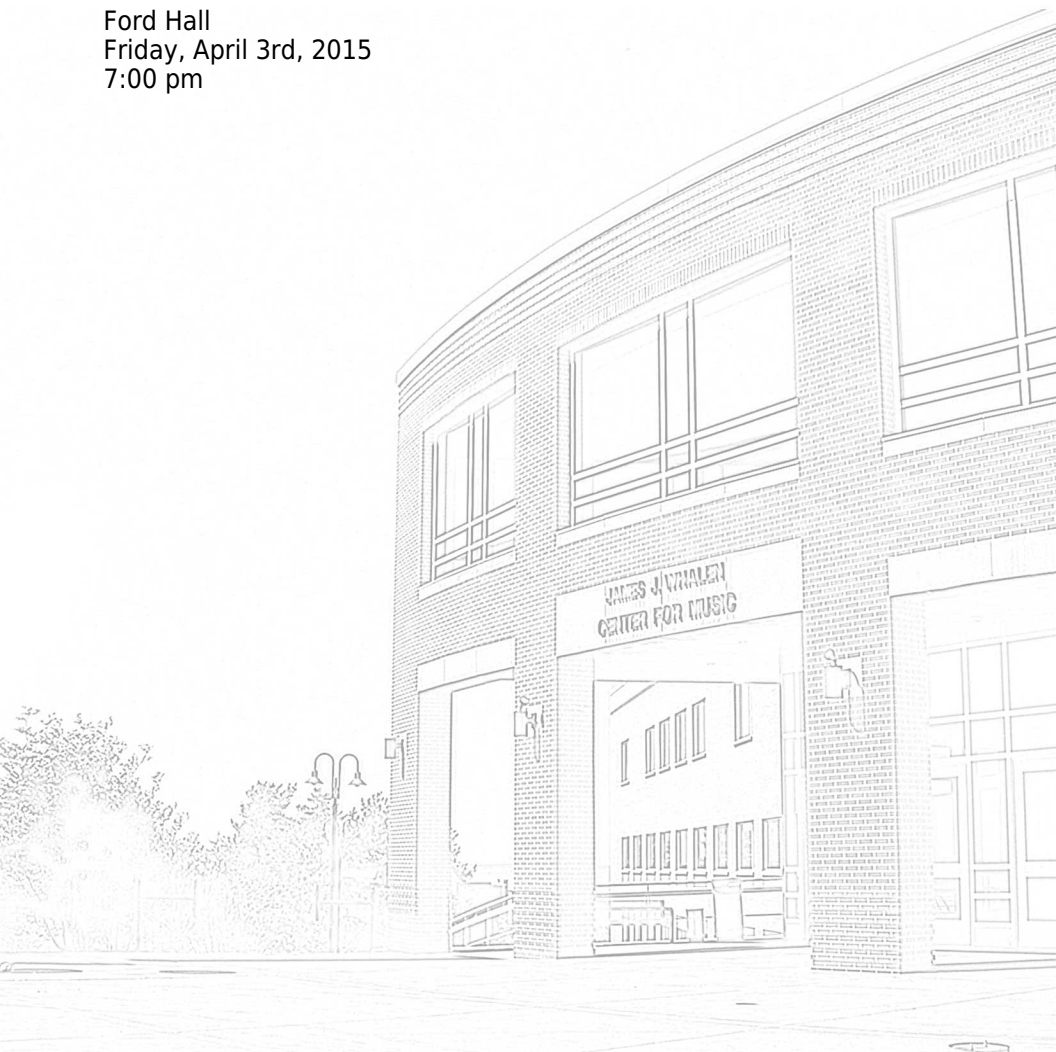
Zoe Weiss, baroque cello

Matthew Hall, harpsichord

Ford Hall

Friday, April 3rd, 2015

7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

# Program

Voi che sapete  
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

W.A Mozart  
(1756-1791)  
R. Schumann  
(1810-1856)

*Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart, Op. 135*

- I. Abschied von Frankreich
- II. Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes
- III. An die Königin Elisabeth
- IV. Abschied von der Welt
- V. Gebet

HWV 145 Lucrezia  
O Numi eterni  
superbo del mio affanno  
Ma voi force nel Cielo  
Il suol che preme  
Ah! che ancor nell'abisso  
Questi la disperata anima mia  
A voi, a voi padre  
Già nel seno comincia

G. F. Handel  
(1685-1759)

## Intermission

*Banalités*

- I. Chanson d'Orkenise
- II. Hôtel
- III. Fagnes de Wallonie
- IV. Voyage à Paris
- V. Sanglots

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

Valentine to Sherwood Anderson

William Flanagan  
(1923-1969)

Toothbrush Time  
At the Last Lousy Moments of Love

William Bolcom  
(b. 1938)  
Kurt Weill  
(1900-1950)

Lost in the Stars

## Voi che sapete

Voi che sapete che cosa è amor, donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor. Qu'ello ch'io provo, viridirò; è per me nuovo, capir nol so.	You, who know what thing is love, ladies, see if I have it in my heart! That which I feel, to you I'll explain; it is to me new, I understand not.
Sento un affetto pien di desir, ch'ora è diletto, chora è martir. Gelo, e poi sento l'al ma avampar, e in un momento tor no a gelar. Ricerco un bene fuori di me no so chi il tiene, no so cos'è.	I sense a tender feeling full of desire, which now is pleasure, then agony I freeze, then i feel my soul on fire, and in a moment I return to freezing! I seek a prize outside myself, I dont know wh it holds, or what it is
Sospiro e gem senza voler; palpito e tremo senza saper. Non trovo pace notte nè di, ma pur mi piace languir così.	I sigh and moan without wanting to I quiver and tremble without knowing why I don't find peace night or day, but yet me it pleases to suffer this way!

## Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart

### I. Abschied von Frankreich

#### Ich zeih' dahin!

Ade, mein frolic Franken land  
wo ich die liebste Heimath  
fand,  
du meiner Kindheit Pfliegerin!  
Ade, du Land, du schöne  
Zeit,  
mich trennt das Boot vom  
Glück so weit!

### I. Farewell from France

I go away!  
Farewell, my cheerful  
Frankish land  
Where I the dearest  
homeland found,  
You my childhood nurse  
Goodbye you land, you  
beautiful time  
me separates the boat from  
happiness so far

Doch trägt's die Hälfte nur  
von mir,  
ein Theil für ummer bleibet  
dein.  
mein fröhlich Land,  
der sage dir, des andern ein  
gedenk zu sein!

Ade!

### **II. Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes**

Herr Jesu Christ, den sie  
gekrönt mit Dornen,  
beschütze die Geburt  
des hier Gebornen.  
Und sei's dein Will'  
lass sein Geschlecht zu gleich  
lang herrschen noch  
in diesem Königreich.  
Und alles, was geschieht in  
seinem Namen,  
Sei dir zu Ruhm  
und Preis und Ehre,  
Amen

### **III. An die Königin Elisabeth:**

Nur ein Gedanke, der mich  
freut und quält,  
halt ewig mir den Sinn  
gefangen,  
so dass der Furcht und  
Hoffnung Stimmen Klängen,  
als ich die Stunden ruhelos  
gezählt  
Und wenn mein Herz dies  
Blatt zum Boten wählt,  
und kündet, euch zu sehen,  
mein Verlangen,  
dann theure Schwester  
fast mich neues Bangen  
weil ihm die Macht, es zu

Yet comes the half only of  
me  
A portion forever remains  
yours  
my cheerful land  
it will say to you, of the other  
mindful to be  
Farewell!

### **II. After the birth of her son:**

Lord Jesus Christ, who they  
crowned with thorns  
Protect the birth  
of the one here born  
And if it be thy will,  
let his lineage at the same  
time long rule  
in this kingdom  
and all that happens in his  
name  
Be to you as glory  
and praise and honor  
Amen

### **III. To the Queen Elisabeth**

Only one thought that me  
gladdens and torments  
holds eternally the mind  
captive  
so that the fears and hopes  
voices ring  
as I the hours restlessly  
counted  
And when my heart as  
messenger chooses  
and announces you to see  
my desire  
the dear sister  
seizes me a new anxiety  
because in it the power to

beweisen fehlt.  
Ich she'den Kahn, im Hafen  
fast geborgen,  
Vom Sturm und Kampf der  
Wogen fest gehalten,  
des Himmels-heit'res Antlitz  
nachtumgraut.  
So bin auch ich  
bewegt von Furcht und  
Sorgen,  
vor euch nicht, Schwester:  
Doch des Schicksals Walten  
zerreisst das Segel oft  
Dem wir vertraut

#### **IV. Abschied von der Welt**

Was nützt die mir noch  
zugemessne Zeit?  
Mein herz erstarb für  
irdisches Begehren,  
nur leiden soll mein Schatten  
nicht ent behren,  
mir blieb allein die Todes  
freudigkeit.  
Ihr Freunde last von eurem  
Neid:  
mein Herz ist abgewandt der  
Hoheit Ehren,  
des Schmerzes Übermass  
wird mich verzehren  
bald geht mit mir zu Grabe  
Hass und Streit.  
Ihr Freunde, die ihr mein  
gedenkt in Liebe,  
erwägt und glaubt dass ohne  
Kraft und Glück  
kein gutes Werk mir zu  
vollenden bliebe  
So wünscht mir bessere Tage  
nicht zurück,

prove is lacking  
I see the boat, in the harbor  
almost safely  
From storm and battle of  
waves firmly held back  
the heavens serene face  
darkened by night  
So am I also  
moved by fears and worries  
of you not, sister  
But by fates rule tears apart  
the sail often  
in which we trust

#### **IV.**

What use to me still allotted  
time?  
My heart has died to earthly  
desiring  
only suffering can my  
shadowy body not do  
without  
for me remains only deaths  
joy  
You enemies desist from  
your envy  
my heart has turned away  
from royalties honors  
the pains excess will me  
consume  
Soon goes with me to the  
grave, hatred and strife  
You friends, you who of me  
think with love  
consider and believe, that  
without strength  
and happiness  
no good work for me to  
achieve would remain  
So wish for me, better days  
not to return

und weil ich schwer gestrafet  
werd hienieden,  
erfleht mir meinen Theil  
am ewgen Frieden!

**V. Gebet**

O Gott, mein Gebieter,  
ich hoffe auf dich!  
O Jesu, geliebter,  
nun rette du mich!  
Im harten Gefängniss,  
in schlimmer Bedrängniss  
er sehne ich dich;  
in Klagen dir klagend,  
im Staube verzagend,  
erhör, ich beschwöre  
und retter du mich

and because I sorely  
punished am here below  
Entreat for me my portion  
of eternal peace

**V. Prayer**

Oh God, my master,  
I hope in you  
Oh Jesus my beloved,  
now rescue you to me  
In the hard prison  
In bad affliction long for you I  
In lamentation,  
to you crying,  
in the dust despairing,  
hear, I implore  
and rescue you, to me

**Lucrezia**

**01. O Numi eterni!**

**O Numi eterni! O stelle!**

che fulminate empitiranni,  
impugnate a miei voti  
orridi strali voi con fochi  
tonanti  
incennerite il reo Tarquinio e  
Roma;  
dalla superba chioma,  
o mai trabocchi il vacillante  
alloro  
s'apra il suolo in voragini, si  
celi,  
con memorando essemplio,  
nelle viscere sue l'indegno e  
l'empio.

**02. Già superbo del mio  
affanno**

**01. Oh Dieties eternal!**

Oh Dieties eternal! Oh  
stars!  
Who strike down by  
lightning evil tyrants,  
grasp at my prayers horrible  
darts  
You with fires thundering  
incinerate the evil Tarquins  
of Rome;  
from his proud head of hair,  
may fall the unsteady laural  
it may open earth into  
abysses, it conceals,  
with memorable example,  
in the viscera his unworthy  
one and the wicked one.

**02. Already proud of my  
anguish**

**Già superbo del mio**

affanno,

Traditor dell'onor mio parte  
l'empio lo sleal.

Tu punisci il fiero in ganno

del felon, del mostro rio

giusto Ciel, parca fatal.

Already proud of my  
anguish,

Betrayer of the honor mine  
departs the wicked  
one the disloyal one.

You punish the cruel  
deception

of the criminal, of the  
monster evil

just Heaven, death  
predestined.

**03. Ma voi forse nel cielo****Ma voi forse nel cielo,**

per castigo maggior del mio  
delitto,

stateoziosi, o provocati  
Numi;

se son sorde le stelle,

se non miodon le sfere,

a voi tremende Dieta

del abisso, mi volgo,

a voi, s'aspetta del traditor  
onor mio,

far la vendetta.

**03. But you perhaps in Heaven**

But you perhaps in  
Heaven,

for chastement greater of my  
sin,

you remain idel, oh provoked  
Deities;

if are deaf the stars,

if not me listen the spheres,

to you terrible Deiety

of the abyss, myself I turn

to you, one awaits for the  
betrayed honor,

mine take vengence.

**04. Il suol che preme**

Il suol che preme,

l'aura che spira

l'empio Romano, s'apra  
s'infetti.

Se il passo move, se il  
guardo gira

incontri larve, ruine aspetti!

**04. The ground which he presses**

The ground which he  
presses,

the air which he breathes,  
the evil Roman, may open  
up, may itself infect.

If the step he moves, if the  
glance he turns

he may meet with spectors,  
ruins he may expect!



**05. Ah! che ancor  
nell'abisso**

Ah! che ancor nell'abisso,  
dormon e furie,  
i sdegni e le vendette.

Giove dunque per me non ha  
saette,  
e pietoso l'inferon?  
Ah! ch'io gia sono in odio  
al Cielo ah! dite:  
e se la pena non piomba sul  
mio capo,  
a' miei rimorsi e rimorso il  
poter  
di castigarmi.

**06. Questi la disperata  
anima**

Questi la disperata anima  
mia puniscan, si!  
Ma, il ferro che gia intrepida  
stringo.

alla salma infedel porga la  
pena.

**07. A voi, a voi, padre,  
consorte**

A voi, padre, consorte,  
a Roma, al mondo presento il  
mio morir;  
mi si perdoni il delitto  
essecrando  
on'io macchiai in volontaria il  
nostro onor  
un'altra più detestabil colpa  
  
di non m'aver uccisa pria del  
misfatto  
mi, si perdoni.

**05. Ah! that still in the  
abyss**

Ah! that still in the abyss,  
sleep the furies,  
the wraths and the  
vengeance.

Jupiter than for me not has  
arrows,  
and pity the hell?  
Ah! that I know am in hate  
by Heaven ah! say:  
and if the punishment not  
falls on my head,  
at my remorse the power  
to punish me.

**06. The desperate soul**

The desperate soul, my may  
punish, yes!  
But, the iron sword which  
now fearlessly I hold  
tight.

to the body disloyal, may it  
give punishment.

**07. To you, father,  
husband**

To you, father, husband,  
to Rome, to the world I offer  
my dying;  
me one may pardon the  
crime abominable  
by which I stained  
unintentionally our honor  
and other more detestable  
sin  
of not myself to have before  
the crime  
me, one forgive.

## 08. Già nel seno comincia

Già nel seno comincia a  
comprir  
questo ferro i duri uffizii;  
sento ch'il cor si scuote più  
dal dolor  
di questa caduta in  
vendicata,  
che dal furor del la vicina  
morte.  
Ma se qui non m'edato  
castigar il tiranno, opprimer  
l'empio  
con più barbaro esempio,  
per ch'ei sen cada estinto  
stringerò a danni suoi mortal  
saetta,  
e furibonda e crude  
nell in ferno farò la mia  
vendetta.

## 08. Already in my breast begins

Already in my breast begins  
to complete  
this swords, the harsh duties;  
I fell that the heart is shaken  
more from the sorrow  
of downfall unavenged,  
then from the fury of my  
approaching death.  
But if here not to me it is  
given  
to chastise the tyrant, to  
crush the wicked one  
with a more barbaric  
example,  
so that he may fall dead  
I will take up to damage his  
mortal arrow,  
and raging and cruel  
in the hell I will take my  
vegence.

## Banalités

### I. Chanson d'Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise  
veut entrer un charrertier  
Par les portes d'Orkenise  
veut sortir un vanupieds.  
Et les gardes de la ville,  
Courant sus au vanupieds:  
"Qu'emportestu de la ville?"  
"J'y laisse mon coeur entier."  
Et les gardes de la ville,  
Courant sus au charretier  
"Qu'apportestu dans la ville?"

### I. Song of Orkenise

In the town of Orkenise  
wants to enter a carter  
In the town of Orkenise  
wants to leave a tramp.  
And the guards of the town  
run to the tramp and  
ask,  
"What will you take from the  
village?"  
"I am leaving my heart  
whole."  
The guards of the town run  
up to the carter and  
ask,  
"What are you bringing into

"Mon coeur pour me marier."

Que de coeurs dans Orkenise  
les gardes riaient!

Vanupieds la route est grise,  
l'amour grise ô charretier.  
Le beaux gardes de la ville  
Tricotaient superbement;  
Puis les portes de la ville  
sefermèrent lentement.

## II. Hôtel

La chambre a la forme d'une  
cage  
le soliel passes son bras  
par las fenetre mais moi, qui  
veux fumer  
pour faire des mirages,

j'ai lume au feu dy jour  
ma ciggarett  
Je ne veux pas travailler  
Je veux fumer

## III. Fagnes de Wallonie

Tant de tristresses plénieres  
Prirent mon cœur aux fagnes  
désolées  
Quand las j'ai reposé dans  
les sapinières  
Le poids des kilomètres  
pendant que râlait  
le vent d'ouest  
J'avais quitté le joli bois  
Les écureuils y sont restés

Ma pipe essayait de faire des  
nuages  
Au ciel

the town?"

"My heart, I am getting  
married!"

What a lot of hearts in  
Orkenise, the guards  
laughed!

Tramp, the road is dreary,  
love is dreary o carter.  
The handsome guards of the  
town knitted superbly  
Then the gates of the town  
slowly shut.

## II. Hotel

My room is the form of a  
cage  
the sun passes its arms  
through the window, but I  
who wants to smoke  
for the sake of making the  
smoke pictures,  
I light with the fire of day  
my cigarette  
I do not at all want to work  
I want to smoke

## III. Walloon moorlands

So much sadness  
overwhelming  
took-over my heart on-the  
moors desloate  
when weary I rested among  
the fir-trees  
the weight of the kilometers  
while moanded  
the wind of the west.  
I had left the pretty woods  
the squirrels they have  
remained  
my pipe tried to make clouds  
in the sky,

Qui restait pur obstinément  
Je n'ai confié aucun secret  
sinon une  
chanson énigmatique  
Aux tourbières humides  
Les bruyères fleurant le miel

Attiraient les abeilles  
Et mes pieds endoloris  
Foulaient les myrtilles et les  
airelles  
Tendrement mariée, Nord

La vie s'y tord  
En arbres forts Et tors

La vie y mord, La mort  
À belles dents, Quand bruit le  
vent

#### **IV. Voyage à Paris**

Ah! la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris  
Paris joli!  
Qu'un hour du créer

l'Amour!

#### **V. Sanglots**

Notre amour est réglé par les  
calmes étoiles  
Or nous savons qu'en nous  
beaucoup d'hommes  
respirent  
Qui vinrent de très loin  
et sont un sous nos fronts  
C'est la chanson des rêveurs  
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur  
Et le portaient dans la main  
droite

which remained clear  
obstinately.  
I did not confide any secret  
except a song enigmatic

to the peatbog damp.  
The heather fragrant with  
honey  
attracted the bees,  
and my feet aching  
trod the bilberries and the  
blueberries  
tenderly brought together,  
North

there life itself twists  
in the trees strong, and  
gnarles  
there life bites the death  
with strong teeth, when  
howls the wind.

#### **IV. Trip to Paris**

Ah! the charming thing  
to leave a place gloomy  
for Paris!  
Paris lovely,  
once-upon a atime must  
have created  
the love!

#### **V. Sanglots**

Our love is ruled by the calm  
stars  
Now we know that within us  
many people breathe  
who came from far off  
and our one under our brows  
It is the song of dreamers  
who have torn our their heart  
and carry it in the hand right

Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de  
tous ces souvenirs  
Des marins qui chantaient  
comme des conquérants.  
Des gouffres de Thulé,  
des tendres cieux d'Ophir  
Des malades maudits,  
de ceux qui fuient leur ombre

Et du retour joyeux des  
heureux émigrants.  
De ce coeur il coulait du sang

Et le rêveur allait pensant

À sa blessure délicate  
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne  
de ces causes  
Et douloureuse et nous disait  
Qui sont les effets d'autres  
causes

Mon pauvre coeur,  
mon coeur brisé  
Pareil au coeur de tous les  
hommes

Voici nos mains que la vie fit  
esclaves  
Est mort d'amour, ou c'est  
tout comme,  
Est mort d'amour, et le voici.

Ainsi vont toutes choses  
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi!  
Et rien ne sera libre  
jusq'à la fin des temps  
Laissons tout aux morts  
Et cachons nos sanglots

Remember dear pride all of  
these memories  
Of the sailors who sang like  
the conquerers.

The chasms of Thule,  
the soft skies of Ophir  
The sick ones accursed,  
of those who fled their  
shadows

and the return joyous of the  
happy immigrants.

Of the heart that ran with  
blood

and the dreamer went on  
thinking

of his wound delicate  
You will never break the  
chain of these causes  
and painful and to us said  
which are the effects of other  
causes

My poor heart,  
my heart broken,  
similar to the hearts of all the  
men

Here, here our hands which  
life has enslaved  
Has died of love, or so it  
seems,

Has died of love, and it is  
here

So goes all things  
tear out then yours also  
And nothing will be free  
until the end of time  
let us leave all to the dead  
and let us hide our sobs