

4-3-2015

Senior Recital: Rachel Ozols, mezzo-soprano

Rachel Ozols

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Senior Recital:

Rachel Ozols, mezzo-soprano

Kerry Mizrahi, Piano Collaborator

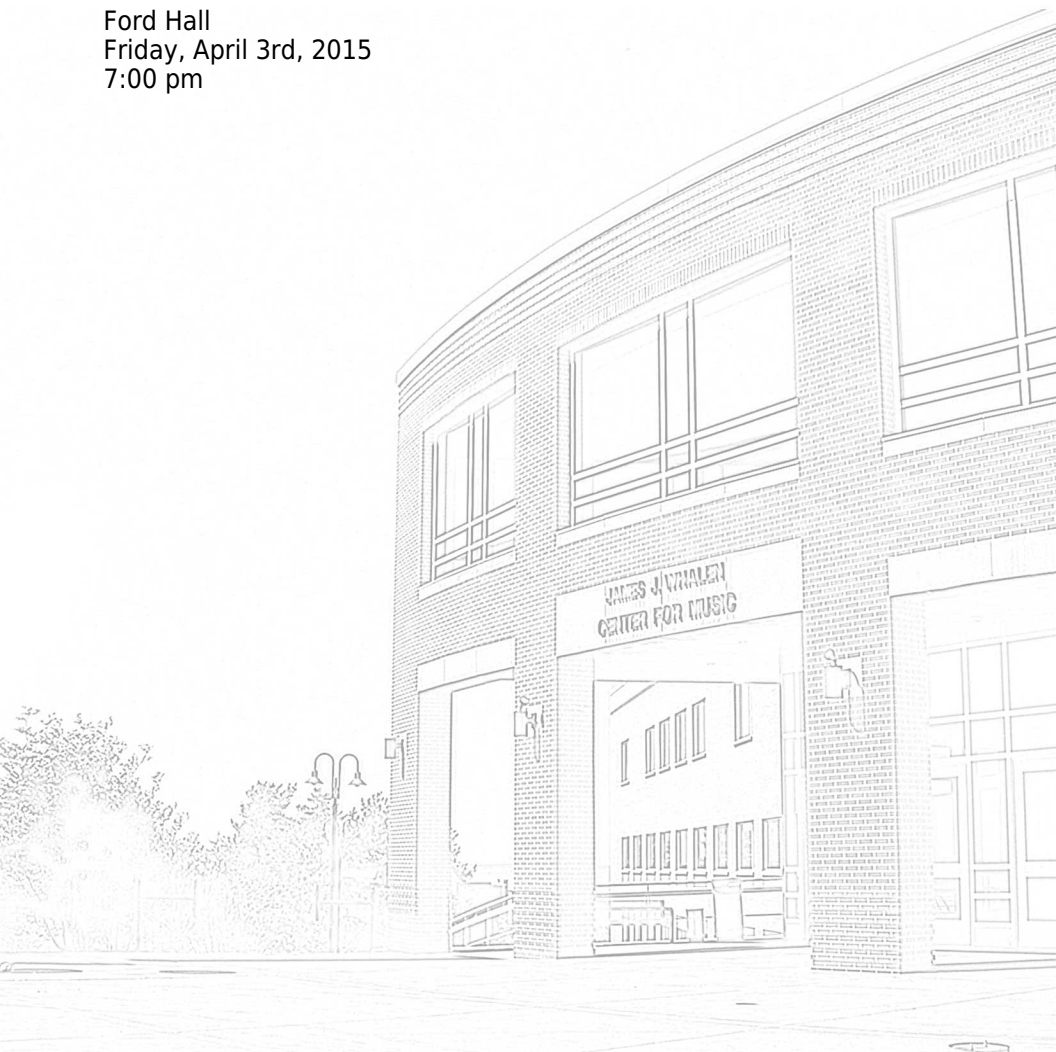
Zoe Weiss, baroque cello

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.	I sigh and moan without wanting to I quiver and tremble without knowing why
Non trovo pace notte nè di, ma pur mi piace languir così.	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 empiitiranni,
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 vengeance.

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 ciggarete
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