

3-21-2015

Elective Recital: Mika Genatossio, mezzo-soprano

Mika Genatossio

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Elective Recital:

Mika Genatossio, mezzo-soprano

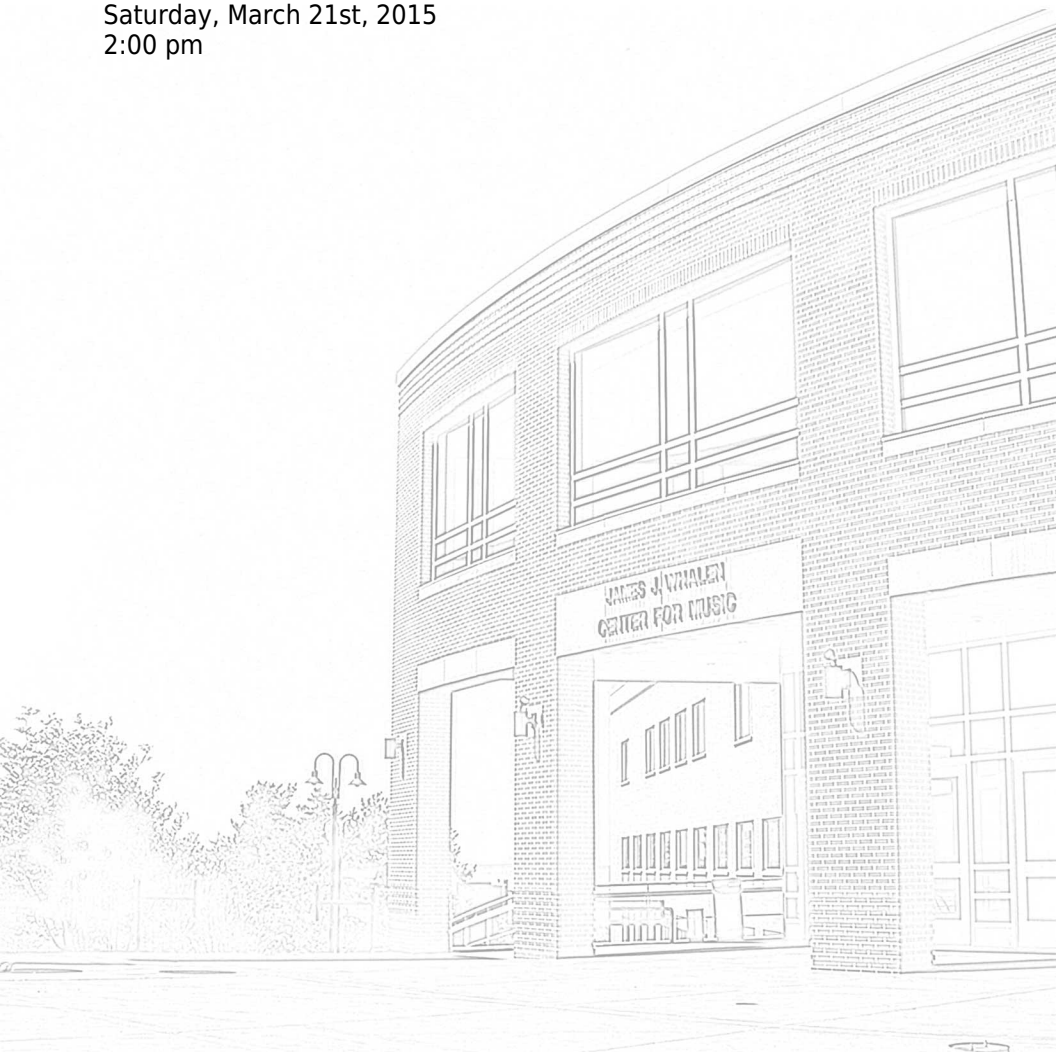
Katie Ahrens, piano

Kevin Pham, violin

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Saturday, March 21st, 2015

2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Settings of Verlaine's *Mandoline*

Mandoline

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Mandoline

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Mandoline

Eugène Lacroix
(1858-1950)

Mandoline

Gabriel Dupont
(1878-1914)

"Erbarme dich, mein Gott"

from *Passio Secundum Matthæum*

Kevin Pham, violin

Johann Sebastian Bach

(1685-1750)

Intermission

"Non so più cosa son"

from *Le nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

Le Bestiaire, ou Cortège d'Orphée

I. Le Dromadaire

II. La Chèvre du Thibet

III. La Sauterelle

IV. Le Dauphin

V. L'Écrevisse

VI. La Carpe

Francis Poulenc

(1899-1963)

Rain has fallen

Love at the Door

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

With rue my heart is laden

Samuel Barber

(1910-1981)

Translations

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour
 mainte cruelle
Fait maint vers tendre.
Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

- *Paul Verlaine*

Erbarme dich, mein Gott

Erbarme dich, mein Gott,
um meiner Zähren willen;
schaue hier,
Herz und Auge weint vor dir
 bitterlich.

Non so più cosa son

Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio;

or di foco, ora sono di ghiaccio.
Ogni donna cangiar di colore,
ogni donna mi fa palpitare.
Solo ai nomi d'amor di diletto,

mi si turba mi s'altera il petto,
e a parlare mi sforza d'amore
un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.
Parlo d'amor vegliando,
parlo d'amor sognando,
all'acqua, all'ombra, ai monti,

ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,

all'eco, all'aria, ai venti,

Mandolin

The givers of serenades
And the beautiful listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing branches.
There are Tircis and Aminte,
And the eternal Clitandre,
And Damis, who, for many cruel
 ones,
Makes many a tender verse.
Their short jackets of silk,
Their long dresses with tails,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin chatters
Among the shudders of breeze.

Have mercy, my God

Have mercy, my God,
For the sake of my tears;
Look here,
Heart and eye crying before you
 bitterly.

I no longer know what I am

I no longer know what I am, what I
do;

Now of fire, now I am of ice.
Every woman makes me flush,
Every woman makes me quiver.
Only to the names of love, of
 delight,
My chest disturbs and changes me,
And it forces me to speak of love
A desire that I cannot explain.
I speak of love while awake,
I speak of love while dreaming,
To the water, the shade, the
 mountains,
To the flowers, the grasses, the
 springs,
To the echo, the air, the winds,

che il suon de' vani accenti,
portano via con se,
E se non ho chi m'oda,
parlo d'amor con me.

**Le Bestiaire,
ou Cortège d'Orphée**

I. Le Dromadaire

Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l'admira.
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

II. La Chèvre du Thibet

Les poils de cetter chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui pour tant de
peine
Jason, ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris.

III. La Sauterelle

Voici la fine sauterelle,
La nourriture de Saint Jean.
Puissent mes vers être comme elle,
Le régal des meilleures gens.

IV. Le Dauphin

Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,
Mais le flot est toujours amer.
Parfois ma joie éclate t'elle?

La vie est encore cruelle.

V. L'Écrevisse

Incertitude, O! mes délices
Vous et moi nous nous en allons
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,
À reculons.

VI. La Carpe

Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs,
Carpes, que vous vivez longtemps!
Est-ce que la mort vous oublie,
Poissons de la mélancolie.

- Guillaume Apollinaire

So they carry away with them
The sound of useless words,
And if no one will listen,
I speak of love with myself.

**The Bestiary,
or Procession of Orpheus**

I. The Dromedary

With his four dromedaries
Don Pedro d'Alfarrobeira
Travelled the world and admired it.
He did what I would like to do
If I had four dromedaries.

II. The Goat from Tibet

The hairs of this goat and even
The golden fleece for which Jason
labored
Are worth nothing in prize
Compared to the hair I love.

III. The Grasshopper

Here is the fine grasshopper,
The food of Saint John.
May the lines I write be like that,
The feast of the best people.

IV. The Dolphin

Dolphins, you play in the sea,
But the wave is always bitter.
Does my joy sometimes break
through?
Life is still cruel.

V. The Crayfish

Uncertainty, oh! my delights,
You and I, us, we go
Like the crayfish themselves,
Backwards.

VI. The Carp

In your pools, in your ponds,
Carp, you live a long time!
Is it that death forgets you,
Melancholy fish.