2-21-2016

Elective Recital: Mattina Keith, mezzo-soprano

Mattina Keith

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

Part of the Music Commons

Recommended Citation
Keith, Mattina, "Elective Recital: Mattina Keith, mezzo-soprano" (2016). All Concert & Recital Programs. 1628.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1628

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.
Elective Recital:
Mattina Keith, mezzo-soprano
Richard Montgomery, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Sunday, February 21st, 2016
4:00 pm
Program

"Chacun à son gout"
  from Die Fledermaus
  Johann Strauss II
  (1825–1899)

The Plough Boy
Sweet Polly Oliver
The Miller of Dee
The foggy, foggy dew

"Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle?"
  from Romeo et Juliette
  Charles Gounod
  (1818–1983)

Intermission

Hans und Grete
Gustav Mahler
  (1860–1911)
Hans und Grete
Max Reger
  (1873–1916)
"Abends, will ich schlafen gehen"
  from Hänsel und Gretel
  Engelbert Humperdinck
  (1854–1921)
  Victoria Trifiletti, mezzo-soprano

"Voi che sapete"
  from Le Nozze di Figaro
  W.A. Mozart
  (1756–1791)

Rêve d’amour
Gabriel Fauré
  (1845–1924)
Au Bord de l’eau
Les Berceaux
Après un Rêve

Mattina Keith is from the studio of Ivy Walz.
Ich lade gern mir Gäste ein,  
Man lebt bei mir recht fein,  
Man unterhält sich, wie man mag  
Oft bis zum hellen Tag.  
Zwar langweil’ ich mich stets dabei,  
Was man auch treibt und spricht;  
Indes, was mir als Wirt steht frei,  
Duld’ ich bei Gästen nicht!  
Und sehe ich, es ennuyiert  
Sich jemand hier bei mir,  
So pack’ ich ihn ganz ungeniert,  
Werf’ ihn hinaus zur Tür.  
Und fragen Sie, ich bitte,  
Warum ich das denn tu’?  
’S ist mal bei mir so Sitte,  
Chacun à son gout!  

Wenn ich mit andern sitz’ beim Wein  
Und Flasch’ um Flasche leer’,  
Muss jeder mit mir durstig sein,  
Sonst werde grob ich sehr.  
Und schenke Glas um Glas ich ein,  
Duld’ ich nicht Widerspruch;  
Nicht leiden kann ich’s wenn sie schrein:  
Ich will nicht, hab’ genug!  
Wer mir beim Trinken nicht pariert,  
Sich zieret wie ein Tropf,  
Dem werfe ich ganz ungeniert,  
Die Flasche an den Kopf.  
Und fragen Sie, ich bitte,  
Warum ich das denn tu’?  
’S ist mal bei mir so Sitte  
Chacun à son gout!

Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle  
Depuis hier je cherche  
en vain mon maître!  
Est-il encore chez vous,  
mes seigneurs Capulet?  
Voyons un peu si vos dignes valets  
Since yesterday I have sought  
In vain my master!  
Is he still in your home,  
My lords, Capulet?  
Let us see a bit if your worthy  

Translations  
Chacun à son Gout

I like to invite guests,  
One lives quite well at my house,  
One enjoys oneself, as one likes  
Often until the light of day.  
Although I am bored most of the time,  
Whatever one says or does;  
That, which I allow myself as host,  
I will not tolerate in guests!  
And should I see anyone looking bored  
Here in my home,  
I will seize him shamelessly  
And throw him out the door.  
And ask me, I beg you  
Why then this I do?  
It’s simply my custom:  
Each to his own taste!

When I sit with others over wine  
Emptying bottle after bottle,  
Everyone with me must be thirsty,  
Otherwise I become crude.  
And if I’m pouring glass after glass,  
I tolerate no contradiction;  
I can’t stand it when they yell:  
I don’t want to; I have enough!  
Anyone who doesn’t keep drinking with me  
And refuses like a ninny,  
I throw, quite unashamedly,  
The bottle at his head.  
And would you ask me please,  
Why I do that?  
It’s just my custom,  
Each to his own taste!
A ma voix ce matin
Oseront reparaitre.
Que fais-tu blanche tourterelle,
Dans ce nid de vautours?
Quelque jour, déployant ton aile,
Tu suivras les amours!
Aux vautours, il faut la bataille,
Pour frapper d’estoc et de taille
Leurs becs sont aiguisés!
Laisse-là ces oiseaux de proie,
Tourterelle qui fais ta joie
Des amoureux baisers!
Garder bien la belle!
Qui vivra verra!
Votre tourterelle vous échappera,
Un ramier, loin du vert bocage,
Par l’amour attiré,
A l’entour de ce nid sauvage
A, je crois, soupiré!
Les vautours sont à la curée,
Leurs chansons, que fuit Cythérrée,
Résonne à grand bruit!
Cependant en leur douce ivresse
Les amants content leurs tendresses
Aux astres de la nuit!
Gardez bien la belle!

What are you doing, white turtledove,
In this nest of vultures?
Some day, unfolding your wing
You will follow love!
To the vultures, a battle is necessary,
To hit with a cut and a thrust
Their beaks are sharpened!
Leave them, these birds of prey!
From amorous kisses!
Guard well the fair one!
Whoever lives will see!
Your turtledove will escape from you,
A ring-dove, far from his green grove
Drawn by love,
All around this wild nest
Has, I believe, sighed.
The vultures are at the quarry,
Their songs, from which Cytheria flees,
Resound with a big noise!
Meanwhile, in their sweet intoxication
The lovers tell of their tenderness
To the stars of the night!
Guard well the fair one!

Hans und Grete

Ringel, ringel Reih’n!
Wer fröhlich is, der schlinge sich ein!
Wer Sorgen hat, der lass’ sie daheim!
Wer ein liebes Liebchen küssen, wie glücklich der ist!
Ei, Hänschen, du hast ja keins!
So suche dir eins!
Ein liebes Liebchen, das ist was

Ring-around-a-rosy!
He who is merry, let him join in!
He who has cares, let him leave them at home!
Whoever kisses a dear sweetheart, how happy is he!
Oh, little Hansel, you have no one!
Then look for someone!
A dear sweetheart is something
Fein’s.  Juchhe!

Ei, Gretchen, was stehst denn so allein?  Guckst doch hinüber zum Hänselein?
Und ist doch der Mai so grün!?  Und die Lufte, sie zieh’n!
Wie er seht doch de dummen Hans!  Er suchte ein Liebchen, Juchhe!  Er fand’s!

Oh, little Gretel, why do you stand so alone,
Staring over at dear Hansel?
And isn’t May so green?
And the breezes, they dart around!
Oh, look there at stupid Hans as he runs to the dance!
He searched for a sweetheart, high-ho! He found her!

Hans und Grete

Do you always gaze after me
Whenever you encounter me?
Lest you be blinded!

If you weren’t always looking around
You wouldn’t see me.
Lest it be completely twisted around.

Voilà che sapete che cosa è amor,
Donne, vedete s’io l’ho nel cor.
Quello ch’io provo vi ridiro,
È per me nuovo, capir nol so.

You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.
I’ll tell you what I’m feeling,
It’s new for me, and I understand nothing.

I have a feeling, full of desire,
Which is by turns delightful and miserable.

I freeze and then feel my soul go up in flames,
Then in a moment I turn to ice.
I’m searching for affection outside of myself,
I don’t know how to hold it, nor even what it is!

I sigh and lament without wanting to,
I twitter and tremble without knowing why,
I find peace neither night nor day,
Ma pur mi piace languir così. But still I rather enjoy languishing this way.

Voi che sapete che cosa è amor, You who know what love is,
Donne, vedete s’io l’ho nel cor. Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

Rêve d’amour

S’il est un charmant gazon que le S’il est un charmant gazon que le
 ciel arrose, ciel arrose,
Où naisse en toute saison quelque Where in every season some flower
fleur éclosse, blossoms,
Où l’on cueille à pleine main Where one can freely gather
Lys, chêvrefeuille et jasmin, Lilies, woodbines and jasmines...
J’en veux faire le chemin où ton I wish to make it the path on which
pied se pose! place your feet.

S’il est un sein bien aimant dont S’il est un sein bien aimant dont
l’honneur dispose! honour rules,
Dont le tendre dévoûement n’ait Where tender devotion is free from
rien de morose, all gloominess,
Si toujours ce noble sein bat pour If this noble breast always beats for
un digne dessein, a worthy aim...
J’en veux faire le coussin où ton I wish to make it the pillow on
front se pose! which you lay your head.

S’il est un rêve d’amour, parfumé S’il est un rêve d’amour, parfumé
de rose, with roses,
Où l’on trouve chaque jour quelque Where one finds every day
douce chose, something gentle and sweet,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit, où l’âme à A dream blessed by God where soul
l’âme s’unit, is joined to soul...
Oh! j’en veux faire le nid où ton Oh, I wish to make it the nest in
cœur se pose! which you rest your heart.

Au Bord de l’eau

S’asseoir tous deux au bord du flot To sit together beside the passing
qui passe, stream
Le voir passer ; and watch it pass;
Tous deux, s’il glisse un nuage en if a cloud glides by in the sky,
e l’espace,
Le voir glisser ; together to watch it glide;
À l’horizon, s’il fume un toit de if a thatched house sends up smoke
chaume, on the horizon,
Le voir fumer ; to watch it smoke;
Aux alentours si quelque fleur if a flower spreads fragrance
embaume, nearby,
S’en embaumer ; to take on its fragrance;
Entendre au pied du saule où l’eau Under the willow where the water
murmure murmurs,
L’eau murmurer ; to listen to it murmuring;
Ne pas sentir, tant que ce rêve dure, 
Le temps durer ;
Mais n’apportant de passion profonde
Qu’à s’adorer,
Sans nul souci des querelles du monde,
Les ignorer ;
Et seuls, tous deux devant tout ce qui lasse,
Sans se lasser,
Sentir l’amour, devant tout ce qui passe,
Ne point passer!

for the time that this dream endures,
not to feel its duration;
but, having no deep passion
except adoration for one another,
without concern for the world’s quarrels,
to ignore them;
and alone together, in the face of all wearying things,
unwearyingly,
to feel love (unlike all things that pass away)
not passing away!

Les Berceaux

Le long du Quai, les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.

Along the quay, the great ships,
that ride the swell in silence,
take no notice of the cradles.
that the hands of the women rock.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

But the day of farewells will come,
when the women must weep,
and curious men are tempted towards the horizons that lure them!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l’âme des lointains berceaux.

And that day the great ships,
sailing away from the diminishing port,
feel their bulk held back by the spirits of the distant cradles.

Après un Rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l’aurore;

In a slumber which held your image spellbound
I dreamt of happiness, passionate mirage,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and sonorous,
You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;

Tu m’appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m’enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,

You called me and I left the earth
To run away with you towards the light,
Les cieux pour nous entr’ouvraient leurs nus,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues,
Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes
Je t’appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

The skies opened their clouds for us,
Unknown splendours, divine flashes glimpsed,
Alas! Alas! sad awakening from dreams
I call you, O night, give me back your lies,
Return, return radiant,
Return, O mysterious night.