

2-21-2016

Elective Recital: Mattina Keith, mezzo-soprano

Mattina Keith

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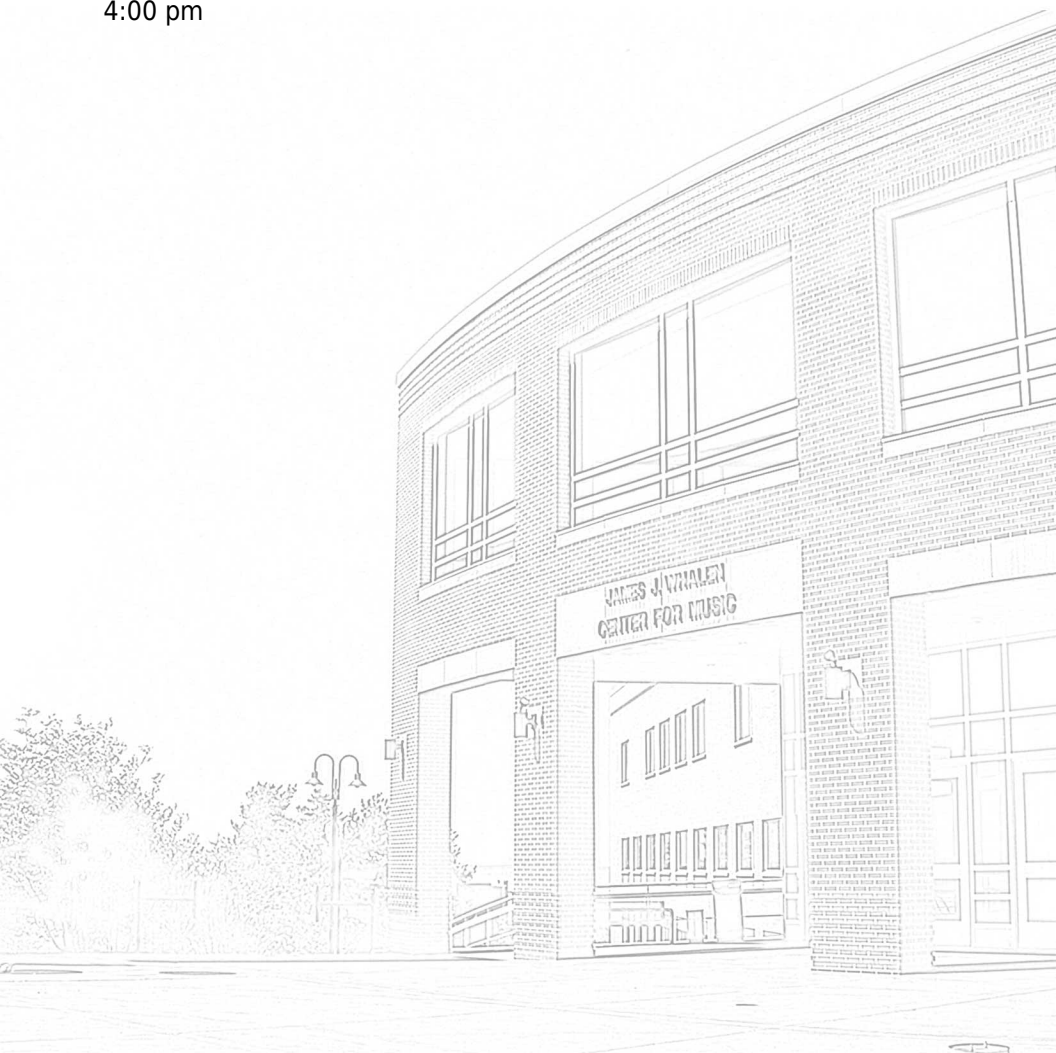
Keith, Mattina, "Elective Recital: Mattina Keith, mezzo-soprano" (2016). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1628.
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Elective Recital:
Mattina Keith, mezzo-soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

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



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

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

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

"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
Au Bord de l'eau
Les Berceaux
Après un Rêve

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Translations

Chacun à son Gout

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 goût!

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!

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

A ma voix ce matin	servants At the sound of my voice this morning
Oseront reparaître.	Will dare to reappear.
Que fais-tu blanche tourterelle,	What are you doing, white turtledove,
Dans ce nid de vautours?	In this nest of vultures?
Quelque jour, déployant ton aile,	Some day, unfolding your wing
Tu suivras les amours!	You will follow love!
Aux vautours, il faut la bataille,	To the vultures, a battle is necessary,
Pour frapper d'estoc et de taille	To hit with a cut and a thrust
Leurs becs sont aiguisés!	Their beaks are sharpened!
Laisse-là ces oiseaux de proie,	Leave them, these birds of prey!
Tourterelle qui fais ta joie	Turtledove, who gets your joy
Des amoureux baisers!	From amorous kisses!
Garder bien la belle!	Guard well the fair one!
Qui vivra verra!	Whoever lives will see!
Votre tourterelle vous échappera,	Your turtledove will escape from you,
Un ramier, loin du vert bocage,	A ring-dove, far from his green grove
Par l'amour attiré,	Drawn by love,
A l'entour de ce nid sauvage	All around this wild nest
A, je crois, soupiré!	Has, I believe, sighed.
Les vautours sont à la curée,	The vultures are at the quarry,
Leurs chansons, que fuit Cythérée,	Their songs, from which Cytheria flees,
Résonne à grand bruit!	Resound with a big noise!
Cependant en leur douce ivresse	Meanwhile, in their sweet intoxication
Les amants content leurs tendresses	The lovers tell of their tenderness
Aux astres de la nuit!	To the stars of the night!
Gardez bien la belle!	Guard well the fair one!

Hans und Grete

Ringel, ringel Reih'n!	Ring-around-a-rosy!
Wer fröhlich is, der schlinge sich ein!	He who is merry, let him join in!
Wer Sorgen hat, der lass' sie daheim!	He who has cares, let him leave them at home!
Wer ein liebes Liebchen küsst, wie glücklich der ist!	Whoever kisses a dear sweetheart, how happy is he!
Ei, Hänschen, du hast ja keins!	Oh, little Hansel, you have no one!
So suche dir eins!	Then look for someone!
Ein liebes Liebchen, das ist was	A dear sweetheart is something

Fein's.
Juchhe!

special!
High-ho!

Ei, Gretchen, was stehst denn so
allein?

Oh, little Gretel, why do you stand
so alone,

Guckst doch hinüber zum
Hänselein?

Staring over at dear Hansel?

Und ist doch der Mai so grün!?

And isn't May so green?

Und die Luft, sie zieh'n!

And the breezes, they dart around!

Ei, seht doch de dummen Hans!

Oh, look there at stupid Hans

Wie er rennet zum Tanz!

as he runs to the dance!

Er suchte ein Liebchen, Juchhe! Er
fand's!

He searched for a sweetheart,
high-ho! He found her!

Hans und Grete

Guckst du mir denn immer nach,
Wo du nur mich findest?
Nimm die Äuglein doch in acht!
Daß du nicht erblindest.

Do you always gaze after me
Whenever you encounter me?
Take good care of your little eyes
Lest you be blinded!

Gucktest du nicht stets herum,
Würdest mich nicht sehen;
Nimm dein Hälschen doch in acht!
Wirst es noch verdrehen.

If you weren't always looking
around
You wouldn't see me.
Take good care of your little neck;
Lest it be completely twisted
around.

Voi che sapete

Voi 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.

Sento un affetto, pien di desir,
Ch'ora è diletto, ch'ora è martir.

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

Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar,

I freeze and then feel my soul go up
in flames,

E in un momento torno a gelar.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,

Then in a moment I turn to ice.
I'm searching for affection outside
of myself,

Non so ch'il tiene, non so cos'è.

I don't know how to hold it, nor
even what it is!

Sospiro e gemo senza voler,

I sigh and lament without wanting
to,

Palpito e tremo senza saper,

I twitter and tremble without
knowing why,

Non trovo pace notte ne di,

I find peace neither night nor day,

Ma pur mi piace languir cosi.
Voi che sapete che cosa è amor,
Donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor.

But still I rather enjoy languishing
this way.
You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

Rêve d'amour

S'il est un charmant gazon que le
ciel arrose,
Où naisse en toute saison quelque
fleur éclore,
Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin où ton
pied se pose!

If there's a lovely grassy plot
watered by the sky
Where in every season some flower
blossoms,
Where one can freely gather
Lilies, woodbines and jasmynes...
I wish to make it the path on which
you place your feet.

S'il est un sein bien aimant dont
l'honneur dispose!
Dont le tendre dévouement n'ait
rien de morose,
Si toujours ce noble sein bat pour
un digne dessein,
J'en veux faire le coussin où ton
front se pose!

If there is a loving breast where
honour rules,
Where tender devotion is free from
all gloominess,
If this noble breast always beats for
a worthy aim...
I wish to make it the pillow on
which you lay your head.

S'il est un rêve d'amour, parfumé
de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour quelque
douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit, où l'âme à
l'âme s'unit,
Oh! j'en veux faire le nid où ton
cœur se pose!

If there is a dream of love scented
with roses,
Where one finds every day
something gentle and sweet,
A dream blessed by God where soul
is joined to soul...
Oh, I wish to make it the nest in
which you rest your heart.

Au Bord de l'eau

S'asseoir tous deux au bord du flot
qui passe,
Le voir passer ;
Tous deux, s'il glisse un nuage en
l'espace,
Le voir glisser ;
À l'horizon, s'il fume un toit de
chaume,
Le voir fumer ;
Aux alentours si quelque fleur
embaume,
S'en embaumer ;

To sit together beside the passing
stream
and watch it pass;
if a cloud glides by in the sky,
together to watch it glide;
if a thatched house sends up smoke
on the horizon,
to watch it smoke;
if a flower spreads fragrance
nearby,
to take on its fragrance;

Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau
murmure
L'eau murmurer ;

Under the willow where the water
murmurs,
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 nues,
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.