

2-22-2018

# Elective Recital: Nicole Rivera-Diaz, mezzo-soprano

Nicole Rivera-Diaz

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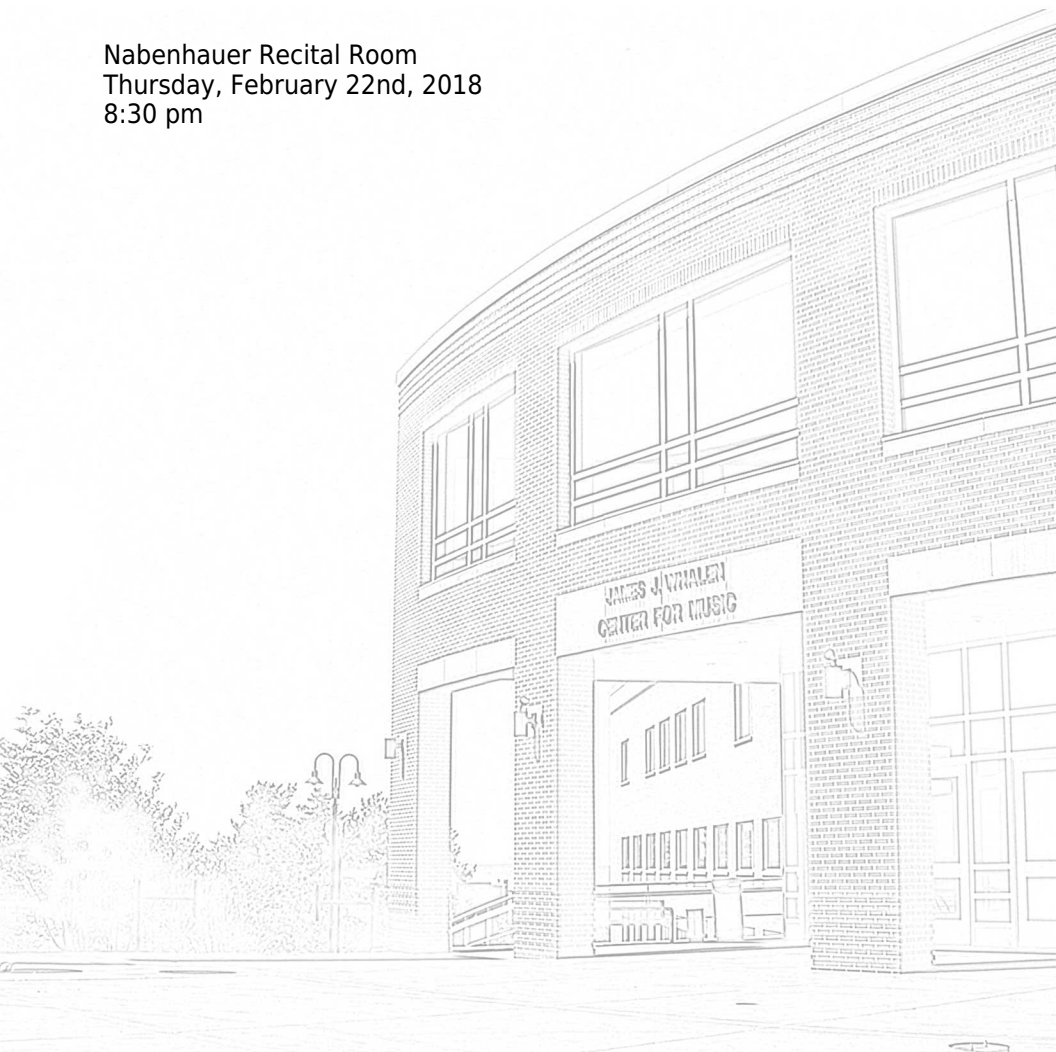
## **Elective Recital:**

Nicole Rivera-Diaz, mezzo soprano

Joon Sang Ko, piano

Craig Mehler, cello, Valerie Nuzzolo, clarinet and Nicole Wills, mezzo soprano

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Thursday, February 22nd, 2018  
8:30 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Stay Well  
Lost in the Stars

Kurt Weill  
(1900 - 1950)

Animal Passion

Jake Heggie  
(b. 1961)

Parto ma tu ben mio  
from *La clemenza di Tito*

W.A. Mozart  
(1797 - 1828)

Auf dem Strom, D. 943

F.P. Schubert  
(1797 - 1828)

## Intermission

O säh ich auf der Heide dort  
Ich wollt, meine Schmerzen ergössen

L.F. Mendelssohn  
(1809 - 1847)

Dos canciones populares: Del cabello más sutil

F. Obradors  
(1897-1945)

Perfume (2013)  
I - Las Flores  
II - Eternidad Cansada  
III - Mi Vaso Verde

Darwin Aquino  
(Dates)

# Translations

## Kurt Weill: Stay Well and Lost in the Stars

If I tell truth to you, to you my own	Before Lord God made the Sea and the Land
Grief is your gift to me, grief alone.	He held all the stars in the palm of his hand
Wild passion at midnight,	And they ran through his fingers like grains of sand
Wild anger at dawn,	And one little star fell alone
Yet when you're absent,	So the Lord God hunted through the white night air
I weep your gone.	For the little dark star on the wind down there
Stay well, oh keeper of my love,	And he stated and promised
Go well throughout all your days,	To take special care
Your star, the luckiest star above,	So it wouldn't get lost again
Your ways, the luckiest ways.	Now a man don't mind if the stars grow dim
Since unto you my one love is given	And the clouds blow over and darken him
And since to you it will remain,	So long as the Lord God 's watching over him
Though you bring fear of hell, despair of heaven	Keeping track how it all goes on~
Stay well, come well to my door again.	But I've been walking through the night, through the day
	Till my eyes get weary and my head turns grey
	And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away
	Forgetting the promise that we've heard him say
	And we're lost out here in the stars
	Little stars and big stars
	Blowing through the night
	And we're lost out here in the stars
	Little stars and big stars
	Blowing through the night
	And we're lost out here in the stars

## Animal Passion, Jake Heggie

Fierce as a bobcat's spring  
With start-up speeds of sixty miles per hour,  
I want a lover to sweep me off my feet and slide me into the gutter  
Without the niceties of small talk, roses or champagne.  
I mean business, I want whiskey, I want to be swallowed whole,  
I want tiles to spring off of walls  
When we enter hotel rooms  
Or afternoon apartments.  
I won't pussyfoot around responsibility, "shoulds" and "oughts" are out for good.  
And I don't want to be a fat domestic cat,  
I want to be frantic, yowls and growls to sound  
Like the lion house at feeding time.  
I don't give a damn who hears,  
I don't give a damn!  
No discreet eavesdroppers coughs can stop us in our frenzy.  
Let the voyeurs voient  
And let the great cats come.

## Parto ma tu ben mio, Mozart

Parto, ma tu ben mio,  
Meco ritorna in pace;  
Sarò qual più ti piace,  
Quel che vorrai farò.

Guardami, e tutto oblio,  
E a vendicarti io volo;  
A questo sguardo solo  
Da me sì pensera.  
Ah, qual poter, oh Dei!  
Donaste alla beltà.

I go, but, my dearest,  
make peace again with me.  
I will be what you would most  
have me be, do whatever you wish.

Look at me, and I will forget all  
and fly to avenge you;  
I will think only  
of that glance at me.  
Ah, ye gods, what power  
you have given beauty!

## Auf dem Strom, Schubert

Nimm die letzten Abschiedsküsse,  
Und die wehenden, die Grüße,  
Die ich noch ans Ufer sende  
Eh' Dein Fuß sich scheidend wende!  
Schon wird von des Stromes Wogen  
Rasch der Nachen fortgezogen,  
Doch den [thränendunklen]1 Blick  
Zieht die Sehnsucht stets zurück!

Und so trägt mich denn die Welle  
Fort mit unerflehter Schnelle.  
Ach, schon ist die Flur verschwunden  
Wo ich selig Sie gefunden!  
Ewig hin, ihr Wonnetage!  
Hoffnungsleer verhallt die Klage  
Um das schöne Heimathland,  
Wo ich ihre Liebe fand.

Take the last parting kiss,  
and the wavy greeting  
that I'm still sending ashore  
before you turn your feet and leave!  
Already the waves of the stream  
are pulling briskly at my boat,  
yet my tear-dimmed gaze  
keeps being tugged back by longing!

And so the waves bear me forward  
with unsympathetic speed.  
Ah, the fields have already disappeared  
where I once discovered her!  
Blissful days, you are eternally past!  
Hopelessly my lament echoes  
around my fair homeland,  
where I found her love.

Sieh, wie flieht der Strand vorüber,  
Und wie drängt es mich hinüber,  
Zieht mit unnennbaren Banden,  
An der Hütte dort zu landen,  
In der Laube dort zu weilen;  
Doch des Stromes Wellen eilen  
Weiter, ohne Rast und Ruh,  
Führen mich dem Weltmeer zu!

Ach, vor jener dunklen Wüste,  
Fern von jeder heitern Küste,  
Wo kein Eiland zu erschauen,  
O, wie faßt mich zitternd Grauen!

Wehmuthstränen sanft zu bringen,  
Kann kein Lied vom Ufer dringen;

Nur der Sturm weht kalt daher  
Durch das grau gehob'ne Meer!

Kann des Auges sehndend Schweifen  
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen,  
Nun so [blick'] ich zu den Sternen  
[Dort] in jenen heil'gen Fernen!  
Ach bei ihrem milden Scheine  
Nannt' ich sie zuerst die Meine;  
Dort vielleicht, o tröstend Glück!  
Dort begegn' ich ihrem Blick.

See how the shore dashes past;  
yet how drawn I am to cross:  
I'm pulled by unnameable bonds  
to land there by that little hut  
and to linger there beneath the foliage;  
but the waves of the river  
hurry me onward without rest,  
leading me out to the sea!

Ah, before that dark wasteland  
far from every smiling coast,  
where no island can be seen -  
oh how I'm gripped with trembling  
horror!

Gently bringing tears of grief,  
songs from the shore can no longer  
reach me;  
only a storm, blowing coldly from there,  
can cross the grey, heaving sea!

If my longing eyes, surveying the shore,  
can no longer glimpse it,  
then I will gaze upward to the stars  
into that sacred distance!  
Ah, beneath their placid light  
I once called her mine;  
there perhaps, o comforting future!  
there perhaps I shall meet her gaze.

### **O sah ich auf der Heide dort, Mendelssohn (Scottish origin)**

O sah ich auf der Heide dort  
Im Sturme dich, im Sturme dich!  
Mit meinem Mantel vor dem Sturm  
Beschütz ich dich, beschütz ich dich!

Und kommt mit seinem Sturme je  
Dir Unglück nah, dir Unglück nah,  
Dann wär dies Herz dein Zufluchtsort,

Gern teilt ich's ja, gern teilt ich's ja.

O wär ich in der Wüste, die  
So braun und dürr, so braun und dürr,

Zum Paradiese würde sie,  
Wärest du bei mir, wärest du bei mir.

Und wär ein König ich, und wär  
Die Erde mein, die Erde mein,  
Du wärest in meiner Krone doch  
Der schönste Stein, der schönste  
Stein!

O wert thou in the cauld blast  
On yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee:

Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw,  
Thy [bield] should be my bosom  
To share it a'; to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae black and bare,  
The desert were a paradise  
If thou wert there.

Or were I monarch of the globe,  
Wi' thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my crown  
Wad be my Queen, wad be my  
Queen.

## Ich wollt, meine Schmerzen ergössen, Mendelssohn

Ich wollt, meine [Schmerzen  
ergössen]  
Sich all in ein [einziges] Wort,  
Das gäb ich den [lustigen] Winden,  
Die trügen es lustig fort.

Sie tragen zu dir, Geliebte,  
Das [schmerzerfüllte] Wort;  
Du hörst es zu jeder Stunde,  
Du hörst es an jedem Ort.

Und hast du zum nächtlichen  
Schlummer  
Geschlossen die Augen kaum,  
So wird [dich mein Wort] verfolgen  
Bis in den tiefsten Traum.

I wish my [pain] would flow  
Into a single word,  
Which I'd give to the [merry] winds,  
Who would carry it merrily along.

They would carry it to you, my  
beloved,  
The [pain-filled] word;  
You hear it always,  
You hear it everywhere.

And scarcely have you closed your  
eyes  
To night-time slumbers,  
My [word] will follow you,  
Into your deepest dream.

## Del cabello más sutil, Obradors

Del cabello más sutil  
Que tienes en tu trenzado  
He de hacer una cadena  
Para traerte a mi lado.  
Una alcarraza en tu casa,  
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,  
Para besarte en la boca,  
Cuando fueras a beber.

Of the softest hair  
which you have in your braid,  
I would make a chain  
so that I may bring you to my side.  
A jug in your home,  
little one, I would like to be...  
so that I may kiss you  
each time you take a drink.

## Perfume, Aquino

### Las Flores

Pienso en mis pobres flores, las  
marchitas, las enfermas, dolientes y  
olvidadas,  
que antes de marchitarse se despiden  
tristísimas y trágicas.

Las tristes flores, las dolientes flores,  
En el agua del vaso se refrescan,  
Y bañan sus corolas pensativas,  
En una blanca idealidad de perlas.

Y luego se van lejos... se marchitan  
Abandonadas, pálidas, enfermas,  
Muy lejos del cariño de ese vaso...

### Eternidad Cansada

Y cuando sola, pensativa  
herida por la eterna nostalgia,  
siento un perfume triste, moribundo,  
que llega hasta mi alma.  
Mi vida es algo así como...

### Mi vaso verde

Mi vaso glauco, pálido y amado,  
Donde guardo mis flores predilectas,  
Tiene el color de las marinas algas,  
Tiene el color de la esperanza muerta.  
Ajeno, prestado ajado, roto, anticuado,  
Desteñido, que me pesa, y me estorba,  
y me deprime.

### Flowers

I think of my poor flowers, the withered,  
the sick, the mourners and the  
forgotten,  
that before withering they say goodbye  
very sad and tragic.

The sad flowers, the mourning flowers,  
In the water of the glass they cool,  
And they bathe their pensive corollas,  
In a white ideality of pearls.

And then they go away ... they wither  
Abandoned, pale, sick,  
Far from the love of that vase ...

### Tired Eternity

And when alone, thoughtful  
Wounded by eternal nostalgic state,  
I feel a sad, dying perfume,  
that reaches my soul.  
My life is something like ...

### My green vase

My glaucous vase, pale and  
beloved,  
Where I keep my favorite flowers,  
It has the color of marine algae,  
It has the color of dead hope.  
Oblivious, borrowed, broken,  
old-fashioned,  
Faded, that weighs me down, and  
hinders me, and depresses me.