Junior Recital: Dave Klodowski, baritone

Dave Klodowski

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Junior Recital:
Dave Klodowski, baritone

Michael Lewis, piano

Ford Hall
Wednesday April 24th, 2013
9:00 pm
Program

Se tra l'erba
Madonna Renzuola
Amor mi tiene in pugno

*Quatre Poèmes de Guillaume Apollinaire*
I. L'Anguille
II. Carte-Postale
III. Avant le Cinéma
IV. 1904

Toréador

Hai già vinta la causa!...Vedrò mentr’io sospiro
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

Botschaft
Serenate
Blinde Kuh
Treuhe Liebe

To Joy

The Last Rose of Summer

Sleep

Giants in the Sky
from *Into the Woods*

Johanna
from *Sweeney Todd*

Everybody Says Don't
from *Anyone Can Whistle*

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Michael Lewis
(b. 1991)

Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Dave Klodowski is from the studio of Brad Hougham.
Se tra l'erba
Se tra l'erba un rio novello
balza e corre verso il mare,
Se rinverda il praticello,
primavera è per tornare...
Col tuoi riccioli vaganti
scherza il mite zefiretto,
mentre vai pei verzicanti prati
stretta sul mio petto;
bella m'è la vita allor!

Ma se tutto discolora
e s'oscura l'orizzonte,
piove a valle,
tuona a monte;
triste il verno torna ancora...
lo sto solo,
e van fugaci
colle nebbie decembrine tutti i canti,
tutti i baci delle labbra tue divine;
triste m'è la vita allor!

Madonna Renzuola
Madonna Renzuola,
prendete l'orcetto,
venite alla fonte,
ch'è grande è il diletto
di stare aspettando che l'acqua zampilli
fra i villici idillì
che intrecciansi là.

Chi sa non sentiate
che pene ho nel cor,
vedendo e ascoltando parlare d'amor...
Niun'altra speranza più viver mi fa!

Lasciate lo specchìo,
venite in guarnello,
le treccie disciolte,
senz'ombra d'orpello;
vedrete a quant'altri delizie
c'invita la semplice vita dei campi
e...chi sa?

Amor mi tiene in pugno
Amor mi tiene in pugno,
mi gira, rigira,
m'annusa e poi sospira...
Ahimè, che brutto segno!
Son già forse indegno
d'entrar nel suo regno

If in the grass
If in the grass a new brook
springs up and runs toward the sea,
If the meadow becomes green again,
Spring is about to return...
With your disheveled curls
the gentle breeze plays,
while you go through the greening
fields held tight to my breast;
then life is beautiful to me!

But if everything grows pale
and the horizon dims,
it rains in the valley,
it thunders on the mountain;
the winter, sadly, comes again...
I remain alone,
and fleeting, depart
with the December mists all the songs,
all the kisses from your divine lips;
then life is sad to me!

Madonna Renzuola
Madonna Renzuola,
take the pitcher,
come to the fountain,
for it is delightful
to wait for the gushing water
among the idyllic peasants
who mingle there.

Who knows if you don't feel
what pain I have in my heart,
seeing and hearing talk of love...
no other hope keeps me alive anymore!

Love holds me tight in its fist
Love holds me tight in its fist,
it turns me, turns me again,
studies me, and then sighs...
Alas, what bad omen!
Am I already perhaps unworthy
to enter into his kingdom
and you stay still to stroll about?
And yet if now
I am so unworthy,
emaciated, misshapen,
only good for weeping,
it is through these sighs
and long torments
that love without hope has forced me...
But when I try for a moment
to recapture that which I was,
you will see hundreds of
young girls falling around me!

Such is the truly terrible
custom of Love,
that one may live dying,
and that one may die alive,
already deprived of everything,
even when there is still
much here to savor...

The Eel
Jeanne Houhou the very nice creature
Is dead between the very white sheets
Not only Bébert known as the Eel
Narcisse and Hubert the whiting
Close to her play their card game

And the swanker Clichy
With red eyes of the spew
Repeats “My water of Vichy”
Go in the prison van
Haha without making a fuss

Eyes dancing like angels
She laughed, she laughed
Her very blue eyes her very white teeth
If you knew, if you knew
All that we shall do on Sunday.

The ghost of the very sweet one is here,
Indolent, and playing an air that is also
doeful,
Nocturne or Lied in a minor key that
makes one's soul swoon,
In the shadow where under her long
fingers a scale is dying
On the piano that moans like a poor woman.
Avant le Cinéma
Et puis ce soir on s’en ira
Au cinéma
Les Artistes que sont-ce donc
Ce ne sont plus ceux
qui cultivent les Beaux-arts
Ce ne sont pas ceux
qui s’occupent de l’Art
Art poétique ou bien musique
Les Artistes ce sont
les acteurs et les actrices
Si nous étions des Artistes
Nous ne dirions pas le cinéma
Nous dirions le ciné

Mais si nous étions de
vieux professeurs de province
Nous ne dirions ni ciné ni cinéma
Mais cinématographe
 Aussi mon Dieu faut-il avoir du goût.

1904
À Strasbourg en dix-neuf-cent-quatre
J’arrivai pour le lundi gras
À l’hôtel m’assis devant l’âtre
Près d’un chanteur de l’Opéra
Qui ne parlait que de théâtre

La Kellnerine rousse avait
Mis sur sa tête un chapeau rose
Comme Hébé qui les dieux servait
N’en eut jamais. Ô belles choses
Carnaval chapeau rose Ave!

À Rome à Nice et à Cologne
Dans les fleurs et les confetti
Carnaval j’ai revu ta trogne,
Ô roi plus riche et plus gentil
Que Crésus Rothschild et Torlogne

Je soupai d’un peu de foie gras
De chevreuil tendre à la compôte
De tartes flans et cetera
Un peu de kirsch me ravigote
Que ne t’avais-je entre mes bras.

Toréador
Pépita reine de Venise
Quand tu vas sous ton mirador
Tous les gondoliers se disent:
Prends garde – Toréador!
Sur ton cœur personne ne règne
Dans le grand palais ou tu dors
Et près de toi la vieille duègne

Before the cinema
And then this evening we will go
To the cinema
What kinds of artists are they?
They are no longer those
who cultivate the Fine Arts
They are not those
who take interest in Art
Poetic art or even music
The artists are
the actors and actresses
If we were the artists
We would not say ‘the cinema’
We would say ‘the ciné’

But if we were
old professors from the provinces
We would say neither ‘ciné’ nor ‘cinema’
But rather ‘cinematograph’
So, my dear, we must have good taste.

1904
In Strasbourg in 1904
I arrived on the Monday before Lent.
In the hotel, I sat by the fireside
Near an opera singer
Who spoke of nothing but the theatre.

The red-headed waitress
Had put a pink hat on her head
Such as Hébé, who served the gods,
Never had. Oh, lovely things
Carnival, pink hat, Ave!

In Rome, in Nice and in Cologne,
Among the flowers and confetti,
Carnival, I’ve seen your ugly mug.
Richer and kinder
Than Croesus, Rothschild and Torlogne

I supped on a bit of foie gras,
On tender venison,
On tarts, custard, etc.
A little kirsch perked me up
If only you had been in my arms.

Toreador
Pepita queen of Venice
When you go beneath your shutter
All gondoliers call out:
Watch out--Toreador!
No one rules your heart
In the grand palace where you sleep
Near you the old duenna lies waiting
Guette le Toréador.
Toréador brave des braves
Lorsque sur la place Saint marc
Le taureau en fureur qui bave
Tombe tué par ton poignard.
Ce n’est pas l’orgueil qui caresse
Ton cœur sous la baouta d’or
Car pour une jeune déesse
Tu brûles Toréador.

Belle Espagnole
Dans ta gondole
Tu caracoles Carmencita
Sous ta mantille
Œil qui pétille
Bouche qui brille
C’est Pépita!

C’est demain jour de Saint Escure
Qu’aura lieu le combat à mort
Le canal est plein de voitures
Fêtant le Toréador!
De Venise plus d’une belle
Palpite pour savoir ton sort
Mais tu méprises leurs dentelles
Tu souffres Toréador.
Car ne voyant pas apparaître.
Caché derrière un oranger,
Pépita seule à sa fenêtre,
Tu médites de te venger.
Sous ton caftan passe ta dague
La jalousie au cœur te mord
Et seul avec le bruit des vagues
Tu pleures toréador.

Que de cavaliers! que de monde!
Remplit l’arène jusqu’au bord
On vient de cent lieues à la ronde
T’acclamer Toréador!
C’est fait il entre dans l’arène
Avec plus de flegme qu’un lord.
Mais il peut avancer a peine
Le pauvre Toréador.
Il ne reste à son rêve morne
Que de mourir sous tous les yeux
En sentant pénétrer des cornes
Dans son triste front soucieux
Car Pépita se montre assise
Offrant son regard et son corps
Au plus vieux doge de Venise
Et rit du toréador.

Belle Espagnole...

Translation:

for the Toreador.
Toreador, bravest of the brave
When in Piazza San Marco
The wild, slobbering bull
Falls slain by your blade
It is not pride that caresses
Your heart beneath your golden cape
It is for a young goddess
That your passion burns, toreador.

Spanish beauty,
In your gondola
You twist and turn Carmencita
Beneath your mantilla,
Your eyes sparkle
Your mouth shimmers,
It is Pepita!

Tomorrow is St. Escurio's Day,
With its combat to the death
The canal is full of sails
Celebrating the Toreador
More than one Venetian beauty
Trembles to know your fate
But you despise all their laces
You suffer Toreador!
Since not seeing her appear
Hidden behind an orange tree,
Pepita alone at her window
You think about vengeance.
Under your caftan slips your dagger
Jealousy gnaws at your heart
And alone with the noise of the waves
You weep toreador.

So many horsemen! So great a crowd!
Filling the arena to its limits
From a hundred leagues people come
To cheer you Toreador!
And so he enters the arena
With more composure than a lord
But he can scarcely walk
The poor Toreador.
His gloomy dream contains no more
Than to die before the eyes of all
As he feels the piercing of those horns
Within his sad, troubled brow
He sees Pepita sitting there,
Offering her gaze and her body
To the oldest doge of Venice
Laughing at the toreador.
Hai già vinta la causa! ...

Vedrò mentr’io sospiro
Hai già vinta la causa! Cosa sento?

In qual laccio cadea?
Perfidi! io voglio di tal modo punirvi,
A piacer mio la sentenza sarà.
Ma s’ei pagasse
la vecchia pretendente?
Pagarla! In qual maniera?
E poi v’è Antonio
Che all’incognito Figaro ricusa
Dì dare una nipote in matrimonio.
Coltivando l’orgoglio di questo
mentecatto...
Tutto giova a un raggiro...
Il colpo è fatto.

Vedrò mentr’io sospiro
Felice un servo mio?
E un ben che invan desio,
Ei posseder dovrà?
Vedrò per man d’amore
Unita a un vile oggetto
Chi in me destò un affetto,
Che per me poi non ha?

Ah no! lasciar in pace, non vo’ questo
contento,
Tu non nascesti, audace, per dare a me
tormento,
E forse ancor per ridere di mia infelicità.
Già la speranza sola delle vendette mie
Quest’anima consola e giubilar mi fa.

You have already won the case! ...

Shall I see while I’m sighing
“You have already won the case!” What do I hear?
What trap have I fallen into?
Scoundrels! I’ll punish you in this way,
The decision will be at my pleasure.
But if he pays off
the old plaintiff?
Pay her! How?
And then there’s Antonio,
Who won’t give his niece in marriage
to the nobody Figaro.
To nurture that imbecile’s pride...

Everything’s useful for the plot...
The die is cast.

Shall I see, while I’m sighing,
One of my servants happy?
And the treasure that I want in vain,
Shall he have it?
Shall I see the woman who woke in me
A feeling she doesn’t have for me
United to a vile object
By the hand of love?

Ah no! I won’t leave this happiness in
peace,
You weren’t born, bold one, to torture
me,
And perhaps to laugh at my
unhappiness.
Now only the hope of the revenges I’ll
have
Consoles my soul and makes me rejoice.

Botschaft
Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht hinwegzufliehn!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe;
Sprich: »Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde,
Denkst an ihn.«

A Message
Blow, little breeze, gently and sweetly
around the cheeks of my beloved;
play tenderly among her curls,
do not fly away hurriedly!

If she then, perchance, inquires
How was I, poor man, faring:
Tell her, “Endless was his sorrow,
And most serious his plight.
But now he can hope
To joyfully live again,
For you, lovely one,
are thinking of him.”
Serenate
Liebliches Kind, kannst du mir sagen,
Warum einsam und stumm zärtliche Seelen
Immer sich quälen,
selbst sich betrüben
Und ihr Vergnügen immer nur ahnen,
Immer nur ahnen da,
wo sie nicht sind;
Kannst du mir's sagen, liebliches Kind?

Serenade
Lovely child, can you tell me,
Why tender souls, lonely and silent,
Always torment themselves,
always grieve
And only perceive their joys,
Only perceive them there, where they are not;
Can you tell me this, lovely child?

Blinde Kuh
Im Finstern geh ich suchen,
Mein Kind, wo steckst du wohl?
Ach, sie versteckt sich immer,
Daß ich verschmachten soll!
Im Finstern geh ich suchen,
Mein Kind, wo steckst du wohl?
Ich, der den Ort nicht finde,
Ich irr' im Kreis umher!
Wer um dich stirbt, der hat keine Ruh!
Kindchen, erbarm dich, Kindchen,
Erbarm dich und komm herzu!

Blindman’s Bluff
In darkness I go seeking,
My child, where may you be?
Oh, she is always hiding,
That I shall pine away!
In darkness I go seeking,
My child, where may you be?
I cannot find the place;
I stray in a circle!
He who is dying for you has no peace!
Little darling, have pity,
Have pity, and come here!

Treue Liebe
Ein Mägdlein saß am Meerestrand
Und blickte voll Sehnsucht ins Weite.
Wo bleibst du, mein Liebster,
Wo weilst du so lang?
Nicht ruhen läßt mich
Nicht ruhen läßt mich
des Herzens Drang.
Ach, kämst du, mein Liebster,
doch heute!«

True Love
A maiden sat by the seashore
And looked, longingly, into the distance.
“Where are you, my lover?
What is keeping you so long?
My heart’s distress
will not let me rest.
Ah, if only you would come today,
my love!”

Der Abend nahte, die Sonne sank
Am Saum des Himmels darnieder.
So trägt dich die
Welle mir nimmer zurück?
Vergebens späht in die
Ferne mein Blick.
Wo find' ich, mein Liebster,
dich wieder,«

Evening drew near and the sun set
Low at the heaven’s rim.
“So the wave will
never carry you back?
In vain, my gaze
peers in the distance.
Where will I find you again,
my beloved?”

Die Wasser umspielten ihr
schmeichelnd den Fuß,
Wie Träume
von seligen Stunden;
Es zog sie zur
Tiefe mit stiller Gewalt:
Nie stand mehr am
Ufer die holde Gestalt,
Sie hat den Geliebten gefunden!

The waters caressingly
played around her feet,
Like dreams
of blissful hours;
She was drawn into
the depths by a silent force:
Nevermore by the shore
stood that fair vision;
She has found her beloved!