

4-24-2013

## 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



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

## Program

Se tra l'erba Madonna Renzuola Amor mi tiene in pugno	Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
<i>Quatre Poèmes de Guillaume Apollinaire</i> I. L'Anguille II. Carte-Postale III. Avant le Cinéma IV. 1904	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Toréador	
Hai già vinta la causa!...Vedrò mentr'io sospiro from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

## Intermission

Botschaft Serenate Blinde Kuh Treue Liebe	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
To Joy	Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)
The Last Rose of Summer	Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Sleep	Michael Lewis (b. 1991)
Giants in the Sky from <i>Into the Woods</i>	Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)
Johanna from <i>Sweeney Todd</i>	
Everybody Says Don't from <i>Anyone Can Whistle</i>	

## Translations

### **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 sui 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,  
chè grande è il diletto  
di stare aspettando che l'acqua zampilli  
fra i villici idilli  
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 specchio,  
venite in guarnello,  
le trecchie disciolte,  
senz'ombra d'orpello;  
vedrete a quant'altre 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!

Leave your mirror,  
come in your petticoat,  
your tresses let loose,  
and unadorned;  
you see how many other delights  
the simple life of the fields invites us,  
and...who knows?

### **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

e starvi ancora a gironzar?  
Eppur se adesso  
son sì dimesso,  
sparuto, gibbuto,  
sol buono a lagrimar,  
gli è per quei sospiri  
e i lunghi martiri  
cui senza ricetta amor m'ha costretto...  
Ma per un po' ch'io tento  
qual fui di ritornar...  
vedrete a cento a cento le  
donzelle attorno a me cascar!

D'amor tal'è il costume  
davvero tremendo  
che vivasi morendo  
e che si mora vivi,  
di tutto già privi,  
persin quando ancora  
molto c'è da assaporar...

### **L'Anguille**

Jeanne Houhou la très gentille  
Est morte entre des draps très blancs  
Pas seule Bébert dit l'Anguille  
Narcisse et Hubert le merlan  
Près d'elle faisaient leur manille

Et la crâneuse de Clichy  
Aux rouges yeux de dégueulade  
Répète "Mon eau de Vichy"  
Va dans le panier à salade  
Haha sans faire de chichi

Les yeux dansant comme des anges  
Elle riait, elle riait  
Les yeux très bleus les dents très  
blanches  
Si vous saviez, si vous saviez  
Tout ce que nous ferons dimanche.

### **Carte-Postale**

L'ombre de la très douce est évoquée  
ici,  
Indolente, et jouant un air dolent aussi:  
Nocturne ou lied mineur qui fait pâmer  
son âme  
Dans l'ombre où ses longs doigts font  
mourir une gamme  
Au piano qui geint comme une pauvre  
femme.

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.

### **Postcard**

The ghost of the very sweet one is here,  
Indolent, and playing an air that is also  
doleful,  
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 Escuré  
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.  
*Belle Espagnole...*

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 à 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...*

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 mantille,  
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.  
*Spanish beauty...*

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.  
*Spanish beauty...*

**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  
 Di 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.

**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.«

**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.

**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?

### **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!

### **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  
des Herzens Drang.  
Ach, kämst du, mein Liebster,  
doch heute!«

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,«

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!

### **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?

### **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!

### **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!"

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?"

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!