11-10-2017

Junior Recital: Catherine Barr, mezzo-soprano

Catherine Barr

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Junior Recital:
Catherine Barr, mezzo-soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano

Jessica Voutsinas, mezzo-soprano
Jonah Bobo, piano
Tom Brody, double bass
Nick Arpino, drum set

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday, November 10th, 2017
7:00 pm
Program

Jesu, der du meine Seele, BWV 78
Wir eilen mit Schwachen (duet)

Jessica Voutsinas, mezzo soprano

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Selections from Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson
I. Nature the gentlest mother
III. Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
IV. The world feels dusty

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

La Regata Veneziana
Anzoleta avanti la regata
Anzoleta co passa la regata
Anzoleta dopo la regata

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Intermission

"Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle"
Recitative and Aria from Roméo et Juliette

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Orange Colored Sky

Milton Delugg and Willie Stein
(1918-2015) and (1917-2009)

Gonna Be Alright

Robert Glasper
(1978)

Jonah Bobo, piano
Tom Brody, double bass
Nick Arpino, drum-set

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Music Education and Vocal Performance. Catherine Barr is from the studio of Jennifer Kay.
Wir eilen mit Schwachen

Wir eilen mit schwachen, doch
emsigen Schritten,
o Jesu, o Meister, zu helfen zu dir.
Du suchest die Kranken und Irrenden
treulich.
Ach höre, wie wir
Die Stimmen erheben, um Hülfe zu
bitten.
Es sei uns dein gnädiges Antlitz
erfreulich!

We hasten with weak, yet eager steps,
oh Jesus, oh Master, to you for help.
You faithfully seek the ill and erring.
hear, how we
lift up our voices to beg for help!
Let Your gracious countenance be
joyful to us!

La Regata Veneziana

Anzoleta avanti la regata

 Là su la machina xe la bandiera,
varda, la vedistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta,
né el primo premio te pol mancar.

Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar.

Anzoleta before the regatta

There on the platform is the flag,
look, can you see it, go for it!
Come back with it tonight
or else you can run away and hide.
Once in the boat, Momolo, do not linger!

Row the gondola with heart and soul,
then you cannot help but win the
first prize.

Go, think of your Anzoleta,
who's watching you from this balcony.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't linger!
Once in the boat, Momolo, he chooses
to fly!
Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, vardeli, povereti i ghe da drento, ah contrario tira el vento, i gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov'elo? ah lo vedo, el xe secondo. Ah! che smania! me confondo, a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su coragio, voga, prima d'esser al paleto se ti voghi, ghe scometo, tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Caro, caro, par che el svolga, el li magna tutti quanti meza barca l'è andà avanti, ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

Anzoleta when the regatta passes

They're coming, look at them, the poor things, they row hard! ah, the wind is against them, but the tide is running in their favor.

My Momolo, where is he? ah! I see him, he's the second, Ah! I'm in a fidget! I get confused, I feel my heart trembling.

Come on, row, before you reach the pole, if you keep on rowing, I'll lay a bet you'll leave all the others behind.

Dear boy, he seems to be flying, he's beating the others hollow, he's gone half a length ahead, ah, I understand, he looked at me.

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora, caro Momolo, de cuor; qua destrachite che xe ora de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'o visto co passando su mi l'ocio ti a butà e go dito respirando: un bel premio el ciaparà,

sì, un bel premio in sta bandiera, che xe rossa de color;

gha parlà Venezia intiera, la t'a dito vincitor.

Have a kiss!, another one!, dear Momolo, from my heart; rest here, for it's high time to dry this sweat.

Ah, I saw you when, as passing, you threw a glance at me and I said, breathing again: he's going to win a good prize, indeed, the prize of this flag, that is red in color;

the whole Venice spoke, she declared you the winner.

Have a kiss, God bless you!, no one rows better than you, of all the breeds of gondoliers You are the best.

Anzoleta after the regatta

Ciapa un baso, benedeto, a vogar nissun te pol, de casada, de traghetto ti xe el megio barcarol.
Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle

Recitative:
Depuis hier je cherche en vain mon maître!
Est-il encore chez vous?
Mes seigneurs Capulet?
Voyons un peu si vos dignes valets
A ma voix ce matin
Oseront reparaître.

Aria:
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 verrà!
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 Cythérée,
Résonnent à grand bruit!
Cependant en leur douce ivresse
Les amants content leurs tendresses
Aux astres de la nuit!

Recitative:
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 servants
At the sound of my voice this morning
Will dare to reappear.

Aria:
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!
Turtledove, who gets your joy
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 great noise!
Meanwhile, in their sweet intoxication
The lovers tell of their tenderness
To the stars of the night!