

10-13-2012

Elective Recital: Catherine Roberts, soprano

Catherine Roberts

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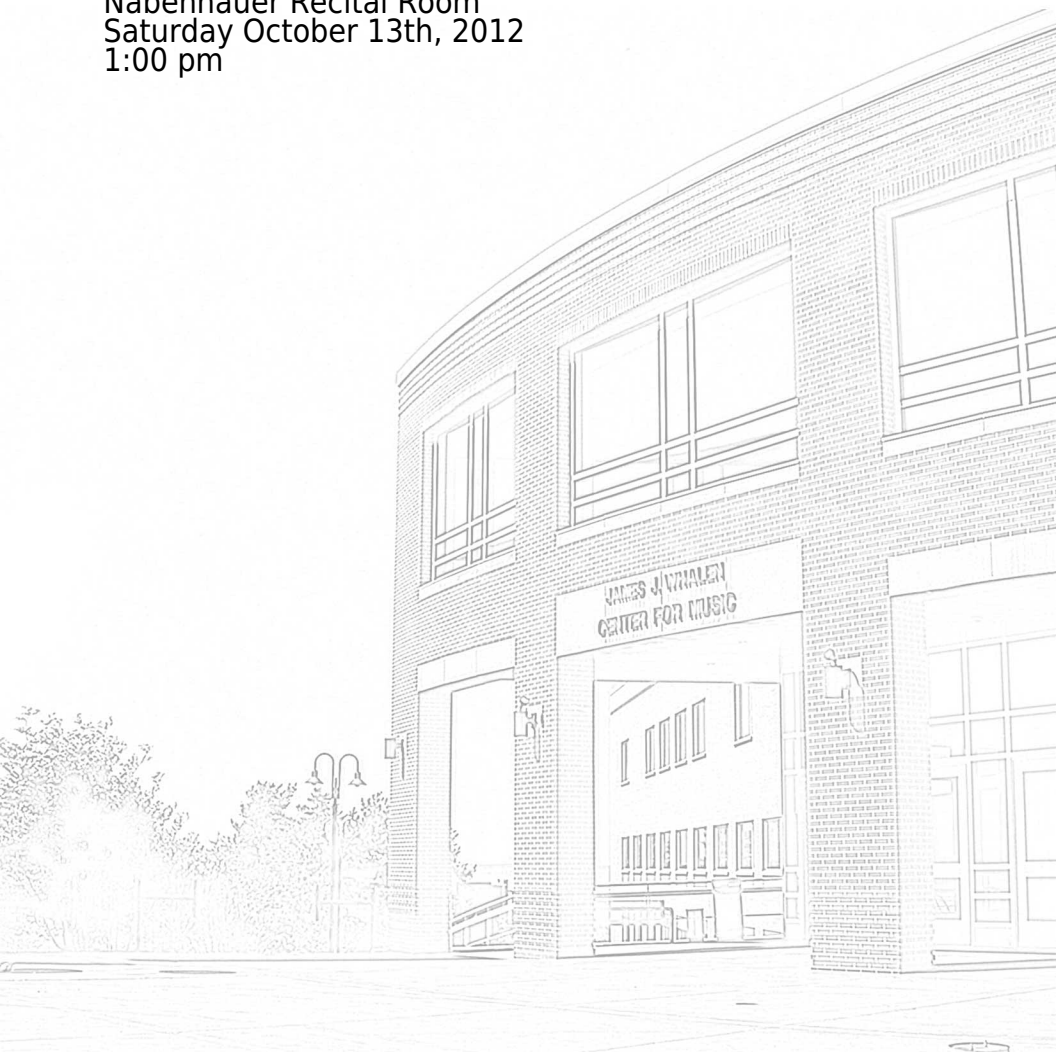
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Elective Recital: Catherine Roberts, soprano

Taylor Aretz, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Saturday October 13th, 2012
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Fair Robin I Love
from *Tartuffe*
Dear Husband

Kirke Mechem
(b. 1925)

Nuit d'Etoiles
C'est l'Extase
Spleen

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Oh! quante volte
from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Intermission

Allerseelen
Freudvoll und leidvoll
Lied der Mignon
Gretchen am Spinnrade

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)
Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)
Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

On the Steps of the Palace
from *Into the Woods*
Green Finch and Linnet Bird
from *Sweeney Todd*

Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930)

Translations

Nuit d'Etoiles text by Théodore de Banville

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,	Night of stars, beneath your viels,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,	Beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
Triste lyre qui soupire,	Sorrowful lyre, softly sighing,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.	I dream of past loves.
La sereine mélancolie Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,	Serene melancholy Fills the base of my heart,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie	And I hear the soul of my love
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.	Quivering in the dreamy wood.
Je revois à notre fontaine Tes regards bleus comme les cieux,	I watch, at our fountain, Your blue eyes like the sky,
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine, Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.	This rose, it is your breath, And these stars are your eyes.

C'est l'Extase text by Paul Verlaine

C'est l'extase langoureuse	This is langorous ecstasy
C'est la fatigue amoureuse	This is amorous fatigue
C'est tous les frissons des bois	This is all the rustling of the wood
Parmi l'étreinte des brises	In the embrace of breezes
C'est, vers les ramures grises,	This is, near the gray branches,
Le chœur des petites voix	A chorus of tiny voices

O le frêle et frais murmure
Cela gazouille et susurre
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire
Le roulis sourd des cailloux

Oh, the frail and fresh
murmur
It babbles and whispers
It resembles the soft cry
That waving grass exhales
You might call it, under the
bending stream
The muffled sound of rolling
pebbles

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne
Dont s'exhale l'humble
antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas.

This soul, which laments
With this dormant moan
It is ours, is it not?
Say that it is mine and yours
Which breaths this humble
hymn
On this mild evening, so
quietly.

Spleen **text by Paul Verlaine**

Les roses étaient toutes
rouges,
Et les lierres étaient tout
noirs.

The roses were all red,
And the ivy was all black.

Chère, pour peu que tu te
bouges,
Renaissent tous mes
désespoirs.

Dear, for only that you stir,
Awaken all my despairs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop
tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop
doux.

The sky was too blue, too
tender,
The sea too green and the air
too soft.

Je crains toujours, ce qu'est
d'attendre!
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

I always fear that which is
waiting!
Some atrocious flight from
thee.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,
Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous,
hélas!

Of the holly at the leaf
And of the shiny boxwood, I
am weary,
And of the endless country
ways
And of everything, except
thee, alas!

Oh! quante volte
text by Felice Romani

Eccomi in lieta vesta...

Here I am, dressed
brilliantly...

Eccomi adorna...
come vittima all'ara.
Oh! almen potessi
qual vittima cader
dell'ara al piede!
O nuziali tede,
abborrite così, così fatali,

Here I am, adorned...
like a victim at the altar.
Oh! If only I could fall
like a sacrifice
at the base of the altar!

siate, ah! siate per me faci
ferali.
Ardo... una vampa,
una foco tutta mi strugge.

O nuptial flames,
so horrid to me, so fatal to
me,
may you, ah! may you be my
funeral torches.

Un refrigerio ai venti
io chiedo invano!
Ove sei tu, Romeo?
In qual terra t'aggiri?

I burn... a blaze,
a furnace completely engulfs
me.

A cooling breeze
I seek vainly!
Where are you, Romeo?
To what land have you gone?

Dove, dove inviarti
i miei sospiri?

Where, where shall I send
you
my yearning cries?

Oh! quante volte, oh quante
ti chiedo al ciel piangendo!
Con quale ardor t'attendo,
e inganno il mio desir!

Oh! how often, how very
often
I call for you, crying to
heaven!
With what ardor I look for
you,
and mislead my desire!

Raggio del tuo sembiante,
ah! parmi il brillar del giorno:

ah! l'aura che spira intorno

mi sembra un tuo sospir.

A vision of your face,
ah! the sunlight seems to
me:

ah! the winds that drift
'round me

seem to me to be your
breath.

Allerseelen

text by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg

Stell' auf den Tisch die
duftenden Reseden,
die letzten roten A stern trag'
herbei,
und laß uns wieder von der
Liebe reden,
wie einst im Mai.

Place on the table the
fragrant mignonettes,
bring inside the last red
asters,
and let us speak again of
love,
as once we did in May.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie
heimlich drücke,
und wenn man's sieht, mir ist
es einerlei,
gib mir nur einen deiner
süßen Blikke,
wie einst im Mai.

Give me your hand, so that I
can press it secretly,
and if someone sees us, it's
all the same to me,
just give me your sweet
gaze,
as once you did in May.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf
jedem Grabe,
ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den
Toten frei,
komm an mein Herz, daß ich
dich wieder habe,
wie einst im Mai.

Fragrant flowers adorn today
each grave,
one day in the year are the
dead free,
come close to my heart, so
that I can have you
again,
as once I did in May.

Freudvoll und liedvoll
text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein, langen und bangen, in schwebender Pein,	Joyful and sorrowful, thoughtful, longing and anxious, in constant anguish,
himmelhoch jauchzend, zum Tode betrübt,	skyhigh rejoicing, despairing to death,
glücklich allein ist die Seele, die liebt.	happy alone is the soul that loves.

Lied der Mignon
text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt, weiß, was ich leide! Allein und abgetrennt von aller Freude, seh' ich an's Firmament nach jener Seite.	Only one who knows longing knows what I suffer! Alone and cut off from all joy, I look into the firmament, in that direction.
Ach, der mich liebt und kennt ist in der Weite. Es schwindelt mir, es brennt mein Eingeweide.	Ah, he who loves and knows me is far away. It makes me dizzy, it burns my insides.

Gretchen am Spinnrade
text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr!	My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I will find it never and never more.
Wo ich ihn nicht hab', ist mir das Grab, die ganze Welt ist mir	Where I do not have him, that is the grave, the whole world is bitter to

vergällt,
mein armer Kopf ist mir
verrückt,
mein armer Sinn ist mir
zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich zum
Fenster hinaus,
nach ihm nur geh' ich aus
dem Haus.
Sein hoher Gang, sein' ed'le
Gestalt,
seines Mundes Lächeln,
seiner Augen Gewalt,
und seiner Rede Zauberfluß,
sein Händedruck, und ach,
sein Kuß!

Mein Busen drängt sich nach
ihm hin,
ach dürft ich fassen und
halten ihn,
und küssen ihn, so wie ich
wollt',
an seinen Küssen vergehen
sollt'!

me,
my poor head is crazy to me,
my poor mind is torn apart.

For him only, I look out the
window,
only for him do I go out of
the house.
His tall walk, his noble figure,
his mouth's smile, his eyes'
power,
and his mouth's magic flow,
his handclasp, and ah, his
kiss!

My bosom urges itself toward
him,
ah, might I grasp and hold
him,
and kiss him, as I would wish,
at his kisses I should die!