4-6-2019

Graduate Recital: Catherine J. Kondi, soprano

Catherine J. Kondi

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Graduate Recital:
Catherine J. Kondi, soprano
Lynda Chryst, piano

Ford Hall
Saturday, April 6th, 2019
3:00 pm
Program

Sogno
Non t’amò più
O bei nidi d’amore

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846–1916)

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

"C’est ainsi que tu es"
from Métamorphoses

"Air vif"
from Air Chantés

"Violon"
from Fiançailles pour rire

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

"Ah! non credea mirarti... Ah! non giunge"
from La Sonnambula

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Intermission

Three Poems by Fiona MacLeod, op.11
The Lament of Ian the Proud
Thy Dark Eyes to Mine
The Rose of The Night

Charles T. Griffes
(1884-1920)

Selections from Mörike-Lieder
Lebe wohl
Das verlassene Mägdlein
Er ist’s

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree M.M. in Performance. Catherine J. Kondi is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.
Sogno

Ho sognato che stavi a' ginocchi,
Come un santo che prega il Signor...
Mi guardavi nel fondo degli occhi,
Sfavillava il tuo sguardo d'amor.
Tu parlavi e la voce sommessa...
Mi chiedeva dolcemente mercè...
Solo un guardo che fosse promessa,
Imploravi, curvata al mio piè.

Io tacevo e coll'anima forte
Il desio tentatore lottò.
Ho provato il martirio e la morte
Pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di no.
Ma il tuo labbro sfiorò la mia faccia...
E la forza del cor mi tradi.

Ma, sognavo... E il bel sogno svanì.

Non t'amo più

Ricordi ancora il dì che c'incontrammo;
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor?
Folle d'amore io ti seguivi,
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.

Sognai, felice, di carezze a baci
Una catena dileguante in ciel:
Ma le parole tue furon mendaci,
Perchè l'anima tua è fatta di gel.

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso,
Il mio sogno d'amor non sei più tu:
I tuoi baci non cerco,
a te non penso;
Sogno un altro ideal;
non t'amo più.

Nei cari giorni che passiamo insieme,
Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier:
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme;

Do you still remember the day that we met;
Do you still remember your promises?
Crazy from love I followed you,
And I dreamed next to you, crazy from love.

I dream, happily, of caresses and kisses
A chain fading away into the sky:
But your words were misleading,
Because your soul is made of ice.

Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire,
My dream of love isn't you anymore:
I don't search for your kisses,
I don't think of you;
I dream of another ideal;
I don't love you anymore.

In the dear days that we spent together,
I scattered flowers at your feet:
You were the only hope of my heart;
Tu della mente l'unico pensier. You were the only thought in my mind. 
Tu m'h'ai visto pregare, impallidire, You watched me beg, turning pale, 
Piangere tu m'h'ai visto innanzi a te: You watched me cry before you: 
Lo sol per appagare un tuo desire, Only to satisfy your desire, I 
Avrei dato il mio sangue e la mia fè. Had given my blood and my faith

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**O bei nidi d'amore**

O bei nidi d'amore, Oh beautiful nests of love, 
occhi a me sì cari, Eyes so dear to me, 
che di vostro favore non mi foste avari, That were not miserly to me with your 
or che privo son io good will, 
di quel vostro sorriso, Of that smile of yours, 
di quel mio Paradiso, Of that paradise of mine, 
 senza più alcun desio Without any more desire 
vedo i giorni miei fuggire, I see my days fly by, 
e in si cruda mia sorte And in my fate so cruel 
ogni giorno ho più morte e non Every day I have more death. 
posso ancor...non posso morir! And yet I cannot... I cannot die!

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**C'est ainsi que tu es**

Ta chair d'âme mêlée Your flesh, mingled with soul, 
Chevelure emmêlée, Your tangled hair, 
Ton pied courant le temps, Your feet pursuing time, 
Ton ombre qui s'étend Your shadow which stretches 
Et murmure à ma tempe. And whispers close to my temple. 
Voilà, c'est ton portrait, There, that is your portrait, 
C'est ainsi que tu es That is how you are, 
Et je veux te l'écrire And I shall write it down for you 
Pour que la nuit venue So that when night comes, 
Tu puisses croire et dire You may believe and say 
Que je t'ai bien connue. That I knew you well.
Air vif

Le trésor du verger et le jardin en fête,
The treasures of the orchard and the festive garden,
Les fleurs des champs, des bois éclatent de plaisir
The flowers of the field, of the woods Burst forth with pleasure
Hélas! et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa voix.
Alas! and above their head the wind swells its voice.
Mais toi, noble océan que l’assaut des tourmentes
But you, noble ocean Whom the assault of storms
Ne saurait ravager,
Cannot ravage,
Certes plus dignement lorsque tu te lamentes
You will assuredly, with more dignity,
Tu te prends à songer.
Lose yourself in dreams when you lament.

Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Loving couple of misapprehended sounds
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
The violin and player please me.
Ah! j’aime ces gémissements tendus
Ah! I love these long wailings
Sur la corde des malaises.
Stretched on the string of disquiet,
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
To the sound of strung-up chords
À l’heure où les Lois se taisent
At the hour when justice is silent
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
The heart, shaped like a strawberry,
S’offre à l’amour comme un fruit inconnu.
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Ah! non credea mirarti... Ah! non giunse

Ah! non credea mirarti
Ah, I didn't believe I'd see you
Si presto estinto, o fiore;
Wither so quickly, oh flower!
Passasti ai par d’amore,
You have faded away just like love,
Che un giorno sol durò.
Which only lasted a day.
Potria un nuovo vigore
Maybe my tears could
Il pianto mio recarti,
Lend you new life,
Ma riovivare l’amore
But to revive love
Il pianto mio non può.
My tears, oh no, they cannot do so.

Ah! non giunse uman pensiero
Ah, human thought can't understand
Al contento ond’io son piena:
The depth of my happiness:
A’ miei sensi io credo appena;
I can barely believe my own senses;
Tu m’affida, o mio tesor.
You do trust me, oh my darling!
Ah mi abbraccia, e sempre insieme
Ah, hold me and, always together,
Sempre uniti in una speeme,
Always united in a single hope,
Della terra in cui viviamo
From this land in which we live
Ci formiamo un ciel d'amor.
We shall build a Heaven of love.
Three Poems by Fiona MacLeod

The Lament of Ian the Proud

What is this crying that I hear in the wind?  
Is it the old sorrow and the old grief?  
Or is it a new thing coming, a whirling leaf  
About the gray hair of me who am weary and blind?

I know not what it is, but on the moor above the shore  
There is a stone which the purple nets of heather bind,  
And thereon is writ: She will return no more.  
O blown, whirling leaf, and the old grief,  
And wind crying to me who am old and blind!

Thy Dark Eyes to Mine

Thy dark eyes to mine, Eilidh,  
Lamps of desire!  
O how my soul leaps  
Leaps to their fire!  
Sure, now, if I in heaven,  
Dreaming in bliss,  
Heard but a whisper,  
But the lost echo even  
Of one such kiss --  
All of the Soul of me  
Would leap afar --  
If that called me to thee  
Aye, I would leap afar  
A falling star!

The Rose of the Night

The dark rose of thy mouth  
Draw nigher, draw nigher!  
Thy breath is the wind of the south,  
A wind of fire,  
The wind and the rose and darkness,  
O Rose of my Desire!

Deep silence of the night,  
Husht like a breathless lyre,  
Save the sea's thunderous might,  
Dim, menacing, dire,  
Silence and wind and sea, they are thee,  
O Rose of my Desire!

As a wind-eddying flame  
Leaping higher and higher,  
Thy soul, thy secret name,  
Leaps thro' Death's blazing pyre,  
Kiss me, Imperishable Fire, dark Rose,  
O Rose of my Desire!
**Lebe wohl**

"Lebe wohl" - Du fühlst nicht,  
Was es heißt, dies Wort der Schmerzen;  
Mit getrostem Angesicht  
Sagtest du's und leichtem Herzen.

Lebe wohl! - Ach tausendmal  
Hab' ich mir es vorgesprochen  
Und in nimmersatter Qual  
Mir das Herz damit gebrochen!

"Farewell!" You do not feel  
what it means, this word of pain;  
with a confident face  
you said it, and with a light heart.

Farewell! Alas, a thousand times  
I have uttered it aloud,  
and with insatiable torment,  
broken my own heart with it!

**Das verlassene Mägdlein**

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,  
Eh die Sternlein schwinden,  
Muss ich am Herde stehn,  
Muss Feuer zünden.

Schön ist der Flammen Schein,  
Es springen die Funken;  
Ich schaue so darein,  
In Leid versunken.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,  
Treuloser Knabe,  
Dass ich die Nacht von dir  
Geträumet habe.

Träne auf Träne dann  
Stürzet hernieder;  
So kommt der Tag heran–  
O ging er wieder!

Early, when the cocks crow,  
Before the tiny stars recede,  
I must be at the hearth,  
I must light the fire.

The flames are beautiful,  
The sparks fly;  
I gaze at them,  
Sunk in sorrow.

Suddenly I realize,  
Faithless boy,  
That in the night  
I dreamt of you.

Tear after tear  
Then tumbles down;  
So the day dawns–  
O would it were gone again!

**Er ist's**

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!

Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Spring is floating its blue banner  
On the breezes again;  
Sweet, well-remembered scents  
Drift portentously across the land.

Violets, already dreaming,  
Will soon begin to bloom.  
Listen, in the distance the sound of a harp!  
Spring, that must be you!  
It's you I've heard!