

3-24-2017

Elective Recital: Catherine Barr, mezzo-soprano & Kyle Cottrell, tenor

Catherine Barr

Kyle Cottrell

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Elective Recital:

Catherine Barr, mezzo-soprano

Kyle Cottrell, tenor

Richard Montgomery, piano

Maria Rabbia, piano

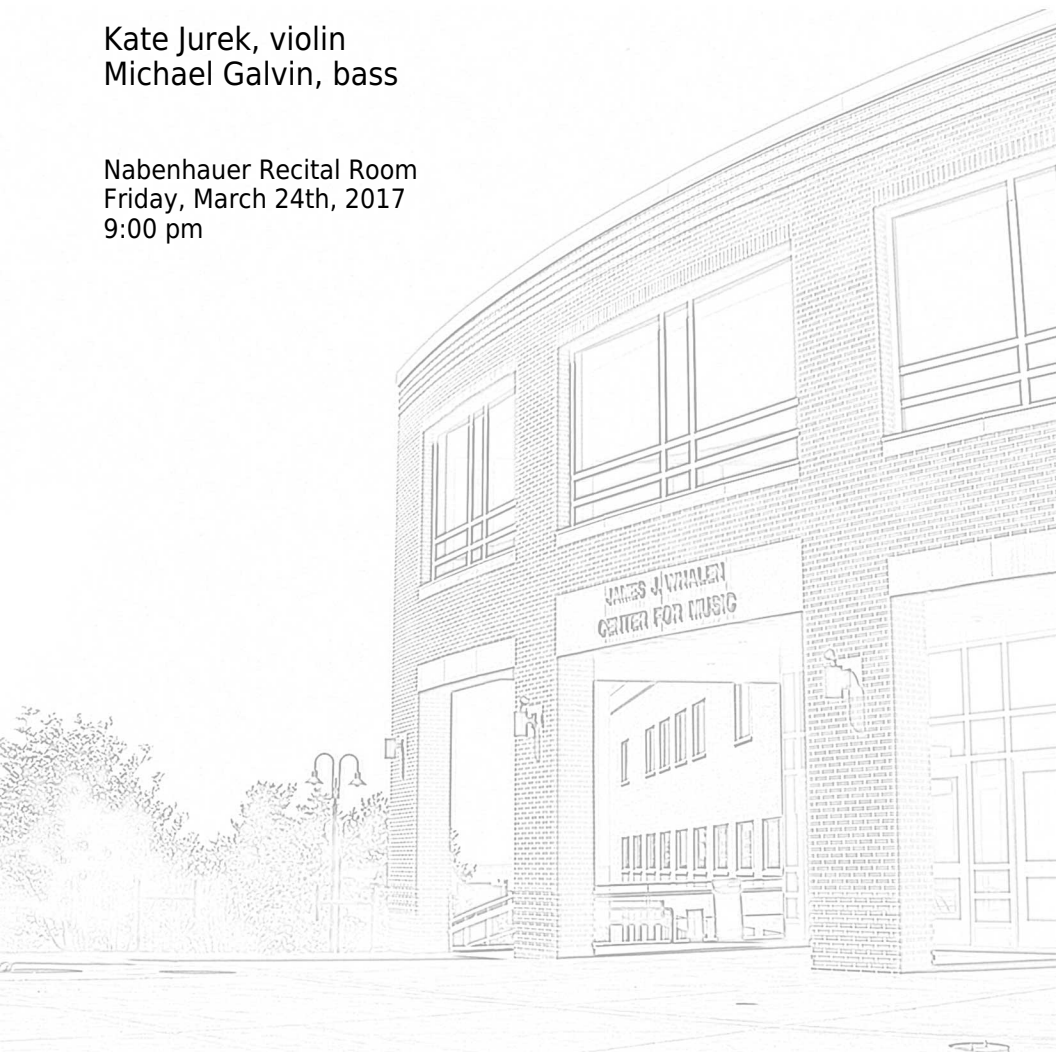
Kate Jurek, violin

Michael Galvin, bass

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Friday, March 24th, 2017

9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Tu fosti tradito
Recitative and Aria

Michael Galvin, bass

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Waldeggespräch

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Cinco canciones negras:

Xavier Monsalvatge
(1912-2002)

I. Cuba dentro de un Piano

Intermission

Plaisir d'amour

Jean-Paul-Égide Martini
(1741-1816)

Ich trage meine Minne

Richard Strauss
(1864- 1949)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Johannes Brahms
(1833- 1897)

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen
III. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Gustav Mahler
(1860- 1911)

Blue Mountain Ballads
I. Heavenly Grass
III. Cabin

Paul Bowles
(1910-1999)

Anthem

Tim Rice
(b.1944)

Goodbye Until Tomorrow/I Could Never
Rescue You

Jason Robert Brown
(b.1970)

Kate Jurek, violin

Translations

Tu fosti tradito

Recitativo:

Publio: Cesare, nol diss'io.
Sesto è l'autore della
trama crudel.

Tito: Publio, ed è vero?

P: Purtroppo; ei di sua bocca
tutto affermò. Co' complici
il senato alle fiere il
condanna. Ecco il decreto
terribile, ma giusto; nè vi
manca, o Signor, che il
nome Augusto.

T: Onnipossenti Dei!

Annio: Ah, pietoso
Monarca...

T: Annio, per ora lasciami in
pace.

A: Deh, perdonna, s'io parlo
in favor d'un insano.
Della mia cara sposa egli
è germano.

Aria:

Tu fosti tradito: ei degno è di
morte, ma il core
di Tito pur lascia sperar.

Deh prendi consiglio, Signor,
dal tuo core: il nostro
dolore ti degna mirar.

Recitative:

Publio: Caesar, I say to you.
Sesto is the author of
the cruel plot.

Tito: Publio, is this true?

P: Unfortunately; from his
mouth states all of this.
In compliance, the senate
condemns the fairs. That
is the terrible decree, but
fair; nor you miss, O
God, the name Augustus.

T: Omnipotent Gods!

Annio: Ah, compassionate
Monarch...

T: Annio, for now leave me in
peace.

A: Ah, forgive me if I speak in
favor of a mad man. He
is the brother of my
dear wife!

Aria:

You were betrayed: it is
worthy of death, but the
heart of Tito leaves hope.

Oh take advice, Sire, from
your heart: the right to
forgive gives you your
pain.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat
Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,

Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

In the wondrously-beautiful
month of May
When all the buds are
booming,

Then, in my heart
Did love rise up.

Im wunderschönen Monat
Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden

In the wondrously-beautiful
month of May
When all the birds sang,
Then have I to-her confessed

Mein Sehnen und Verlangen

My yearning and longing

Waldesgespräch

"Es ist schon spät, es ist
schon kalt,
Was reitest du einsam
durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist
allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ
dich heim!"

"It is already late, it is
already cold;
Why ride alone through the
wood?
The wood is large, you are
alone,
You beautiful bride! I will
lead you home!"

"Groß ist der Männer Trug
und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz
gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her
und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer
ich bin."

"Great are the men's deceit
and cunning;
From pain my heart broken
is.
One hears hunting horns
here and there,
O flee! You know not who I
am!"

"So reich geschmückt ist Roß
und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge
Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich Gott steht
mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei."

"So richly adorned is horse
and lady,
So wondrously-beautiful the
young body;
Now know I you-God stand
with me!
You are the witch Loreley!"

“Du kennst mich wohl vom
hoben Stein
Schaut still mein Schloss tief
in den Rhein.
Kommst nimmermehr aus
diesem Wald.”

You have recognized me,
Gazes silently my castle
deep into the Rhine
You will come never again
out of this forest.”

Cuba dentro de un Piano

Cuando mi madre llevaba un
sorbete de fresa por
sombbrero
y el humo de los barco aún
era humo de habanero,

When my mother wore a
strawberry sorbet hat
and the smoke from the
boats was still smoke
from cigars,

Mulata vuelta bajera...

from dark Vuelta Abajo
leaves...

Cádiz se adormecía entre
fandangos y habaneras
y un lorito al piano quería
hacer de tenor.

Cadiz went to sleep between
fandangos and habaneras
and a little parrot at the
piano tried to sing tenor.

Dime dónde está la flor que
el hombre tanto venera...

Tell me where the flower is
that man so intently
worships...

Mi tío Antonio volvía con aire
de insurrecto.

My uncle Antonio returned
with his insurrectionist air.

La Cabaña y el Príncipe
sonaban por los patios
del Puerto.

The Cabaña and El Príncipe
resounded through the
patios near the harbor.

Ya no brilla la Perla azul del
mar de las Antillas.

No more shines the blue
pearl of the Antillean sea.

Ya se apagó, se nos ha
muerto.

It's gone out, it's died.

Me encontré con la bella
Trinidad...

I ran into beautiful Trinidad...

Cuba se había perdido y
ahora era verdad.
Era verdad, no era mentira.
Un cañonero huído llegó
cantándolo en guajira.

Cuba had been lost, and now
it was true.
Quite true, it was no lie.
A fleeting gunboat came in
singing the tale in
guajiras.

La Habana ya se perdió.
Tuvo la culpa el dinero...
Calló, cayó el cañonero.

Havana was already lost.
Money was to blame...
The gunboat fell silent.

Pero después, pero ¡ah!
después fué cuando al
"sí" lo hicieron "yes."

But later, ah later when the
took "sí" and turned it
into "yes."

Plaisir d'amour

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un
moment;
Chagrin d'amour dure toute
la vie.

The pleasures of love not last
but a moment;
The sorrows of love last all
the life.

J'ai tout quitté pour l'ingrate
Sylvie
Elle me quitte et prend un
autre amant.

I have all abandoned for the
ungrateful Sylvie:
She abandons me and takes
another lover.

Tant que cette eau coulera
doucement
Vers ce ruisseau qui borde la
prairie,
Je t'aimerai, me répétait
Sylvie:
L'eau coule encore; elle a
change pourtant.

As long as this water flows
gently
Towards this stream that
bounds the plain,
I shall love you, Sylvie told
me
The water flows still; she has
changed forever

Ich trage meine Minne

Ich trage meine Minne vor
Wonne stumm,
Im Herzen und im Sinne mit
mir herum.

I carry my love mute with
delight,
in my heart and in my mind,
with me wherever.

Ja, dass ich dich gefunden,
du liebes Kind,
das freut mich alle Tage, die
mir beschieden sind.

Yes, that I have found you,
you beloved child,
that makes me joyful
everyday, that is granted
to me.

Und ob ach der Himmel
trübe, kohlschwartz die
Nacht, hell leuchtet
meiner Liebe goldsonnige
Pracht.

And no matter if the sky is
gloomy, coal-black the
night, brightly shines my
love's gold-shining
splendor.

Und lügt auch die Welt in
Sünden, so tut mir's weh,
die arge muss erblinden
vor deiner Unschuld
Schnee.

And even as the world lies
through its sinfulness, and
I am heavy-hearted, the
evil must become blind
from your snowy
innocence.

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Immer leiser wird mein
Schlummer, nur wie
Schleier liegt mein
Kummer zittern über mir.

Ever lighter becomes my
slumber, like a veil lies
my sorrow trembling over
me.

Oft im Traume hör ich dich
rufen draus vor meiner
Tür.

Often in my dreams I hear
you calling outside my
door.

Niemand wacht und öffnet
dir, ich erwach und weine
bitterlich.

No one wakes and opens for
you, I wake up and
weep bitterly.

Ja, ich werde sterben
müssen, eine andre wirst
du küssen, wenn ich
bleich und kalt.

Yes, I shall have to die, you
will kiss another, when I
am pale and cold.

Eh die Maienlüfte wehn, eh
die Drossel singt im
Wald, willst du mich noch
einmal sehn, komm, o
komme bald!

Before the May breezes blow,
and the thrush sings in
the wood, if you want to
see me once more,
come... oh come soon!

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer, ein Messer in meiner Brust, o weh! O weh!	I have a glowing knife, a knife in my breast, oh woe! Oh woe!
Das schneid't so tief in jede Freud' und jede Lust so tief! So tief!	It cuts so deeply into every joy and every light so deeply! So deeply!
Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!	Alas, it is such an evil guest!
Nimmer hält er Ruh', nimmer hält er Rast, nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht, wenn ich schlief. O weh! O weh!	It never takes a rest, never a break, not by day, nor by night, when I sleep. Oh woe! Oh woe!
Wenn ich in dem Himmel seh' seh' ich zwei blaue Augen steh'n! O weh! O weh!	When I look up into the sky, I see two blue eyes there! Oh woe! Oh woe!
Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh' seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar im Winde weh'n. O weh! O weh!	When I walk in the yellow field, I see her blond hair from afar blowing in the wind. Oh woe! Oh woe!
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr' unt höre klingen ihr silbern' Lachen, o weh! O weh!	When I wake from a dream I hear her silvery laughter ringing, oh woe! Oh woe!
Ich wollt', ich läg' auf der schwarzen Bahr' könnt nimmer die Augen aufmachen!	I would, were I lying on the black bier, never again open my eyes!