

4-30-2014

Junior Recital: Rachel Ozols, mezzo soprano

Rachel Ozols

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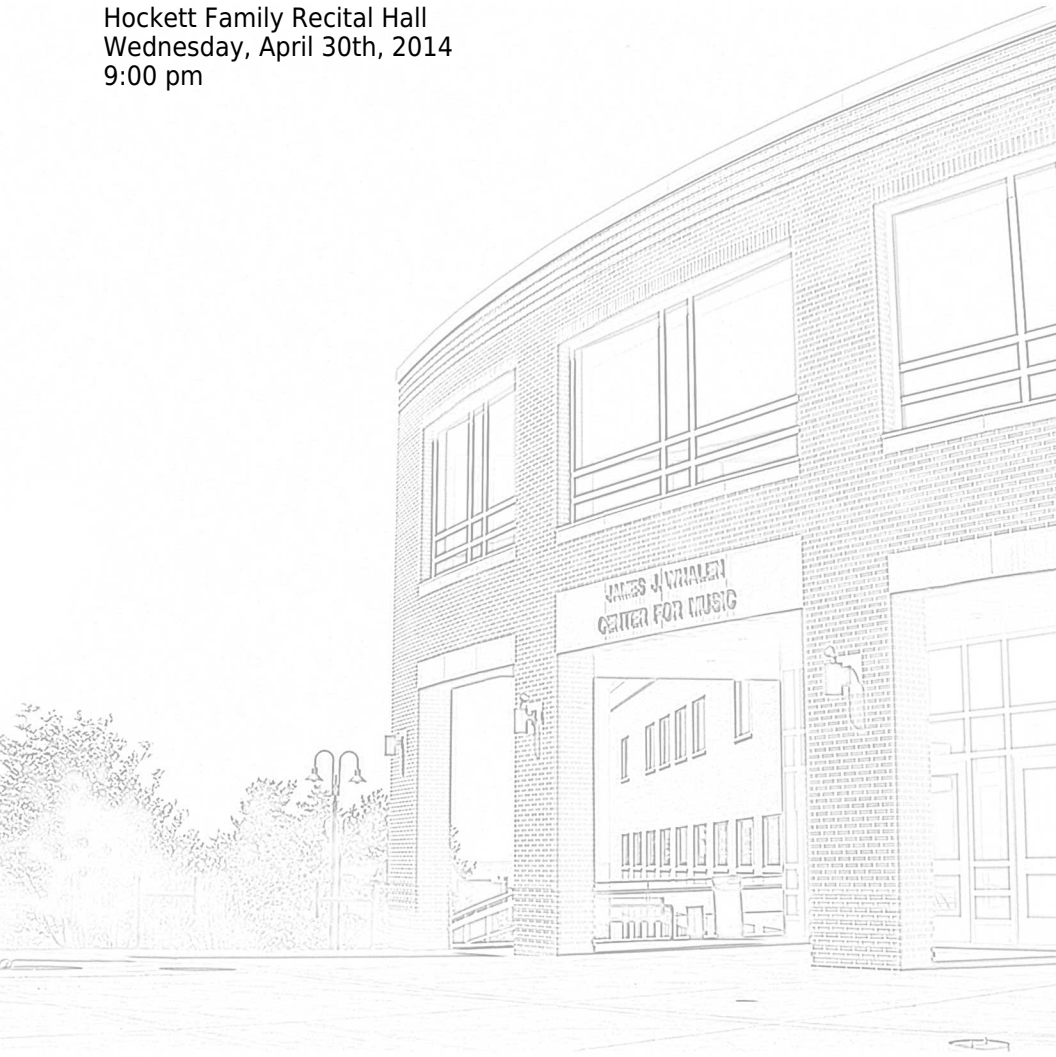
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Junior Recital:
Rachel Ozols, mezzo soprano

Accompanist, Kerry Mizrahi

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Wednesday, April 30th, 2014
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Faites-lui mes aveux
from *Faust*

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Siete Canciones populares Españoles

El Paño Moruno
Seguidilla Murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Canción
Polo

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

Hence! Iris Hence Away!
from *Semele*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Intermission

Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Die Junge Nonne

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Wir Wandelten

Johannes Brahms

100 Easy Ways to Lose a Man
from *Wonderful Town*

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

A Little Bit in Love
From *Wonderful Town*

Leonard Bernstein

I Can Cook Too
From *On the Town*

Leonard Bernstein

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree BM. Rachel Ozols is from the studio of Dr. Brad Hougam.

Faites-lui mes aveux

Faites-lui mes aveux;
portez mes vœux!
Fleurs écloses près d'elle,

dites-lui qu'elle est belle,
que mon cœur nuit et jour
languit d'amour!

Révélez à son âme
le secret de ma flamme,
qu'il s'exhale avec vous
parfums plus doux!

Fanée! Hélas! Ce sorcier,
que Dieu damne,
m'a porté Malheur!
Je ne puis, sans qu'elle se
fane,

toucher une fleur!
Si je trampaï mes doigts
dans l'eau bénite!

C'est là que chaque soir
vient prier Marguerite!

Voyons maintenant,
Voyons vite!

Elles se fanent?

Non!

Satan, je ris de toi!
C'est en vous que j'ai fois;
Parlez pour mois!

Qu'elle puisse connaître
l'émoi qu'elle a fait naître,
et don mon cœur trouble

n'a point parlé!

Si l'amour l'effarouche,
que la fleur sur sa bouche
sache au moins déposer
un doux baiser!

Make to her my confessions,
carry my desires!

Flowers that bloom near to
her,

tell her that she is beautiful,
that my heart night and day
languishes from love!

Reveal to her soul,
the secret of my passion
that exhale with you
perfumes more sweet!

Wilted! Alas! The sorcerer,
that God damns to me,
has brought bad luck!
I can-not without that it
wither,

touch a flower!
What if I dipped my fingers
into holy water!

It is here that every evening
come to pray Marguerite!

Let's see now,
let's see quickly!

They are wilting?

no!

Satan, I laugh at you!
It is in you I have faith;
speak for me!

May she know the emotion,
she has caused to be born,
and of which my heart is
troubled

not has yet spoken!

If love alarms her,
may the flower upon her lips
know at least to place
a gentle kiss!

El Paño Moruno

Al paño fino,
en la tienda,
Una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Por que perdió su valor.
Ay!

On the cloth fine,
in the shop,
A spot it fell;
For less price it sells,
because it lost its value.
Ay!

Seguidilla Murciana

Cualquiera que el te jado
Tenga de vidrio.
No debe tirar
piedras
Al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;

Puede que en
el camino
Nos encontremos!
Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo.
Conpeseta que corre
De mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,

Y creyéndola falsa
Nadie la toma!

Anyone whose roof
is made of glass.
Should not throw
stones
at the neighbor
Travelers we
may be;
one may that in the road
ourselves we
may meet!
For your fickleness
I to you compare.
With coin that runs
from hand to hand;
That at the end
itself erases,
and believing it false
No-one takes it!

Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,
Arrimé me à un pino verde

Por ver me llorar lloraba.
Yel pino, como era verde

In order to see if I can be
consoled,
I learned against a pine
green

In order to see me cry, it
cried.
And the pine as it was green

Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos	They say that we aren't in love
Por que no nos ven hablar;	Because they dont see us speaking;
A tu corazón y al mío Selo pueden preguntar.	To your heart and to mine they should ask.
Ya me despido de tí, De tu casa y tu ventana Y aunque no quiera tu madre,	Myself I take leave of you, From your house and window and even though your mother may not like it,
Adiós!	Goodbye!

Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme, Duerme, mi alma, Duérmete, lucerito De la mañana Nanitá, nana	Sleep you boy, sleep. sleep, my soul, Sleep, little bright star of the morning Little lulluby
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Canción

Por traidores tus ojos, Voy á enterrarlos; No sabes lo que cuesta, "Del aire" Niña, el mirarlos. "Madre a la orilla"	Because traidors your eyes, I go to buy them; You dont know what it costs, "Of the air" Girl, look into your eyes. "Mother to the shore"
Dicen que no me quieres, Ya me has querido. Váya selo ganado "Del aire" Por lo perdido, "Madre, a la orilla"	They say that you don't love me, You have already loved me. Certainly it gained "Of the air" For the lost, "Mother to the shore"

Polo

Ay!

Guardo una "Ay!"

Guardo una pena en mi
pecho

Que á nadie se ladiré!

Ay!

I keep one! Ay!

I keep a saddness in my
bosom

I can tell no-one about it!

Malhaya el amor, malhaya!

Ay!

Y quien me lo dió á
entender!

Damned the love, damned!

Ay!

And who has made me
understand it!

Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Wie Melodien zieht es
mir leise durch den Sinn,

wie Frühlings blumen blüht
es

unt schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Like Melodies moves it
in-me quietly through the
mind,

like spring-flowers blooms it

and floats like a fragarence
away.

Doch kommt das Wort und
fasst es

und führt es vor das Aug'
wie Nebelgrau erblasst es
und schwindet wie ein
Hauch.

But comes the word and
takes hold of it
and leads it before the Eyes
like a gray mist pales it
and disappears like a
breath.

Unt dennoch ruht im Reime

verborgen wohl ein Duft,
den mild aus stillem Keime

ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

And yet remians in-the
rhyme
hidden perhaps a fragarence,
that gently from the silent
bud
a moist eye calls forth.

Die junge Nonne

Wie braust durch die Wipfel
der heulender Sturm!

Es kliren die Balken, es
zittert das Haus!

Es rollet der Donner, es
leuchtet der Blitz!

Und finster die Nacht, wie
das Grab!

Immerhin!

So tobt' es auch jüngst noch
in mir!

Es brauste das leben, wie
jetzo der Sturm!

Es bebten die Glieder, wie
jetzo das Haus!

Es flammte die Liebe, wie
jetzo der Blitz!

Und finster die Brust,
wie das Grab!

Nun tobe, du wilder,
gewaltger Sturm!

Im Herzen is Friede, im
Herzen ist Ruh!

Des Bräutigams harret die
liebende Braut,
gereinigt in prüfender Glut
der ewigen, Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit
sehnen dem Blick;

komm, himmlischer
Bräutigam!

hole die Braut!

Erlöse due Seele von
irdischer Haft!

How it roars through the
treetops the howling storm!

It rattles the rafters, it
shudders the House!

It rolls the Thunder, it flashes
the Lightening!

And dark the Night, like the
Grave!

Anyhow!

So raged it also recently still
in me!

It roared the life, like now the
Storm!

It trembled the limbs, like
now the House!

It burned the love, like now
the Lightening!

And dark my Heart,
Like the Grave.

Now rage, you wild, powerful,
Storm!

In the Heart is Peace, in the
Heart is stillness!

The Bride-groom awaits the
loving Bride,
cleansed in testing Flames
to eternal, Love wedded.

I await you, my Savior, with
yearning Gaze;

Come, heavenly Bridegroom,

take your bride!

Release the soul from earthly
imprisonment!

Horch! friedlich er tönet das
Glöcklein vom Turm;
es lockt mich das süße Getön
all mächtig zu ewigen Höhn.
Alleluia!

Listen! Peacefully rings the
little-bell in the Tower;
It entices me, that sweet
tone
overpowering to eternal
heights.
Alleluia!

Wir Wandelten

Wir wandelten, wir zwei
zusamen,
ich war so still und du so
stille,
ich gäbe viel, um zu
erfahren,
was du gedacht in jenem
Fall.

We walked, we two together,
I was so quiet and you so
quiet,
I would give much, in order
to know,
what you thought in that
moment.

Was ich gedacht,
unausgesprochen
verbleibe das! Nur Eines sag'
ich:

What I thought, unspoken
remains it! Only one thing
say I:

So schön war alles, was ich
dachte,
so himmlisch heiter war es
all!
In meinem Haupte die
Gedanken,
sie läutete wie gold'ne
Glöckchen;

So beautiful was all that I
thought,
so heavenly cheerful was it
all!
In my head the thoughts
they rang like golden little
bells!

so wunderschüss, so
wunderlieblich
ist in der Welt kein andrer
Hall.

So wonderfully-sweet, so
wonderfully-lovely
is in the World no other
sound.