

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

9-27-2015

Senior Recital: Kate Clemons, soprano

Kate Clemons

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Clemons, Kate, "Senior Recital: Kate Clemons, soprano" (2015). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1196.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1196

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

A Day in the Life of a Lover

Kate Clemons, soprano

Mary Ann Erickson, piano

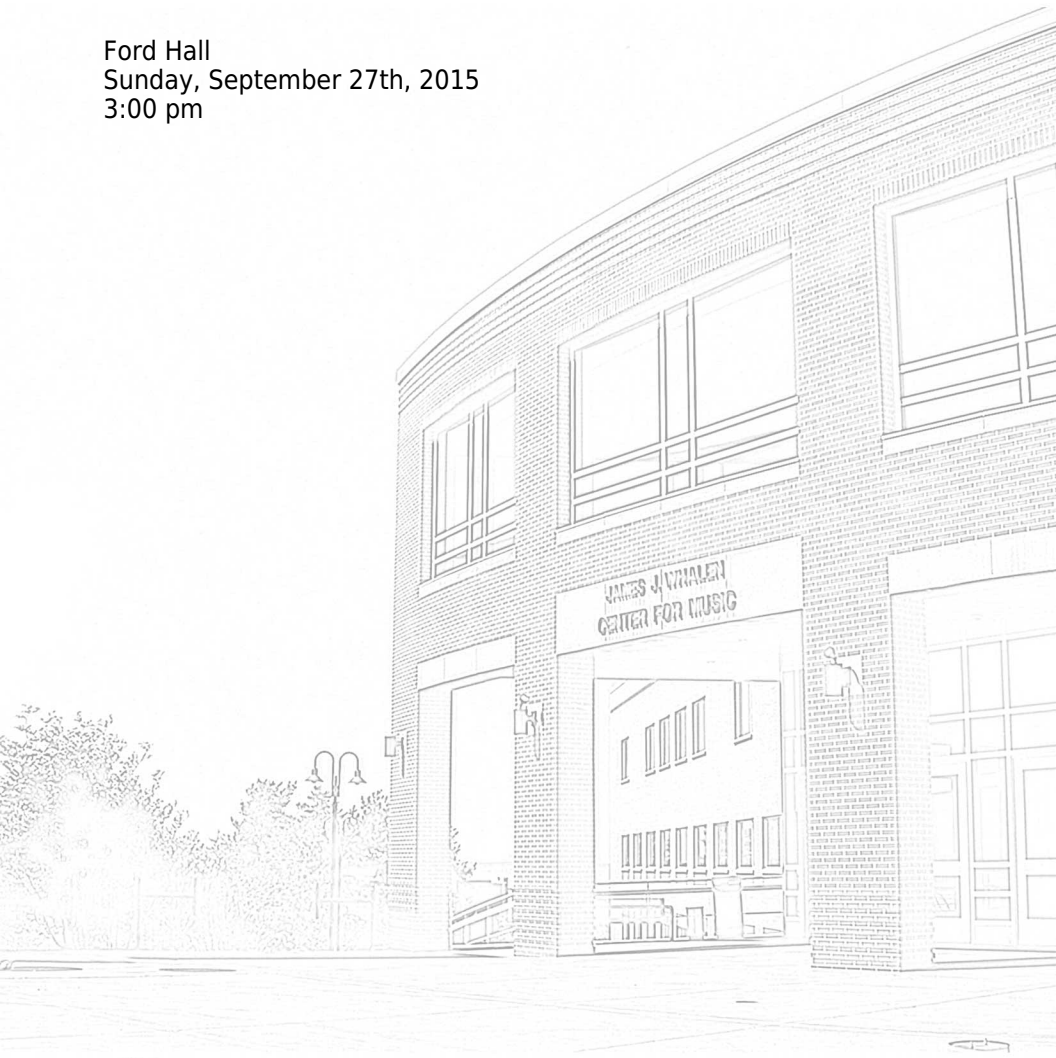
Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone

Ford Hall

Sunday, September 27th, 2015

3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Morning

Il Sole e Amore	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
Les Fleurs	Erik Satie (1866-1925)
Das Veilchen	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Afternoon

An Chloe	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Je Te Veux	Erik Satie (1866-1925)
Rain Has Fallen	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Nedda/Silvio Love Duet from " <i>Pagliacci</i> "	Ruggero Leoncavallo (1857-1919)
<i>Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone</i>	

Intermission

Evening

Abendempfindung	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Morire? A Te	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Night

Sleep Now	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Je Ne T'aime Pas	Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
Nocturne	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Translations

Il Sole e Amore

Il sole allegramente batte ai tuoi vetri;	The sun solefully beats your glasses;
Amor pian pian batte al tuo cuore E l'uno e l'altro chiama.	Love softly, softly beats your heart and the one and the other call you.
Il sole dice: "O dormente mostrati che sei bella!"	The sun says: "O sleeper it is shown that you are beautiful!"
Dice l'amor: "Sorella col tuo primo pensier	Says love: "Sister with your first thought
Pensa a chi t'ama! Pensa!"	Think who loves you! Think!"
Al Paganini, G. Puccini.	To Paganini, G. Puccini.

Les Fleurs

Que j'aime à vous voir belles fleurs	How I love to see you, beautiful flowers,
A l'aube entrouvrir vos corolles Quand Iris vous fait de ses pleurs	Opening up your corolla at dawn When Iris makes for you with her tears
De transparentes auréoles	Transparent halos
Vous savez seules dans nos coeurs évoquer une tendre image Et par vos suaves couleurs Vous nous parlez un doux langage	You alone know how, in our hearts, To evoke a tender image And by your soft colors You speak to us a soft language.
Aussi messagères d'amour Je vous demande avec tristesse Pourquoi le sort en un seul jour Vous arrache à notre tendresse.	Also, messengers of love, I ask you in sadness Why fate, in just one day, Tears you away from our tenderness.

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand, Gebückt in sich und unbekannt; Es war ein herzigs Veilchen. Da kam ein' junge Schäferin Mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn Daher, daher, Die Wiese her und sang.	A violet stood in the meadow, Cowering and unseen; It was a charming violet. There came a young shepherdess, With a light step and a cheerful heart That way, that way, Along the meadow and sang.
--	---

"Ach," denkt das Veilchen, "wär' ich
nur

Die schönste Blume der Natur,

Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt,
Ach nur, ach nur
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!"

Ach! Aber ach! das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in acht das Veilchen
nahm,

Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut' sich
noch:

"Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich
doch

Durch sie, durch sie
Zu ihren Füßen doch."

Das arme Veilchen!
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

"Ah," thinks the violet, "were I only

The most beautiful flower in nature,

Ah, only for a little while,
Until the sweetheart plucked me
And on her bosom pressed me flat,
Ah only, ah only
For a quarter-hour!"

Ah! but alas! the girl came
And did not take notice of the
violet,

Trampled on the poor violet.
It sank and died, yet rejoiced for
itself:

"And if I die, at least I die,

Because of her, because of her,
Right at her feet."

The poor violet!
It was a charming violet.

An Chloe

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen
blauen,
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust hinein zu schauen
Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küße
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm,

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich
drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

Den berauschten Blick
umschattet
Eine düstre Wolke mir,
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
ermattet, ermattet
Aber selig neben dir.

When love shines from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with the pleasure of gazing
into them
my heart pounds and glows;

and I hold you and kiss
your rosy, warm cheeks,
lovely maiden, and I clasp you
trembling in my arms,

maiden, maiden, and I press
you firmly to my breast,
which at the last moment,
only at death, will let you go;

then my intoxicated gaze is
shadowed
by a gloomy cloud,
and I sit then, exhausted,
exhausted, exhausted
but blissful, next to you.

Je Te Veux

J'ai compris ta détresse, Cher amoureux,
Et je cède à tes vœux:
Fais de moi ta maîtresse.
Loin de nous la sagesse,
Plus de tristesse,
J'aspire à l'instant précieux
Où nous serons heureux: Je te veux.

I have understood your distress,
dear lover,
and I yield to your wish:
make me your mistress.
Modesty shall be far from us,
no more sadness,
I long for the precious moment
when we will be happy: I want you.

Je n'ai pas de regrets,
Et je n'ai qu'une envie:
Près de toi, là, tout près,
Vivre toute ma vie.
Que mon coeur soit le tien
Et ta lèvre la mienne,
Que ton corps soit le mien,
Et que toute ma chair soit tienne.

I have no regrets,
and I want only one thing:
next to you, there, so close,
to live all of my life.
Let my heart be yours
and your lips be mine,
let your body be mine,
and let all of my flesh be yours.

J'ai compris ta détresse, *etc.*

I have understood your distress,
etc.

Oui, je vois dans tes yeux
La divine promesse
Que ton coeur amoureux
Vient chercher ma caresse.
Enlacés pour toujours,
Brûlés des mêmes flammes,
Dans des rêves d'amours,
Nous échangerons nos deux âmes.

Yes, I see in your eyes
the divine promise
that your loving heart
comes to seek my caress.
Enlaced forever,
burned with the same flames,
in dreams of love,
we will exchange our two souls.

J'ai compris ta détresse, *etc.*

I have understood your distress,
etc.

Nedda/Silvio Love Duet from "Pagliacci"

Silvio
Nedda!

Silvio
Nedda!

Nedda
Silvio!
A quest'ora...che imprudenza!

Nedda
Silvio!
At this hour...What imprudence!

Silvio
Ah bah!
Sapea ch'io non rischiavo nulla.
Canio e Beppe da lunge a la
taverna, a la taverna ho

Silvio
Ah bah!
I knew that I was taking no risk.
Canio and Beppe from afar at the
tavern have I espied!

scorto!

Ma prudente per la macchia a me
nota qui ne venni.

Nedda

E ancora un poco in tonio
t'imbattevi!

Silvio

Oh! Tonio il gobbo!

Nedda

Il gobbo è da temersi!
M'ama...Ora qui mel disse e nel
bestial delirio suo,
baci chiedendo, ardia correr sume!

Silvio

Per Dio!

Nedda

Ma con la frusta de cane
immondo
la foga calmai!

Silvio

E fra quest'ansie in eterno
vivrai?!
Nedda! Nedda!
Decidi il mio destin, Nedda! Nedda,
rimani!
Tu il sai, la festa ha fin e parte
ognun domani.
Nedda! Nedda!

E quando tu di qui sarai partita che
addiverà di me
della mia vita?!

Nedda

Silvio!

Silvio

Nedda, Nedda rispondimi!
S'è ver che Canio non amasti mai,

But I wisely came here through the
scrub woods known to me.

Nedda

And a minute sooner into Tonio
you'd have bumped!

Silvio

Oh! Tonio the fool!

Nedda

The fool is to be feared!
He's in love with me...Just now here
he told me so
and in his bestial passion kisses
demanding, he dared run at
me!

Silvio

By God!

Nedda

But with the whip I calmed
the filthy dog's passion.

Silvio

And with these anxieties
forever must you live?
Nedda! Nedda!
Decide my fate, Nedda, Nedda
stay!
You know that the holiday ends
tomorrow
and that everyone will leave.
Nedda! Nedda!
And when you from here shall have
gone,
what will happen to me, to my life?!

Nedda

Silvio!

Silvio

Nedda, Nedda answer me!
If it is true that Canio you do not

s'è vero che t'è in odio
il ramingar e'l mestier che tu fai,

se l'immenso amor tuo
una fola non è questa notte
partiam!
fuggi, fuggi con me!

Nedda

Non mi tentar!
Vuoi tu perder la vita mia?
Taci Silvio, non più è deliro, è folia!

Io mi confido a te
a te cui diedi il cor!
Non abusar di me
del mio febbrile amor!
Non mi tentar! Non mi tentar!
Piet à di me! Non mi tentar!

Silvio

No, più non m'ami!

Nedda

Che?!
Si t'amo! T'amo!

Silvio

E parti domatina?

E allor perchè di' tu m'hai stregato

se vuoi lasciarmi senza pietà?!

Quel bacio tuo perchè me l'hai dato
fra spasmi ardenti di volutà?!

Se tu scordasti l'ore fugaci

io non lo posso, e voglio ancor
que'spasmi ardenti,
que caldi baci che tanta febbre
m'han messo in cor!

Nedda

Nulla scordai scon volta e
turbata

m'ha questo amor che ne'l guardo

love ever,
if it is true that you hate
the vagabond life and the work that
you do,
and if your great love for me
isn't just a sham, tonight let us
leave,
flee, with me!

Nedda

Don't tempt me!
Do you want to ruin the life mine?
Hush, Silvio, no more. It's delirium,
it's folly!

I put my trust in you,
in you whom I gave my heart.
Do not take advantage
of my feverish love!
Don't tempt me! Don't tempt me!
Have pity on me!

Silvio

No! You no longer love me!

Nedda

What!
Yes, I love you!

Silvio

And you will leave tomorrow
morning?
Tell me, why then, did you bewitch
me
and wish to leave me without pity?!

Why then did you kiss me
with spasms of lust?!

If you have forgotten the hours
fleeting,
I cannot, and I want more
Those spasms ardent,
those hot kisses that such fever
have started in my heart!

Nedda

I have forgotten nothing. This
love that blazes in your
eyes
left me distraught and perturbed!

ti sfavilla!
Viver voglio a te avvinta,
affascinata,
una vita d'amor calma e tranquilla!
A te mi donno; sume solo impera.

Ed io ti prendo e m'abbandono
intera!
Tutto scordiam!

Silvio
Tutto scordiam!

Nedda
Negli occhi mi guarda!
Baciami, baciami!
Tutto scordiamo!

Silvio
Tutto, tutto scordiamo!

Ti guardo, ti bacio,
tutto, tutto scordiamo!

Verrai?

Nedda
Si Baciami!

Nedda/Silvio
Si, mi guarda e mi bacia! T'amo,
t'amo!

I want to live bound to you and held
in your spell,
a life of love, calm and quiet!
I give myself to you; do with me
what you wish,
and I take you and surrender
entirely!
Everything let us forget!

Silvio
Everything let us forget!

Nedda
In the eyes look at me!
Kiss me, kiss me!
Everything let us forget!

Silvio
Everything, everything let us
forget!
Yes, I look at you and I kiss you!
Everything, everything let us
forget!
Will you come?

Nedda
Yes, kiss me!

Nedda/Silvio
Yes, I look at you and I kiss you! I
love you, I love you!

Abendempfindung

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist
verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste
Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte
Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes

Evening it is; the sun has vanished,
And the moon streams with silver
rays;
Thus flee Life's fairest hours,
Flying away as if in a dance.

Soon away will fly Life's colorful
scenes,
And the curtain will come rolling
down;
Done is our play, the tears of a

Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie
Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu),
Schließ ich dieses Lebens
Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe
weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch
erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch wehn.

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir
und pflücke Mir ein Veilchen auf
mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach!
schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu
weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

friend
Flow already over our grave.

Soon, perhaps (the thought gently
arrives like the west wind -
A quiet foreboding)
I will part from life's pilgrimage,
And fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep over my
grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,
Then, o Friends, I will appear
And waft you all heavenward.

And You, bestow also a little tear on
me,
and pluck me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze,
Look then gently down on me.

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry;
Those tears will be in my diadem
then:
the fairest pearls!

Morire?

Morire? E chi la sa qual è la vita?
Questa che s'apre luminosa e
schiatta,
ai fascino, agli amori, alle speranze,
o quella che in rinunce s'è assopita?

È la semplicità timida e queta
che si tramanda come
ammonimento,
come un segreto di virtù segreta
perché ognuno raggiunga la sua
meta,

o non piuttosto il vivo balenare
di sogni nuovi sopra sogni stanchi,

To die? And who knows what is life?
Is it this one that opens, shining
and pure,
to the charms, the loves, the hopes,
or is it the one that dozed off in
renunciations?

Is the bashful and calm simplicity
that is handed down as a warning,
like a secret of a secret life
so that everyone can reach his
goal,

or rather the lively flash
of new dreams over jaded dreams,

e la pace travolta e l'inesausta fede
d'avere
per desiderare?

Ecco io non lo so.
Ma voi che siete all'altra sponda
sulla riva immensa ove fiorisce il
fiore della vita,
son certo lo saprete.

and the overwhelmed peace and
the inexhaustible faith you need
to have in order to desire?

There, I don't know.
But you who are on the other side,
on the vast shore where the flower
of life blossoms -
I am sure you know.

A Te

Oh! quant'io t'amo, o quanto
in me forte e il desio,
di stringerti al cuor mio,
di farti palpar.

Da te così lontano
io soffro, io soffro assai;
ne pace io trovo mai
perché troppo e l'amor, ah!
Oh! quant'io t'amo o quanto, etc.

O mia vittoria, o mio tesoro,
o bene mio, o mio sol pensiero,
e dammi un bacio e il mondo in
tiero,
e mi farai tutto obbliar.

O mia vittoria, o mio tesoro sarai,
o bene mio, o mio sol pensiero,
e dammi un bacio e il mondo
intiero,
e mi farai tosto obbliar!

Oh! how much I love you, oh how
strong within me is the desire,
to press you to my heart,
to make your heart beat.

Being so far from you
I suffer, I suffer very much;
no peace I find, ever
because my love is too strong, ah!
Oh! how much I love you oh how
much, etc.

O my victory, O my treasure,
O my beloved, O my only thought,
give me a kiss and the world
entirely
will I be made to forget it all.

O my victory, O you will be my
treasure,
O my beloved, O my only thought,
give me a kiss and the world
entirely
will I be made to forget it all
immediately.

Je ne t'aime pas

Retire ta main,
je ne t'aime pas,
car tu 'as voulu,
tu n'es qu'une amie.

Pour d'autres sont faits
le creux de tes bras
Et ton cher baiser
ta tête endormie.

Take back your hand,
I don't love you,
for you wanted it,
you're only a friend.

For others can have
the hollows of your arms
and your dear kiss
your sleeping head.

Ne me parle pas lorsque c'est le
soir,
trop intimement, a voix basse
mem'.

Ne me donne pas surtout ton
mouchoir:
Il renferme trop le parfum que
j'aim'.

Dis-moi tes amours,
je ne t'aime pas,
Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrant'
je ne t'aime pas...

Et s'il t'aimait bein,
ou s'il fut ingrat...
en me le disant, ne sois pas
charmant',
je ne t'aime pas

Je n'ai pas pleure,
je n'ai pas souffert,
Ce n'etait qu'un reve
et qu'une folie.

Il me suffira
qu'aux yeux soient clairs,
sans regret du soir,
ni melancolie,

Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur.
Il me suffira de voir ton sourir'.
Conte-moi comment il a pris ton
coeur,
Et meme dis-moi ce qu'on ne peut
dir'.

Non, tais-toi plutot
Je suis a genoux
Le feu s'est eteint,
la porte est fermee
je ne t'aime pas.

Ne demande rien,
je pleure, c'est tout.
je ne t'aime pas
o ma bienaimee!

Retire ta main,
Je ne t'aime pas.

Don't speak to me at night,
not too intimately with your soft
voice.
Don't give me your handkerchief:
It carries too much the scent that I
love.

Tell me your loves,
I don't love you,
Which hour was the headiest to you
I don't love you...

And if she didn't love you
or if she was ungrateful...
when you tell me, don't be
charming,
I don't love you.

I didn't cry,
I didn't suffer,
It was only a dream
and an extravagance.

I'll only need
your eyes to be bright
without evening regret
or melancholy,

I'll only need to see your happiness
I'll only need to see your smile
tell me how she took your heart,
and tell me what can't be said.

Non, shut up rather
I'm on my knees
The fire went out,
the door is shut
I don't love you.

Don't ask me anything,
I'm crying, that's it.
I don't love you
o my beloved!

Take back your hand,
I don't love you.