

2-17-2013

## Joint Recital: Katie O'Brien, soprano and Anna Goebel, clarinet

Katie O'Brien

Anna Goebel

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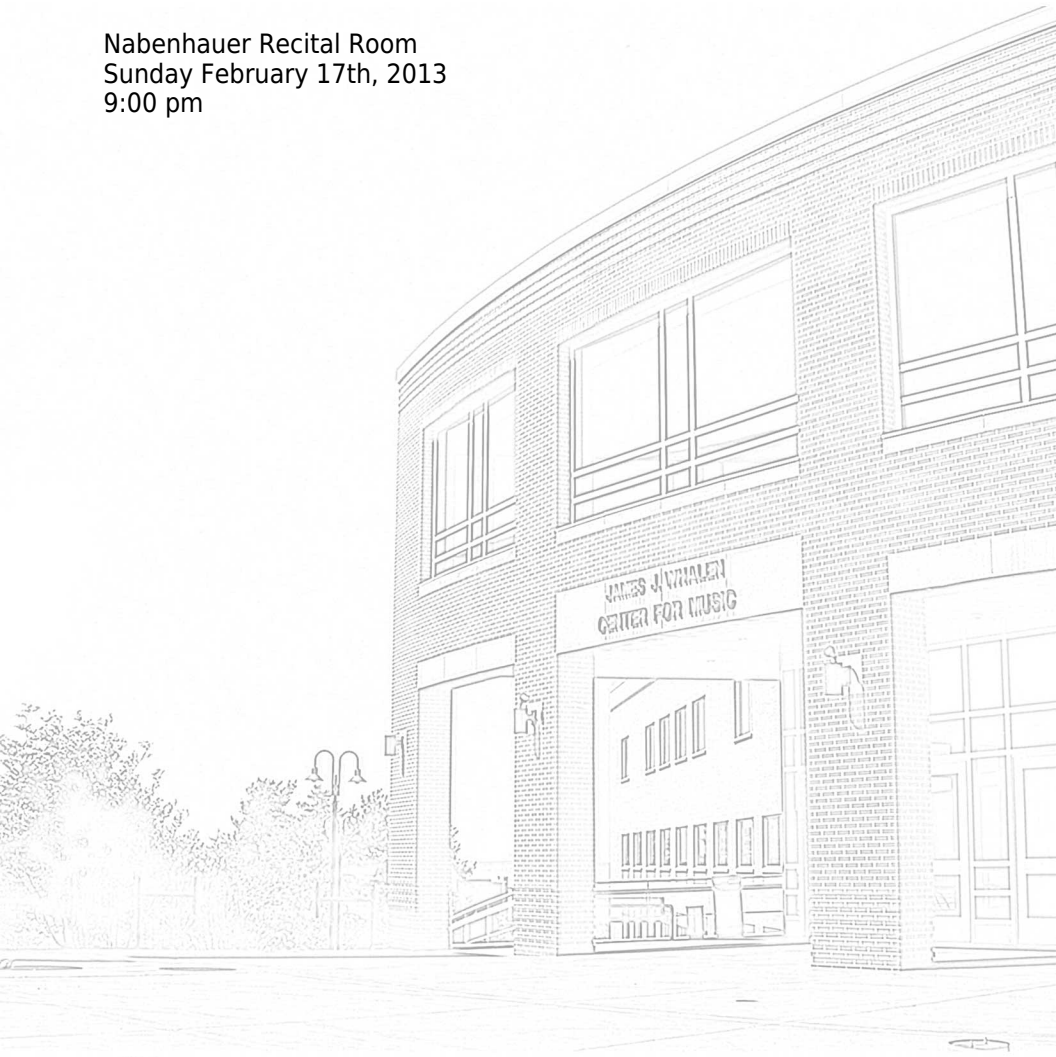
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# Joint Recital:

Katie O'Brien, soprano  
Anna Goebel, clarinet

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano  
Mary Ann Miller, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Sunday February 17th, 2013  
9:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Così fan tutte  
*Una donna a quindici anni*  
*Katie O'Brien*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Duo for Clarinet and Piano  
Allegro  
Larghetto  
Allegro  
*Anna Goebel*

Norbert Burgmüller  
(1810-1836)

Si mes vers avaient des ailes  
*Katie O'Brien*

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874-1947)

# Intermission

Sonatina for Clarinet and Piano  
Allegro con brio  
Andantino  
Furioso  
*Anna Goebel*

Malcolm Arnold  
(1921-2006)

Joy  
*Katie O'Brien*

Ricky Ian Gordon  
(b. 1956)

Six German Songs for Voice, Clarinet, and Piano  
Zwiegesang  
Wach auf  
*Katie O'Brien, Anna Goebel, Amy Brinkman-Davis*

Louis Spohr  
(1784-1859)

## Translations

### Una donna a quindici anni

Una donna a quindici anni  
dee saper ogni gran moda,  
dove il diavolo ha la coda,  
cosa è bene, e mal cos'è.  
Dee saper le maliziette,  
che innamorano gli amanti,  
finger riso, finger pianti,  
inventar i bei perchè.

Dee in un momento dar retta a cento,  
colle pupille parlar con mille,  
dar speme a tutti, sien belli o brutti,  
saper nascondersi, senza confondersi,  
senza arrossire saper mentire.  
E qual regina dall'alto soglio  
col posso e voglio farsi ubbidir.  
Par ch'abbian gusto di tal dottrina-  
viva Despina che sa servir!

A woman of 15 years  
must know all the good methods,  
where the devil keeps his tail,  
what's good and what's bad.  
She must know the little malices  
that enamour lovers.  
To feign laughter, to feign tears,  
and invent good reasons.

In a moment she must pay attention to  
a hundred,  
speak through her eyes with a  
thousand,  
give hope to all, be they handsome or  
ugly,  
know how to obfuscate without getting  
confused,  
and know how to lie without blushing.  
And this queen from her high throne  
can make them obey with "I can," and "I  
want."  
It seems they like this doctrine-  
long live Despina who knows how to  
serve!

### Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,  
vers votre jardin si beau,  
si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
des ailes comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,  
vers votre foyer qui rit,  
si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
des ailes comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,  
ils accourraient, nuit et jour,  
si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
des ailes comme l'amour!

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,  
to your garden so fair,  
if my verses had wings,  
like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,  
to your smiling hearth,  
if my verses had wings,  
like the mind.

Pure and faithful, to your side,  
they'd hasten night and day,  
if my verses had wings,  
like love!

## Zwiesengesang

Im Fliederbusch ein Vöglein saß  
in der stillen, schönen Maiennacht,  
darunter ein Mägdlein im hohen Gras  
in der stillen, schönen Maiennacht.  
Sang Mägdlein, hielt das Vöglein Ruh',

sang Vöglein, hört' das Mägdlein zu,  
und weithin klang Der Zwiesengesang  
das mondbeglänzte Tal entlang.

Was sang das Vöglein im Gezweig

durch die stille, schöne Maiennacht?  
Was sang doch wohl das Mägdlein  
gleich  
durch die stille, schöne Maiennacht?  
Von Frühlingssonne das Vögelein,  
von Liebeswonne das Mägdlein.  
Wie der Gesang zum Herzen drang,  
vergeß ich nimmer mein Lebelang.

In a lilac bush a little bird sat  
in the quiet, lovely May night,  
beneath it a maiden in the high grass  
in the quiet, lovely May night.  
When the maiden sang, the little bird  
remained silent,  
and when the little bird sang, the  
maiden listened,  
and into the distance rang out their duet  
the length of the moonlit valley.

What sang the little bird in the branches

through the quiet, lovely May night?  
And what, did the maiden sing at the  
same time  
through the quiet, lovely May night?  
Of spring sunshine sang the little bird,  
of love's delight sang the maiden,  
How that song pierced my heart,  
I shall never forget my whole life long.

## Wach auf

Was stehst du lange und sinnest nach?

Ach, schon so lange ist Liebe wach!  
Hörst du das Klingen allüberall?  
Die Vöglein singen mit süßem Schall;  
aus Starrem sprießet Baumblättlein  
weich,  
das Leben fließet um Ast und Zweig.

Das Tröpflein schlüpfet Aus  
Waldesschacht,  
das Bächlein hüpfet Mit Wallungsmacht;  
der Himmel neiget in's Wellenklar,  
die Bläue zeigt sich wunderbar,  
ein heit'res Schwingen zu Form und  
Klang,  
ein ew'ges Fügen im ew'gen Drang!

Why do you stand there so long in  
contemplation?

Ah, already so long is love awake!  
Hear you the ringing all around?  
The little birds singing with sweet tone;  
from the bare, rigid branches sprout  
tender little leaves,  
life flows through bough and twig.

The little drops are slip out of the forest  
hollows,  
the brook leaps with seething-power;  
the sky leans over into the clear waves,  
the blue reflecting wondrously,  
a cheerful vibration to shape and sound,  
bringing everything together in eternal  
motion.