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# Elective Recital: Katarina Andersson, soprano

Katarina Andersson

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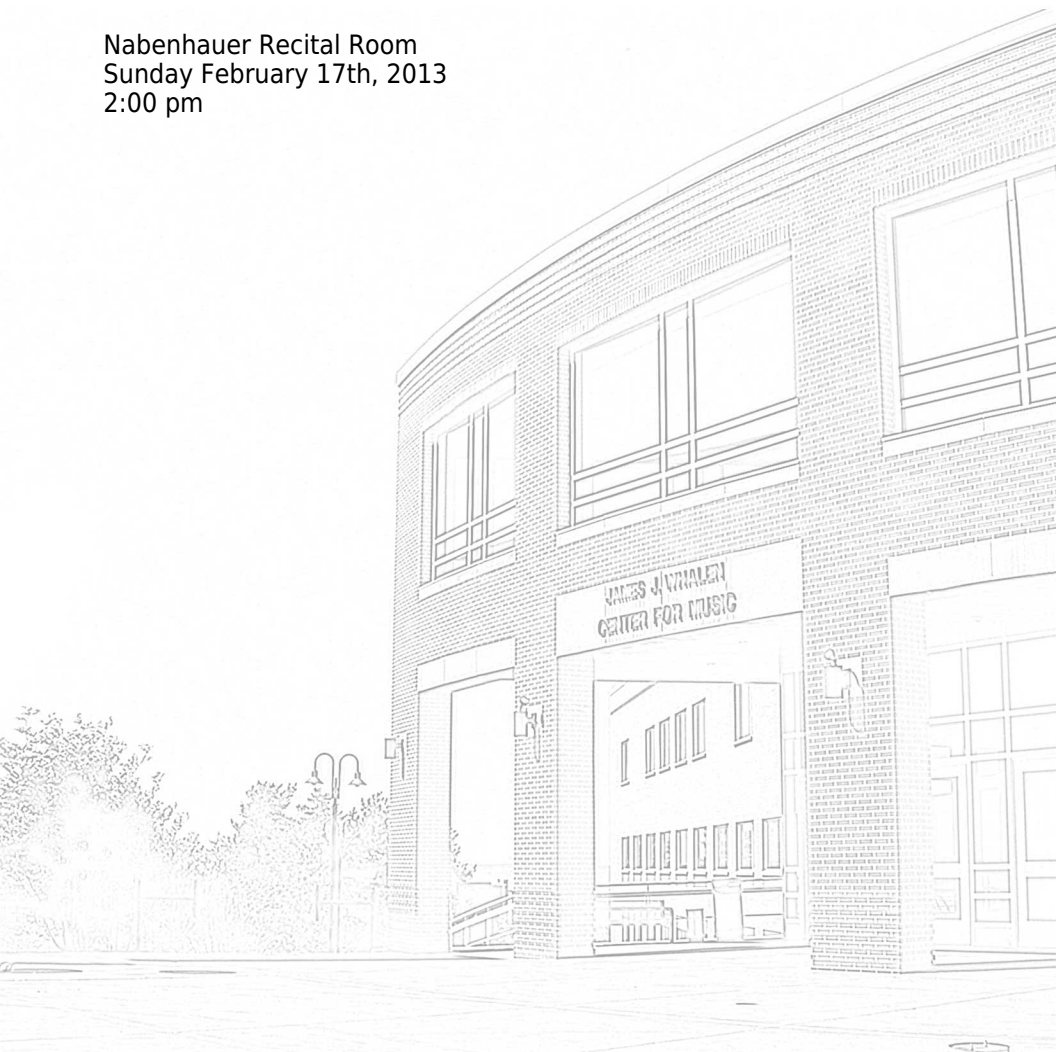
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# **Elective Recital:** Katarina Andersson, soprano

Graham Terry, piano

## **Of Mischief and Melancholy**

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Sunday February 17th, 2013  
2:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

L'heure exquise  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes  
Tyndaris

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874-1947)

Ablösung im Sommer

Gustav Mahler  
(1860-1911)

In der Fremde

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Du bist die Ruh

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Saper Vorreste  
Lo Spazzacamino

Giuseppi Verdi  
(1813-1901)

# Intermission

Love's Philosophy

Roger Quilter  
(1877-1953)

Ophelia's Song

Jake Heggie  
(b. 1961)

The Desire for Hermitage

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

Rêverie  
Le Lilas  
Pierrot

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Je Veux Vivre

Charles Gounod  
(1818-1893)

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Music Education. Katarina Andersson  
is from the studio of Jennifer Kay.

## Translations

### L'heure exquise

La lune blanche	The white moon
Luit dans les bois;	shines in the woods.
De chaque branche	From each branch
Part une voix	comes a voice
Sous la ramée...	beneath the boughs.
Ô bien aimée.	Oh my beloved...
L'étang reflète,	The pond reflects,
Profond miroir,	deeply mirrored,
La silhouette	the silhouette
Du saule noir	of the black willow
Où le vent pleure...	where the wind weeps.
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.	Let us dream! It is the hour...
Un vaste et tendre	A vast and tender
Apaisement	calm
Semble descendre	seems to descend
Du firmament	from the sky
Que l'astre irise...	made iridescent by the moon.
C'est l'heure exquise.	It is the exquisite hour!

### Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,	My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
Vers votre jardin si beau,	To your garden so fair,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,	If my verses had wings,
comme l'oiseau.	Like a bird.
Ils voleraient, étincelles,	They would fly, like sparks,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,	To your smiling hearth,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,	If my verses had wings,
comme l'esprit.	Like the mind.
Près de vous, purs et fidèles,	Near to you, pure and faithful,
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,	They'd hurry night and day,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,	If my verses had wings,
comme l'amour!	Like love!

## Tyndaris

Ô blanche Tyndaris, les Dieux  
me sont amis:  
Ils aiment les Muses Latines;  
Et l'aneth et le myrte et le thym  
des collines  
Croissent aux prés qu'ils m'ont  
soumis.  
Viens; mes ramiers chéris, aux  
voluptés plaintives,  
Ici se plaisent à gémir;  
  
Et sous l'épais feuillage il est  
doux de dormir  
Au bruit des sources fugitives.

Oh, white Tyndaris, the gods are  
friends to me:  
They love the Latin Muses;  
And dill and myrtle and thyme  
from the hills  
Grow in the meadows that they  
gave me.  
Come! My dear ring-doves,  
delighting in grief,  
It is here that you like to  
lament;  
And beneath dense leaves it is  
sweet to sleep  
Alongside the sound of bubbling  
springs.

## Ablösung im Sommer

Kuckuck hat sich zu Tode  
gefallen  
An einer grünen Weiden,  
Kuckuck ist tot! Kuckuck ist tot!  
  
Wer soll uns jetzt den Sommer  
lang  
Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?  
  
Ei, das soll tun Frau Nachtigall,  
  
Die sitzt auf grünem Zweige;  
Die kleine, feine Nachtigall,  
Die liebe, süße Nachtigall!  
Sie singt und springt, ist allzeit  
froh,  
Wenn andre Vögel schweigen.  
Wir warten auf Frau Nachtigall,  
Die wohnt im grünen Hage,  
Und wenn der Kukuk zu Ende  
ist,  
Dann fängt sie an zu schlagen!

The cuckoo has fallen to its  
death  
On a green willow,  
The cuckoo is dead! The cuckoo  
is dead!  
  
Who should then the summer  
long  
Help us pass the time?  
  
Oh, that should do, Mrs.  
Nightingale,  
Who sits on a green branch;  
The small, fine nightingale,  
The lovely, sweet nightingale!  
She sings and springs, is always  
joyous,  
When other birds are silent!  
We await Mrs. Nightingale,  
Who lives in a green glen,  
And when the cuckoo is at its  
end,  
Then she begins to sing!

## In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den  
Blitzen rot  
Da kommen die Wolken her,  
  
Aber Vater und Mutter sind  
lange tot,  
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

From my homeland beyond the  
red flashes,  
That's where the clouds come  
from,  
But my father and mother are  
long dead,  
And no one knows me there  
now.

Wie bald, wie bald kommt die  
stille Zeit,  
Da ruhe ich auch,

How soon, oh, how soon the  
quiet time will come,  
Then I will rest, too, and over  
me

Und über mir rauscht die  
schöne Waldeinsamkeit,  
Und keiner kennt mich mehr  
hier.

Will murmur the lovely forest  
solitude,  
And no one here will know me  
either.

## Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh,  
Der Friede mild,  
Die Sehnsucht du  
Und was sie stillt.  
Ich weihe dir  
Voll Lust und Schmerz  
Zur Wohnung hier  
Mein Aug und Herz.  
Kehr ein bei mir,  
Und schließe du  
Still hinter dir  
Die Pforten zu.  
Treib andern Schmerz  
Aus dieser Brust!  
Voll sei dies Herz  
Von deiner Lust.  
Dies Augenzelt  
Von deinem Glanz  
Allein erhellt,  
O füll es ganz!

You are calm,  
The mild peace,  
You are longing  
And what stills it.  
I consecrate to you  
Full of pleasure and pain  
As a dwelling here  
My eyes and heart.  
Come to me,  
And close  
quietly behind you  
the gates.  
Drive other pain  
Out of this breast!  
May this heart be full  
With your delight.  
The tent of these eyes  
by your brilliance alone  
is illumined,  
O fill it completely!

## Saper Vorreste

Saper vorreste  
Di che si veste,  
Quando l'è cosa  
Ch' ei vuol nascosa.  
Ben io lo so,  
Ma nol dirà,  
Pieno d'amor  
Mi balza il cor,  
Ma pur discreto  
Serba il segreto.  
Nol rapirà  
Grado o beltà.

You would like to know  
what he's wearing,  
when it's the very thing  
that he wants concealed.  
I know it well,  
But I won't tell!  
Full of love  
my heart throbs,  
but still discreet  
it keeps the secret.  
Neither rank nor beauty  
will seize it.

## Lo Spazzacamino

Lo spazzacamin!  
Son d'aspetto brutto e nero,  
Tingo ognun che mi vien presso;

Sono d'abiti mal messo,  
Sempre scalzo intorno io vo.

Ah! di me chi sia più lieto

Sulla terra dir non so.  
Spazzacamin! Signori, signore, lo  
spazzacamin

Vi salva dal fuoco per pochi  
quattrin.

Ah! Signori, signore, lo  
spazzacamin!

Io mi levo innanzi al sole  
E di tutta la cittade  
Col mio grido empio le strade  
E nemico alcun non ho.

Talor m'alzo sovra i tetti,

Talor vado per le sale;  
Col mio nome i fanciulletti  
Timorosi e quieti io fo.

The Chimney-sweep!  
I seem ugly and black,  
I stain everyone who comes near  
me;

I am badly dressed,  
Ever barefoot around I go.

Ah! Who is more happy than me

On earth I cannot say!  
Chimney-sweep! Ladies and  
gentlemen, chimney-sweep

Will save you from fire for a few  
pennies.

Ah! Ladies and gentlemen,  
chimney-sweep!

I get up before the sun  
And through all the city  
With my cry I fill the streets  
And I do not have one enemy.

Sometimes I am up on the rooftops,

Sometimes I go through the rooms;  
With my name the little children  
Timid and quiet I make.

## Réverie

Le zéphyr à la douce haleine  
Entr'ouvre la rose des bois,

Et sur les monts et dans la  
plaine,

Il féconde tout à la fois.

Le lys et la rouge verveine  
S'échappent fleuris de ses  
doigts.

Tout s'enivre à sa coupe pleine

Et chacun tréssaille à sa voix.

Mais il est une frêle plante  
Qui se retire et fuit tremblante.

Le baiser qui va la meurtrir.

Or, je sais des âmes plaintives  
Qui sont comme les sensibles,

Et que le bonheur fait mourir.

The zephyr with sweet breath  
Half-opens the rose of the  
woods

And on the mountains and in  
the plain,

He makes everything fertile at  
the same time.

The lily and the red vervena  
Are brought to bloom by his  
fingers.

Everything becomes intoxicated  
by his full cup

And each one quivers at his  
voice.

But it is a frail plant  
That draws back and flees  
trembling.

The kiss that will wound it

And yet I know plaintive souls  
Who are like these sensitive  
plants,

And whom happiness causes to  
die.

## Le Lilas

Ô floraison divine du Lilas,  
Je te bénis, pour si peu que tu  
dures!

Nos pauvres coeurs de souffrir  
étaient las.

Enfin l'oubli guérit nos peines dures

Enivrez-nous, fleurs, horizons,  
verdures!

Le clair réveil du matin gracieux;

Charme l'azur irradié des cieux;

Mai fleurissant cache les blanches  
tombes,

Tout éclairé de feux délicieux,  
Et l'air frémit, blanc des vols de  
colombes.

Oh, divine blossoming of lilacs,  
I thank you, for you last such a  
short time!

Our poor hearts were weary of  
suffering.

In the end, forgetfulness cures our  
heavy sorrows

intoxicate us, flowers of the  
horizon, greenery!

The awakening clarity of the  
graceful morning;

the azure shines charmingly from  
the heavens;

flourishing May hides the white  
tombs.

Everything is lit by delicious fires,  
and the air trembles, white from  
the flight of doves.



## Pierrot

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule  
contemple,  
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,  
Suit en songeant le boulevard du  
Temple.  
Une fillette au souple casaquin  
En vain l'agace de son oeil coquin;  
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse  
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,  
La blanche lune aux cornes de  
taureau  
Jette un regard de son oeil en  
coulisse  
À son ami Jean Gaspard Deburau.

The good Pierrot, at whom the  
crowd gazes,  
having finished Harlequin's  
wedding,  
dreamily walks along the Boulevard  
of the Temple,  
A girl in a loose-flowing blouse  
vainly provokes him with a teasing  
look;  
And meanwhile, mysterious and  
smooth,  
delighting in him above all others,  
the white moon, with the horns of a  
bull,  
casts a glance with her eye  
sidelong  
at her friend Jean Gaspard Deburau.

## Je veux vivre

Je veux vivre  
Dans le rêve qui m'enivre

I want to live  
In this dream that intoxicates me

Ce jour encor!  
Douce flamme,  
Je te garde dans mon âme  
Comme un trésor!

This day again!  
Sweet flame,  
I guard you in my soul  
Like a treasure!

Cette ivresse de jeunesse  
Ne dure hélas! qu'un jour,  
Puis vient l'heure  
Où l'on pleure,  
Le coeur cède à l'amour,

This intoxication of youth  
Doesn't last, alas! but a day  
Then comes the hour  
At which one weeps,  
The heart surrenders to love

Et le bonheur fuit sans retour!  
Loin de l'hiver morose,  
Laisse moi sommeiller,  
Et respirer la rose,  
Avant de l'effeuiller.

And the happiness flies without  
returning  
Far from the bleak winter,  
Let me slumber  
And breath in the rose  
Before it is plucked.

Ah! - Comme un trésor  
Longtemps encore.

Ah! - Like a treasure  
For a long time yet.