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Senior Recital: Katrina Kuka, Soprano

Katrina Kuka

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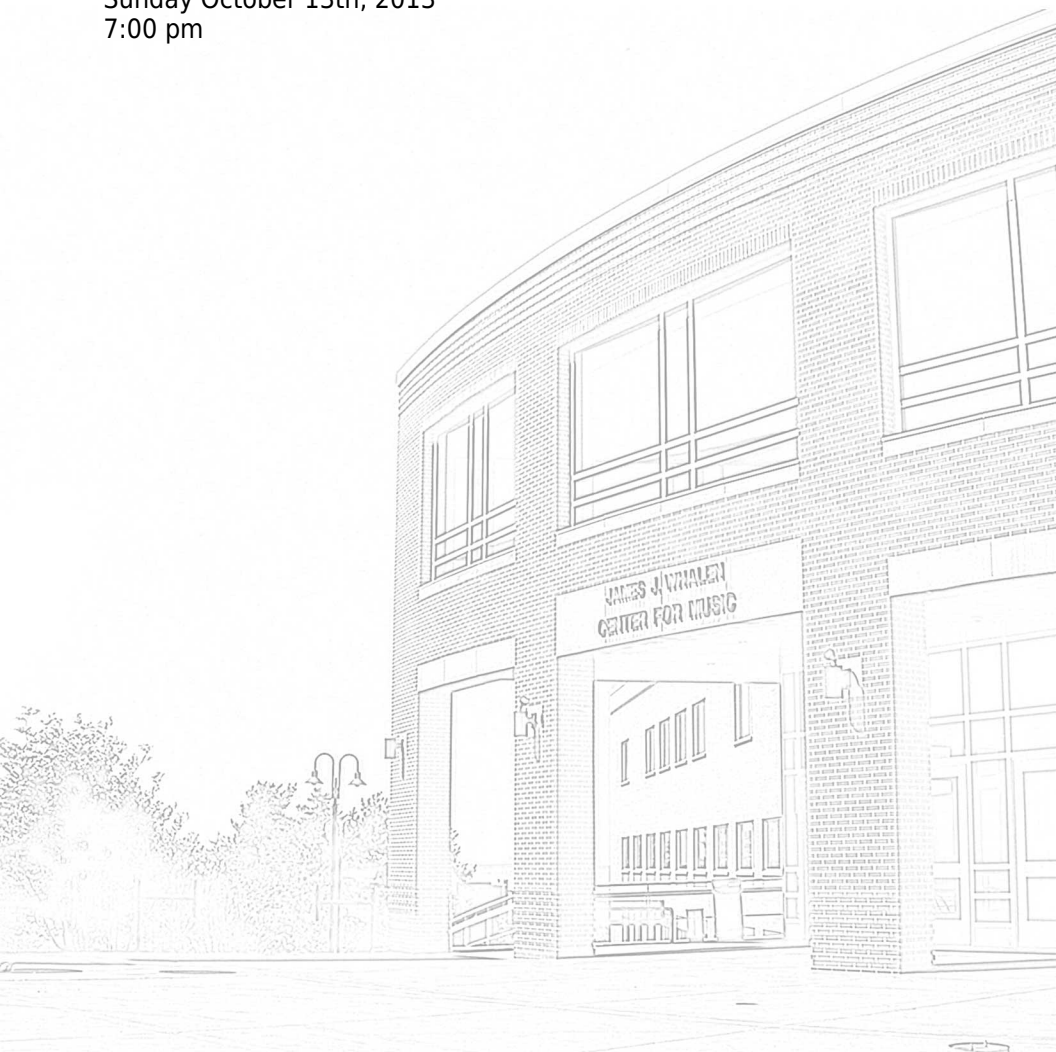
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Senior Recital:

Katrina Kuka, soprano

Matthew Recio, piano
Nathan Breton, piano

Ford Hall
Sunday October 13th, 2013
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Ombre pallide
Alcina's aria from *Alcina* George F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Matthew Recio, harpsichord

Fabeln von La Fontaine Jacques Offenbach
Le Berger et la Mer (1819-1880)
Le Corbeau et le Renard
Le Savetier et le Financier

Temerari... Come scoglio immoto resta Wolfgang A. Mozart
Fiordiligi's aria from *Così fan tutte* (1756-1791)

Nathan Breton, piano

Intermission

Op. 10 Richard Strauss
Nichts (1864-1949)
Die Nacht
Allerseelen
Zueignung

Matthew Recio, piano

The Bestiary of Flanders & Swann Michael Flanders
Gnu (1922-1975)
Sloth Donald Swann
Warthog (1923-1994)
Hippopotamus

Nathan Breton, piano

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in Vocal
Performance and Music Education.
Katrina Kuka is from the studio of Dawn Pierce.

Ombre pallide

Ombre pallide,
lo sò mi udite;
d'intorno errate,
e vi celate
sorde da me: perché?

Fugge il mio bene;
voi lo fermate, deh!
per pietate, deh!
Se in questa verga,
ch'ora disprezzo,
e voglio frangere,
forza non è.

Pale shades

Pale shades,
I know you hear me;
around you wander,
and you hide
deaf from me: why?

My beloved flees,
Go stop him, ah!
For pity's sake, ah!
For in this wand,
that I now despise,
and wish to break,
there is no strength.

Le Berger et la Mer

Du rapport d'un troupeau
dont il vivait sans soins,
se contenta longtemps
un voisin d'Amphitrite:
si sa fortune était petite,
elle était sûre tout au moins.

A la fin, les trésors
déchargés sur la plage.
Le tentèrent si bien
qu'il vendit son troupeau,
trafiqua de l'argent,
le mit entier sur l'eau.
Cet argent périt par naufrage.

Son maître fut réduit
à garder les brebis,
non plus berger en chef
comme il était jadis,
quand ses propres moutons
paissaient sur le rivage:
celui qui s'était vu Coridon ou Tircis
fut Pierrot et rien davantage.

Au bout de quelque temps,
il fit quelques profits,
racheta des bêtes à laine;
et comme un jour les vents
retenant leur haleine,

Laissaient paisiblement
aborder les vaisseaux:
"Vous voulez de l'argent,
ô Mesdames les Eaux!"
Dit-il, "Adressez-vous,
je vous prie, à quelque autre:
Ma foi! Vous n'aurez pas le nôtre."

The Shepherd and the Sea

On the yield of his herd,
he lived without care,
he was content for a long time
a neighbor of Amphitrite*:
If his fortune was small,
she was certain at any rate.

At last, the treasures were
dumped onto the beach.
Tempted, he was well,
so he sold his herd,
trading for the money,
he began out on the sea.
That money perished in a
shipwreck.

His master was reduced
to keeping the sheep,
no longer Chief Shepherd
as he once was,
When his own sheep were
grazing on the shore,
He who had been Coridon or Tircis
was now Pierrot*, and nothing
more.

After a short time,
he made some profits,
he bought back the wool beasts;
and like one day the winds
held their breath,

He then peaceably
addressed the vessels:
"You want the money,
O Madam of the water!"
He says, "Ask, please,
I pray, to any other person:
Well! you will not have ours."

*In Greek mythology, Amphitrite is a sea-goddess and the wife of Poseidon, the God of the Sea.

*In "The Eclogues" by Virgil, Coridon and Tircis are two names for shepherds, while Pierrot is a name reserved for farmers. In essence, the line means that he who was once wealthy is now a mere peasant.

Le Corbeau et le Renard

Maître corbeau, sur un arbre
perché,
tenait en son bec un fromage.
Maître renard, par l'odeur alléché,
lui tint à peu près ce langage:

» Hé! bonjour, monsieur du
corbeau.
Que vous êtes joli!,
que vous me semblez beau!
Sans mentir, si votre ramage
se rapporte à votre plumage,
vous êtes le phénix des hôtes de
ces bois.«

A ces mots le corbeau ne se sent
pas de joie;
et, pour montrer sa belle voix,
il ouvre un large bec, laisse tomber
sa proie.
Le renard s'en saisit, et dit:

»Mon bon monsieur,
apprenez que tout flatteur
vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute:

cette leçon vaut bien un fromage,
sans doute.«

Le corbeau, honteux et confus,
jura, mais un peu tard,
qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus.

The Raven and the Fox

Mister Raven, perched on a tree,
held in his beak a piece of cheese.
Mister Fox, enticed by the smell,
addressed him in this way:

"Oh! hello, Mister Raven,
How pretty you are!,
how beautiful you seem to me!
In truth, if your song
is anything like your plumage,
you are the phoenix of these
woods."

At these words, the Raven becomes
overjoyed;
and to show off his beautiful voice,
he opens his beak wide, and let his
prey fall.
The Fox grabs it, and says:

"My dear sir,
Learn that every flatterer
lives at the expense of the one who
listens to him:
that lesson is easily worth the
cheese, no doubt."

The Raven, ashamed and confused,
swore, though a bit late,
that he would not be fooled again.

Le Savetier et le Financier

Un savetier chantait du matin
jusqu'au soir:
c'était merveilles de le voir,
merveilles de l'ouïr;
il faisait des passages,
plus content qu'aucun des sept
sages.

Son voisin au contraire,
étant tout cousu d'or,
chantait peu, dormait moins encor.
C'était un homme de finance.

Si sur le point du jour parfois il
sommeillait,
le savetier alors en chantant
l'éveillait,
et le financier se plaignait,
que les soins de la Providence
N'eussent pas au marché fait
vendre le dormir,
comme le manger et le boire.

En son hôtel il fait venir le chanteur,
et lui dit:
»Or çà, sire Grégoire, que
gagnez-vous par an?«

»Par an! ma foi, monsieur,«
dit avec un ton de rieur,
»Le gaillard savetier,
ce n'est point ma manière
de compter de la sorte;
et je n'entasse guère
un jour sur l'autre:
il suffit qu'à la fin
j'attrape le bout de l'année:
chaque jour amène son pain.«

»Eh bien! que gagnez-vous,
dites-moi, par journée?«

»Tantôt plus, tantôt moins:
le mal est que toujours;
(et sans cela nos gains seraient
assez honnêtes,)

The Cobbler and the Financier

A cobbler used to sing from
morning to evening:
it was wonderful to see, wonderful
to hear;
he was performing cadenzas,
happier than any of the seven
sages.

His neighbor, on the contrary,
everything sewn in gold,
sang very little, slept even less.
He was a man of finance.

If at daybreak he sometimes dozed
a bit,
then the cobbler would awaken him
with singing,
and the Financier complained,
that the plans of the Providence
had not arranged at market to sell
sleep,
like food or drink.

To his hotel he called the singer,
and he said:
"Look here, sir Gregory, What do
you earn per year?"

"Per year! my goodness, sir,"
he said with a ton of laughter,
"A general cobbler,
I don't normally count
my earnings that way,
and I don't pile up receipts
one day to the next;
It suffices that at the end
that I catch them annually:
every day brings in some bread."

"Well then! what do you earn, tell
me, per day?"

"Sometimes more, sometimes less:
The trouble is that always;
(and otherwise our income would
be quite respectable,)

Le mal est que dans l'an
s'entremêlent des jours
qu'il faut chommer; on nous ruine
en Fêtes.
L'une fait tort à l'autre; et Monsieur
le Curé
de quelque nouveau Saint charge
toujours son prône.«

Le Financier, riant de sa naïveté, lui
dit:
»Je vous veux mettre aujourd'hui
sur le trône.
Prenez ces cent écus: gardez-les
avec soin,
pour vous en servir au besoin.«

Le savetier crut voir
tout l'argent que la terre avait,
depuis plus de cent ans
produit pour l'usage des gens.

Il retourne chez lui:
dans sa cave il enserre,
l'argent, et sa joie à la fois.
Plus de chant; il perdit la voix
du moment qu'il gagna ce qui
cause nos peines.
Le sommeil quitta son logis,
il eut pour hôtes les soucis,
les soupçons, les alarmes vaines.

Tout le jour il avait l'œil au guet;
et la nuit, si quelque chat faisait du
bruit,
le chat prenait l'argent.
A la fin le pauvre homme s'en
courut,
chez celui qu'il ne réveillait plus!

»Rendez-moi,« lui dit-il,
»mes chansons et mon somme,
et reprenez vos cent écus.«

The trouble is that during the year
the days are mixed in,
when we sit idle; they ruin us with
holidays.
And one drives out the other, and
the Priest
with some new Saint is always
filling his sermon."

The Financer, laughing at his
naïveness, said to him:
"Today I shall place you high on the
throne.
Take this hundred crowns: guard it
with care,
so you can use it when needed."

The cobbler thought he saw
all the money that the Earth had,
for over a hundred years,
produced for the use of man.

He returned back home:
In his basement, it encircles him,
The money, and his joy all at once.
More singing; he lost his voice
from the moment he won what
causes our pain.
Sleep left his home,
it was a host to his worries,
his suspicions, his vain alarms.

All the day he had an eye on the
watch,
And at night, if perchance a cat
made a noise,
The cat would take the money.
At the end the poor man ran to him,
ran to the man that he never woke
up!

"Give me," he said to him,
"My songs and my nap,
and take back your hundred
crowns."

**Temerari... Come scoglio
immoto resta**

Temerari,
sortite fuori di questo loco!
E non profani l'alito infausto

degli'infami detti nostro cor,
nostro orecchio, e nostri affetti.
Invan per voi, per gli altri invan
si cerca le nostre alme sedur;
L'intata fede che per noi già
si diede ai cari amanti

saprem loro serbar infino a morte,
a dispetto del mondo, e della sorte.

Come scoglio immoto resta,
contra il venti e la tempesta,
così ognor, quest'alma è forte
nella fede e nell'amor.

Con noi nacque quella face
che ci piace e ci consola,
e potrà la morte sola,
far che cangi affetto il cor.

Rispettate anime ingrato,
questo esempjo di costanza,
e una barbara speranza
non vi renda audaci ancor.

**Bold creatures... Like a rock I
stand immobile**

Bold creatures,
go away from this place!
And do not profane with accursed
breath

these shocking words of our hearts,
our ears, and our affections.
In vain do you, and others also,
seek to seduce our souls;
The intact fidelity which we have
already committed to our dear
lovers

we will keep our pledge until death,
in spite of the world, and of fate.

Like a rock I stand immobile,
against the wind and the storm,
thus always this soul is strong
in fidelity and love.

In us is born that torch-fire
that pleases and consoles us,
and only death alone
could change my heart's devotion.

Respect, you ungrateful souls,
this example of constancy,
and let not an immoral hope
make you so bold again!

Nichts

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr,
meine Königin im Liederreich?
Torren, die irh seid,
ich kenne sie am wenigsten von
euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
fragt nach Gang, und Tanz und
Haltung,
ach; unt was weiss ich davon!

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
alles lebens, alles lichts?
Und was wissen von derselben,
ich, und ihr, und alle? Nichts.

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
alle Blumen, alle Farben löscht sie
aus
und stiehlt die Garben weg vom
Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
rücke näher, Seel' an Seele;
o die Nacht, mir bangt,
sie stehle dich mir auch.

Nothing

Shall I name, say you,
My Queen in the realm of song?
Fools, that you are,
I know her even less than all of
you.

Ask me about the eye color,
ask me about the voice's sound,
ask about gait, and dance, and
attitude,
ah, and what do I know of that!

Is the Sun not the source of
all life, all light?
And what do we know of that,
I, and you, and everyone? Nothing.

The Night

Out of the woods steps the night,
out of the trees it steals softly,
it looks around in a wide circle,
now give heed.

All light of this Earth,
all flowers, all colors, it puts out
and steals the sheaves away from
the field.

All it takes, that is lovely,
takes the silver away from the
stream,
takes the gold from the copper roof
of the cathedral.

Plundered out is the shrub,
it draws nearer, soul to soul;
o the night, I fear,
it will steal you from me also.

Allerseelen

Stell' auf den Tisch die duftenden
Reseden,
die letzten roten A stern trag'
herbei,
und laß uns wieder von der Liebe
reden,
wie einst in Mai.

Gip mir die Hand, daß ich sie
heimlich drükke,
und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es
einerlei,
gip mir nur einen deiner süßen
Blikke,
wie einst in Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf jedem
Grabe,
ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,

komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich
wieder habe
wie einst in Mai.

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es teure Seele,
daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
habe dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
hoch, den Amethysten Becher,
und du segnetest den Trank,
habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
heilig an's Herz dir sank,
habe Dank.

All Souls' Day

Place on the table the fragrant
mignonette,
the last red asters bring in,

and let us speak again of love

as once in May.

Give me the hand, that I secretly
may press it,
and if one sees it, to me it is all the
same,
give me just one of your sweet
glances,
as once in May.

It is blooming and fragrant today on
every grave,
for one day in the year are the dead
free,
come to my heart, that I may have
you again
as once in May.

Dedication

Yes, you know it dearest soul,
how away from you I suffer,
love makes the heart sick,
have thanks.

Once held I, the freedom reveller,
high, the amethyst cup,
and you blessed the drink,
have thanks.

And you exorcised within the evils
until I, as I never had been before,
holy, on your heart I sank,
have thanks.