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10-28-2012

Junior Recital: Katrina Kuka, soprano

Katrina Kuka

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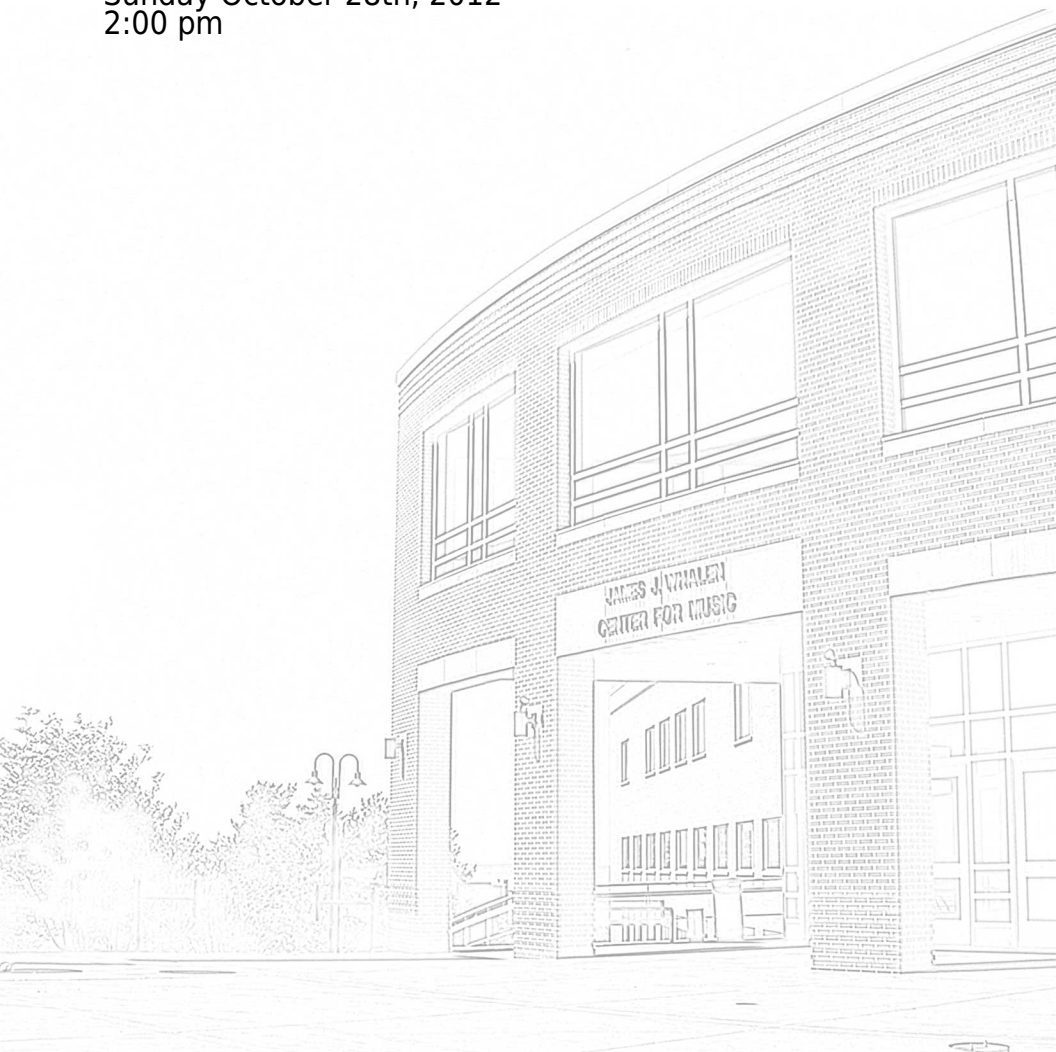
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Junior Recital:
Katrina Kuka, soprano

Matthew Recio, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday October 28th, 2012
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.

Program

Thy hand, Belinda
When I am laid in earth

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Auf dem Wasser zu singen
Du bist die Ruh

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

La Regata Veneziana
Anzoleta avanti la regata
Anzoleta co passa la regata
Anzoleta dopo la regata

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Intermission

Les Berceaux

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Lied Maritime

Vincent d'Indy
(1851-1931)

Thoughts Unspoken...
1. A Learning Experience Over Coffee
2. You Enter My Thoughts
3. To Speak Of Love
4. Unspoken Thoughts at Bedtime

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

Translations

Lied auf dem Wasser zu singen

Mitten im Schimmer der
speigelnden Wellen
gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende
Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude
sanftschimmernden Wellen
gleitet die Seele dahin wie der
Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel her auf
die Wellen
tanzt das Abendrot rund um den
Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen
Haines
winket uns freundlich der rötliche
Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen
Haines
säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen
Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des
Haines
atmet die Seel im errötenden
Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem
Flügel
mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die
Zeit;
Morgen entschwinde mit
schimmerndem Flügel
wieder wie gestern und heute die
Zeit;
Bis ich auf höherem strahlenden
Flügel
selber entschwinde der
wechselnden Zeit.

Songs to be sung upon the water

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring
waves
glides, like swans, the swaying
rowboat;
Ah, on the joy's gentle-shimmering
waves
glides the soul along like the
rowboat;
Then from the heaven down onto
the waves
dances the sunset around the
rowboat.

Over the treetops of the western
grove
waves to us kindly the rosy light;
Under the branches of the Eastern
grove
murmurs the Calamus in the rosy
light;
Joy of the heavens and peace of the
grove
breathes the soul in the reddening
light.

Ah, it vanishes with dewy wing
from me upon the rocking waves of
time;
Tomorrow may vanish on
shimmering wing
again, as yesterday and today the
time;
Until I on higher radiant wing
myself may vanish with the
changing time.

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 schlieÙe du
still hinter dir die Pforten zu.
Treib andern Schmerz aus dieser
Brust!
Voll sei dies herts von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt von deinem Glanz
allein erhellt,
o füll es ganz!

Anzoleta avanti la regata

Là su la machina xe la bandiera,
varda, la vedistu, valaciapar.
Co que la tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

Va voga d'anema la gondoleta,
nè el primo premio te pol mancar.
Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar.

Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, vardeli,
povereti i ghe da drento,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo, dov'elo?
ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
ah! che smania! me confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.

You are the rest

You are the rest, the gentle peace,
you are the yearning, and what
quenches it.

I dedicate to you full of pleasure
and pain,
as a dwelling here my eyes and
heart.

Turn in with me, and close
quietly behind you the gates.
Drive other pain out of this breast!

Full is this heart with your pleasure.

This eyes-temple by your radiance
alone is illumined,
oh fill it completely!

Anzoleta before the race

There on the stage is the flag,
Look, you can see it, go for it.
Come with it back to me before
nightfall,
Or else into hiding you can run.
In the boat, Momolo, do not delay.

Go row the gondola with everything
you have,
then the first prize you can win.
Go there, but remember your
Anzoleta
who, in anxiety, you are to look at.
In the boat, Momolo, do not delay.
In the boat, Momolo, hurry and fly.

Anzoleta during the race

They are coming, look at them,
the poor things, they row hard,
ah against them blows the wind,
but the tide is in their favor.

My Momolo, where is he?
ah I see him, he's in second.
ah! what madness! I am confused,
I feel my heart trembling.

Su coragio, voga,
prima d'esser al paleto, se ti voghi,
ghe scometo tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Caro, par che el svola,
el li magna tuti quanti,
meza barca l'è anda avanti,
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

Have courage, row,
before you reach the pole, if you
keep rowing,
I'll lay a bet that you'll leave all the
others behind.

My love, he seems to fly,
he is passing everyone,
half a boat length he is ahead,
ah, I understand, he looked at me.

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo de cuor,
qua destrachite che xe ora
de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'o visto co passando,
su mi l'ocio ti a butà
e go dito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà.

Sì un bel premio in sta bandiera
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto,
a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada, de tragheto,
ti xe el megio barcarol.

Anzoleta after the race

Take a kiss, another still,
dear Momolo of my heart,
rest here for it is time
to dry your sweat.

Ah I saw you when in passing,
to my balcony you glanced at me
and I said breathing:
a good prize he will win.

Yes a good prize on the stage
that is rose-red in color,
that all of Venice spoke,
she declared you the winner.

Take a kiss, blessed-one,
at rowing no-one equals you,
of all of the kinds of gondoliers,
you are the best boatman.

Les Berceaux

Le long du quai, les grands
vaisseaux,
que la houle incline en silence,
ne prennent pas garde aux
berceaux,
que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
car il faut que les femmes pleurent,

et que les hommes curieux
tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
fuyant le port qui diminue,
sentent leur masse retenue
par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Lied Maritime

Au loin, dans la mer, s'éteint le
soleil,
et la mer est calme et sans ride;

le flot diapré s'étale sans bruit,
caressant la grève assombrie;

Tes yeux, tes traîtres yeux sont
clos;
et mon cœur est tranquille comme
la mer.

Au loin, sur la mer, l'orage est levé,
et la mer s'émeut et bouillonne;
le flot jusqu'aux cieux s'érige
superbe,
et croule en hurlant vers les
abîmes.

Tes yeux, tes traîtres yeux si doux

me regardent jusqu'au fond de
l'âme,
et mon cœur torturé, mon cœur
bienheureux
s'exalte et se brise comme la mer!

The Cradles

Along the quay, the great ships,

that the swell rocks in silence,
do not take any notice of the
cradles,
that the hands of the women rock.

But will come the day of farewells,
for it is necessary that the women
cry,
and that the curious men
tempt the horizons that lure them.

And on that day the great ships,
leaving the port that recedes,
shall feel their bulk held back
by the soul of the distant cradles.

Sea Song

In the distance, in the sea, the
sun is extinguished,
and the sea is calm and without
ripple.
The varicolored waves spread out
without sound,
caressing the darkened shore.

Your eyes, your treacherous eyes
are closed;
and my heart is tranquil like the
sea.

In the distance, on the sea, the
storm has risen,
and the sea broils and seethes;
The waves rise up to the sky
gloriously,
and breaking, crash into the abyss.

Your eyes, your treacherous eyes
so gentle
look at me into the depths of my
soul,
and my tortured heart, my happy
heart
exalts and it breaks like the sea!

Upcoming Events

October

- 30** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Ithaca Brass
- 31** - JJWCM - 6:00pm - Healthy Living For Musicians
- 31** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Tuba Ensemble

November

- 2** - Ford - 8:15pm - **Family Weekend:** Concert Band and Jazz Vocal Ensemble (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 3** - Ford - 4:00pm - **Family Weekend:** Symphonic Band and Jazz Ensemble (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 4** - Ford - 1:00pm - **Family Weekend:** Choral Concert (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 5** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 7** - Hockett - 6:00pm - "On the Edge" Masterclass with Jean Kopperud
- 8** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano masterclass
- 9** - Hockett - 3:00pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano pedagogy lecture
- 10** - Ford - 7:00pm - Choral Composition Festival
- 11** - Hockett - 4:00pm - Susan Waterbury, violin Charis Dimaras, piano
- 11** - Ford - 7:00pm - Taylor Braggins, soprano
- 12** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
- 13** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Choir
- 13** - Iger - 8:15pm - David Rakowski, Husa Visiting Professor, lecture
- 14** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble