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10-13-2012

# Elective Recital: Catherine Roberts, soprano

Catherine Roberts

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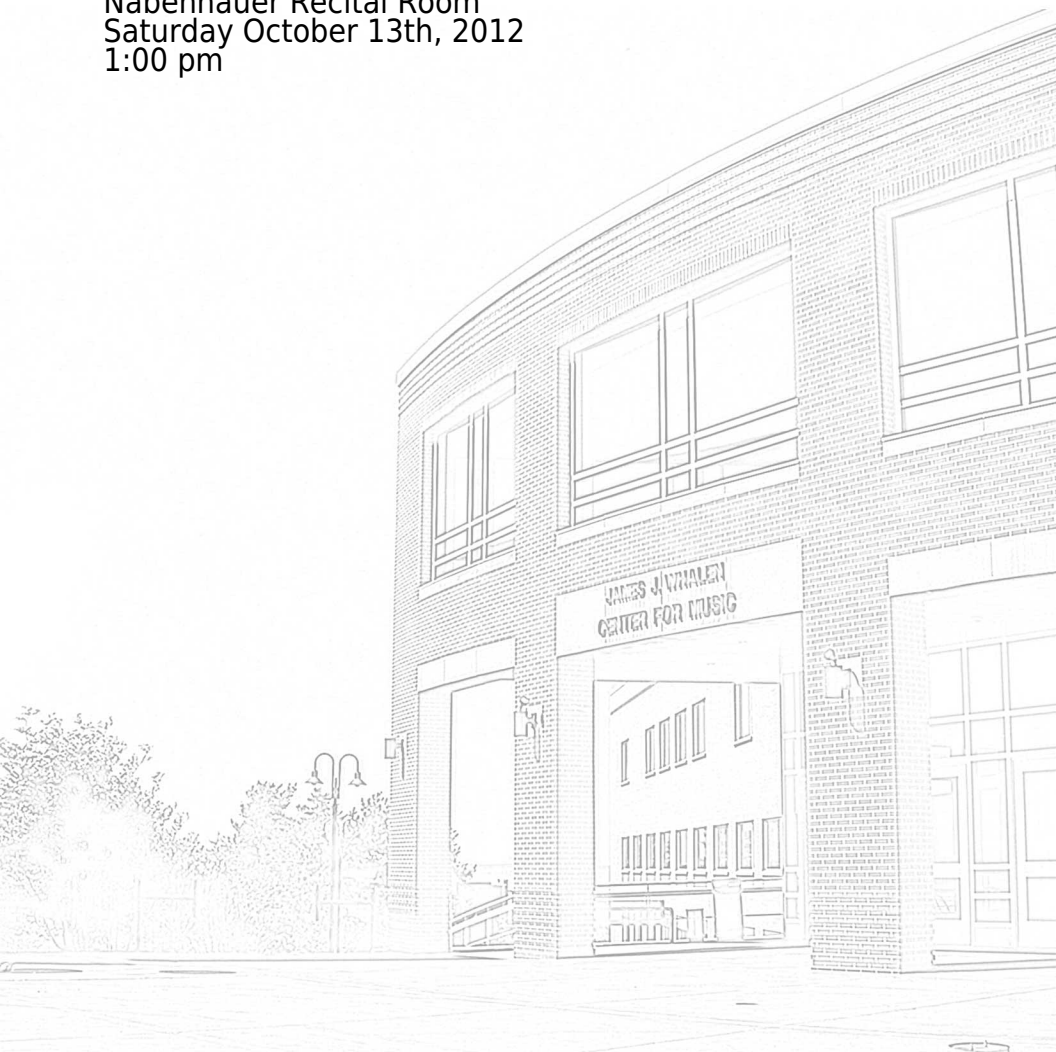
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# **Elective Recital:** Catherine Roberts, soprano

Taylor Aretz, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Saturday October 13th, 2012  
1:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Fair Robin I Love  
from *Tartuffe*  
Dear Husband

Kirke Mechem  
(b. 1925)

Nuit d'Etoiles  
C'est l'Extase  
Spleen

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Oh! quante volte  
from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*

Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

# Intermission

Allerseelen  
Freudvoll und leidvoll  
Lied der Mignon  
Gretchen am Spinnrade

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)  
Franz Liszt  
(1811-1886)  
Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

On the Steps of the Palace  
from *Into the Woods*  
Green Finch and Linnet Bird  
from *Sweeney Todd*

Stephen Sondheim  
(b. 1930)

## Translations

### Nuit d'Etoiles text by Théodore de Banville

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,	Night of stars, beneath your viels,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,	Beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
Triste lyre qui soupire,	Sorrowful lyre, softly sighing,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.	I dream of past loves.
La sereine mélancolie Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,	Serene melancholy Fills the base of my heart,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie	And I hear the soul of my love
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.	Quivering in the dreamy wood.
Je revois à notre fontaine Tes regards bleus comme les cieux,	I watch, at our fountain, Your blue eyes like the sky,
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine, Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.	This rose, it is your breath, And these stars are your eyes.

### C'est l'Extase text by Paul Verlaine

C'est l'extase langoureuse	This is langorous ecstasy
C'est la fatigue amoureuse	This is amorous fatigue
C'est tous les frissons des bois	This is all the rustling of the wood
Parmi l'étreinte des brises	In the embrace of breezes
C'est, vers les ramures grises,	This is, near the gray branches,
Le chœur des petites voix	A chorus of tiny voices

O le frêle et frais murmure  
Cela gazouille et susurre  
Cela ressemble au cri doux  
Que l'herbe agitée expire  
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire  
Le roulis sourd des cailloux

Oh, the frail and fresh  
murmur  
It babbles and whispers  
It resembles the soft cry  
That waving grass exhales  
You might call it, under the  
bending stream  
The muffled sound of rolling  
pebbles

Cette âme qui se lamente  
En cette plainte dormante  
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?  
La mienne, dis, et la tienne  
Dont s'exhale l'humble  
antienne  
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas.

This soul, which laments  
With this dormant moan  
It is ours, is it not?  
Say that it is mine and yours  
Which breaths this humble  
hymn  
On this mild evening, so  
quietly.

### **Spleen** **text by Paul Verlaine**

Les roses étaient toutes  
rouges,  
Et les lierres étaient tout  
noirs.

The roses were all red,  
And the ivy was all black.

Chère, pour peu que tu te  
bouges,  
Renaissent tous mes  
désespoirs.

Dear, for only that you stir,  
Awaken all my despairs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop  
tendre,  
La mer trop verte et l'air trop  
doux.

The sky was too blue, too  
tender,  
The sea too green and the air  
too soft.

Je crains toujours, ce qu'est  
d'attendre!  
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

I always fear that which is  
waiting!  
Some atrocious flight from  
thee.

Du houx à la feuille vernie  
Et du luisant buis je suis las,  
Et de la campagne infinie  
Et de tout, fors de vous,  
hélas!

Of the holly at the leaf  
And of the shiny boxwood, I  
am weary,  
And of the endless country  
ways  
And of everything, except  
thee, alas!

**Oh! quante volte**  
**text by Felice Romani**

Eccomi in lieta vesta...

Here I am, dressed  
brilliantly...

Eccomi adorna...  
come vittima all'ara.  
Oh! almen potessi  
qual vittima cader  
dell'ara al piede!  
O nuziali tede,  
abborrite così, così fatali,

Here I am, adorned...  
like a victim at the altar.  
Oh! If only I could fall  
like a sacrifice  
at the base of the altar!

siate, ah! siate per me faci  
ferali.  
Ardo... una vampa,  
una foco tutta mi strugge.

O nuptial flames,  
so horrid to me, so fatal to  
me,  
may you, ah! may you be my  
funeral torches.

Un refrigerio ai venti  
io chiedo invano!  
Ove sei tu, Romeo?  
In qual terra t'aggiri?

I burn... a blaze,  
a furnace completely engulfs  
me.

A cooling breeze  
I seek vainly!  
Where are you, Romeo?  
To what land have you gone?

Dove, dove inviarti  
i miei sospiri?

Where, where shall I send  
you  
my yearning cries?

Oh! quante volte, oh quante  
ti chiedo al ciel piangendo!  
Con quale ardor t'attendo,  
e inganno il mio desir!

Oh! how often, how very  
often  
I call for you, crying to  
heaven!  
With what ardor I look for  
you,  
and mislead my desire!

Raggio del tuo sembiante,  
ah! parmi il brillar del giorno:

ah! l'aura che spira intorno

mi sembra un tuo sospir.

A vision of your face,  
ah! the sunlight seems to  
me:

ah! the winds that drift  
'round me

seem to me to be your  
breath.

### **Allerseelen**

**text by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg**

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

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie  
heimlich drücke,  
und wenn man's sieht, mir ist  
es einerlei,  
gib mir nur einen deiner  
süßen Blikke,  
wie einst im 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 im Mai.

Place on the table the  
fragrant mignonettes,  
bring inside the last red  
asters,  
and let us speak again of  
love,  
as once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I  
can press it secretly,  
and if someone sees us, it's  
all the same to me,  
just give me your sweet  
gaze,  
as once you did in May.

Fragrant flowers adorn today  
each grave,  
one day in the year are the  
dead free,  
come close to my heart, so  
that I can have you  
again,  
as once I did in May.

**Freudvoll und liedvoll**  
**text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein, langen und bangen, in schwebender Pein,	Joyful and sorrowful, thoughtful, longing and anxious, in constant anguish,
himmelhoch jauchzend, zum Tode betrübt,	skyhigh rejoicing, despairing to death,
glücklich allein ist die Seele, die liebt.	happy alone is the soul that loves.

**Lied der Mignon**  
**text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt, weiß, was ich leide! Allein und abgetrennt von aller Freude, seh' ich an's Firmament nach jener Seite.	Only one who knows longing knows what I suffer! Alone and cut off from all joy, I look into the firmament, in that direction.
Ach, der mich liebt und kennt ist in der Weite. Es schwindelt mir, es brennt mein Eingeweide.	Ah, he who loves and knows me is far away. It makes me dizzy, it burns my insides.

**Gretchen am Spinnrade**  
**text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr!	My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I will find it never and never more.
Wo ich ihn nicht hab', ist mir das Grab, die ganze Welt ist mir	Where I do not have him, that is the grave, the whole world is bitter to



vergällt,  
mein armer Kopf ist mir  
verrückt,  
mein armer Sinn ist mir  
zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich zum  
Fenster hinaus,  
nach ihm nur geh' ich aus  
dem Haus.  
Sein hoher Gang, sein' ed'le  
Gestalt,  
seines Mundes Lächeln,  
seiner Augen Gewalt,  
und seiner Rede Zauberfluß,  
sein Händedruck, und ach,  
sein Kuß!

Mein Busen drängt sich nach  
ihm hin,  
ach dürft ich fassen und  
halten ihn,  
und küssen ihn, so wie ich  
wollt',  
an seinen Küssen vergehen  
sollt'!

me,  
my poor head is crazy to me,  
my poor mind is torn apart.

For him only, I look out the  
window,  
only for him do I go out of  
the house.  
His tall walk, his noble figure,  
his mouth's smile, his eyes'  
power,  
and his mouth's magic flow,  
his handclasp, and ah, his  
kiss!

My bosom urges itself toward  
him,  
ah, might I grasp and hold  
him,  
and kiss him, as I would wish,  
at his kisses I should die!