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4-6-2019

# Graduate Recital: Catherine J. Kondi, soprano

Catherine J. Kondi

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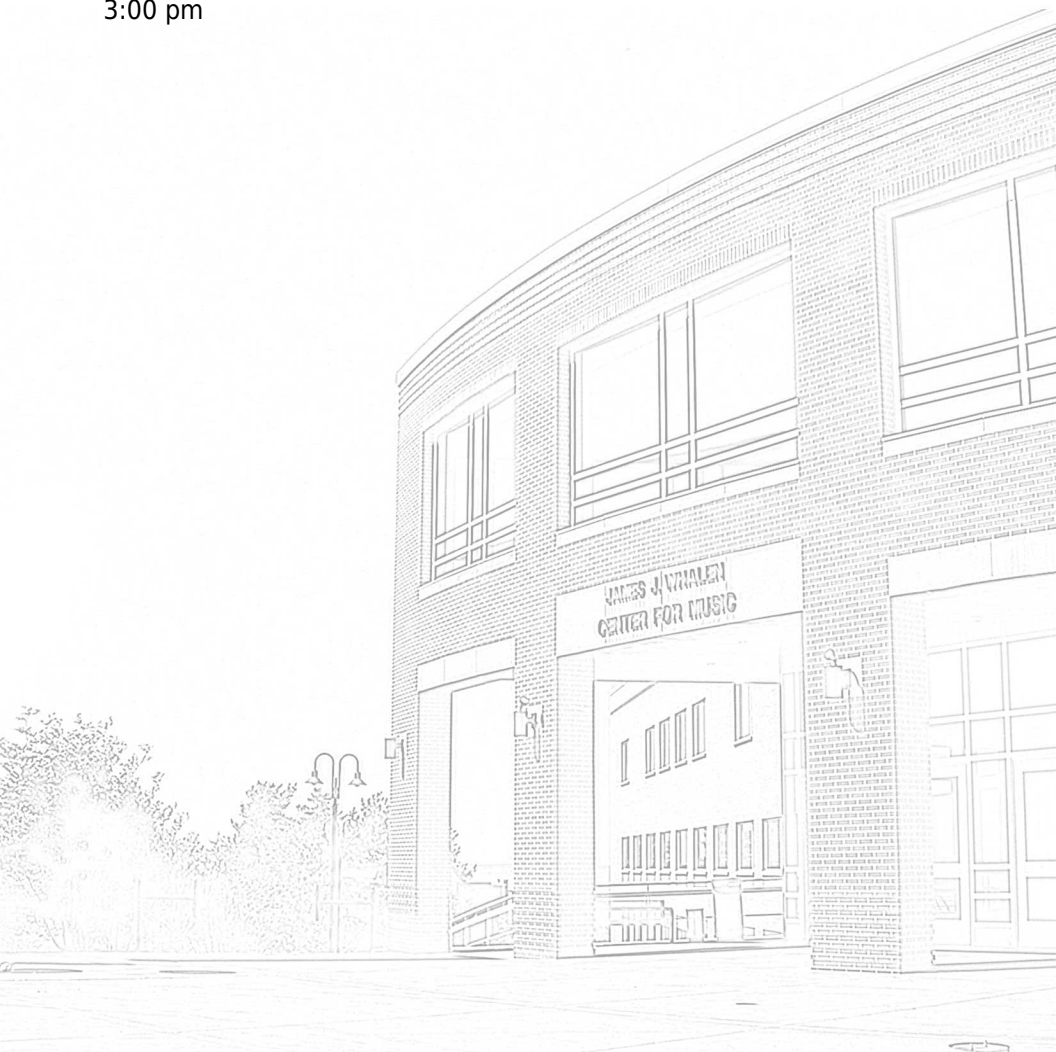
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**Graduate Recital:**  
Catherine J. Kondi, soprano

Lynda Chryst, piano

Ford Hall  
Saturday, April 6th, 2019  
3:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

<i>Sogno</i> <i>Non t'amo più</i> <i>O bei nidi d'amore</i>	Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916) Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
"C'est ainsi que tu es" from <i>Métamorphoses</i> "Air vif" from <i>Air Chantés</i> "Violon" from <i>Fiançailles pour rire</i>	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
"Ah! non credea mirarti... Ah! non giunge" from <i>La Sonnambula</i>	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

## Intermission

Three Poems by Fiona MacLeod, op.11 The Lament of Ian the Proud Thy Dark Eyes to Mine The Rose of The Night	Charles T. Griffes (1884-1920)
Selections from <i>Mörike-Lieder</i> <i>Lebe wohl</i> <i>Das verlassene Mägdlein</i> <i>Er ist's</i>	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

## Translations

### Sogno

Ho sognato che stavi a' ginocchi,  
Come un santo che prega il Signor...  
Mi guardavi nel fondo degli occhi,  
Sfavillava il tuo sguardo d'amor.  
Tu parlavi e la voce sommessa...  
Mi chiedea dolcemente mercè...  
Solo un guardo che fosse promessa,  
Imploravi, curvata al mio piè.

Io tacevo e coll'anima forte  
Il desio tentatore lottò.  
Ho provato il martirio e la morte  
Pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di no.  
Ma il tuo labbro sfiorò la mia faccia...  
E la forza del cor mi tradì.

Chiusi gli occhi, ti stesi le braccia...

Ma, sognavo...E il bel sogno svanì.

I've dreamed of you on your knees  
Like a saint who prays to the Lord...  
You gazed at me and in your eyes,  
your glance was sparkling with love.  
You spoke and your soft voice...  
asked me sweetly for mercy...  
Only a glance that is promised,  
did you implore bended at my foot.

I was silent and with my strong soul  
Struggled to resist temptation  
I have felt martyrdom and death,  
Yet I conquered you and said no.  
But your lips touched my face...  
and the force of your heart betrayed  
me.

I closed my eyes, you stretched out your  
arms,

but I was dreaming... and the beautiful  
dream vanished.

### Non t'amo più

Ricordi ancora il dì che c'incontrammo;

Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor?  
Folle d'amore io ti seguìi,  
ci amammo,  
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.

Sognai, felice, di carezze a baci

Una catena dileguante in ciel:  
Ma le parole tue furon mendaci,  
Perchè l'anima tua è fatta di gel.

Te ne ricordi ancor?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso,  
Il mio sogno d'amor non sei più tu:  
I tuoi baci non cerco,  
a te non penso;  
Sogno un altro ideal;  
non t'amo più.

Nei cari giorni che passamo insieme,  
Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier:  
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme;

Do you still remember the day that we  
met;

Do you still remember your promises?  
Crazy from love I followed you,  
We were enamored with each other,  
And I dreamed next to you, crazy from  
love.

I dreamed, happily, of caresses and  
kisses

A chain fading away into the sky:  
But your words were misleading,  
Because your soul is made of ice.

Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire,  
My dream of love isn't you anymore:  
I don't search for your kisses,  
I don't think of you;  
I dream of another ideal;  
I don't love you anymore.

In the dear days that we spent together,  
I scattered flowers at your feet:  
You were the only hope of my heart;

Tu della mente l'unico pensier.  
Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire,  
Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te:  
lo sol per appagare un tuo desire,  
Avrei dato il mio sangue e la mia fè.

You were the only thought in my mind.  
You watched me beg, turning pale,  
You watched me cry before you:  
Only to satisfy your desire, I  
Had given my blood and my faith

## O bei nidi d'amore

O bei nidi d'amore,  
occhi a me sì cari,  
che di vostro favore non mi foste avari,

or che privo son io  
di quel vostro sorriso,  
di quel mio Paradiso,  
senza più alcun desio  
vedo i giorni miei fuggire,  
e in sì cruda mia sorte  
ogni giorno ho più morte e non  
posso ancor...non posso morir!

Non ha raggi più il sole,  
stelle il firmamento,  
non ha il prato viole,  
nè sospiri ha il vento,  
or che, a crescer l'ambascia  
del perduto mio bene,  
che si affranto mi tiene,  
persin quella mi lascia,  
onde almen nutrivò il core,  
pietosa speranza  
che anche al misero avanza  
perchè gli sia men crudo il dolor!

Oh beautiful nests of love,  
Eyes so dear to me,  
That were not miserly to me with your  
good will,

Now that I am deprived  
Of that smile of yours,  
Of that paradise of mine,  
Without any more desire  
I see my days fly by,  
And in my fate so cruel  
Every day I have more death.  
And yet I cannot... I cannot die!

No longer does the sun have rays,  
The firmament stars,  
The field does not have violets,  
Nor has the wind sighs,  
now that, to increase  
the pain of my lost blessing,  
Which keeps me so crushed,  
Even that leaves me,  
With which at least I fed my heart,  
The merciful hope  
Which comes even to the wretched  
So that his sorrow will be less cruel to  
him!

## C'est ainsi que tu es

Ta chair d'âme mêlée  
Chevelure emmêlée,  
Ton pied courant le temps,  
Ton ombre qui s'étend  
Et murmure à ma tempe.  
Voilà, c'est ton portrait,  
C'est ainsi que tu es  
Et je veux te l'écrire  
Pour que la nuit venue  
Tu puisses croire et dire  
Que je t'ai bien connue.

Your flesh, mingled with soul,  
Your tangled hair,  
Your feet pursuing time,  
Your shadow which stretches  
And whispers close to my temple.  
There, that is your portrait,  
That is how you are,  
And I shall write it down for you  
So that when night comes,  
You may believe and say  
That I knew you well.

## Air vif

Le trésor du verger et le jardin en fête,  
Les fleurs des champs, des bois  
éclatent de plaisir  
Hélas! et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa  
voix.

Mais toi, noble océan  
que l'assaut des tourmentes  
Ne saurait ravager,  
Certes plus dignement lorsque tu te  
lamentes  
Tu te prends à songer.

The treasures of the orchard and the  
festive garden,  
The flowers of the field, of the woods  
Burst forth with pleasure  
Alas! and above their head the wind  
swells its voice.

But you, noble ocean  
Whom the assault of storms  
Cannot ravage,  
You will assuredly, with more dignity,  
Lose yourself in dreams when you  
lament.

## Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents  
méconnus  
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.  
Ah! j'aime ces gémisséments tendus  
Sur la corde des malaises.  
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus  
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent  
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,  
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit  
inconnu.

Loving couple of misapprehended  
sounds  
The violin and player please me.  
Ah! I love these long wailings  
Stretched on the string of disquiet,  
To the sound of strung-up chords  
At the hour when justice is silent  
The heart, shaped like a strawberry,  
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit.

## Ah! non credea mirarti...Ah! non giunge

Ah! non credea mirarti  
Sì presto estinto, o fiore;  
Passasti al par d'amore,  
Che un giorno sol durò.  
Potria novel vigore  
Il pianto mio recarti,  
Ma ravnivar l'amore  
Il pianto mio non può.

Ah! non giunge uman pensiero  
Al contento ond'io son piena:  
A' miei sensi io credo appena;  
Tu m'affida, o mio tesor.  
Ah mi abbraccia, e sempre insieme  
Sempre uniti in una speme,  
Della terra in cui viviamo  
Ci formiamo un ciel d'amor.

Ah, I didn't believe I'd see you  
Wither so quickly, oh flower!  
You have faded away just like love,  
Which only lasted a day.  
Maybe my tears could  
Lend you new life,  
But to revive love  
My tears, oh no, they cannot do so.

Ah, human thought can't understand  
The depth of my happiness:  
I can barely believe my own senses;  
You do trust me, oh my darling!  
Ah, hold me and, always together,  
Always united in a single hope,  
From this land in which we live  
We shall build a Heaven of love.

## Three Poems by Fiona MacLeod

### The Lament of Ian the Proud

What is this crying that I hear in the wind?  
Is it the old sorrow and the old grief?  
Or is it a new thing coming, a whirling leaf  
About the gray hair of me who am weary and blind?

I know not what it is, but on the moor above the shore  
There is a stone which the purple nets of heather bind,  
And thereon is writ: She will return no more.  
O blown, whirling leaf, and the old grief,  
And wind crying to me who am old and blind!

### Thy Dark Eyes to Mine

Thy dark eyes to mine, Eilidh,  
Lamps of desire!  
O how my soul leaps  
Leaps to their fire!  
Sure, now, if I in heaven,  
Dreaming in bliss,  
Heard but a whisper,  
But the lost echo even  
Of one such kiss --  
All of the Soul of me  
Would leap afar --  
If that called me to thee  
Aye, I would leap afar  
A falling star!

### The Rose of the Night

The dark rose of thy mouth  
Draw nigher, draw nigher!  
Thy breath is the wind of the south,  
A wind of fire,  
The wind and the rose and darkness,  
O Rose of my Desire!

Deep silence of the night,  
Husht like a breathless lyre,  
Save the sea's thunderous might,  
Dim, menacing, dire,  
Silence and wind and sea, they are thee,  
O Rose of my Desire!

As a wind-eddy flame  
Leaping higher and higher,  
Thy soul, thy secret name,  
Leaps thro' Death's blazing pyre,  
Kiss me, Imperishable Fire, dark Rose,  
O Rose of my Desire!

## Lebe wohl

"Lebe wohl" - Du fühlst nicht,  
Was es heißt, dies Wort der Schmerzen;  
Mit getrostem Angesicht  
Sagtest du's und leichtem Herzen.

Lebe wohl! - Ach tausendmal  
Hab' ich mir es vorgesprochen  
Und in nimmersatter Qual  
Mir das Herz damit gebrochen!

"Farewell!" You do not feel  
what it means, this word of pain;  
with a confident face  
you said it, and with a light heart.

Farewell! Alas, a thousand times  
I have uttered it aloud,  
and with insatiable torment,  
broken my own heart with it!

## Das verlassene Mägdlein

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,  
Eh die Sternlein schwinden,  
Muss ich am Herde stehn,  
Muss Feuer zünden.

Schön ist der Flammen Schein,  
Es springen die Funken;  
Ich schaue so darein,  
In Leid versunken.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,  
Treuloser Knabe,  
Dass ich die Nacht von dir  
Geträumet habe.

Träne auf Träne dann  
Stürzt hernieder;  
So kommt der Tag heran-  
O ging er wieder!

Early, when the cocks crow,  
Before the tiny stars recede,  
I must be at the hearth,  
I must light the fire.

The flames are beautiful,  
The sparks fly;  
I gaze at them,  
Sunk in sorrow.

Suddenly I realize,  
Faithless boy,  
That in the night  
I dreamt of you.

Tear after tear  
Then tumbles down;  
So the day dawns-  
O would it were gone again!

## Er ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!

Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Spring is floating its blue banner  
On the breezes again;  
Sweet, well-remembered scents  
Drift portentously across the land.

Violets, already dreaming,  
Will soon begin to bloom.  
Listen, in the distance the sound of a  
harp!

Spring, that must be you!  
It's you I've heard!