Cathy Ogram is a student of Dennis Zeisler. This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music Education.

May 4, 2011 2:00pm
Ah! del padre in periglio
from *Don Giovanni*
Kate May, mezzo-soprano

Wolfgang Mozart
(1756-1791)

Come again
Weep you no more sad fountains

John Dowland
(1563-1629)

Pur ti miro
from *L’incoronazione di Poppea*
Devé Rashidi, soprano

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Geh’! du sagst mir eine Fabel
Meiner Liebsten Schöne
from *Bastien und Bastienne*

Wolfgang Mozart
(1756-1791)

Poème d’un jour op. 21
Rencontre
Toujours
Adieu

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Dichterliebe op. 48
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Thränen spriessen
Die Rose, die Lilie
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh’
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Tormento
Sognai!
La Serenata

F. Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Fly, o serenade: my beloved is alone, and with her lovely head lying back, is resting between her sheets: o serenade, fly.

Shining white is the moon; silence spreads its wings, and behind the veils in the dark alcove a lamp is lit: the moon is shining white.

Fly, o serenade: my beloved is alone; but, smiling, still half asleep, has returned between her sheets: o serenade, fly.

The waves dream on the shore, the wind is amid the branches; my fair lady still refuses to shelter my kisses! On the shore the waves dream.

Translations provided by:
Nico Castel Libretti Series
Sergius Kagen
Steven Martinez
Translations

Ah! del padre in periglio

ANNA
Ah! Of my father in peril in aid let us fly

OTTAVIO
All my blood I will spill if need be. But where is the scoundrel?

ANNA
In this place…
Ah! But what spectacle, oh gods, is offered to my eyes!
My father! Father mine! My dear father!

OTTAVIO
Sir…

ANNA
Ah! The murderer killed him… that blood… that wound… that face tinged and covered by the colors of death… He doesn’t breathe any longer… cold are his limbs…Father mine! Dear father! Father beloved! I am fainting… I am dying…

OTTAVIO
Ah! Succor, friends, my beloved. Look for, bring me some smelling salts, some spirits… Ah! Don’t delay! Donna Anna! Bride! Friend! The poor lady is being killed by her extreme grief!

ANNA
Oh!

OTTAVIO
She’s coming to already. Renew your assistance to her. Hide; remove from her eyes that object of horror. My beloved… console yourself… take heart!

ANNA
Flee, cruel man! Let me also die, now that the man who gave me life is dead.

OTTAVIO
Listen, my beloved, please listen: Look at me one sole moment; Is talking to you the dear lover who lives only for you.

ANNA
You are… forgive me… my beloved… the grief mine… the sufferings… Ah! the father mine where is he?

OTTAVIO
Your father… leave, oh dear one, the remembrance bitter: You have husband and father in me.

ANNA
Swear to me that you will always my father’s blood.

OTTAVIO
I swear it by your eyes, I swear it by our love.

OTTAVIO, ANNA
What oath, oh gods! What barbarous moment! My heart is fluttering among hundreds upon hundreds of emotions.
Pur ti miro

I adore you, I embrace you,
I desire you, I enchain you,
no more grieving, no more death
O my dearest, O my beloved.

I am yours, O my love,
tell me so, you are mine,
mine alone, O my love.
Feel my heart, see my love, see

Tormento

When I come to remember your caresses, where will you be?
of those days of dreams and sweetness, what will remain?
When I come to call you in my torment, who will respond?
Love is like a breath of wind: it passes caresses and goes!

And if I meet you on my way, what will I be able to say to you?
A star fell like a trail and the sea extinguished it.