



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Kathleen Thorpe, soprano
with John Cozza, piano

From *Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid*, BWV 58 J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
"Ich bin vergnügt in meinem Leiden"
"Kann es die Welt nicht lassen"

Selections from *Myrthen*, Op. 25 Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Die Lotosblume
Jemand
Lied der Braut I
Aus den östlichen Rosen
Hauptmanns Weib

"Me voilà seule...Comme autrefois dans la nuit sombre"
(from *Les pêcheurs des perles*) Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

INTERMISSION

Poème d'un jour, Op. 21 Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Rencontre
Toujours
Adieu

Strings in the Earth and Air Richard Hundley (1931-2018)
O You Whom I Often and Silently Come Ned Rorem (b. 1923)
Where the Music comes from Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

"In quali eccessi, o Numi...Mi tradi quell'alma ingrata"
(from *Don Giovanni*) W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Voice.
Kathleen Thorpe is a student of Dr. Robin Fisher.*



FRIDAY, 6:00 P.M.
OCTOBER 1, 2021
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

**Kathleen Thorpe, Senior Degree Recital
Text and Translations**

Ich bin vergnügt in meinem Leiden

Ich bin vergnügt in meinem Leiden,
Denn Gott ist meine Zuversicht.
Ich habe sichern Brief und Siegel,
Und dieses ist der feste Riegel,
Den bricht die Hölle selber nicht.

Kann es die Welt nicht lassen,
Mich zu verfolgen und zu hassen,
So weist mir Gottes Hand
Ein andres Land.
Ach! könnt es heute noch geschehen,
Dass ich mein Eden möchte sehen!

Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht,
Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes (holdes) Blumengesicht,
Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh;
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

Jemand

Mein Herz ist betrübt, ich sag' es nicht,
Mein Herz ist betrübt um jemand;
Ich könnte wachen die längste Nacht,
Und immer träumen von jemand.
O Wonne! Von jemand; o Himmel! Von jemand;
Durchstreifen könnt' ich die ganze Welt,
Aus Liebe zu jemand.
Ihr Mächte, die ihr der Liebe hold,
O lächelt freundlich auf jemand!
Beschirmt ihn, wo Gefahren droh'n;
Gebt sicher Geleite dem jemand!
O Wonne! Von jemand; o Himmel! Von jemand;
Ich wollt', ich wollte, was wollt' ich nicht
Für meinen jemand!

I am content in my suffering

I am content in my suffering,
For God is my strength.
I have secure letter and seal,
And this is the firm bolt,
That even hell itself cannot break.

Though the world does not cease,
To persecute and hate me,
Yet God's hand shows me
Another land.
Ah! If only it would happen today,
That I might see my Eden!

The Lotus Flower

The lotus flower is afraid
Of the sun's radiance,
And with bowed head
Dreaming awaits it the night.
The moon, who is her lover,
It awakens her with its light,
And she unveils obligingly for him,
Her innocent (lovely) flower-like face.
She blooms and glows and shines
And gazes silently into the sky;
It sends it's fragrance and weeps and trembles,
With love and love's pain.

Somebody

My heart is troubled, I will not say,
My heart is troubled about somebody;
I could be awake for the longest night,
And always dream of my somebody.
Oh bliss! Of somebody; oh heaven! Of somebody;
I could roam through the entire world,
For the love of somebody.
You powers, you who to love are gracious,
Oh smile kindly upon somebody!
Protect him, when danger threatens;
Give safe escort to the somebody.
Oh bliss! Of someone; oh heaven! Of somebody.
I would, I would, what would I not
For my somebody!

Lied der Braut I

Mutter, Mutter glaube nicht,
Weil ich ihn lieb' allsosehr,
Dass nun Liebe mir gebricht,
Dich zu lieben, wie vorher.
Mutter, Mutter! seit ich ihn liebe
Lieb' ich erst dich sehr.
Lass mich an mein Herz dich zieh'n,
Und dich küssen, wie mich er!
Mutter, Mutter! seit ich ihn liebe,
Lieb' ich erst dich gants,
Dass du mir das Sein verlieh'n,
Das mir ward zu solchem Glantz.

Aus den östlichen Rosen

Ich sende einen Gruß wie Duft der Rosen,
Ich send' ihn an ein Rosenangesicht.
Ich sende einen Gruß wie Frühlingskosen,
Ich send' ihn an ein Aug' voll Frühlingslicht.
Aus Scherzentstürmen, die mein Herz durchtosen,
Send' ich den Hauch, dich unsanft rühr' er nicht!
Wenn du gedenkest an den Freudelosen,
So wird der Himmel meiner Nächte licht.

Hauptmanns Weib

Hoch zu Pferd!
Stahl auf zartem Leibe,
Helm und Schwert
Ziemen Hauptmanns Weibe.
Tönet Trommelschlag unter Pulverdampf,
Siehst du blut'gen Tag
Und dein Lieb im Kampf.
Schlagen wir den Feind,
Küssest du den Gatten,
Wohnst mit ihm vereint
In des Friedens Schatten.

Georges Bizet's *The Pearl Fishers* is set in ancient times and follow the journey of two men who have fallen for the same woman, but who have also vowed to remain friends. The priestess, Leïla, who has caught their attention, feels conflicted with the choice between secular love and her sacred oath. In "Comme autrefois dans la nuit sombre," Leïla, is fearful of being alone in the dark night. But she finds comfort in her memories when she would secretly meet Nadir, then a young fugitive, when she was still a child.

Comme autrefois dans la nuit sombre

Me voilà seule dans la nuit,
Seule en ce lieu désert
Où regne le silence!
Je frissonne j'ai peur! et le sommeil me fuit!

Song of the Bride, I

Mother, mother do not believe,
Because I love him so very much,
That I now have no love,
With which to love you, as before.
Mother, mother! Since I have his love,
I am now able to love you so much more.
Let me draw you to my heart,
And kiss you, as he has kissed me!
Mother, mother! Since I have his love,
I love you now completely,
For having given life to me,
A life, which now shines so radiantly in me.

From the Roses of the East

I send a greeting like the fragrance of roses;
I send it to a rosy face.
I send a greeting like spring caresses,
I send it to an eye full of spring's light.
From the pain storms, that my heart went through,
I send the breath, may it not touch you roughly!
If you think of me, the miserable one,
So will the sky of my nights become bright.

Captain's Lady

Mount the horse!
Steel armor on the tender body,
Helmet and sword
Befit the Captain's Lady.
The drums sound amid gunpowder,
You will see the bloody day
And your love in battle.
When we beat the foe,
You will kiss your husband,
And live with him together
In the shadow of peace.

As Once Before in the Dark Night

I am here alone in the night,
Alone on this deserted spot
Where the silence reigns!
I shiver, I am afraid! And sleep escapes me!

Mais il est là!
Mon cœur devine sa présence!
Comme autrefois dans la nuit sombre,
Cache sous le feuillage épais,
Il veille près de moi dans l'ombre,
Je puis dormir, rêver en paix!
C'est lui! mes yeux reconnu!
C'est lui! mon âme est rassurée!
O bonheur! joie inespérée!
Pour me revoir il est venu!
Il est là près de moi ah!

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment;
Ô dis-moi,
Serais-tu la femme inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi cainement?
Ô, passante aux doux yeux,
Serais-tu donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé!
Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille,
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher.
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie,
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te connaître bien!

Toujour

Vous me demandez de ma taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!
Demandez plutôt étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!
Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots
Et, quand les vents sont en démente,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!
Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

But he is there!
My heart senses his presence!
As once before in the dark night,
Hidden beneath the thick foliage,
He watches near me in the shadows,
I can sleep and dream in peace!
It is he! My eyes have recognized him!
It is he! My soul is reassured!
O happiness! Joy unexpected!
To see he has come to me!
He is here near me. Ah!

Encounter

I was sad and pensive when I met you,
Today, I feel my persistent torment less;
Oh tell me,
Could you be the woman I had not even hoped for,
The ideal dream that I had pursued in vain?
Oh passer-by with gentle eyes,
Could you be the friend
Who would restore happiness to the lonely poet,
And will you shine upon my strengthened soul,
Like the native sky on the heart of an exile?
Your timid sadness, like my own,
Loves to watch the sun set on the sea!
Your ecstasy is awakened before its vastness,
And the charm of the evening is dear to your lovely soul
A mysterious and gentle sympathy
Already chains me to you like a living bond;
And my soul trembles, overcome by love,
And my heart cherishes you, without knowing you well!

Forever

You ask me to silence myself,
To flee from you forever
And for me to go away, alone,
Without remembering the one I loved!
Rather ask the stars
To fall into the infinite,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its light!
Ask the boundless sea
To dry up its vast waters
And, when the winds are raging,
To calm their dismal sobs!
But do not hope that my soul
Will tear itself from its bitter sorrows
And to shed its passion
Like springtime sheds its flowers!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose Déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées,
Fumées!
On voit dans ce monde léger,
Changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
Nos rêves!
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,
Nos cœurs!
À vous l'on se croyait fidèle,
Cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
Sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
Adieu!

Strings In The Earth And Air

Strings in the earth and air
Make music sweet;
Strings by the river
Where the willows meet.
There's music along the river
For love wanders there,
Pale flowers on his mantel,
Dark leaves on his hair.
And softly playing,
With head to the music bent,
And fingers straying
Upon an instrument.
Strings in the earth and air
Make music sweet;
Strings by the river
Where the willows meet.

O You Whom I Often and Silently Come

O you whom I often and silently come
Where you are that I may be with you,
As I walk by your side
Or sit near, or remain
In the same room with you,
Little you know the subtle electric fire
That for your sake
Is playing within me.

Farewell

How quickly everything dies, the rose in bloom,
And fresh colored mantle of the meadows;
The long sighs, loved ones,
Are but smoke.
One sees in this fickle world,
Change
More quickly than the waves on the shore,
Our dreams!
More quickly than the frost on the flowers,
Our hearts.
I believed I would be faithful to you,
Cruel-one,
But alas! The longest loves
Are short!
And I say on taking leave of your charms,
Without tears,
Almost at the moment of my arrival,
Farewell!

Where the Music Comes From

I want to be where the music comes from.
Where the clock stops, where it's now.
I want to be with the friends around me,
Who have found me, who'll show me how.
I want to sing to the early morning,
See the sunlight melt the snow;
And oh, I want to grow.
I want to wake to the living spirit
Here inside me where it lies,
I want to listen till I can hear it,
Let it guide me, and realize
That I can go with the flow unending,
That is blending, that is real
And oh, I want to feel.
I want walk in the earthly garden,
Far from cities, far from fear.
I want to talk to the growing garden,
To the devas, to the deer,
And to be one with the river flowing
Breezes blowing, sky above
And oh, I want to love.

Mozart's *Don Giovanni* follows the seducer Don Giovanni and his old flame, Elvira, who has discovered his shameful ways. She attempts to protect Zerlina from meeting the same fate and reveals Don Giovanni for the criminal that he truly is. In "Mi tradi quell'alma ingrata," Elvira is shaken by yet another of Don Giovanni's ploys to use her and betray her. Elvira is overcome by grief as she describes her torment, but also her pity for this horrible man.

Mi tradi quell'alma ingrata

In quali eccessi, o Numi,
in quai misfatti orribili,
tremendi è avvolto il sciagurato!
Ah no! non poute tardar l'ira del cielo,
la giustizia tardar
Sentir già parmi la fatale saetta,
che gli piomba sul capo!
Aperto veggio il baratro mortal!...
Misera Elvira!
che contrasto d'affetti in sen ti nasce!
Perché questi sospiri? e quest'ambasce?
Mi tradi quell'alma ingrata,
infelice, o Dio! mi fa.
Ma tradita e abbandonata,
provo ancor per lui pietà.
Quando sento il mio tormento,
di vendetta il cor favella;
ma, se guardo il suo cimento,
palpitando il cor me va.

That Ungrateful Wretch Betrayed Me

In what excesses, oh gods,
In what horrible and
Tremendous crimes is the scoundrel wrapped up!
Ah no! The anger of heaven cannot be delayed,
Nor the justice forestalled.
I already feel the deadly lightning bolt
That falls upon his head!
I see the open and fateful abyss!...
Miserable Elvira!
What contrasting feelings are born in your breast!
Why these sighs and this anguish?
That ungrateful wretch betrayed me,
Oh God, he makes me unhappy!
Although betrayed and abandoned,
I feel pity for him still.
When I feel my torment,
My heart speaks vengeance;
But when I see the danger he is in,
My heart for him begins to throb.