



SENIOR RECITAL SERIES | SPRING 2023

Sunday, May 7, 2023, 2:30PM

Taplin Auditorium, Fine Hall

Katelyn Rodrigues '23

Soprano

Senior Voice Recital

Accompanied by Martin Néron, *piano*

Featuring:

Andrew Jung '25, *violin*

Andi Grene '24, *violin*

Rohan Jinturkar '23, *viola*

Jack Gallahan '25, *cello*

Cara Turnbull GS, *bass*

Corinna Brueckner '23, *mezzo-soprano*

The use of photographic, video, or audio equipment is strictly prohibited. Please turn off or mute electronic devices for the duration of the performance.

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PROGRAM

GIOACHINO ROSSINI

1792-1868

La Regata Veneziana

- I. Anzoleta avanti la regata
- II. Anzoleta co passa la regata
- III. Anzoleta dopo la regata

JOHANNES BRAHMS

1833-1897

Fünf Lieder, Op. 105

- I. Wie Melodien
- II. Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer
- III. Klage
- IV. Auf dem Kirchhofe
- V. Verrat

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

1756-1791

Prenderó quel brunettino, from *Così fan tutte*, Act II

Corinna Brueckner '23, *mezzo-soprano*

AMBROISE THOMAS

1811-1896

Connais-tu le pays, from *Mignon*

JOHN IRELAND

1879-1962

Songs Sacred and Profane

- I. The Advent
- II. Hymn for a Child
- III. My Fair
- VI. The Scapegoat

GABRIEL FAURÉ

1845-1924

La Bonne Chanson, Op. 61

- V. J'ai presque peur, en vérité
- VIII. N'est-ce pas?
- IX. L'hiver a cessé

Andrew Jung '25, *violin I*

Andi Grene '24, *violin II*

Rohan Jinturkar '23, *viola*

Jack Gallahan '25, *cello*

Cara Turnbull GS, *bass*

PROGRAM NOTES

By Katelyn Rodrigues

La Regata Veneziana

La Regata Veneziana consists of three songs written in 1858 as part of Rossini's album *Piches de vieillesse (Sins of Old Age)*—a set of 150 vocal, chamber, and solo pieces that marked the end to Rossini's prolific compositional career in opera. Following his retirement from opera, Rossini moved to Paris with his wife and purchased a villa where he hosted lavish soirees for his fellow established friends within the artistic community. He composed songs for soloists to premier at these private parties among which was *La Regata Veneziana*, sung in the Venetian dialect.

The first song, "*Anzoleta avanti la regata*" ("*Anzoleta before the race*") spotlights a young woman and heroine, Anzoleta, encouraging her boyfriend, Momolo to participate in the famous Venice Regatta (an annual gondola race tradition) and to bring back the victor's red flag.

During "*Anzoleta co passa la regata*" ("*Anzoleta during the race*"), Anzoleta spots Momolo's boat in second place. She very passionately encourages him to row to victory which he successfully does. Naturally, Anzoleta takes credit for Momolo's win.

The finale, "*Anzoleta dopo la regata*" ("*Anzoleta after the race*"), begins with a victory march. Anzoleta is extremely satisfied that Momolo has been crowned the winner of this historical Venetian regatta and his glorious legacy will never die. In turn, Anzoleta is filled with pride and joy, showering Momolo with many blessings and kisses.

Fünf Lieder, Op. 105

Fünf Lieder (Five Songs), Op. 105, were composed by Brahms between 1886-88. They feature the setting of five poems by different 19th century contemporary poets. Brahms intended these songs to be performed by a woman he was entranced by, Hermine Spies, an alto. The songs were rarely performed together, at least they were not within Brahms' life time. And because they were all derived from different poets featuring strong juxtapositions in style, Brahms himself metaphorically described this group of songs as a "song bouquet" similar to flowers "plucked" from different sources and then combined into a whole.

"*Wie Melodien zieht es mir*" is the first of the five songs, composed after Klaus Groth's poem. It is one of Brahms' most popular songs, known for its tender lyricism and soaring melody. The poem itself is quite abstract and elusive— the perfume and mist described in the poem "floats away" just as it approaches within grasp, which Brahms expresses through the erosion of the tonic in the accompaniment. These sweet ideas that are within reach, then vanish, evoking tears. This elusiveness likely references the process of Lieder-writing itself — profundity can fade away when attempting to reduce the occurrences of the imagination to words on a page.

"*Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer*" features Hermann Lingg's poem from "Gedichte" depicting a dying woman begging for her lover. The opening melodic motive establishes the woman's decline and hopelessness. The second stanza is a more broken and dissonant plea to death, "Yes I will die...when I grow pale and cold." There is a final glimpse of hope sparked by the vivid spring imagery evident in the accompaniment line. However, this hope is fleeting as the ill woman musters up the strength to make a final plea to her lost lover—a call that is unanswered.

"*Klage*," is a setting of a traditional Lower Rhenish folk-song "*Fiens Liebchen, trau du nicht*" ("*Beloved, do not trust*"). The original writer is unknown. It was added into the song set ad hoc to supplement and add diversity to the canonical three songs, "*Wie Melodien*," "*Immer Leiser*," and "*Verrat*". This folk tune combines admonition in the first verse, lament in the second, and the bittersweetness of winter in the third. Accordingly, the harmony switches between major and minor, emphasizing the two personas of sweetheart and sorrow referenced in the song.

"*Auf dem Kirchhofe*" applies music to the poem "*Der Tag ging regenschwer*" (1879) by the eccentric German poet, Detlev von Liliencron; the poem was dedicated to the remembrance of Liliencron's mother. The lyrics depict a walk through a church graveyard amidst thunderstorms as represented by the rolling dramaticism in the piano. The disintegrating tombstones add to this grave, ominous nature. Liliencron is making a statement about submitting to despair and how it can be reconciled through a noble view of death. The poet acknowledges his belief that the departed "Gewesen" will have life after death and be resurrected as "Genesen," enhanced by Brahms' majestic, choral-like ending to the song. The austere passages in this piece create an aura of suspense that motivates the last piece.

The unfaithful woman referenced in “*Verrat*” stands in stark contrast to the gravely ill woman weeping for her lover in “*Immer Leiser*.” “*Verrat*” was originally written for a male voice to complement the poetic material: a dark tragedy depicting the conglomeration of betrayal, jealousy, and revenge that culminates in the woman’s original lover murdering her new one. This song is music set to a poem by Karl Lemcke, where the referenced “grünen Linde,” “Green Linden Tree” is a classic pagan symbol of truth and sacred love—one must not tell a lie under the linden tree. Thus, the linden tree foreshadows the adultery that occurs throughout the poem and its menacing repercussions.

Prenderó quel brunettino

This duet is sung by two upper-class sisters, Dorabella and Fiordiligi, in Act II of the Mozart opera, *Così fan tutte* (“All Women are like that”). Don Alfonso, a cynical and manipulative bachelor places a bet that the two sisters, who are already engaged, would prove themselves unfaithful if tempted by other men. He convinces Dorabella and Fiordiligi’s fiancées to disguise themselves as different men woo the sisters. Even though Fiordiligi is resolute while Dorabella is more eager to engage in the flirtatiousness, the sisters are successfully fooled and entertain the idea of the two “strangers.”

Connais-tu le pays

“*Connais-tu le pays*” is a signature aria from Act 1 of the 1866 opéra comique, *Mignon*, a charming twist based on Goethe’s tragic “Wilhelm Meister.” The plot is set in mid-18th century Germany at an inn where gypsies arrive to entertain the crowd. But one of them, Mignon, a young and beautiful girl, refuses to dance and is attacked by another gypsy. Wilhelm, a student traveling through Europe to “find himself” comes to Mignon’s rescue and purchases her from her captors. Then, Wilhelm asks Mignon about herself she recounts her childhood memory of being abducted by gypsies in Italy; in this aria Mignon tells Wilhelm about her native land, which she knows only in vague memories.

Songs Sacred and Profane

Songs Sacred and Profane is a six-song set composed by John Ireland in 1929-1931 that showcases the poetry of two female poets: Alice Meynell in “The Advent” and “My Fair,” and Sylvia Townsend Warner in “Hymn for a Child” and “The Scapegoat.” Both poets reflected a sense of Christian religious mystery in their poetry. For Ireland, setting these poems to music became a significant element in his emotional and musical recuperation from the shock of his disastrous marriage. Ironically, this is not a song cycle, but rather a loose assemblage of songs reflecting aspects of the human relationship with religious experiences.

"The Advent" juxtaposes the ordinary nature of humanity and the extraordinarily divine incarnation of Christ and the creation of the world.

"Hymn for a Child" is a witty rhyming of the Bible story where the young Jesus confounds the elders and authorities in the temple.

"My Fair" is a passionate love song that admits to the realities of love's finite nature and of one's inclinations to keep it alive in their own heart.

Lastly, "The Scapegoat" is a laugh at "righteous men" pleased with themselves for finding redemption from sin through the services of a goat. However, these men are blind to the fact that it is actually the goat who is free from sin, as manifested in the skipping, jumping piano accompaniment.

La Bonne Chanson, Op. 61

La Bonne Chanson (The Good Song), Op. 61 is a song cycle composed by Gabriel Fauré in 1898 (for voice, piano, and string quintet) based on nine poems by the renowned French poet Paul Verlaine that were published roughly 20 years prior. These poems express Verlaine's hopes and expectations throughout his unsteady marriage to a young girl, Mathilde Mauté de Fleurville. However, his excessive debauchery and pursuit of Arthur Rimbaud, whom Verlaine was shadily in love with, resulted in his failed attempt to assassinate Rimbaud and the consequential collapse of his marriage to Mathilde. Despite Verlaine's arguably disastrous life, his popularity as a poet stood unshaken and attracted even stronger public interest.

Fauré composed the music to accompany Verlaine's poetry while residing in Bougival, France with a banker and his wife, Emma Bardac. Fauré was quite infatuated with Emma and she inspired his compositional decadence blossoming throughout this work. Each song in this masterpiece illustrates the seasons of love—the first glances, fantasies inspired by nature, and love's delicacies, all culminating in profound hope as strong as a burning flame in the ninth song, "*L'hiver a cessé.*"

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Adapted from Oxford Leider

Anzoleta avanti la regata

Là su la machina xe la bandiera varda,
la vedistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela 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! mi confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.

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

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

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'ho visto co passando
su mi l'ocio ti a butà
e godito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà,

Angelina before the regatta

Over there on the machina the flag is flying,
Look, you can see it, now go for it.
Bring it back to me this evening,
Or else run away and hide.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't hesitate.
Row the gondola with heart and soul,
Then you cannot help but be first.

Go on, think of your Angelina
Watching you from this balcony.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't hesitate,
Once in the boat, Momolo, fly like the wind.

Angelina during the regatta

Here they come, look at them,
The poor things, they're nearly done in,
Ah, the wind is against them,
But the tide's in their favour.

My Momolo, where is he?
Ah, I see him, in second place.
Ah! the excitement's too much for me,
I can feel my heart racing.

Come on, keep it up, row,
You must be first to the finish,
If you keep rowing, I'll lay a bet
You'll leave all the others behind.

Dear boy, it's as if he's flying,
And he's beating the lot of them,
He's gone half a length ahead,
Ah! Now I understand, he's seen me.

Angelina after the regatta

Take a kiss, another,
dear Momolo, from my heart;
here at your right hand is it time
to dry your sweat.

Ah I have seen you in passing
by throwing my glance toward you
and enjoyed whispering:
he will catch a beautiful prize

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.

Wie Melodien

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehn,
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du mich noch einmal sehn,
Komm, o komme bald!

Klage

Feins Liebchen, trau du nicht,
Daß er dein Herz nicht bricht!
Schön Worte will er geben,
Es kostet dein jung Leben,
Glaubs sicherlich!

Ich werde nimmer froh,
Denn mir ging es also:
Die Blätter vom Baum gefallen
Mit den schönen Worten allen,
Ist Winterzeit!

Yes this flag is a nice prize,
it is red;
of which all of Venice will talk,
you are called the winner.

Take a kiss,
no rower is more blessed than you,
among rowers of ferryboats
yours is the best name.

Like Melodies

Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.

Yet when words come and capture them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

My sleep grows ever quieter

My sleep grows ever quieter,
Only my grief, like a veil,
Lies trembling over me.
I often hear you in my dreams
Calling outside my door,
No one keeps watch and lets you in,
I awake and weep bitterly.

Yes, I shall have to die,
You will kiss another
When I am pale and cold.
Before May breezes blow,
Before the thrush sings in the wood;
If you would see me once again,
Come soon, come soon!

Lament

Dearest, do not trust him,
Then he won't break your heart,
He'll speak fine words,
They'll cost you your young life,
Believe me!

I'll never be happy again,
For that is what happened:
The leaves have fallen from the tree
With all those fine words,
It's winter!

Es ist jetzt Winterzeit,
Die Vögelein sind weit,
Die mir im Lenz gesungen,
Mein Herz ist mir gesprungen
Vor Liebesleid.

Auf dem Kirchhofe

Der Tag ging regenschwer und sturmbewegt,
Ich war an manch vergeßnem Grab gewesen.
Verwittert Stein und Kreuz, die Kränze alt,
Die Namen überwachsen, kaum zu lesen.

Der Tag ging sturmbewegt und regenschwer,
Auf allen Gräbern fror das Wort: Gewesen.
Wie sturmestot die Särge schlummerten—
Auf allen Gräbern taute still: Genesen.

Verrat

Ich stand in einer lauen Nacht
An einer grünen Linde,
Der Mond schien hell, der Wind ging sacht,
Der Gießbach floß geschwinde.

Die Linde stand vor Liebchens Haus,
Die Türe hört' ich knarren.
Mein Schatz ließ sacht ein Mannsbild 'raus:

"Laß morgen mich nicht harren.
Laß mich nicht harren, süßer Mann,
Wie hab ich dich so gerne!
Ans Fenster klopfe leise an,
Mein Schatz ist in der Ferne."

Laß ab vom Druck und Kuß, Feinslieb,
Du Schöner im Sammetkleide,
Nun spute dich, du feiner Dieb,
Ein Mann harrt auf der Heide.

Der Mond scheint hell, der Rasen grün
Ist gut zu uns'rem Begegnen,
Du trägst ein Schwert und nickst so kühn,
Dein' Liebschaft will ich segnen!

Und als erschien der lichte Tag,
Was fand er auf der Heide?
Ein Toter in dem Blumen lag
Zu einer Falschen Leide.

Now it's winter,
The little birds are far distant
That sang to me in spring,
My heart is broken
With the sorrow of love.

In the Churchyard

The day was heavy with rain and storms,
I had stood by many a forgotten grave.
Weathered stones and crosses, faded wreaths,
The names overgrown, scarcely to be read.

The day was heavy with storms and rains,
On each grave froze the word: Deceased.
How the coffins slumbered, dead to the storm—
Silent dew on each grave proclaimed: Released.

Betrayal

One mild night I was standing
By a green linden tree,
The moon shone brightly, the wind blew softly,
And swiftly flowed the torrent.

The linden tree stood before my love's house,
I heard the door creak,
Cautiously my love let a man out:

"Don't keep me waiting tomorrow.
Don't keep me waiting, sweet man,
I love you so very dearly!
Tap gently against the window-pane,
My sweetheart's far away."

Leave your cuddling and kissing, my dear,
And you, handsome man in velvet,
Make haste, you cunning thief,
A man awaits you on the moor.

The moon shines bright, the green turf
Is fit for our encounter,
You wear a sword and nod so boldly,
I shall bless your liaison!

And when the light of dawn appeared,
What did it find on the moor?
A dead man lay among the flowers,
To a false woman's sorrow.

Prenderò quel brunettino

[Dorabella]
Prenderò quel brunettino,
Che più lepido mi par.

[Fiordiligi]
Ed intanto io col biondino
Vo' un po' ridere e burlar.

[Dorabella]
Scherzosetta ai dolci detti
Io di quel risponderò.

[Fiordiligi]
Sospirando i sospiretti
Io dell'altro imiterò.

[Dorabella]
Mi dirà:
Ben mio, mi moro!

[Fiordiligi]
Mi dirà:
Mio bel tesoro!

[Fiordiligi with Dorabella]
Ed intanto che diletto,
Che spassetto io proverò!

I'll Take the Brunette One

I'll take the dark one,
Who seems to me more fun.

And meantime I'll laugh
And joke a bit with the fair one.

Playfully I'll answer
His sweet words.

Sighing, I'll imitate
The other's sighs.

He'll say to me:
My love, I'm dying!

He'll say to me:
My dearest treasure!

And meanwhile what delight,
what sport I shall have!

Connais-tu le pays

Connais-tu le pays
où fleurit l'oranger?
Le pays des fruits d'or
et des roses vermeilles,
Où la brise est plus douce
et l'oiseau plus léger,
Où dans toute saison butinent les abeilles,
Où rayonne et sourit,
comme un bienfait de Dieu,
Un éternel printemps
sous un ciel toujours bleu!
Hélas! Que ne puis-je te suivre
Vers ce rivage heureux d'où le sort m'exila!
C'est là! C'est là que je voudrais vivre,
Aimer, aimer et mourir!
C'est là que je voudrais vivre,
c'est là, oui, c'est là!

Do you know the land

Do you know the land
where the orange tree blossoms?
The country of golden fruits
and marvelous roses,
Where the breeze is softer
and birds lighter,
Where bees gather pollen in every season,
And where shines and smiles,
like a gift from God,
An eternal springtime
under an ever-blue sky!
Alas! but I cannot follow you
To that happy shore from which fate has exiled me!
There! It is there that I should like to live,
To love, to love, and to die!
It is there that I should like to live,
it is there, yes, there!

Connais-tu la maison où l'on m'attend là-bas?
La salle aux lambris d'or,
où des hommes de marbre
M'appellent dans la nuit
en me tendant les bras?
Et la cour où l'on danse
à l'ombre d'un grand arbre?
Et le lac transparent où glissent sur les eaux
Mille bateaux légers pareils à des oiseaux?
Hélas! Que ne puis-je te suivre
Vers ce pays lointain d'où le sort m'exila!
C'est là! C'est là que je voudrais vivre,
Aimer, aimer et mourir!
C'est là que je voudrais vivre,
c'est là, oui, c'est là!

Do you know the house there where I am awaited?
The gold-panelled room
where men made of marble
Call to me at night,
reaching their arms out to me?
And the courtyard
where people dance in the shadow of a great tree?
And the lake upon whose limpid waters
A thousand light boats glide like birds?
Alas! but I cannot follow you
To that distant land from which fate has exiled me!
There! It is there that I should like to live,
To love, to love, and to die!
It is there that I should like to live,
it is there, yes, there!

The Advent

No sudden thing of glory and fear
Was the Lord's coming; but the dear
Slow Nature's days followed each other
To form the Saviour from his Mother
one of the children of the year.

The earth, the rain, received the trust,
The sun and dews, to frame the Just.
He drew his daily life from these.
According to his own decrees
Who makes man from the fertile dust.

Sweet summer and the winter wild,
These brought him forth, the Undeified.
The happy Springs renewed again
His daily bread, the growing grain,
The food and raiment of the Child.

Hymn for a Child

Flocking to the Temple
See the priests assemble
Where a child expounds
What the wise confounds.

All the scribes and sages
Quit their dog's-eared pages;
Spell-bound by his sense
And his eloquence.

Speaking without bias,
He reviewed Elias;
Said the dogs did well,
Eating Jezebel.

Just as he disposes
Of the Law and Moses,
Mary came in haste -
Caught him to her breast:

"We have sought thee" saying -
Chid him for delaying.
Then without demur
He went back with her.

Those he was amazing
Straightway broke out praising;
Calling him a mild
Nicely brought-up child.

Teach me, gentle Saviour,
Such discreet behaviour
That my elders be
Always pleased with me.

My Fair

My Fair, no beauty of thine will last
Save in my love's eternity.
Thy smiles, that light thee fitfully,
Are lost for ever - their moment past -
Except the few thou givest to me.

Thy sweet words vanish day by day,
As all breath of mortality.
Thy laughter, done, must cease to be,
And all the dear tones pass away,
Except the few that sing to me.

Hide then within my heart, oh, hide
All thou are loth should go from thee.
Be kinder to thyself and me.
My cupful from this river's tide
Shall never reach the long sad sea.

The Scapegoat

See the scapegoat, happy beast,
From every personal sin released,
And in the desert, hidden apart,
Dancing with a careless heart.

"Lightly weigh the sins of others."
See him skip! "Am I my brother's
Keeper? Oh, never, no, no, no!
Lightly come and lightly go!"

In the town, from sin made free,
Righteous men hold jubilee.
In one desert all alone
The scapegoat dances on and on.

J'ai presque peur, en vérité

J'ai presque peur, en vérité
Tant je sens ma vie enlacée
A la radieuse pensée
Qui m'a pris l'âme l'autre été,

Tant votre image, à jamais chère,
Habite en ce coeur tout à vous,
Ce coeur uniquement jaloux
De vous aimer et de vous plaire;

Et je tremble, pardonnez-moi
D'aussi franchement vous le dire,
À penser qu'un mot, qu'un sourire
De vous est désormais ma loi,

Et qu'il vous suffirait d'un geste,
D'une parole ou d'un clin d'oeil,
Pour mettre tout mon être en deuil
De son illusion céleste.

Mais plutôt je ne veux vous voir,
L'avenir dût-il m'être sombre
Et fécond en peines sans nombre,
Qu'à travers un immense espoir,

Plongé dans ce bonheur suprême
De me dire encore et toujours,
En dépit des mornes retours,
Que je vous aime, que je t'aime!

N'est-ce pas?

N'est-ce pas? nous irons gais et lents,
dans la voie Modeste
que nous montre en souriant l'Espoir,
Peu soucieux qu'on nous ignore
ou qu'on nous voie.

Isolés dans l'amour ainsi qu'en un bois noir,
Nos deux coeurs,
exhalant leur tendresse paisible,
Seront deux rossignols
qui chantent dans le soir.

Sans nous préoccuper
de ce que nous destine
Le Sort,
nous marcherons pourtant du même pas,
Et la main dans la main, avec l'âme enfantine.

De ceux qui s'aiment sans mélange,
n'est-ce pas?

In truth, I am almost afraid

In truth, I am almost afraid,
So much do I feel my life bound up
With the radiant thoughts
That captured my soul last summer,

So deeply does your ever-dear image
Inhabit this heart that is wholly yours,
This heart, whose sole desire
Is to love you and please you.

And I tremble, forgive me
For telling you so frankly,
To think that one word, one smile
From you is henceforth law to me,

And that one gesture would suffice,
One word, one single glance,
To plunge my whole being in mourning
From its heavenly illusion.

But I would sooner not see you
However dark the future might be
And full of untold grief -
Could I not, through an immense hope,

Immersed in this supreme happiness,
Repeat to myself again and again,
Despite bleak reversals,
That I love you, I love thee!

Is it not so?

Is it not so? Happy and unhurried,
we'll follow The modest path
where Hope directs us with a smile,
Little caring if we are known
or if we are seen.

Isolated in love as in a dark wood,
Our two hearts,
breathing gentle love,
Shall be two nightingales
singing at evening.

With no thought
of what Destiny
Has in store,
we shall walk along together,
Hand in hand our souls like those of children

Whose love is unalloyed,
is that not so?

L'hiver a cessé

L'hiver a cessé : la lumière est tiède
Et danse, du sol au firmament clair.
Il faut que le coeur le plus triste cède
À l'immense joie éparse dans l'air.

J'ai depuis un an le printemps dans l'âme
Et le vert retour du doux floréal,
Ainsi qu'une flamme entoure une flamme,
Met de l'idéal sur mon idéal.

Le ciel bleu prolonge, exhausse et couronne
L'immuable azur où rit mon amour
La saison est belle et ma part est bonne
Et tous mes espoirs ont enfin leur tour.

Que vienne l'été! que viennent encore
L'automne et l'hiver! Et chaque saison
Me sera charmante, ô Toi que décore
Cette fantaisie et cette raison!

Winter is Over

Winter is over, the light is soft
And dances up from the earth to the clear sky.
The saddest heart must surrender
To the great joy that fills the air.

For a year I have had spring in my soul,
And the green return of sweet May,
Like flame encircling flame,
Adds an ideal to my ideal.

The blue sky prolongs, heightens, and crowns
the steadfast azure where my love smiles.
The season is fair and my lot is happy
And all my hopes are at last fulfilled.

Let summer come! Let autumn
And winter come too! Each season
Will delight me, O you graced with
Imagination and good sense!

ABOUT

Katelyn Rodrigues is a senior receiving a B.S.E. in Computer Science with certificates in Statistics and Machine Learning, Information Technology, and Vocal Performance. She currently studies voice with tenor David Kellett at Princeton, and past voice teachers include Barbara Rearick and Liz Cass. Originally from Austin, TX, Katelyn built her musical foundation as a classically trained violinist performing with a nationally-recognized string quartet through the Austin Chamber Music Center and held concert-master positions with the Austin Youth Symphony. Receiving second place in the 2019 Wednesday Morning Music Club Competition for her vocal performance opened the door to classical singing. At Princeton, Katelyn has performed in both departmental operas in the roles of Witch 1 in Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" (2022) and Giunone in Cavalli's "La Calisto" (2020). She has also been a soloist with the Princeton University Glee Club (as well as the Technology Chair) and recently sang in a masterclass for tenor William Burden. In the past two years, she has also performed in opera scenes from Mozart's *Cosí fan tutte*, Handel's *Alcina*, and *Carmen* by Bizet through the Glee-Club sponsored Opera Scenes directed by David Kellett. As president-emeritus of the Princeton Katzenjammers, Katelyn has also enjoyed the communal aspects of the acapella singing scene since her beginnings at Princeton. Katelyn is also passionate about preserving the classical art form in underserved communities and has been both a coach and voice lessons instructor for middle-school students in the Trenton area through Trenton Youth Singers at Princeton.

When not singing, Katelyn can be found in good company enjoying more sugary drinks than she should, combatting that aftermath in spin classes, or working on developing a music collaboration services app with one of her friends. Upon graduating from Princeton, Katelyn will spend her summer abroad performing the role of Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro* in Bodrum, Turkey, and refining her singing skills in Bologna, Italy. She will then return to New York City to begin life in the real world working at Microsoft as a software engineer on an ML/Security startup team with hopes of continuing her singing career in parallel.

Martin Néron is on the faculty at WCC. He is the artistic director of the Vocalis Consort, an ensemble which strives to showcase overlooked vocal works. He designed and managed *Canto Latino CyberChallenge* in 2021, an international competition which features and promotes vocal repertoire from Latin America. Martin has held residencies at WSU Pullman, SUNY Potsdam, UK Lexington, Tennessee TU, and Fundación Armonía (Ecuador), and gave masterclasses and lectures at Butler University, OSU Columbus, TCNJ, Hunter College, NATS, Arte Lirico, and Universidad Central del Ecuador. He was on the faculty at the Taos Opera Institute (2019-2021), and Vice-President of the Joy in Singing Foundation (2017-2019). He is co-founder, co-artistic director, and Vice-President of the newly incorporated Federation of the Art Song. Praised as "an attentive partner" (Opera News), Martin has collaborated on several recordings of art songs. His scholarly work is featured in the *Journal of Singing* and *Leyerle Publications*. He holds degrees from the MSM (DMA), WCC (MM), and U de M (BM).

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"There's no crying in singing!"

Thank you, friends and family, for coming out to watch!
