

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

4-4-2014

Junior Recital: Martin Castonguay, baritone

Martin Castonguay

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

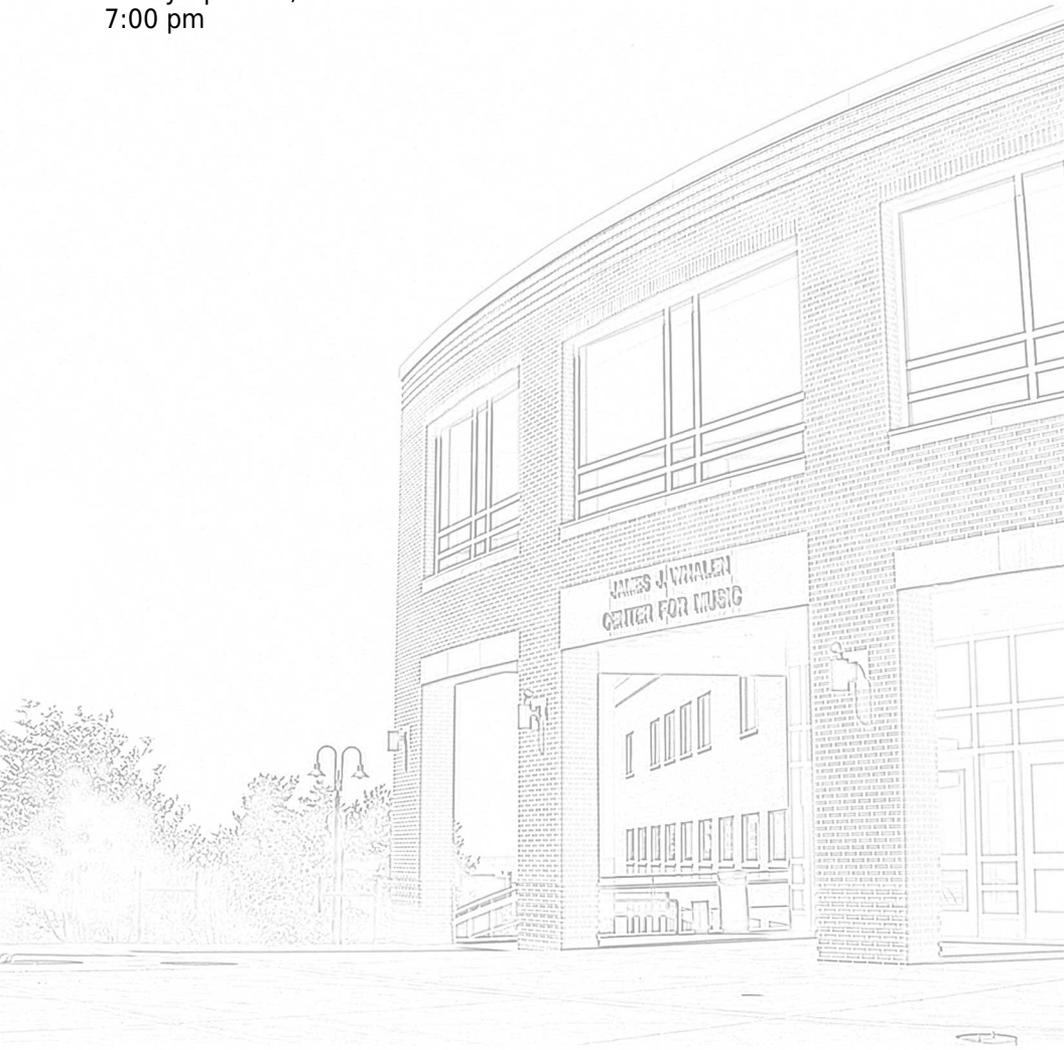
Castonguay, Martin, "Junior Recital: Martin Castonguay, baritone" (2014). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 466.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/466

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Junior Recital:
Martin Castonguay, baritone

Accompanied by Francine Darling

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday April 4th, 2014
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Già il sole dal Gange
Nel cor più non mi sento
Pietà, Signore
Che fiero costume

Alessandro Scarlatti
Giovanni Paisiello
attrib. Alessandro Stradella
Giovanni Legrenzi

Widmung
Die Lotosblume
Ich grolle nicht
waldesgespräch

Robert Schumann

Intermission

Scene VII-Bob's Bedroom
(*When the air sings of summer*)

Gian Carlo Menotti

Six Songs from "A Shropshire lad"
I. Lovliest of trees
II. When I was one-and-twenty
III. Look not in my eyes
IV. Think no more lad
V. The ladfs in their hundreds
VI. Is my team plowing?

George Butterworth

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Martin Castonguay is from the studio of Ivy Walz.

Translations

Già il sole dal gange

Già il sole dal Gange	Already, from over the Ganges, the sun
Più chiaro sfavilla, E terge ogni stilla Dell'alba che piange.	Sparkles more brightly And dries every drop of the dawn, which weeps.

Col raggio dorato Ingemma ogni stello, E gli astri del cielo Dipinge nel prato.	With the gilded ray It adorns each blade of grass; And the stars of the sky It paints in the field.
--	--

Nel cor più non mi sento

Nel cor più non mi sento Brillar la gioventù; Cagion del mio tormento, Amor, sei colpa tu. Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi, Mi pungichi, mi mastichi; Che cosa è Questo ahimè? Pietà, pietà, pietà! Amore è un certo che, Che disperar mi fa.	No longer do I feel youth blazing in my hear; The cause of my torment, my love, is you! You sting me, you poke me, you pinch me, you chew me. Alas, what is this thing? Pity, pity, have pity! My love, it is certain that you make me despair!
---	---

Pieta, Signore

Pietà, Signore, di me dolente! Signor, pietà, se a te giunge il mio pregar; non mi punisca il tuo rigor, meno severi, clementi ognora, volgi i tuoi sguardi sopra di me, Sopra di me.	Have mercy, Lord, on me in my remorse! Lord, have mercy if my prayer rises to you; do not chastise me in your severity, less harshly, always mercifully, look down on me, etc.
---	--

Non fia mai	Never let me
-------------	--------------

che nell'inferno
sia dannato
nel fuoco eterno
dal tuo rigor.

be condemned
to hell
in the eternal fire
by your severity.

Gran Dio, giammai
sia dannato
nel fuoco eterno
dal tuo rigor, dal tuo rigor.
Pietà, Signore,
Signor, pietà
di me dolente,
se a te giunge
il mio pregare, il mio
pregare.
Meno severi,
clementi ognora,
volgi i tuoi sguardi,
deh! volgi sguardi
su me, Signor, su me,
Signor.

Almighty God, never let me
be condemned to hell
in the eternal fire
by your severity, etc.
Have mercy, Lord,
Lord, have mercy
on me in my remorse,
if my prayer
rises to you, etc.
Less harshly,
always mercifully,
look down,
ah! look down
on me, Lord, etc.
Have mercy, Lord
on me in my remorse, etc.

Che fiero costume

Che fiero costume
D'aligero nume,
Che a forza di pene si
faccia adorar!
E pur nell' ardore
Il dio traditore
Un vago sembiante mi fe'
idolstrar.

How cruel are the ways
of that pitiless god,
to make us worship him by
making us suffer!
The treacherous deity
compels me in my passion
to idolize a pleasing
appearance.

Che crudo destino
Che un cieco bambino
Con bocca di latte si faccia
stimar!
Ma questo tiranno
Con barbaro inganno,
Entrando per gli occhi, mi
fe' sospirar!

O evil fate,
that a sightless infant,
his mouth still full of milk,
can command my respect.
Yet this false
and barbarous tyrant
has entered through my
eyes to bring me grief.

Widmung

Du meine Seele,
du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn',
o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt,
in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du,
darin ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab,
in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen
Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh,
du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel,
mir beschieden.
Daß du mich liebst,
macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat
mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich
liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist,
mein beßres Ich!

You my soul,
you my heart,
you my bliss,
o you my pain,
you the world
in which I live;
you my heaven,
in which I float,
o you my grave,
into which
I eternally cast my grief.
You are rest,
you are peace,
you are bestowed
upon me from heaven.
That you love me
makes me
worthy of you;
your gaze
transfigures me;
you raise me
lovingly above myself,
my good spirit,
my better self!

Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend
die Nacht.

The lotus flower is anxious
In the Sun's radiance,
And with hanging head
Waits, dreaming,
for Night.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie
mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleierte
sie freundlich
Ihr frommes
Blumengesicht,

The moon, who is her
lover,
Awakens her
with his light,
And for him she
smilingly unveils
Her innocent

Sie blüht und
glüht und leuchtet
Und starret
stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet
und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe
und Liebesweh.

face of blooms

She blooms and
glows and gleams
And gazes
silently upwards;
She sends forth fragrance,
and weeps and trembles,
With love
and love's torment.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht,
und wenn das Herz
auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb!
Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst
in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in
deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiß ich längst.

I bear no grudge,
even when my heart
is breaking!
Love lost forever!
I bear no grudge.
Although you shine
in diamond splendor,
No beam falls into
the night of your heart.
I will know that for all time.

Ich grolle nicht,
und wenn das Herz
auch bricht,
Ich sah dich ja
im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in
deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang',
die dir am Herzen frißt,
Ich sah, mein Lieb,
wie sehr du elend bist.

I bear no grudge,
and when my heart
is breaking!
I truly saw you
in my dreams
And saw the night in
the room of your heart,
And saw the snake
that bites your heart;
I saw, my dear,
how truly miserable you
are.

Waldegespräch

Es ist schon spät,
es ist schon kalt,
Was reitst du
einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang,
du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut!
Ich führ dich heim!

It is already late,
it is already cold;
why do you ride
alone through the wood?
The wood is vast
and you are alone,
you fair bride!
I will lead you home.

"Groß ist der Männer
Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein
Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn
her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht,
wer ich bin."

"Great are the deceit
and cunning of men;
my heart has
broken for pain.
The forest horn
strays here and there,
o flee! You do not
know who I am."

So reich geschmückt
ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön
der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn ich dich
Gott steh mir bei!
Du bist die
Hexe Lorelei.

So richly decked
are mount and lady,
so wondrously fair
the young form;
now I recognize you
God stand by me!
You are the
Witch Loreley.

"Du kennst mich wohl
von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein
Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät,
es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr
aus diesem Wald."

"You recognize me well
from the lofty cliffs
my castle gazes
down into the Rhine.
It is already late,
it is already cold
you shall never again
leave this wood."