

3-20-2015

Junior Recital: D'quan Tyson, baritone

D'quan Tyson

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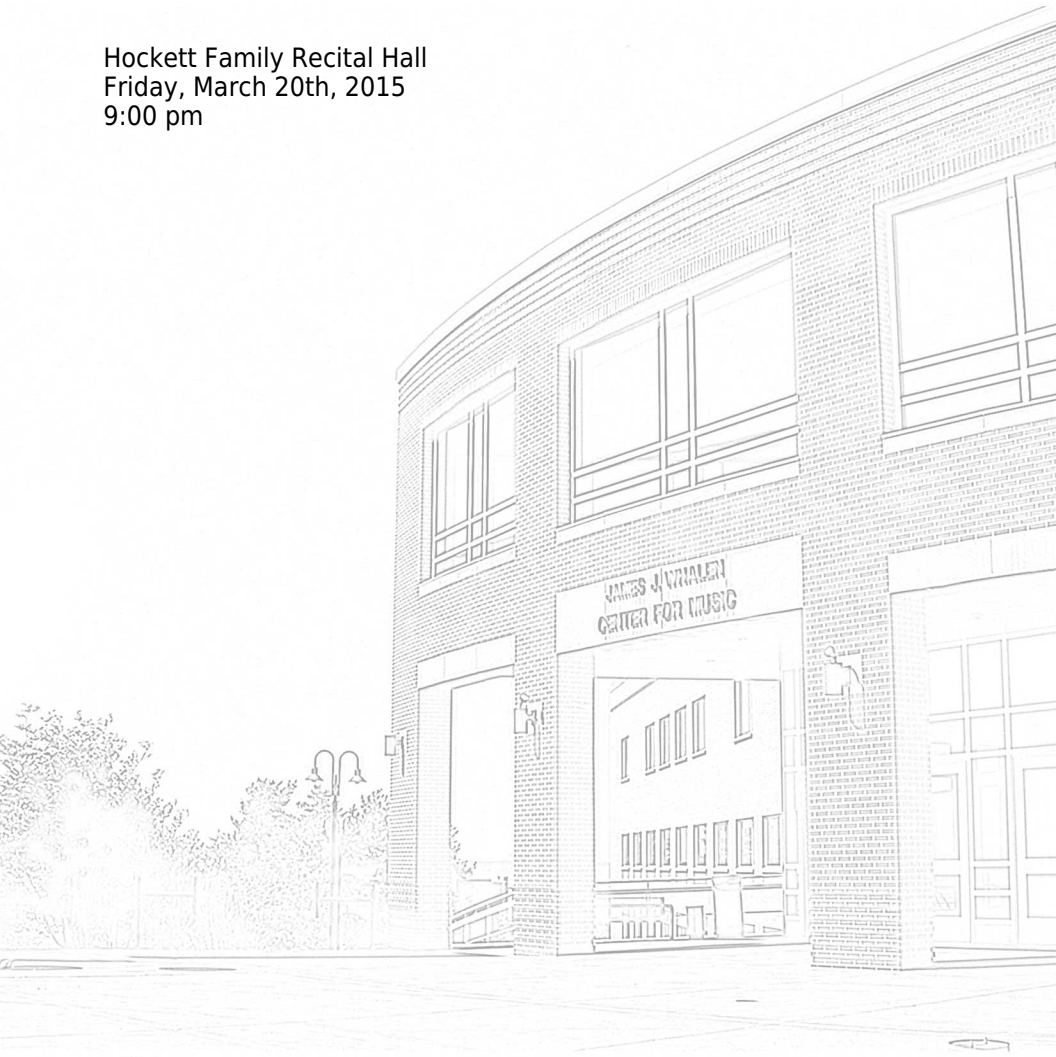
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Junior Recital:

D'quan Tyson, Baritone

Sarah Rushing, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday, March 20th, 2015
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Arm, arm ye brave
from Judas Maccabeus

George Frideric Handel
1685-1789

Penso
Malìa
Vorrei Morire
Ideale

Francesco Paolo Tosti
1846-1916

Intermission

Wie bist du, meine Königin
Der Gang zum Liebchen
An die Nachtigall
O wüsst' ich doch den Weg zurück

Johannes Brahms
1833-1897

Chanson romanesque
Chanson epique
Chanson à boire
from Don Quichotte a Dulcinée

Maurice Ravel
1875-1937

Translations

Penso

Penso alla prima volta in cui volgesti
Lo sguardo tuo soave insino a me,
al dolce incanto, ai palpiti celesti

che quell'istante tenero mi die.
Ma tu...tu l'hai scordato
dici che un sogno fu,
come in quel di beato
non sai guardar mi più. Ah!
Penso al sorriso che mirai primiero
sul labro tuo dolcissimo vagar,
alle speranze, al sogno lusinghiero
che mi seppe nell'animo destar!

Ma tu...tu l'hai scordato
dici che un sogno fu,
come in quel di beato
non sai sorrider più! Ah!

I think of the first time you turned
your sweet glance toward me,
of the sweet enchantment, the heavenly
heartbeat

that tender moment you gave me.
But you...you have forgotten it
you say that it was a dream,
as on that blessed day
you cannot look at me again. Ah!
I think of the smile I first saw
on your lips so sweet to rest,
of the hopes, of the charming dream
which I knew stirred my soul!

But you...you have forgotten it
you say that it was a dream,
as on that blessed day
you cannot smile at me again! Ah!

Malìa

Cosa c'era ne' l fior che m'hai dato?

Forse un filtro, un arcano poter!

Ne' l toccarlo, 'l mio core ha tremato,
M'ha l'olezzo turbato 'l pensier!
Ne le vaghe movenze che ci hai?

Un incanto vien forse con te?

Freme l'aria per dove tu vai,
spunta un fiore ove passa 'l tuo piè!

Io non chiedo qual plaga beata
fino adesso soggiorno ti fu:
non ti chiedo, se ninfa, se fata
se una bionda parvenza sei tu!
Ma che c'è ne' l tuo sguardo fatale?
Cosa ci hai ne' l tuo magico dir?

Se mi guardi, un'ebbrezza m'assale,

se mi parli, mi sento morir!

What was in the flower that you gave
me?

Perhaps a love potion, a mysterious
power!

As I touched it, my heart trembled,
its fragrance troubled my thoughts!
In your delicate movements, what
was there?

A magic charm perhaps comes from
you?

The air trembles where you go,
a flower blooms where your foot
passes!

I do not ask in which blessed country
you have lived until now:

I do not ask if a nymph, a fairy
or a blonde vision you are!
But what is that in your fatal glance?
What do you have there in your
magical words?

When you look at me, an elation
assails me,
if you speak to me, I feel like I am
dying!

Vorrei morire!

Vorrei morir ne la stagion dell'anno,
Quando è tiepida l'aria e il ciel
sereno,
Quando le rondinelle il nido fanno,
Quando di nuovi fior s'orna il tereno;

Vorrei morir, vorrei morir,
Vorrei morir quando tramonta il sole,
Quando sul prato dormon le viole,

Lieta farebbe a Dio l'alma ritorno A
primavera e sul morir del giorno.
Ma quando infuria il nembo e la
tempesta, Allor che l'aria si fa scura
scura:

Quando ai rami una foglia più non
resta,
Allora di morire avrei paura.
Vorrei morir, vorrei morir,
Vorrei morir quando tramonta il sole,
Quando sul prato dormon le viole,

Lieta farebbe a Dio l'alma ritorno A
primavera e sul morir del giorno.

I want to die this season of year,
when the air is warm, and the sky is
serene,
when the swallows nest,
when the new flowers decorate the
ground.
I want to die, I want to die,
I want to die when the sun sets,
when the violets are dormant on the
meadow
Happily I would go to God if I were to
die on the death of the day.
When the storm and the clouds
range, when the sky is darkest darkness,

When there are no more leaves on
the branches,
I fear of dying then.
I want to die, I want to die,
I want to die when the sun sets,
when the violets are dormant on the
meadow
Happily I would go to God if I were to
die on the death of the day.

Ideale

Io ti seguì com'iride di pace
lungo le vie del cielo;

Io ti seguì come un'amica face
de la notte nel velo.

E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,
nel profumo dei fiori;

e fu piena la stanza solitaria
di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce,
lungamente sognai;
e de la terra ogni affano, ogni croce

In quel giorno scordai
Torna, caro ideal
Torna un istante a sorridermi ancora
e a me risplenderà nel tuo
sembiante,
Una novell'aurora.

I followed like you a rainbow of
peace
across the paths of the sky:
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of the night.

And I sensed you in the light, in the
air,
in the perfume of the flowers;
and the lonely room was full
of you and your splendor.
Enraptured by you, by the sound of
your voice,
for a long time I dreamed;
and earth's every anxiety,
every trial

In that moment, I forgot
Return, dear ideal
Return for a moment to smile on me
again,
and in your face will shine for me
a new dawn.

Wie bist du, meine Königin

Wie bist du, meine Königin,
durch sanfte Güte wonne voll!
Du lächle nur, Lenzdüfte wehn durch
meine Gemüte
wonne voll, wonne voll!
Frisch aufgeblühter Rosen Glanz,
vergleich ich in dem Deinigen?
Ach, über alles, was da blüht, ist deiner
Blüte
wonne voll, wonne voll!
Durch tote Wüsten wandle hin,
und grüne Schatten breiten sich,
ob fürchterliche Schwüle dort

ohn Ende brüte,
wonne voll, wonne voll!
Laß mich vergehn in deinem Arm!
Es ist in ihm ha selbst Der Tod,
ob, auch die herbste Todesqual die
brust, durchwüte,
wonne voll, wonne voll!

Ah, sweet my love, though charmest
me,
all grace displaying, pleasure full!
When thou dost smile, spring odors
breathe around me playing,
pleasure full, pleasure full!
Fresh is the full-blown rose and fair,
but fairer bloom thy roses far;
fairer than all that bloometh there is
thine arraying,
pleasure full, pleasure full!
On through the deathly wastes I press,
deep shadows broaden all around,
on through the fearful sultriness

endlessly straying,
pleasure full, pleasure full!
Fain would I die upon thy heart,
'tis Death himself inhabits there:
Come, Death, although with bitt' rest
smart and pang 'twere slaying,
pleasure full, pleasure full!

Der Gang zum Liebchen

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,
Ich sollte doch wieder
Zu meinem Liebchen,
Wie mag es ihr geh'n?
Ach weh', sie verzaget
Und klaget, und klaget,
Daß sie mich nimmer Im Leben wird
seh'n!
Es ging der Mond unter,
Ich eilte doch munter,
Und eilte daß keiner
Mein Liebchen entführt. I
hr Täubchen, o girret,
Ihr Lüftchen, o schwirret,
Daß keiner mein Liebchen,
Mein Liebchen entführt!

The moon gleams down,
I should yet again
Go to my darling,
How does she fare?
Alas, she's despondent
And laments and laments,
That I will never see her
Again in her life!
The moon sinks,
I hurry off briskly -
Hurrying so that nobody
Shall steal my love away.
O coo, you doves!
O whir, you breezes! -
So that nobody
Shall steal my love away!

An die Nachtigall

Geuß nicht so laut der
liebentflammten Lieder
Tonreichen Schall
Vom Blütenast des Apfelbaums
hernieder,
O Nachtigall!
Du tönest mir mit deiner süßen Kehle

Do not pour forth your love-enflamed
songs'
Tuneful sounds so loudly,
Down from the blossoming branch of
the apple tree,
O Nightingale!
With your sweet throat, you call me

Die Liebe wach;
Denn schon durchbebt die Tiefen
meiner Seele
Dein schmelzend "Ach".
Dann flieht der Schlaf von neuem
dieses Lager,
Ich starre dann
Mit naßem Blick und totenbleich und
hager

Den Himmel an.
Fluch, Nachtigall, in grüne
Finsternisse,
Ins Haingesträuch, Und spend im
Nest der treuen Gattin Küsse,
Entfluch, Entfluch!

and
Awaken Love within me;
For already the depths of my soul are
stirred
By your melting cry.
Sleep flees once more from this
place,
I stare then
With a tearful gaze, deathly pale and
haggard,
At the sky.
Fly, nightingale, off into the green
darkness,
Into the bushy grove. And shower
kisses on your faithful mate in your nest,
Fly off, fly off!

O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück

O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum sucht' ich nach dem Glück
Und ließ der Mutter Hand?
O wie mich sehnet auszuruhen,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!
Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu
spähn,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind;
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!
O zeigt mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!

Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück,
Ringsum ist öder Strand!

Oh, if I only knew the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
Oh, why did I search for happiness
And leave my mother's hand?
Oh, how I long to be at rest,
Not to be awakened by anything,
To shut my weary eyes,
With love gently surrounding!
And nothing to search for, nothing to
beware of,
Only dreams, sweet and mild;
Not to notice the changes of time,
To be once more a child!
Oh, do show me the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
In vain I search for happiness,
Around me naught but deserted
beach and sand!

I. Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
A tant tourner vous offensa
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire
Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vide ne vous plait point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang

If ever for rest you are yearning,
I'll hush the winds and seas, my love
I will say to the sun above
"Cease in your flight, stay in your
turning!"
If ever for mourning you sigh,
The stars I will hide and their wonder,
The splendour of heav'n tear asunder,
And banish the night from the sky.
If space lost in chaos was o'er you,
Filling your soul with nameless fear,
God-like I'd come, shaking my spear,
And sow the stars, radiant before
you!
But if ever I hear you cry,

Est plus a moi
qu'a vous, ma Dame
Je blémirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourais, vous bénissant
O Dulcinée.

"Give me your life!
Prove how you love me!"
Darkness will fall, shadows above me,
Blessing you still, then I shall die!
O Dulcinée.

II. Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir

De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez
choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,

Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre

Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel

De la Madone au bleu mantel
D'un rayon du ciel
bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame,
O grands Saint Georges et Saint
Michel
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame
si pareille A Vous, Madone
au bleu mantel!
Amen.

Saint Michael, come! my lady bring to
me,
Unto my soul her presence lending,
Saint Michael, come! her champion
let me be,
With knightly grace her fame
defending,
Saint Michael, come! to earth
descending,
With good Saint George before the
shrine
Of the Madonna with face divine.
May the light of heav'n
on my sword be lying,
Give to my spirit purity
And lend my heart piety,
And lift my soul in ecstasy,
undying!
O good Saint George and Saint
Michael, hear me!
An angel watches ever near me,
My own beloved,
like, so like to you, Madonna
maid divine!
Amen.

III. Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux,
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon
âme! Ah!
Je bois! A la joie!
La joie est le seul but Où je vais droit

lors que j'ai...lors que j'ai bu!
Ah! ah! ah! la joie! Je bois A la joie!
Foin du jaloux, brune maitresse,

Qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours, ce pâle amant
Quimet de l'eau dans son ivresse!
Ah!
Je bois! A la joie!
La joie est le seul but Où je vais droit
lors que j'ai...

Lady ador'd! Wherefore this sorrow?
I live in your glances divine,
Say not that love, love and good wine
Brings to us mortals grief tomorrow!
Ah!
Drink then! Drink to joy!
For good wine makes you laugh like a
merry boy!
Makes you laugh, laugh like a boy!
Ah! ah! ah! to joy! Drink on to joy!
Who wants a maid, (not I, I'm
thinking!)
A maiden who mopes all day long,
Silent and pale, never a song,
Frowning to see her lover a-drinking!
Ah!
Drink then! Drink to joy!
For good wine makes you laugh like a
merry boy!

lors que j'ai bu!
Ah! ah! ah! la joie! Je bois A la joie!

Makes you laugh, laugh like a boy!
Ah! ah! ah! to joy! Drink on to joy!