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Junior Recital: Joshua Vanderslice, tenor

Joshua Vanderslice

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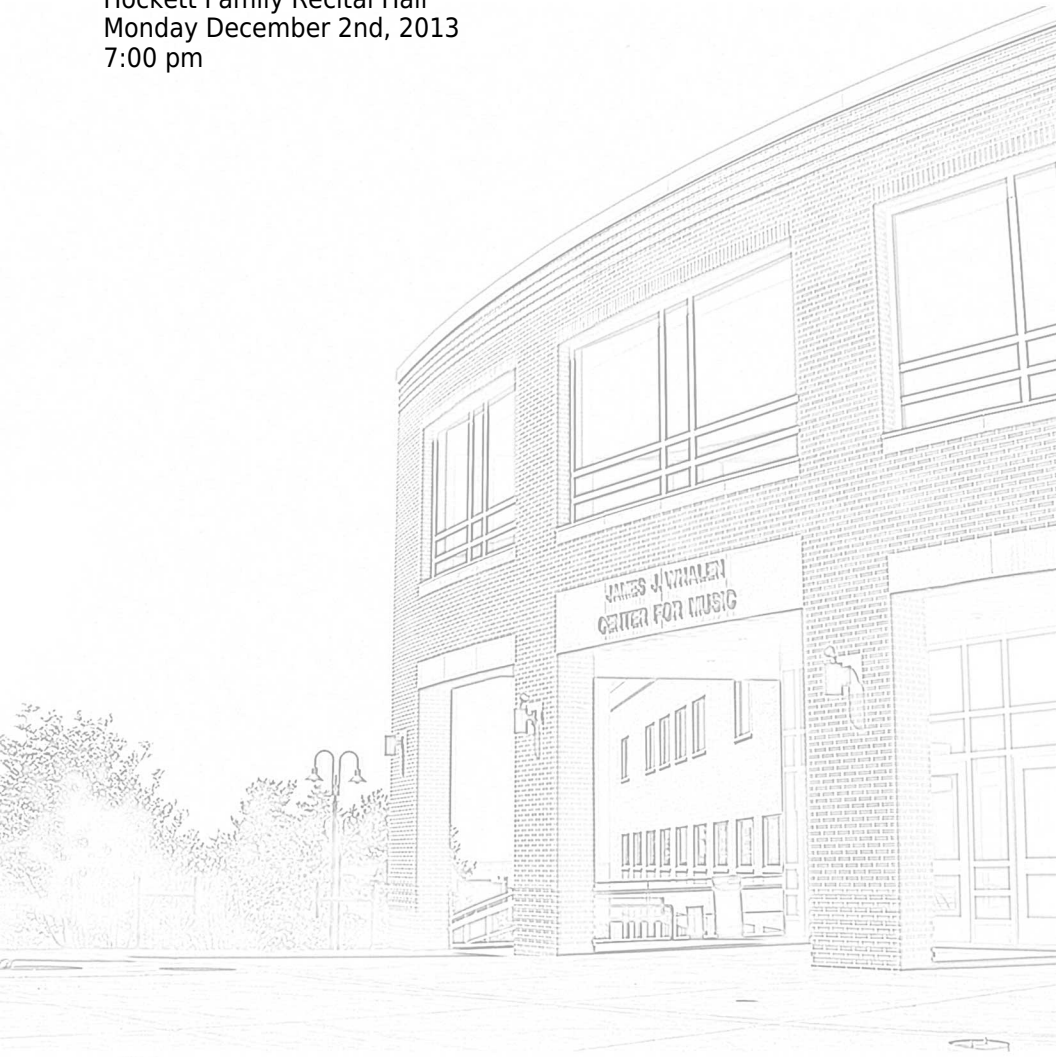
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Junior Recital:
Joshua Vanderslice, tenor

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano
Michelle Cosentino, soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday December 2nd, 2013
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

L'Heure Exquise

Hahn
(1874-1947)

Elegie

Berlioz
(1803-1869)

"Sento un certo non so che..."

from *L'incoronazione di Poppea*

Michelle Cosentino

Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Sehnsucht

Neue Liebe, neues Leben

Der Wachtelschlag

Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Intermission

To Joy

On parent knees

Ode

I look into my glass

Finzi
(1901-1956)

Terra e mare

Storiella D'amore

Sole e Amore

Morire?

Puccini
(1858-1924)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Joshua Vanderslice is from the studio of Dr. Brad Hougham.

Translations

L'Heure Exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois ;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

The white moon
shines in the woods.
From each branch
springs a voice
beneath the arbor.

Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror
the pond reflects
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind weeps.

Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender
calm
seems to descend
from a sky
made iridescent by the moon.

It is the exquisite hour!

Elegie

Quand celui qui t'adore
n'aura laissé derrière lui
que le nom de sa faute
et de ses douleurs,
oh! dis, dis, pleureras-tu
s'ils noircissent la mémoire
d'une vie qui fut livrée pour toi.
Oui, pleure, pleure!
et quel que soit l'arrêt
de mes ennemis,
tes larmes l'effaceront;
car, le ciel est témoin que,
coupable envers eux,
je ne fus que trop fidèle pour toi.

Tu fus l'idole de mes
rêves d'amour,
chaque pensée de ma
raison t'appartenait:
dans mon humble
et dernière prière
ton nom sera mêlé avec
le mien.

When he who adores thee
has left but the name
Of his fault
and his sorrow behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep
when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep!
and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall
efface their decree;
For Heav'n can witness,
though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams
of my earliest love,
Ev'ry thought of my
reason was thine;
In my last humble pray'r
to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled
with mine!

Oh! bénis soient les amis,
oui, bénis soient
les amans qui vivront
pour voir les jours de la gloire;
mais après cette joie,
la plus chère faveur
que puisse accorder le Ciel,
c'est l'orgueil de mourir pour toi.

Oh! bless'd are the lovers
and friends
who shall live
The days of the glory to see;
But the next
dearest blessing
that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

"Sento un certo non so che..."

Valletto

Sento incerto non so che,
che mi pizzica e diletta
dimmi tu, che cosa eglié
Damigella amorosetta.
Ti farei, ti direi
Ma non so quel ch'io vorrei,

Se sto teco, il cor mi batte,
se tu partti, io sto melenso
al tuo sen di vivo latte
sempre aspiro e sempre penso.

Damigella

Astutello garzoncello,
bamboleggia Amor in te.
Se divieni amante, affé,
perderai tosto il cervello.
Tresca Amor per solazzo
coi bambini,
ma sete Amor e
tu due malandrini

Valletto

Dunque amore cosî comincia?
É una cosa molt dolce?
Io darei, per godere il tuo diletto,
i cireggi, le pera ed il confetto.
Ma se amaro divenisse
questo miel che si mi piace,
l'addolciresti tu, dimmelo, vita mia,
dimmello di!

Damigella

L'addolcirei, si.
Oh caro, godiamo!

Valletto

I feel a certain I don't know what
that tickles me and delights me
tell me what thing it is,
Damigella dear little.
I'd do something to you, I'd tell you
but I don't know what I want to do.

If I am with you my heart thumps,
if you leave, I remain confused
to your breast like pure milk
always I aspire and always I think.

Damigella

Little astute one, cunning little lad
acts like a child Cupid with you.
If you become a lover, believe me,
you'll lose soon the brain.
Frolics Cupid light-heartedly
with children,
but you are Cupid and
you two little rascals.

Valletto

Then love thus begins?
Is it a thing very sweet?
I would give, to enjoy your delights,
cherries, pears and sweets.
But if bitter became
this honey that so pleases me,
would you sweeten it, tell me, my life,
tell me!

Damigella

I'd sweeten it, yes.
Oh beloved, let us enjoy ourselves!

Sehnsucht

Was zieht mir das Herz so?
Was zieht mich hinaus?
Und windet und schraubt mich
Aus Zimmer und Haus?
Wie dort sich die Wolken
Am Felsen verziehn!
Da möcht ich hinüber,
Da möcht ich wohl hin!

Nun wiegt sich der Raben
Geselliger Flug;
Ich mische mich drunter
Und folge dem Zug.
Und Berg und Gemäuer
Umfittigen wir;
Sie weilet da drunten,
Ich spähe nach ihr.

Da kommt sie und wandelt;
Ich eile sobald,
Ein singender Vogel,
Im buschigen Wald.
Sie weilet und horchet
Und lächelt mit sich:
"Er singet so lieblich
Und singt es an mich."

Die scheidende Sonne
Vergüldet die Höh'n;
Die sinnende Schöne,
Sie läßt es geschehn.
Sie wandelt am Bache
Die Wiesen entlang,
Und finster und finstrer
Umschlingt sich der Gang;

Auf einmal erschein ich,
Ein blinkender Stern.
"Was glänzet da droben,
So nah und so fern?"
Und hast du mit Staunen
Das Leuchten erblickt,
Ich lieg dir zu Füßen,
Da bin ich beglückt!

What pulls at my heart so?
What pulls me outside?
and twists me and yanks me
from this room and the house?
How the clouds there
disperse around the cliffs!
I'd like to go there,
I've very much like to go!

Now ravens pass by
in friendly flight;
I mix with them
and follow their course.
And mountain and ruin
we circle in flight;
she lingers below,
and I peer after her.

Then she comes wandering;
I hurry immediately,
a singing bird,
to the bushy wood.
She lingers and listens
and smiles to herself:
"He sings so nicely
and he is singing for me!"

The departing sun
gilds the heights;
the pensive, fair lady,
she lets it happen.
She wanders by the brook,
along the meadows,
and darker and darker
twists the path;

At once I appear,
a glittering star.
"What gleams up there,
so near and so far?"
And when, with astonishment,
you gaze upon this light,
I will lie at your feet
and be happy there!

Neue Liebe, neues Leben

Herz, mein Herz,
was soll das geben?
Was bedrängen dich so sehr?
Welch ein fremdes neues Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr!
Weg ist alles, was du liebtest,
Weg, warum du dich betrübtest,
Weg dein Fleiß und deine Ruh',
Ach, wie kamst du nur dazu!

Fesselt dich
die Jugendblüte,
Diese liebliche Gestalt,
Dieser Blick voll
Treu und Güte
Mit unendlicher Gewalt?
Will ich rasch mich ihr entziehen,
Mich ermannen, ihr entfliehen,
Führt mich im Augenblick
Ach, mein Weg zu ihr zurück.

Und an diesem Zauberköpfchen,
Das sich nicht zerreißen läßt,
Hält das liebe, lose Mädchen
Mich so wider Willen fest,
Muß in ihrem Zauberkreis
Leben nun auf ihre Weise.
Die Veränderung, ach wie groß!
Liebe, Liebe, laß mich los!

Heart, my heart,
what does this mean?
What is besieging you so?
What a strange new life!
I do not know you any longer.
Gone is all that you loved,
gone is what troubled you,
gone is your industry and peace,
alas! how did you come to this?

Does youthful bloom
shackle you,
this lovely figure
whose gaze is full of
fidelity and goodness,
with endless power?
If I rush to escape her,
to take heart and flee her,
I am led in a moment,
alas, back to her.

And with this magic thread
that cannot be ripped,
the dear, mischievous maiden
holds me fast against my will;
in her magic circle I must
live now in her way.
The change, alas - how great!
Love, Love, let me free!

Der Wachtelschlag

Ach! wie schallt's dorten so lieblich
hervor:
Fürchte Gott, fürchte Gott!
Ruft mir die Wachtel ins Ohr.
Sitzend im Grünen, von Halmen
umhüllt,
Mahnt sie dem Horcher im
Saatengefeld:
Liebe Gott, liebe Gott!
Er ist so gütig, so mild.

Wieder bedeutet ihr
hüpfender Schlag:
Lobe Gott, lobe Gott!
Der dich zu lohnen vermag.
Siehst du die herrlichen Früchte im
Feld?
Nimm es zu Herzen, Bewohner der
Welt:
Danke Gott, danke Gott!
Der dich ernährt und erhält.

Schreckt dich im Wetter der Herr der

Oh! From over there so sweetly it
resounds:
Fear God, fear God!
The quail cries in my ear.
Sitting in the greenery, wrapped in
stems;
It entreats the listener in shady
realms:
Love God, love God!
He is so gentle, so kind.

Again it tells us
in a lively cry:
Praise God, praise God!
He is able to give you the worthwhile.
Do you see the wonderful fruits in the
field?
Take this to heart, people of the
world:
Thank God, thank God!
Who feeds and keeps you.

He frightens you in the storm, The

Natur:
Bitte Gott, bitte Gott!
Ruft sie, er schonet die Flur.
Machen Gefahren der Krieger dir
bang:
Tröstet mich wieder der
Wachtelgesang:
Traue Gott, traue Gott!
Sieh', er verziehet nicht lang.

Lord of Nature:
Plead with God, plead with God!
It calls; he spares the fields.
If the threats of warriors make you
anxious:
Comfort it brings me again, the song
of the quail:
Trust in God, trust in God!
Look, he will not turn away from you
for long.

Terra e mare

I pioppi, curvati dal vento
rimuggghiano in lungo filare.
Dal buio, tra il sonno, li sento
e sogno la voce del mare.

The poplars, bent by the wind
roar again in long rows.
In the dark, half asleep I hear them
and dream of the voice of the sea.

E sogno la voce profonda
dai placidi ritmi possenti;
mi guardan, specchiate dall'onda,
le stelle del cielo fulgenti.

And I dream of the deep voice
with its calm and mighty rhythms,
the stars in the sparkling firmament,
gaze at me reflected in the waves.

Ma il vento piu' forte tempesta
de' pioppi nel lungo filare.
Dal sonno giocondo mi desta...
Lontana è la voce del mare!

But the wind rages louder
through the long row of poplars
and wakes me from my joyful sleep ...
Distant now is the voice of the sea!

Storiella D'amore

Noi leggevamo insieme
un giorno per diletto
Una gentile istoria
piena di mesti amor
E senz'alcun sospetto
ella sedeami a lato
Sul libro avventurato
intenta il guardo e il cor.
L'onda dè suoi capelli
il volto a me lambia
Eco alla voce mia,
Eco faceano i suoi sospir.
Gli occhi dal libro alzando
Nel suo celeste viso,
lo vidi in un sorriso
Riflesso il mio desir.
La bella mano al core
strinsi di gioia ansante...
Né più leggemmo avante...
E cadde il libro al suolo.
Noi leggevamo insieme, Ah! Ah!
Un lungo, ardente bacio congiunse
i labbri aneli,
E ad ignorati cieli
L'alme spiegaro il vol.

We were reading together
one day for fun
A lovely story
full of sad love
And without any suspicion
she sat next to me
Her eyes and heart
intent on the book.
The wave of her hair
caressed my face
Her sighs were the echo
to my voice.
She look up from the book
and in her heavenly face
I saw her innocence
reflected in her smile.
I pressed her lovely hand to my heart
panting with joy...
We read no further
and the book fell to the floor.
We were reading together, ah! ah!
A long passionate kiss brought
our ardent lips together
And our souls flew
to unknown skies.

Sole e amore

Il sole allegramente
Batte ai tuoi vetri. Amor
Pian pian batte al tuo cuore,
E l'uno e l'altro chiama.
Il sole dice: O dormente,
Mostrati che sei bella.
Dice l'amor: Sorella,
Col tuo primo pensiero pensa a chi
t'ama!

The sun joyfully
taps at the your window. Love
softly, softly taps at your heart
and the one and the other it calls.
The sun says: O sleeper
show yourself how you are beautiful
says the love sister,
with the your first thought think of
who you love!

Morire?

Morire?
E chi la sa qual è la vita?
Questa che s'apre luminosa e
schietta,
ai fascini, agli amori, alle speranze,
o quella che in
rinunce s'è assopita?
È la semplicità timida e queta
che si tramanda come ammonimento,
come un segreto di virtù segreta
perché ognuno raggiunga la sua
meta,
o non piuttosto il vivo balenare
di sogni nuovi sovra sogni stanchi,
e la pace travolta e l'inesausta

fede d'avere per desiderare?
Ecco io non lo so. Ma voi che siete
all'altra sponda sulla riva immensa
ove fiorisce il fiore della vita,
son certo lo saprete.

To die?
And who knows what is life?
Is it this one that opens, shining and
pure,
to the charms, the loves, the hopes,
or is it the one that
dozed off in renunciations?
Is the bashful and calm simplicity
that is handed down as a warning,
like a secret of a secret life
so that everyone can reach his goal,
or rather the lively flash
of new dreams over jaded dreams,
and the overwhelmed peace and the
inexhaustible
faith you need to have in order to
desire?
There, I don't know. But you who are
on the other side, on the vast shore
where the flower of life blossoms -
I am sure you know.