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Junior Recital: Kevin Harris, bass-baritone

Kevin Harris

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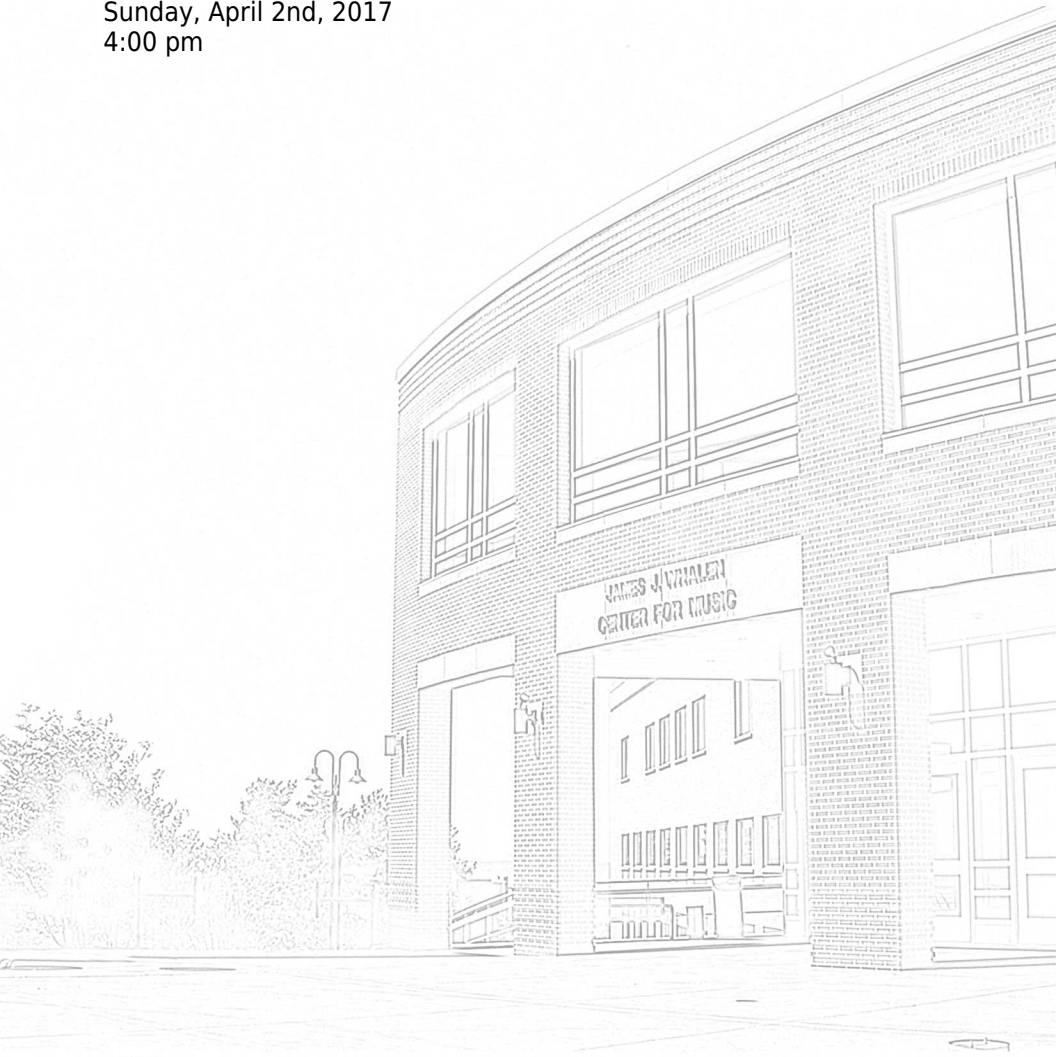
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Junior Recital:
Kevin Harris, bass-baritone

Mary Ann Erickson, piano
Magdalyn Chauby, soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, April 2nd, 2017
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Abendempfindung
An die Freude

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Nell
Lydia
Adieu

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

"Deh vieni alla finestra"
"Là ci darem la mano"
from *Don Giovanni*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Magdalyn Chauby, soprano

Intermission

Luna d'estate
Sogno
Ideale

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

The Roadside Fire
Love-sight
Bright is the ring of words

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Translations

Abendempfindung

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist
 verschwunden,
und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
so entflieh'n des Lebens schönste
 Stunden,
flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!
Bald, entflieht des Lebens bunte
 Scene
und der Vorhang rollt herab;
aus ist unser Spiel,
des Freundes Thräne fließet schon
 auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht, mir weht, wie
 Westwind leise,
eine stille Ahnung zu:
End' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise

fliege in das Land der Ruh'!

Werdet Ihr an meinem Grabe
 weinen,
trauernd meine Asche seh'n
dann, o Freunde, will ich euch
 erscheinen
und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.

Schenk' auch du ein Thränchen mir,
und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf
 mein Grab;
und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
 sieh'
dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih' mir eine Thräne
und ach! schäme dich nur nicht, sie
 mir zu weih'n!
O sie wird in meinem Diademe
dann die schönste Perleseine.

Evening comes, the sun has lost his
 glory,
Moonlight sheds her silver ray,
Soon are fled the glorious hours of
 living,
Like the dance of yesterday!
Soon, the scene of life will lose its
 color
and the curtain hide the stage;
When the play is done,
the tears of our spectators must
 bedew our yawning grave.

Soon perhaps, I feel the west-wind
 already
has a soft foreboding air:
I shall find the goal of life's long
 travel
Come, in sight and peace be there!

Will you join the weeping throng
 about me,
when my dust to dust returns?
Then, oh friends, a wondrous light
 will show you
how love's flame undying burns.

Think of me and shed a tear,
and find some bank where early
 violets grow;
pick them full of the tenderest
 remembrance
of your friend at rest below.

Grant me this libation,
and ah! grudge not thus to give
 yourselves to me!
Surely in my heavenly constellation
you the brightest stars shall be.

An die Freude

Freude, Königin der Weisen,
die, mit Blumen um ihr Haupt,
dich auf güldner Leier preisen,
ruhig, wenn die Bosheit schnaupt:
Höre mich von deinem Throne,

Joy, queen of wise men,
who, with flowers about her head,
you upon golden lyre's praise,
gently, when the malice snorts:
hear me from your throne,

Kind der Weisheit, deren Hand
immer selbst in deine Krone ihre
schönste Rosen band.

child of wisdom, whose hand
always itself in your crown with her
most beautiful roses.

Göttin, o so sei ich flehe,
deinem Dichte immer hold,
daß er schimmernd Glück ver
schmähe,
reich in sich auch ohne Gold,
daß sein Leben zwar verborgen,
aber ohne Sklaverei,
ohne Flecken, ohne Sorgen,
weisen Freunden teuer sei.

Goddess, oh so be, I beg
to the poet, always true,
that he gleaming fortune spurn,
rich in himself, also in gold,
that his life admittedly hidden,
but without slavery,
without blemish, without care,
wise friends dear to be.

Nell

Ta rose de pourpre à ton clair soleil,
O Juin, étincelle enivrée,
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe
dorée:
Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.

Your purple rose in your brilliant
sun,
Oh June, sparkles as if intoxicated,
Bend toward me, too, your golden
cup:
My heart and your rose are alike.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille
ombreuse
Monte soupir de volupté;
Plus d'un ramier chante au bois
écarté,
O mon cœur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Under the soft shelter of shady
boughs
Sound a voluptuous sigh;
And turtle doves coo in the
spreading wood,
Oh my heart, their amorous lament.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel
enflammé,
Etoile de la nuit pensive!
Mais combien plus douce est la
clarté vive
Qui rayonne en mon cœur, en mon
cœur charmé!

How sweet is your pearl in the
flaming sky,
Star of the pensive night!
But sweeter still is the vivid light
Which shines in my heart, my
charmed heart!

La chantante mer, le long du
rivage,
Taira son murure éternel,
Avant qu'en mon cœur, chère
amour, ô Nell,
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!

The singing sea, along the shore,
Will silence its everlasting murmur,
'Ere in my heart, dear love, oh Nell,
Your image will cease to bloom!

Lydia

Lydia, sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,

Roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu denoues.

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur;
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.

Laisse tes baisers, tes baisers de
colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours,
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir, mourir
toujours!

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and
white,
Flow sparklingly
The fluid golden tresses which you
loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a
dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance in your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess.

I love you and die, oh my love,
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

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 le flots des grèves,
Nos rêves!
Plus vite que givre en fleurs, nos
cœurs!

A vous l'on se croyait fidèle, cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,

How quickly everything dies, the
rose uncloses,
and the fresh colored mantles of
the meadows;
The long sighs, the beloved ones,
disappear in smoke!

We see, in this fickle world, change
Faster than the waves at the
shores,
our dreams!
Faster than dew on flowers, our
hearts!

One believed in being faithful to
you, cruel one,
But alas, the longest loves are
short!
And I say, leaving your charms,

sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
adieu!

without tears,
Almost at the moment of my
confession, Farewell!

Deh vieni alla finestra

Deh vieni alla finestra, o mio tesoro,
deh vieni a consolar il pianto mio:
Se neghi a me di dar qualche
ristoro,
davanti agli occhi tuoi morir vogl'io.

Ah, come to the window, oh my
treasure,
oh come to console my tears:
If you refuse to give me some
solace
before your eyes die, I will.

Tu ch'hai la bocca dolce più che il
miele,
tu che il zucchero porti in mezzo il
core,
non esser, gioia mia, con me
crudele:
lasciati almen veder, mio
bell'amore.

You have lips more sweet than
honey,
you the sugar you carry in your
heart,
don't be, joy of mine, cruel to me:
allow yourself, at least, to be seen,
my beautiful love.

Là ci darem la mano

Don Giovanni:

Là ci darem la mano, là mi dirai di
sì;
vedi, non è lontano, partiam, ben
mio, da qui.

Don Giovanni:

There we will hold hands, there you
will tell me "yes";
look, it isn't far, let us leave, my
beloved, from here.

Zerlina:

Vorrei, e non vorrei, mi trema un
poco il cor;
felice, è ver; sarei, ma può burlarmi
ancor.

Zerlina:

I want to, and yet I don't want to,
my heart trembles a bit in
me;
happy, it's true, I'd be, but he could
be tricking me.

Don Giovanni:

Vieni, mio bel diletto;

Don Giovanni:

Come, my beautiful beloved;

Zerlina:

Mi fa pietà Masetto;

Zerlina:

It makes me pity Masetto;

Don Giovanni:

io cangiero tua sorte.

Don Giovanni:

I will change your fate.

Zerlina:

presto non son più forte.

Zerlina:

Soon I will not have the strength to resist.

Don Giovanni:

Vieni, vieni!
Andiam, andiam!

Don Giovanni:

Come, come!
Let's go!

Zerlina:

Andiam...

Zerlina:

Let's go...

Both:

Andiam, andiam, mio bene,
a ristorar le pene d'un innocente
amor.

Both:

Let's go, let's go, my dearest,
to comfort the pains of an innocent
love.

Luna d'estate

Luna d'estate, ho un sogno nel mio
cuore e vo' cantando tutta
notte al mare:

mi son fermato a una finestra in
fiore perchè l'anima mia febbre
ha d'amore.

Summer moon, I have a dream in
my heart and all through the
night I sing by the sea:

I stopped at a window surrounded
by flowers because my heart is
aflake with love.

Mi son fermato a una finestra in
fiore ove son due pupille
affatturate.

E chi le guarda soffre per amore e
sogna per desio, luna d'estate,
luna d'estate!

I stopped at a window surrounded
by flowers where there are 2
bewitching eyes.

Whoever looks upon those eyes
suffers from love and dreams
with desire, summer moon!

Luna d'estate, amore è come il
mare ed il mio cuore è
un'onda senza posa:
ma solamente lo potran fermare le
pupille e il labro suo di rosa.

Summer moon, love is like the sea
and my heart is a restless
wave:

but only those eyes can bring me
repose, only her eyes and rosy
lips,

E vo' cantando tutta notte al mare
per quelle due pupille
addormentate.

Ho il pianto agli occhi e la speranza
in cuore e splendo come te,

And all through the night I sing by
the sea for those 2 eyes
sleeping.

I have tears in my eyes and hope in
my heart, and I shine like
you, summer moon!

luna d'estate, luna d'estate!

Sogno

Ho sognato che stavi a ginocchi,
come un santo che prega il Signor,
mi guardavi nel fondo degli'occhi,

I dreamed that you were kneeling,
like a saint who prays to the Lord,
at me you looked in the depths of

Sfavillava il tuo sguardo d'amor.

my eyes,
your gaze shone with love.

Tu parlavi e la voce sommessa
mi chiedea dolcemente mercè,
Solo un guardo che fosse promessa

You spoke and your soft voice
and begged me sweetly for mercy,
With a single glance that could hold
a promise,
you implored, kneeling at my feet.

Imploravi, curvato al mio piè.

Io taceva e coll'anima forte

I remained silent and with a strong
spirit

Il desio tentatore lottò,

I struggled with the tempting
desire,

Ho provato il martirio e la morte,
Pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di no.

I felt the martyrdom and the death,
but I conquered myself and told you
no.

Ma il tuo labbro sfiorò la mia faccia
e la forza del cor mi tradì.

But your lips touched my face
and the strength of my heart was
betrayed.

Chiusi gli occhi, ti stessa le braccia,
ma

I closed my eyes and stretched out
my arms, but

sognavo e il bel sogno svanì!

I was dreaming, and the beautiful
dream vanished!

Ideale

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

I followed you like a rainbow of
peace along the paths of the
sky:

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

I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of the night.

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

And I sensed i the light, in the air,
in the perfume of the flowers;

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

and my lonely room was full of you
and your beauty.

In te rapito al suon de la tua voce,
lungamente sognai;

Entranced by you and the sound of
your voice, for a long time I
dreamed;

E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni
croce,

And every earthly worry and every
torment

In quel giorno scordai.

I forgot in that dream.

Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante a
sorridermi ancora,

Return, dear ideal, return for an
instant and smile upon me
again,

E a me risplenderà, nel tuo
sembiante, una novella aurora.

and in your face will shine for me a
new dawn.

Torna, caro ideal. Torna.

Return, dear ideal. Return to me.