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Junior Recital: Jacob Kerzner, tenor

Jacob Kerzner

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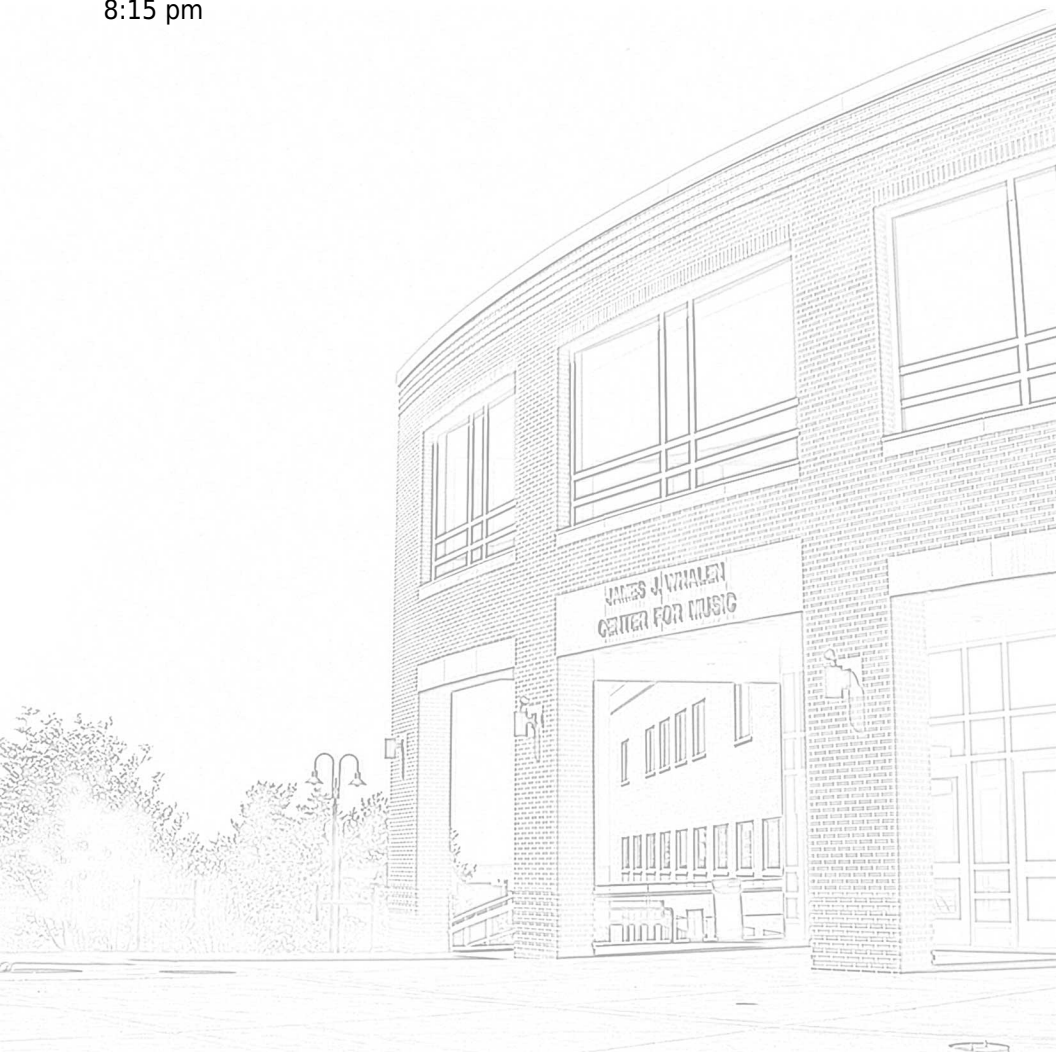
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Junior Recital:
Jacob Kerzner, tenor

James Lorusso, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, October 29th, 2016
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

- "Quanto è bella, quanto è cara!"
from *L'elisir d'amore* Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)
- "Happiness"
from *The Stars and the Roses* Steven Stucky
Pastorale (1949-2016)
Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)
- "Pastoral"
from *Serenade* Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)
Benjamin Futterman, horn
- "Empio per farti guerra"
from *Tamerlano* George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)
- "Pupille amate"
from *Muzio Scevola* Giovanni Bononcini
(1670-1747)

Intermission

- Sylvie Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
- Le jet d'eau Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)
- Sylvie Erik Satie
(1866-1925)
- 6 Romances, op. 6 Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky
II. *Nicht Worte, Geliebter* (Speak Not, O
Beloved) (1840-1893)
IV. *Die Thräne bebte* (The Trembling Tear)
V. *Warum?* (Why?)
- Stormy Weather Harold Arlen
arr. Matt Smart

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Performance.
Jacob Kerzner is from the studio of Thomas Erik Angerhofer.

Quanto è bella, quanto è cara!

Quanto è bella, quanto è cara!	How beautiful she is, how dear she is!
Più la vedo, e più mi piace...	The more I see her, the more I like her...
ma in quel cor non son capace lieve affetto ad inspirar.	but in that heart I'm not capable little dearness to inspire.
Essa legge, studia, impara...	That one reads, studies, learns...
non vi ha cosa ad essa ignota...	I don't see that she ignores anything...
Io son sempre un idiota, io non so che sospirar.	I'm always an idiot, I don't know but to sigh.

Empio, per farti guerra

Empio, per farti guerra dal regno di sotterra l'ombra ritornerà.	Wretch, to wage war on you from the kingdom of the dead my ghost will return.
E l'ira delli Dei al suon de'sdegni miei forse si sveglierà.	And the wrath of the gods at the sound of my anger perhaps will be awakened.

Pupille amate

Pupille amate, vezzose stelle, più vi sdegnate più siete belle.	Beloved eyes, charming stars, the more you scorn the more beautiful you are.
Che a farvi amare da chi sprezzate vi fa più care l'esser rubelle.	That to be loved by those who scorn you are the dearest being rebellious.

Sylvie (Fauré)

Si tu veux savoir ma belle, Où s'envole à tire d'aile, L'oiseau qui chantait sur l'ormeau? Je te le dirai ma belle, Il vole vers qui l'appelle Vers celui-là qui l'aimera!	If you want to know, my beauty, where flies swiftly on the wing the bird that sang on the elm? I will tell it to you, my beauty, he flies toward one who calls him toward that one who will love him!
Si tu veux savoir ma blonde, Pourquoi sur terre, et sur l'onde La nuit tout s'anime et s'unit? Je te le dirai ma blonde,	If you want to know, my blonde, why, on land and over the waves the night comes to life and unites? I will tell it to you, my blonde,

C'est qu'il est une heure au monde
Où, loin du jour, veille l'amour!

it is a time in the world
when, far from the day, love
awakes!

Si tu veux savoir Sylvie,
Pourquoi j'aime a la folie
Tes yeux brillants et langoureux?
Je te le dirai Sylvie,
C'est que sans toi dans la vie
Tout pour mon coeur n'est que
douleur!

If you want to know, Sylvie,
why I so madly love
your shining and languishing eyes?
I will tell it to you, Sylvie,
without you in my life,
everything is, for my heart, only
suffering!

Le jet d'eau

Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre
amante!
Reste longtemps, sans les rouvrir,

Your pretty eyes are tired, poor
darling!

Dans cette pose nonchalante
Où t'a surprise le plaisir.
Dans la cour le jet d'eau qui jase

Stay a long time, without
reopening,
in that nonchalant pose
in which pleasure came upon you.
Out in the courtyard the chattering
fountain

Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,
Entretient doucement l'extase
Où ce soir m'a plongé l'amour.

and never stops night or day
prolongs the sweet ecstasy
into which love has plunged me this
evening.

La gerbe d'eau qui berce ses mille
fleurs,
Que la lune traverse de ses pâleurs,

The water-sheaf which rocks its
thousand flowers,
which the moon shines its pallid
rays,

Tombe comme une averse de
larges pleurs.

falls like a shower of large
teardrops.

Ainsi ton âme qu'incendie
L'éclair brûlant des voluptés
S'élançe, rapide et hardie,
Vers les vastes cieux enchantés.
Puis, elle s'épanche, mourante,
En un flot de triste langueur,
Qui par une invisible pente
Descend jusqu'au fond de mon
coeur.

Even so your soul, set ablaze
by the burning flash of pleasure,
leaps up, rapid and bold,
towards the vast enchanted skies.
And then it spills, dying,
in a wave of sad languor
down an invisible slope
into the depths of my heart.

Ô toi, que la nuit rend si belle,
Qu'il m'est doux, penché vers tes
seins,
D'écouter la plainte éternelle
Qui sanglote dans les bassins!

Oh you, whom night makes so
beautiful,
as I lean over your breasts, I find it
sweet
to listen to the eternal lament
that sobs in the fountain-basins!

Lune, eau sonore, nuit bénie,
Arbres qui frissonnez autour,
Votre pure mélancolie
Est le miroir de mon amour.

Moon, sounding water, blessed
night,
trees trembling all around,
your pure melancholy
is the mirror of my love.

Sylvie (Satie)

Elle est si belle, ma Sylvie,
Que les anges en sont jaloux.
L'amour sur sa lèvre ravie
Laisa son baiser le plus doux.

She is so beautiful, my Sylvie,
That the angels are jealous.
The love on her delighted lip
Left its sweetest kiss.

Ses yeux sont de grandes étoiles,
Sa bouche est faite de rubis,
Son âme est un zénith sans voiles,
Et son coeur est mon paradis.

Her eyes are large stars,
Her mouth is made of rubies,
Her soul is the height of a cloudless
sky,
And her heart is my paradise.

Ses cheveux sont noirs comme
l'ombre,
Sa voix plus douce que le miel,
Sa tristesse est une pénombre
Et son sourire un arc-en-ciel.

Her hair is black like shadow,
Her voice sweeter than honey,
Her sadness is an eclipse
And her smile a rainbow.

Nicht Worte, Geliebter

Nicht Worte, Geliebter! nicht
Seufzer!
So schweigsam lass werden uns
Beide,
wie schweigend und einsam
auch über den Grabstein
sich neiget die trauernde Weide!

Speak not, O beloved, O sigh not!
In silence meet sorrow impending,
as mute and alone there
above yonder tombstone
the tall weeping willow is bending.

Wie jene zum Steine gebeuet,
les' ich auch im Herzen, dem
kranken,
von Tagen seligen Glück's,
die lange zu Grabe schon sanken!

As drooping it ponders the graving,
I, too, read in hearts town and
anguish'd
of happy days ever fled, days that
long in their grave have languish'd!

Die Thräne beb't

Die Thräne beb't im Auge der die
schwere!
O weine nicht, dich lassen kann ich
nie!
Als wenn der Liebe eine Grenze

The trembling tears in thy dear
eyes are shining,
O weep thou not! I cannot let thee
go!
Should love be held in strongest

wäre,
sie gleicht dem Meere, gleicht dem
weiten Meere.
Des Lebens Ufer, ja!
des Lebens Ufer überfluthet sie!

Dies Erdenleid ist nimmer werth der
Zähre;
gar bald mit dir von hinnen ich
entflieh',
zu jener ew'gen Liebe heim ich
kehre
die ohne Grenzen ist, gleich ew'gen
Meere,
der Welten Ufer, ja!
der Welten Ufer überfluthet sie!

bond confining,
My love is boundless, wide as
widest ocean.
This life's brief measure, yes!
This life's brief measure must it
overflow!

No earthly grief is worth thy bitter
weeping,
For soon with thee from hence my
soul will go,
Where endless love shall have us in
its keeping,
Abnd like the ocean's flood 'twill
surge forever,
This world's brief measure, yes!
This world's brief measure must it
overflow.

Warum?

Warum sind denn die Rosen so
blass?
Süßes Lieb, kannst du sagen mir
das?
Warum sind denn den Veilchen im
Gras
Wie von Thränen die Aeugelein
nass?

Warum tönt mit so traurigen Klang
Aus den Lüften der Lerche Gesang?
Warum rauscht in den Bäumen der
Wind,
Als ob klagende Stimmen es sind?

Warum blickt denn die Sonne so
kalt
Und verdrossen herab auf den
Wald?
Warum ist denn die Erde so grau,
Und so öde wohin ich auch schau?

Und warum ist mir selbst denn so
weh?
Warum Alles durch Thränen ich
seh?
Sprich warum, süßes Liebchen, o
sprich,
Warum hast du verlassen mich?

Why then are the roses so pale?
Dearest love, can you tell me that?
Why then are the violets in the
grass
Wet from tears in their eyes?

Why sound so sad
From the air the lark's song?
Why rustles in the forest the wind
As if lamenting voice it be?

Why then does the sun look so cold
And sulky down on the wood?
Why then is the earth so gray
And so desolate where I show?

And why am I then so sore?
Why all through tears I see?
Say why, dearest love, oh speak,
Why have you left me?