

2-7-2013

## Faculty Recital: Randie Blooding, baritone

Randie Blooding

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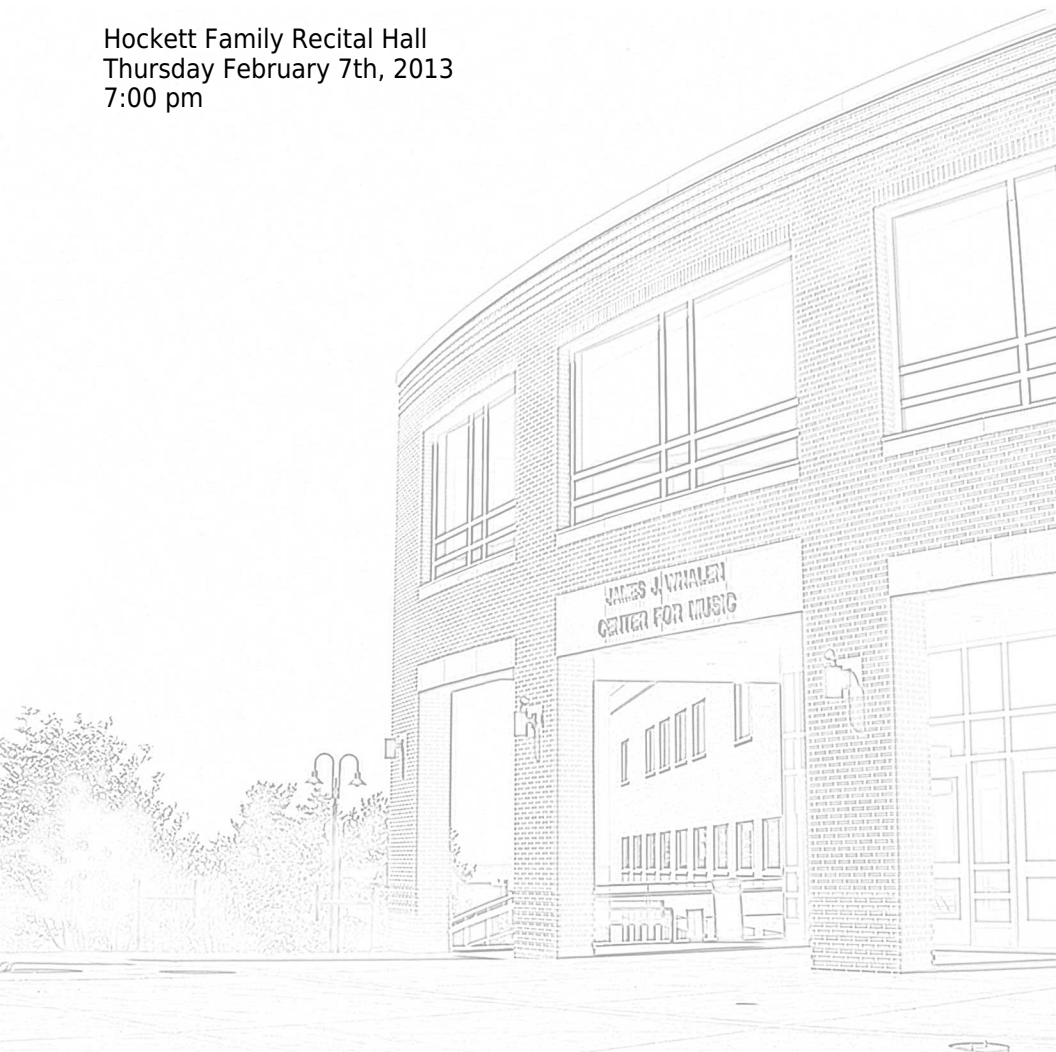
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**Faculty Recital:**  
Randie Blooding, baritone

Kathy Hansen, pianist

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Thursday February 7th, 2013  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Old American Songs, 1st set  
The Boatman's Dance  
The Dodger  
Long Time Ago  
Simple Gifts  
I Bought Me A Cat

Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

Auf Einer Wanderung  
Denkes, o Seele  
Auf dem grünen Balkon  
Der Rattenfänger

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

# Intermission

Richard Cory  
Luke Havergal

John Duke  
(1899-1984)

Il Poveretto (1847)  
Non t'accostare all'urna (1838)  
Nell'orro di notte oscura (1838)  
Brindisi (1845)

Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

## Translations Auf einer Wanderung

In ein freundliches Städtchen tret' ich ein,	I walk into a friendly little town,
In den Straßen liegt roter Abendschein.	The red glow of sunset bathes the streets.
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben, Über den reichsten Blumenflor	Just now, through an open window, Over the richest display of flowers,
Hinweg, hört man Goldglockentöne schweben,	Across, one hears golden bell tones floating,
Und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,	And in one voice, a nightingale choir appears,
Daß die Blüten beben,	The blossoms tremble,
Daß die Lüfte leben,	The breezes come alive,
Daß in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.	So the the roses shine forth with a brighter red.
Lang' hielt ich staunend, lustbekommen.	I stopped long in amazement, held by pleasure.
Wie ich hinaus vor's Tor gekommen,	How I passed through the gate,
Ich weiß es wahrlich selber nicht.	I truly do not know myself.
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht! Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,	Ah here, how bright the world is! The sky rocks in a purple tumult,
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch;	Back there, the town lies in a golden haze;
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach, Wie rauscht im Grund die Mühle,	How the alder brook babbles, How the mill roars in the background,
Ich bin wie trunken, irreführt --	As if drunk, I seem to have gone astray--
O Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt	Oh Muse, you have touched my heart
Mit einem Liebeshauch!	With a breath of love!

### Denkes, o Seele

Ein Tännlein grünet, wo, wer weiß!	A little fur tree grows, somewhere, who knows!
Im Walde, ein Rosenstrauch, wer sagt, In welchem Garten? Sie sind erlesen schon, Denk' es, o Seele, Auf deinem Grab zu wurzeln Und zu wachsen.	In the wood, a rosebush, who can tell, In which garden? They are already selected, Consider, oh soul, Upon your grave to take root And to grow.
Zwei schwarze Rößlein weiden Auf der Wiese, Sie kehren heim zur Stadt In muntern Sprüngen. Sie werden schrittweis gehn Mit deiner Leiche; Vielleicht, vielleicht noch eh' An ihren Hufen Das Eisen los wird, Das ich blitzen sehe!	Two little black steeds graze On the pasture, They return home to the city With cheerful leaps. They will move in a walk With your corpse; Perhaps, perhaps even before On their hooves The iron becomes loose, Which I see flashing!

## Auf dem grünen Balkon

Auf dem grünen Balkon mein Mädchen Schaut nach mir durch's Gitterlein.	From the green balcony my girl Gazes down at me through the lattice.
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich, Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!	She winks and beckons me with her eyes, But with her finger, she says: "No!"
Glück, das nimmer ohne Wanken Junger Liebe folgt hienieden, Hat mir eine Lust beschieden, Und auch da noch muß ich schwanken. Schmeicheln hör ich oder Zanken, Komm ich an ihr Fensterlädchen.	Happiness, which never accompanies Young love unimpeded, Has given me joy, And yet I am still unsure. I hear flattery or scolding When I come to her shuttered window.
Immer nach dem Brauch der Mädchen Träuft ins Glück ein bißchen Pein: Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich, Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!	It is always the custom of girls To mingle happiness with pain: She winks and beckons me with her eyes. But with her finger, she says, "No!"
Wie sich nur in ihr vertragen Ihre Kälte, meine Glut? Weil in ihr mein Himmel ruht, Seh ich Trüb und Hell sich jagen.	But how can she endure it, Her coldness, my passion? In her my heaven rests, I see darkness and light chasing each other.
In den Wind gehn meine Klagen, Daß noch nie die süße Kleine Ihre Arme schlang um meine;	The wind carries my lamentations, Still, the sweet one Has never held me as tightly in her arms;
Doch sie hält mich hin so fein - Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich, Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!	But she pushes me off so subtly - She winks and beckons me with her eyes, But with her finger, she says, "No!"

## Der Rattenfänger

Ich bin der wohlbekannte Sänger,  
Der vielgereiste Rattenfänger,  
Den diese altberühmte Stadt  
Gewiß besonders nötig hat.  
Und wären's Ratten noch so viele,  
Und wären Wiesel mit im Spiele,  
Von allen säubr' ich diesen Ort,  
Sie müssen miteinander fort.

Dann ist der gut gelaunte Sänger  
Mitunter auch ein Kinderfänger,  
Der selbst die wildesten bezwingt,  
Wenn er die goldnen Märchen singt.  
Und wären Knaben noch so trutzig,  
Und wären Mädchen noch so stutzig,  
In meine Saiten greif ich ein,  
Sie müssen alle hinterdrein.

Dann ist der vielgewandte Sänger  
Gelegentlich ein Mädchenfänger;  
In keinem Städtchen langt er an,  
Wo er's nicht mancher angetan.  
Und wären Mädchen noch so blöde,  
Und wären Weiber noch so spröde,  
Doch allen wird so liebebang  
Bei Zaubersaiten und Gesang.

I am the well-known singer,  
The much traveled rat catcher,  
Which this old, famous city  
Certainly has special need.  
And if rats are still so numerous,  
And if weasels are in the picture,  
I will clean this place of everything,  
They must all go away.

Then the well disposed singer  
Now and then is also a childcatcher,  
Who subdues even the wildest ones  
When he sings of fairy tales.  
And if boys are still so defiant,  
And if girls are still so suspicious,  
When I pluck my strings,  
They all must follow behind.

Then the many taleneted singer  
Is occasionally a maiden catcher;  
For he has never arrived at a town,  
Where he has not attracted many girls.  
And if the maidens are still so thick,  
And if the women are still so prim,  
They will still become eager for love  
By my magical strings and songs.

## Il poveretto

Passegger, che al dolce aspetto  
Par che serbi un gentil cor,  
Porgi un soldo al poveretto  
Che da man digiuno è ancor.

Fin da quando era figliuolo  
Sono stato militar  
E pugnando pel mio suolo  
Ho trascorso e terra e mar;

Ma or che il tempo su me pesa,  
Or che forza più non ho,  
Fin la terra che ho difesa,  
La mia patria m'obliò.

Passerby, with a sweet appearance  
Of a gentle heart,  
Give a penny to the poor one  
Who is still begging.

Until I had a son  
I was a soldier  
And fighting for my soul  
I traversed earth and sea;

But now that times weighs on me,  
Now that I am no longer strong,  
Until the earth which I have defended,  
My country has forgotten.

## Non t'accostare all'urna

Non t'accostar all'urna,  
Che il cener mio rinserra;  
Questa pietosa terra  
E sacra al mio dolor.  
Odio gli affanni tuoi,  
Ricuso i tuoi giacinti;  
Che giovano agli estinti

Do not approach the urn  
Which will contain my ashes;  
This piteous soil  
Is sacred to my sorrow.  
I hate your anguish,  
I refuse your hyacinths;  
What are too young to die

Due lagrime o due fior?  
Empia! Dovevi allora Porgermi un fil  
d'aita,  
Quando traéa la vita  
Nell'ansia e nei sospir.  
A che d'inutil pianto Assordi la  
foresta?  
Rispetta un'ombra mesta, E lasciala  
dormir.

Two tears or two flowers?  
Wicked one! Do you now Offer me  
help?  
When it brought life  
To your anxiety and your sighing.  
Will your useless tear Deafen the  
forest?  
Respect a sad shadow, And let it  
sleep.

## Nell'orror di notte oscura

Nell'orror di notte oscura,  
Quando tace il mondo intier,  
Del mio bene in fra le mura  
Vola sempre il mio pensier.

In the horror of the dark night,  
When the entire world is silent,  
Thoughts of my beloved  
Fly within the walls.

E colei che tanto adoro  
Forse ad altri il cordonò;  
Ciel per me non v'ha ristoro,  
Io d'ambascia morirò.

And she whom I adore so  
Might be surrounded by the walls;  
Heaven has not restored you to me,  
I will die of agony.

Quando in terra il giorno imbruna  
Il mio spirito apparirà  
Ed il raggio della luna  
Fosco si vedrà.

When on earth the day darkens,  
My spirit will appear  
And the dark ray of the moon  
Thus will see.

D'un amante moribondo,  
D'un tradito adorator,  
Udirà l'intero mondo  
Il lamento del dolor.

A dying lover,  
An adored traitor,  
The entire world will hear  
The their sorrowful lament.

E d'amore nella storia  
Sarà scritto ognor così:  
Maledetta la memoria  
Di colei che lo tradi!

And the story of love  
Will always be written like this:  
Curse the memory  
Of she who betrayed him!



## Brindisi

Mescetemi il vino! Tu solo, o bicchiere, Fra gaudi terreni non sei menzognero, Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.	Pour me the wine! You alone, oh glass, Among earthly joys knows not untruth, You life of the senses, joy of the heart, I loved; Two fatal eyes inflamed me;
Amai; m'infiammaro due sguardi fatali; Credei l'amicizia fanciulla senz'ali, Follia de' prim'anni, fantasma illusor. Mescetemi il vino, letizia del cor.	I believed the friendship like a naïve girl, Folly of young years, deceptive phantasm. Pour me the wine, joy of my heart!
L'amico, l'amante col tempo ne fugge, Ma tu non paventi chi tutto distrugge: L'età non t'offende, t'accresce virtù.	My friend, my lover flee with time, But you do not fear destruction. Age does not offend, it increases your virtue.
Sfiorito l'aprile, cadute le rose, Tu sei che n'allegri le cure noiose: Sei tu che ne torni la gioia che fu.	April has faded, the roses have fallen, You know happily its weary cares: You know how to return the joy that once was.
Mescetemi il vino, letizia del cor.	Pour me the wine, joy of my heart!
Chi meglio risana del cor le ferite? Se te non ci desse la provvida vite, Sarebbe immortale l'umano dolor. Mescetemi il vino! Tu sol, o bicchiere, Fra gaudi terreni non sei menzognero, Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.	Who better heals the wounds of the heart? If you do not give to the good vineyards Human sorrow might be immortal. Pour me the wine! You alone, oh glass, Among earthly joys knows not untruth, You life of the senses, joy of the heart.