

5-4-2017

Graduate Recital: Joshua Dykes, tenor

Joshua Dykes

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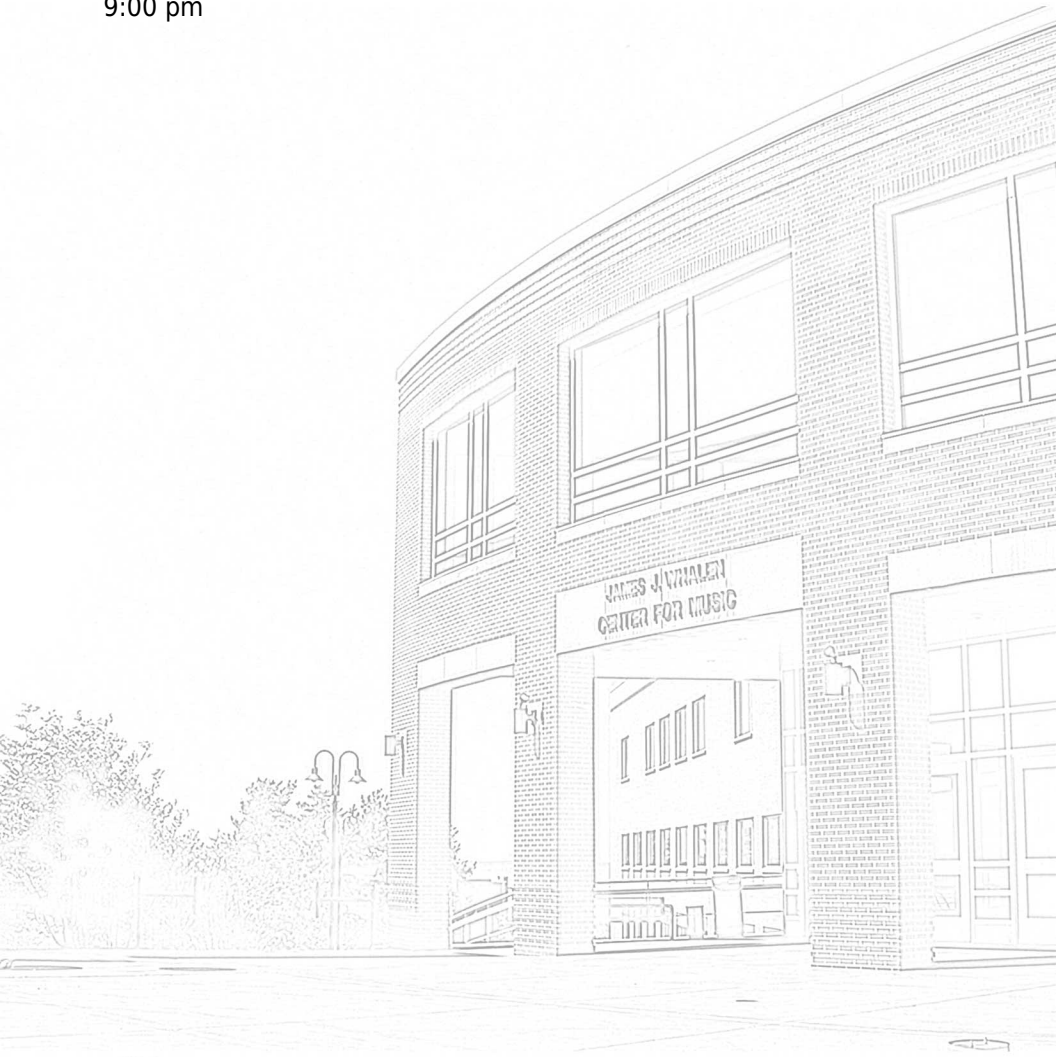
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Graduate Recital:
Joshua Dykes, tenor

Maria Rabbia, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Thursday, May 4th, 2017
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

I'll sail upon the Dog Star

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

'A Vucchella
Ideale
La serenata

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Nuit d'Etoiles

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Prison

Gabriel Faure
(1845-1924)

Mandoline

Claude Debussy
(Dates)

Intermission

"If with all your hearts"

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

from *Elijah*

Selections from *Dichterliebe*

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- II. Aus meinen Tränen sprissen
- III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube
- IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
- V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
- VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

"Lonely House"

from *Street Scene*

Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

Translations

A Vucchella

Sì, comm'a nu sciorillo
tu tiene na vucchella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella.

Yes, like a little flower,
You have got a sweet mouth
A little bit
withered.

Meh, dammillo, dammillo,
è comm'a na rusella
dammillo nu vasillo,
dammillo, Cannetella!

Please give it to me
it's like a little rose
Give me a little kiss,
give, Cannetella!

Dammillo e pigliatillo,
nu vaso piccerillo
comm'a chesta vucchella,

Give one and take one,
a kiss as little
as your mouth

che pare na rusella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella.

which looks like a little rose
a little bit
withered.

Ideale

Io ti seguii come iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo:
Io ti seguii come un'amica face

I followed you like a rainbow of
peace
along the paths of heaven;
I followed you like a friendly
torch

De la notte nel velo.
E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,

in the veil of darkness,
and I sensed you in the light, in
the air,

Nel profumo dei fiori;
E fu piena la stanza solitaria
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

in the perfume of flowers,
and the solitary room was full
of you and of your radiance.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua
voce,
Lungamente sognai;
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni
croce,
In quel giorno scordai.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a
long time
of the sound of your voice,
and earth's every anxiety, every
torment
I forgot in that dream.

Torna, caro ideal, torna un
istante
A sorridermi ancora,
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo
sembiante,
Una novella aurora.

Come back, dear ideal, for an
instant
to smile at me again,
and in your face will shine for
me
a new dawn.

La serenata

Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
e, con la bella testa
abbandonata,
posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
with her beautiful head hidden
under the sheets:
O serenade, fly.

Splende Pura la luna,
l'ale il silenzio stende,
e dietro i veni dell'alcova
bruna la lampada s'accende.
Pure la luna splende.

The moonlight is pure,
wings of silence stretch out,
and behind the veils of the dark
alcove
the lamp burns.
The pure moonbeams shine.

Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Fly, o serenade,
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
ma sorridendo ancor mezzo
assonnata,
torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
but still smiling while half
asleep,
she has returned beneath the
sheets:
O serenade, fly.

L'onda sogna su 'l lido,
e 'l vento su la fronda;
e a' baci miei ricusa ancora un
nido
la mia signora bionda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.

The waves dream on the shore,
and the wind blows through the
branches;
and my kisses don't result in a
nest,
by my blonde lady.
Dreaming on the shore, are the
waves.

Nuit d'Etoiles

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,

Triste lyre qui soupire,

je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie vient
éclorre

au fond de mon coeur,

Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les
cieux;

Cettes rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Starry night, beneath your veils,
Beneath your breeze and
perfumes

I am like a sad lyre that is
sighing

I dream of past loves.

The quiet melancholy

Comes and breaks forth the
depths of my heart,

And I hear the soul of my love
Tremble in the dreaming woods.

I again see in your fountain
Your glances as blue as the sky;

This rose, it is your breath,
And these stars are your eyes.

Prison

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit, si
bleu, si calme!

Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on
voit, doucement tinte...

Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est
là simple et tranquille.

Cette paisible rumeur-là vient
de la ville...

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
pleurant sans cesse,

Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
de ta jeunesse?

The sky above the roof is so
blue, so calm...

A tree above the roof rocks its
crown...

The bell in the sky that one
sees, softly sings...

A bird, on the tree that one
sees, plaintively sings..

My Lord, my Lord! Life over
there is simple and quiet.

This peaceful calmour comes
from the town...

What have you done, oh you,
who now weeps endlessly,

Say! What have you done, with
your youth?

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

The serenaders
And the beautiful listeners
Exchange hollow gossip
Beneath the singing branches.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,

Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte

Cruelle maint vers tendre.

Here's Tircis and Aminte
And here is the eternal
Clitandre,

And here is Damis who for many
a
Cruel lady made many a tender
verse.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Their short silk jackets,
Their long gowns with trains
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Swirl in the ecstasy
Of a gray and pink moon,
And the mandoline chatters
Amidst the trembling of the
breeze.

Dichterliebe (Poet's Love)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast,
Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll
klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube,
die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in
Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe
alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine,
die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und
Sonne.

In the wonderfully Beautiful Month of May

In the wonderfully Beautiful
Month of May
As all the buds were breaking,
Then in my heart
Love bloomed.

In the Wonderfully Beautiful
Month of May
As all the birds were singing,
Then I revealed to her
My longing and desire.

From my tears shall spring up

From my tears shall spring up
Many fair blossoms,
And my sighs become
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And before your window shall
sound
The song of the nightingale.

The Rose, the Lily, the Dove

The rose, the lily, the dove, the
sun-
I once loved them all with
ecstatic love.
I love them no more, I love only
the little one, the dainty one,
the pure one, the One.
She alone, the well-spring of all
love,
is rose and lily and dove and
sun.

**Wenn ich in deine Augen
seh'**

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und
Weh;
Doch wenn ich küße deinen
Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar
gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine
Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie
Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe
dich!
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

**Ich will meine Seele
tauchen**

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und
beben
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

**Im Rhein, im heiligen
Strome**

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome
Das große, heilige Cöln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
All my suffering and grief
disappears,
But when I kiss your mouth,
I become healthy through and
through.

When I lean on your breast,
I feel the bliss of heaven,
But when you say: I love you!
Then I must weep bitterly.

I want to plunge my soul

I want to plunge my soul
into the chalice of the lily;
the lily shall resoundingly
exhale
a song of my beloved.

The song shall quiver and
tremble,
like the kiss from her mouth,
that she once gave me
in a wonderfully sweet hour!

**In the Rhine, in the holy
stream**

In the Rhine, in the holy stream,
there is mirrored in the waves,
with its great cathedral,
great holy Cologne.

In the cathedral, there stands
an image
on golden leather painted.
Into my life's wilderness

Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

it has shined in amicably.

Es schweben Blumen und
Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die
Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten
genau.

There hover flowers and little
angels
around our beloved Lady,
the eyes, the lips, the little
cheeks,
they match my beloved's
exactly.

**Hör' ich das Liedchen
klingen**

When I hear the little song

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Vor wildem Schmerzendrang.

When I hear the little song
That once my sweetheart sang,
I feel as if my heart would burst
From the wild surge of pain

Es treibt mich ein dunkles
Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

A dark longing then sends me
Up into the wooded heights,
And there dissolves in tears
My all too great torment.