

12-10-2011

Junior Recital: Nicholas Harmantzis, tenor

Nicholas Harmantzis

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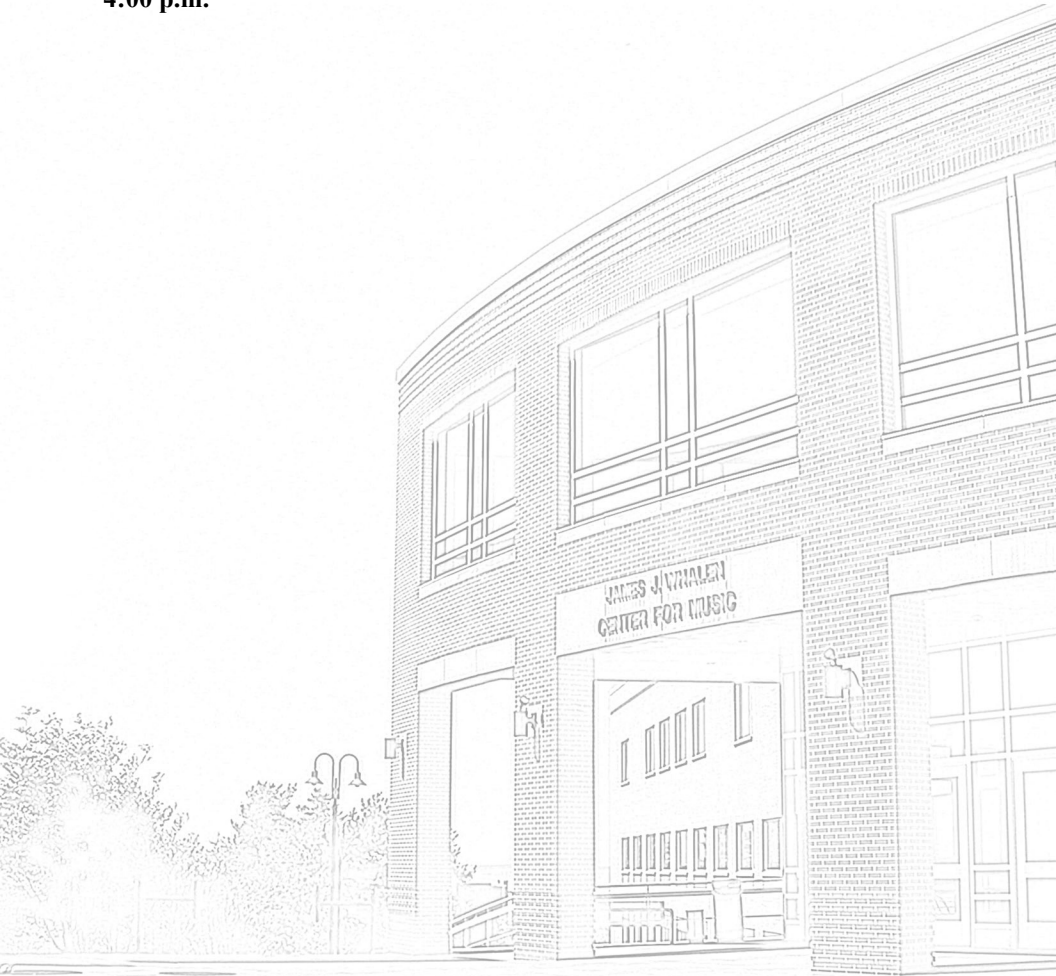
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**Junior Recital:
Nicholas Harmantzis, tenor**

Mary Holzhauser, piano

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, December 10, 2011
4:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

La rondinella amante
from *Griselda*

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Beau Soir
Nuit d'étoiles
Mandoline

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome
Freudvoll und leidvoll
Es rauschen die Winde

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Intermission

A Young Man's Exhortation
Budmouth Dears
The Sigh
The Dance Continued

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

A Vucchella
Ideale
L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Frisch zum Kampfe, from Die Entführung aus dem
Serail

Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance .
Nicholas Harmantzis is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.

Translations

La Rondinella amante

La rondinella amante,
Lungi dal proprio nido,
Serba costante e fido
Al suo diletto il cor.
Non e possibil mai
Cacciar dal proprio petto
Il radicato affetto,
Il primo dolce amor.

Beau soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont
roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de
blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des
choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au
monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est
beau,
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette
onde
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau!

Nuit d'étoiles

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 éclore

au fond de mon coeur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.

Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cettes rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,

The Loving Little Swallow

The loving little swallow,
far from his own nest,
keeps constant and faithful
to his beloved.
It is never possible
to drive from one's own heart
the deep seated affection,
of the first sweet love.

Beautiful Evening

When streams turn pink in the setting sun,
And a slight shudder rushes through the wheat
fields,
A plea for happiness seems to rise out of all
things
And it climbs up towards the troubled heart.

A plea to relish the charm of life

While there is youth and the evening is fair,
For we pass away, as the wave passes:

The wave to the sea, we to the grave.

Starry Night

Starry night, beneath your pinions,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
Lyre, in sorrow, softly sighing,
I dream of a love long past.

Melancholy, so sadly tranquil, fills with
gloom
my poor weary heart.
And I hear your dear soul, my darling,
Quivering in the dreamy wood.

Starry night, beneath your pinions,
beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
Lyre, in sorrow, softly sighing,
I dream of a love long past.

I watch here at this, your small fountain
your blue eyes like the sky;
This rose, it is my dear hope,
And these fair stars they are your eyes.

Starry night, beneath your pinions,

sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.

Mandoline

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

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

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

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

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome
Das große, heil'ge Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

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

Freudvoll und leidvoll

Freudvoll
Und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein;
Langen Und bangen
In schwebender Pein;
Himmelhoch jauchzend
Zum Tode betrübt;
Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele, die liebt.

beneath your breeze and your perfumes,
Lyre, in sorrow, softly sighing,
I dream of a love long past.

The Givers of Serenades

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

In the Rhine, in the Holy Stream

In the Rhine, in the holy stream
Is it mirrored in the waves
With its great cathedral
That great, holy city Cologne.

In the Cathedral stands an image
Painted on golden leather;
Into the wildness of my life
Has it shone, friendly.

Flowers and little cherubs hover
Around our beloved Lady;
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks
They match my beloved's exactly.

Joyful and Sorrowful

Joyful
And sorrowful,
Thoughtful;
Longing And anxious
In constant anguish;
Skyhigh rejoicing
despairing to death;
Happy alone
Is the soul that loves.

Es rauschen die Winde

Es rauschen die Winde
So herbstlich und kalt;
Verödet die Fluren,
Entblättert der Wald.
Ihr blumigen Auen!
Du sonniges Grün!
So welken die Blüten
Des Lebens dahin.

Es ziehen die Wolken
So finster und grau;
Verschwunden die Sterne
Am himmlischen Blau!
Ach, wie die Gestirne
Am Himmel entflieh'n,
So sinket die Hoffnung
Des Lebens dahin!

Ihr Tage des Lenzes
Mit Rosen geschmückt,
Wo ich die Geliebten
Ans Herze gedrückt!
Kalt über den Hügel
Rauscht, Winde, dahin!
So sterben die Rosen
Der Liebe dahin.

Gusting are the winds

Gusting are the winds
So autumnal and cold;
Barren are the fields,
Leafless the woods.
You flowery meadows!
You sunlit green!
Thus wither away
The blossoms of life.

Drifting are the clouds
So gloomy and grey;
Vanished are the stars
From the heavenly blue!
Ah, as the stars
Escape from the sky.
Thus fades away
The hope of life!

You days of spring
With roses adorned,
When my beloved
I pressed to my heart!
Cold over the hill
Rush, winds, there!
Thus pass away
The roses of love!

A vucchella

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

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

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

che pare na rusella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella

Ideale

Io ti seguui come iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo:
Io ti seguui come un'amica face
De la notte nel velo.
E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,
Nel profumo dei fiori;
E fu piena la stanza solitaria
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce,
Lungamente sognai;
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce,
In quel giorno scordai.
Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante
A sorridermi ancora,
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo sembiante,
Una novella aurora.

A Little Mouth

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

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

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

which looks like a little rose
a little bit
withered.

The Ideal One

I followed you like a rainbow of peace
along the paths of heaven;
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of darkness,
and I sensed you in the light, in the air,
in the perfume of flowers,
and the solitary room was full
of you and of your radiance.

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

L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra,
È la mia voluttà dal mio desire.
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire.

Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.

Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!
Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.

Chiudimi, O Notte, nel tuo sen materno,
Mentre la terra pallida s'irrorà.
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!

Frisch zum Kampfe!

Frisch zum Kampfe!
Frisch zum Streite!
Nur ein feiger Tropf verzagt.
Sollt' ich zittern?
Sollt' ich zagen?
Nicht mein Leben muthig wagen?
Nein, ach nein,
es sei gewagt!

The Dawn Divides the Darkness from the Light

The dawn divides the darkness from the light,
And my sensual pleasure from my desire,
O sweet stars, the hour of death is now at
hand:

A love more holy sweeps you from the skies.

Gleaming eyes, O you who'll ne'er return,
sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted light!
I must die, I do not want to see the day,
For love of my own dream and of the night.

Envelop me, O Night in your maternal breast,
While the pale earth bathes itself in dew;
But let the dawn rise from my blood
And from my brief dream the eternal sun

Quick to the Battle!

Quick to the battle!
Quick to the fight!
Only a cowardly fool refuses.
Should I tremble?
Should I hesitate?
Not risk my life courageously?
No. Ah, no.
Let it be risked!

Upcoming Events

December

10 - Ford - 8:15pm - **Chamber Orchestra**. Jeffery Meyer, conductor
(Webstreamed)

11 - Ford - 3:00pm - **Winter Choral Concert**. Larry Doebler and Janet Galván, directors.

11 - Ford - 8:15pm - **Percussion Ensemble**. Conrad Alexander, director.

12 - Ford - 8:15pm - **Jazz Lab**. Greg Evans, director.

13 - Hockett - 7:00pm - **Piano/Instrumental Duos**

15 - Ford - 7:00pm - **Campus Choral Ensemble**

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