

4-21-2011

## Senior Recital: Louis C. Hatzipetrakos, tenor

Louis C. Hatzipetrakos

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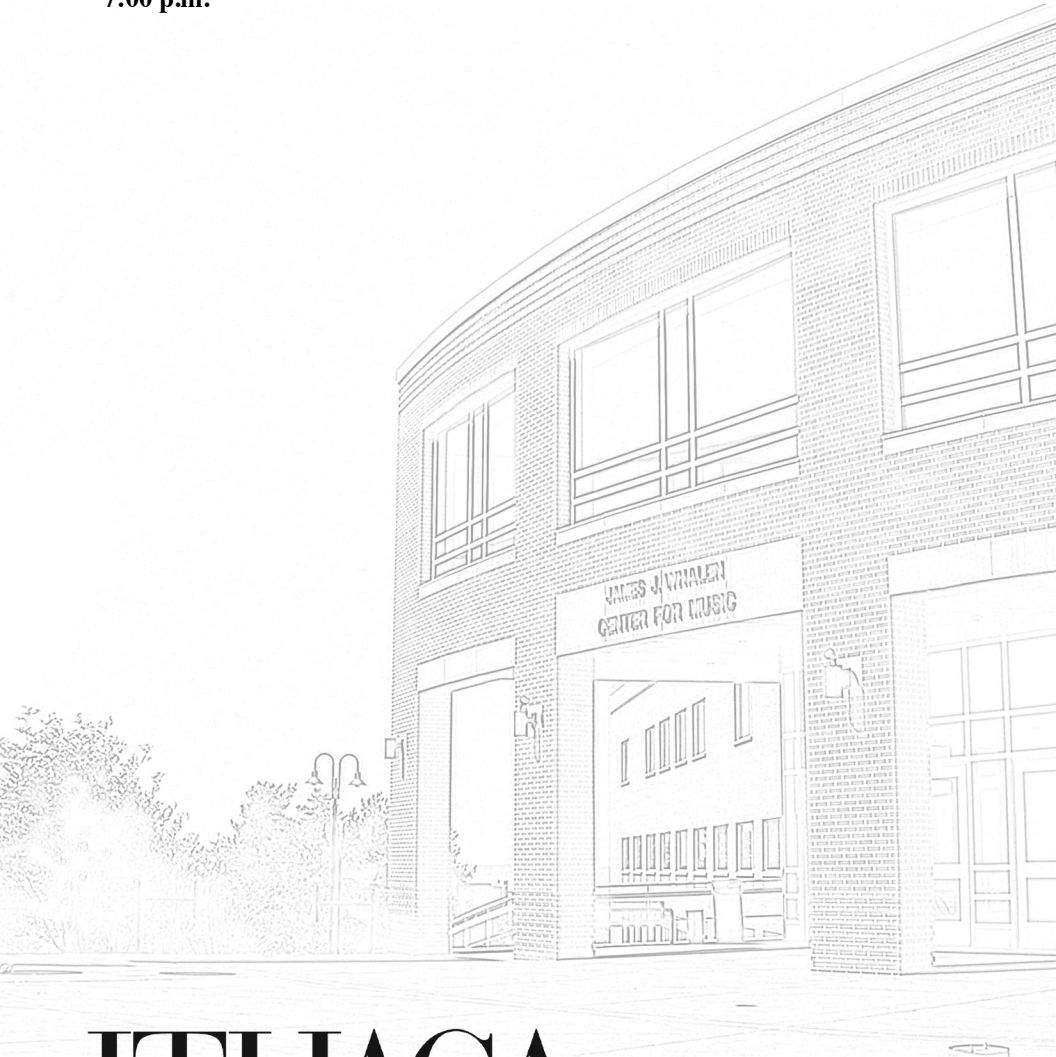
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**Senior Recital:  
Louis C. Hatzipetrakos, tenor  
Clera Ryu, piano**

**Ford Hall  
Thursday, April 21, 2011  
7:00 p.m.**



**ITHACA**  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC



## Program

- La Sera Paolo Tosti  
(1846 - 1916)  
Introduzione  
Rimanete, vi prego, rimanete qui  
Ci ferirebbe forse, come un dardo la luce  
Ma chi vide piu larghi profondi occhi  
E quale cosa eguaglia nella vita del mio respiro  
Piangi, tu che hai nei grandi occhi la mia anima
- Cuatro Canciones Sefardies Joaquin Rodrigo  
(1901 - 1999)  
Respondemos  
Una pastora yo ami  
Nani, nani  
"Morena", me llaman
- Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3 Richard Strauss  
(1864 - 1949)  
Ich trage meine Minne vor Wonne, Op. 32, No. 1

## Intermission

- L'horizon chimerique, Op. 118 Gabriel Urbain Faure  
(1845 - 1924)  
La mer est infini, No. 1  
Je me suis embarque, No. 2  
Diane, Selene, No. 3  
Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimes, No. 4
- Μην τον ρωτάς τον ουρανό Μάνος Χατζιδάκις  
(1925 - 1994)  
Ένα το χελιδόνι Μίκης Θεοδωράκης  
(b.1925)
- Take Care of My Heart Alan Menken  
(b. 1949)  
Proud of Your Boy

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This Senior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance (B.M.). Louis C, Hatzipetrakos is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.

## Notes

### La Sera

Rimanete, vi prego, rimanete qui.  
Non vi alzate!  
Avete voi bisogno di luce?  
No.  
Fate che questo sogno duri ancora.  
Vi prego: rimanete!

Ci ferirebbe forse, come un dardo, la  
luce.  
Troppo lungo è stato il giorno: oh,  
troppo.  
Ed io già penso al suo ritorno con orrore.

La luce è come un dardo!  
Anche voi non l'amate; è vero?  
Gli occhi vostri, nel giorno, sono  
stanchi.  
Pare quasi che non possiate sollevare le  
palpebre,  
Su quei dolorosi occhi;  
E nulla, veramente, nulla è più triste  
De l'ombra che le ciglia immote

Fanno talvolta a sommo de le gote  
Quando la bocca non sorride più.

Ma chi vide più larghi e più profondi  
occhi dei vostri, se incominci il sole a  
morire?  
Quale anima si duole fascinata da abissi  
più profondi?

Io non conosco, veramente, cosa che  
somigli a quel lento dilatarsi  
ne la sera: - non gli astri in alto apparsi,  
non i fiori. Non so nessuna cosa.

E quale cosa eguaglia ne la vita  
del mio spirito l'estasi e il terrore  
che m'invadono?

Il mio corpo non muore,  
e pur sembra ch'io viva oltre la vita!

Sembra che in ciel l'innaturale forma

### Evening

Stay, I beseech you, stay here.  
Don't leave!  
Have you a need a the light?  
No.  
Make this dream stand still.  
I beseech you, stay!

There is injury perhaps, like an arrows,  
the light.  
Too long was the day, oh long.

And I already thought of your return with  
horror.

The light is like an arrow.  
Also, I do not love her, do you?  
Your eyes on the day are tired.

It almost seems like you cannot raise  
your eyelids.  
Upon those sad eyes.  
And nothing trully, nothing is more sad  
Than the shadow of the eyelashes  
unmoved  
On the summits of the cheeks.  
When the mouth smils no more.

But those who saw more large and more  
profound eyes of yours, if the sun  
beings to die?  
Which soul that regrets being charmed by  
the moving deep abyss.

I do not know, truly, what it is that  
slowly expands into the night.  
No stars appear above, no flowers, I don't  
know anything.

And what is equals in the life  
Of my spirit the ecstasy and the terror  
That invaded me?

My body does not die  
And even seems to live beyond this life.

It seems that in heaven the unnatural  
form

con la sera divina si congiunga,  
poi che l'immensa ombra del ciel  
prolunga  
i tuoi capelli in una sola forma,

in una sola onda, in un solo fiume  
misterioso che con un suo largo  
giro m'avvolge e trae nel suo letargo  
dando l'oblio come l'antico fiume.

Piangi, tu che hai nei grandi occhi la mia  
anima  
ed in cui palpita il mio cuore  
segreto, o tu, sorella del Dolore,  
sorella de la Sera, unica mia.

Per consolarmi in ore di tristezza  
io ti creai de la più pura essenza,

fantasma immarcescibile, ma senza  
consolare la mia vera tristezza!

#### **Cuatro Canciones Sefardies**

Respóndemos, Dio de Abraham,  
respóndemos!

Respóndemos, Él que respónde en la  
hora de voluntad, respóndemos!

Respóndemos, pavor de Yitshak,  
respóndemos!

Respóndemos, el que respónde, en hora  
de angustia, respóndemos!

Respóndemos, Fuerte de Yaakov,  
respóndemos!

Respóndemos, Dio de la merkava,  
respóndemos!

Respóndemos, O Padre piadoso y  
gracioso, respóndemos!

Una pastora yo ami, una hija hermosa,  
de mi chiques que l'adori, más qu'ella no  
ami,  
de mi chiques que l'adori, más qu'ella no

With the right divine meets  
The immense shadow of the heavens

Prolongs your hair in one form.

In one wave, in one mysterious river  
and with her long wraps around me  
and it draws it lethargy giving the  
oblivion like the ancient river.

You cry you who has big eyes into my  
soul  
and where my secret heart thrives.  
O you, Sister of Pain, Sister of the night.  
My only.

To console me in the hour of sadness.

I created you from the most purest  
essence,

incorruptible ghost.

But without consoling, my real sadness.

#### **Four Sefardic Songs**

Respond to us, god of Abraham, respond  
to us!

Respond to us, he who responds in the  
hours of need.

Respond to us, terror of Isaac, respond to  
us.

Respond to us, he who respond, in the  
hour of anguish,

Respond to us, Strong One of Yaakov,  
respond to us!

Respond to us. God of the merkava,  
respond to us.

Respond to us, of Father pious and  
merciful, respond to us.

A shepherdess that I loved,  
A beautiful daughter,

Since my childhood I adored her, but she

ami

Un día que estavamos en la huerta  
asentados,  
le dixे yo: "Por ti mi flor, me muero de  
amor,"  
le dixе yo: "Por ti mi flor, me muero de  
amor."

Nani, nani, nani,  
nani, nani, quere el hijo,  
el hijo de la madre,  
de chico se haga grande.

Ay, ay, durmite mi alma,  
durmite, mi vida,  
que tu padre viene  
con mucha alegría.

Ay, avrimex la puerta,  
avrimex mi dama, avrimex!  
Que vengo muy cansado  
de arar las huertas.

Ay, la puerta yo vos avro,  
que venix cansado,  
y verex durmido  
al hijo en la cuna.

"Morena" me llaman, yo blanco nací,  
De pasear, galana, mi color yo perdí.

D'aquellas ventanicas m'arronjan flechas;  
Si son de amores, vengán derechas!

did not love me.

One day that we were sitting in the  
garden,  
I said to her: "For you, my flower, I die  
of love"  
I said to her: "For you, my flower, I die  
of love"

Sleep, sleep, sleep,  
sleep, sleep, my little one  
the son of your mother,  
The boy who will do great.

Ay, ay sleep my soul,  
Sleep my life,  
That your father will return  
With much bliss.

Ay, open the door for me,  
Open my love, open!  
That I return very tired  
from working in the fields

Ay, the door I open for you,  
that you return tired,  
and can see the sleeping  
son in the crib.

"Dark-skinned girl," they call me, I was  
born white.  
From strolling, charming one, my color I  
lost.

From those windows to me are hurled  
arrows,  
If they are of love, let them come.

**Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3**

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
 Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
 [Schaut] sich um [im weitem] Kreise,  
 Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
 Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
 Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
 Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
 Nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes,  
 Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Domes

Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,  
 Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;  
 O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
 Dich mir auch.

**Ich trage meine Minne, Op. 32, No. 1**

Ich trage meine Minne vor Wonne  
 stumm  
 im Herzen und im Sinne mit mir herum.

Ja, daß ich dich gefunden, du liebes  
 Kind,  
 das freut mich alle Tage, die mir  
 beschieden sind.

Und ob auch der Himmel trübe,  
 kohlschwarz die Nacht,  
 hell leuchtet meiner Liebe goldsonnige  
 Pracht.

Und [lügt]1 auch die Welt in Sünden, so  
 tut mir's weh,  
 die arge muß erblinden vor deiner  
 Unschuld Schnee.

**Night, Op. 10, No. 3**

Night steps out of the woods,  
 And sneaks softly out of the trees,  
 Looks about in a wide circle,  
 Now beware.

All the lights of this earth,  
 All flowers, all colors  
 It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves  
 From the field.

It takes everything that is dear,  
 Takes the silver from the stream,  
 Takes away, from the cathedral's copper  
 roof,  
 The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,  
 Draw nearer, soul to soul;  
 Oh, I fear the night will also steal  
 You from me.

**I Carry My Love, Op. 32, No. 1**

I carry my love mute with delight,  
 in my heart and in my mind with me  
 wherever.

Yes, that I have found you, you beloved  
 child,  
 that makes me joyful everyday, and that  
 is granted to me.

and no matter if the sky is gloomy,  
 coal-black the night,  
 brightly shines my love's gold-shining  
 splendor.

And even as the world lies through its  
 sinfulness, and I am heavy-hearted,  
 the evil must become blind from your  
 snowy innocence.



## L'horizon chimérique, Op. 118

La Mer est infinie et mes rêves sont  
fous.  
La mer chante au soleil en battant les  
falaises  
Et mes rêves légers ne se sentent plus  
d'aise  
De danser sur la mer comme des oiseaux  
soûls.

Le vaste mouvement des vagues les  
emporte,  
La brise les agite et les roule en ses plis ;  
Jouant dans le sillage, ils feront une  
escorte  
Aux vaisseaux que mon cœur dans leur  
fuite a suivis.

Ivres d'air et de sel et brûlés par l'écume  
De la mer qui console et qui lave des  
pleurs  
Ils connaîtront le large et sa bonne  
amertume ;  
Les goélands perdus les prendront pour  
des leurs.

Je me suis embarqué sur un vaisseau qui  
danse  
Et roule bord sur bord et tangué et se  
balance.  
Mes pieds ont oublié la terre et ses  
chemins ;  
Les vagues souples m'ont appris d'autres  
cadences  
Plus belles que le rythme las des chants  
humains.

A vivre parmi vous, hélas ! avais-je une  
âme ?  
Mes frères, j'ai souffert sur tous vos  
continents.  
Je ne veux que la mer, je ne veux que le  
vent  
Pour me bercer, comme un enfant, au  
creux des lames.

The sea is endless and my dreams are  
mad.  
The sea sings to the sun, lashing the  
cliffs,  
And my flighty dreams taste only of the  
pleasure  
Of dancing over the sea like drunken  
birds.

The vast motion of the waves carries  
them,  
The breeze shakes and tumbles them in  
the folds;  
Playing in the wake, they form an escort  
To the ships my heart has followed in  
their flight.

Wild with air and salt and scalded by the  
foam  
Of a sea that consoles and washes tears  
away,  
They will know the ocean and its good  
bitterness;  
Stray gulls will take them for their own.

I am embarked on a ship that dances  
And rolls from side to side, and pitches  
and sways.  
My feet have forgotten the land and its  
ways;  
The supple waves have taught me other  
cadences  
Lovelier than the weary rhythm of human  
songs.

Living among you, ah! Have I a soul?  
My brothers, I have suffered on all your  
continents.  
I want nothing but the sea, nothing but  
the wind,  
To rock me like a baby in the trough of  
the waves.

Hors du port qui n'est plus qu'une image  
effacée,  
Les larmes du départ ne brûlent plus mes  
yeux.  
Je ne me souviens pas de mes derniers  
adieux...  
O ma peine, ma peine, où vous ai-je  
laissée?

Diane, Séléne, lune de beau métal,  
Qui reflète vers nous, par ta face déserte,  
Dans l'immortel ennui du calme sidéral,

Le regret d'un soleil dont nous pleurons  
la perte.

O lune, je t'en veux de ta limpidité  
Injurieuse au trouble vain des pauvres  
âmes,  
Et mon coeur, toujours las et toujours  
agité,  
Aspire vers la paix de ta nocturne  
flamme.

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés en  
pure perte ;  
Le dernier de vous tous est parti sur la  
mer.  
Le couchant emporta tant de voiles  
ouvertes  
Que ce port et mon coeur sont à jamais  
déserts.

La mer vous a rendus à votre destinée,  
Au-delà du rivage où s'arrêtent nos pas.  
Nous ne pouvions garder vos âmes  
enchaînées ;  
Il vous faut des lointains que je ne  
connais pas

Je suis de ceux dont les désirs sont sur la  
terre.  
Le souffle qui vous grise emplit mon  
coeur d'effroi,  
Mais votre appel, au fond des soirs, me  
désespère,  
Car j'ai de grands départs inassouvis en  
moi.

Out of port, which is no more than a  
faded image,  
The tears of leaving burn my eyes no  
longer.  
I do not remember anything of my last  
goodbyes...  
O my sadness, my sadness, where have I  
left you?

Diana, Selena, moon of lovely metal,  
You reflect to us upon your desert face,  
In the eternal boredom of the stars'  
quietude,

The regret of a sun whose loss we  
mourn.

O moon, I covet your clarity,  
Insult to the vain turmoil of poor souls,

And my heart, ever weary and ever  
restless,  
Aspires toward the peace of your  
nocturnal flame.

Ships, we have loved you to no purpose;  
The last of you has left upon the sea.

The setting sun has carried off so many  
full sails  
That this port and my heart are forever  
empty.

The sea has returned you to your destiny  
Beyond the shore where footsteps end.  
We could not keep your souls  
enchained;  
For you there must be distances that I do  
not know.

I am one of those whose wishes are on  
land;  
The wind that intoxicates you fills my  
heart with dread.  
But your call in the depth of night makes  
me despair,  
For I have great departures unsatisfied  
within.

### **Μην τον ρωτάς τον ουρανό**

Λόγο στο λόγο και ξεχαστήκαμε  
μας πήρε ο πόνος και  
νυχτωθήκαμε  
σβήσε το δάκρυ με το μαντίλι σου  
να πιω τον ήλιο, μέσα απ'τα χείλη  
σου

Μην τον ρωτάς τον ουρανό  
το σύννεφο και το φεγγάρι  
το βλέμμα σου, το σκοτεινό  
κάτι απ' τη νύχτα έχει πάρει  
Ό,τι μας βρήκε κι ό,τι μας λύπησε  
σαν το μαχαίρι, κρυφά μας  
χτύπησε

σβήσε το δάκρυ με το μαντίλι σου  
να πιω τον ήλιο, μέσα απ'τα χείλη  
σου

Μην τον ρωτάς τον ουρανό  
το σύννεφο και το φεγγάρι  
το βλέμμα σου, το σκοτεινό  
κάτι απ' τη νύχτα έχει πάρει

### **Ένα το χελιδόνι**

Ενα το χελιδόνι κι η άνοιξη ακριβή  
για να γυρίσει ο ήλιος θέλει δουλειά  
πολλή

Θέλει νεκροί χιλιάδες να 'ναι στους  
τροχούς

Θέλει κι οι ζωντανοί να δίνουν το  
αίμα τους.

Θε μου Πρωτομάστορα μ' έχτισες  
μέσα στα βουνά

Θε μου Πρωτομάστορα μ' έκλεισες  
μες στη θάλασσα!

Πάρθηκεν από μάγους το σώμα του  
Μαγιού

Το 'χουνε θάψει σ' ένα μνήμα του  
πέλαγου

σ' ένα βαθύ πηγάδι το 'χουνε κλειστό  
μύρισε το σκοτάδι κι όλη η άβυσσος

Θε μου Πρωτομάστορα μέσα στις  
πασχαλιές και Σϋ

Θε μου Πρωτομάστορα μύρισες την  
Ανάσταση

### **Don't Ask the Sky**

Word after word and we lost track of  
time

Pain has swept us off and nightfall  
caught up with us

Wipe the tear with your handkerchief  
To drink the sun, out of your lips

Don't ask the sky

Nor the cloud and the moon

Your dark gaze

Has something resembling the night

All that may have come across us and all  
that may have distressed us

Like a knife, clandestinely it struck upon  
us

Wipe the tear with your handkerchief

To drink the sun, out of your lips

Don't ask the sky

Nor the cloud and the moon

Your dark gaze

Has something resembling the night.

### **Lone is the Swallow**

Lone is the swallow and costly (precious)  
the spring,

For the sun to turn it takes a lot of work,  
It takes a thousand dead sweating at the  
wheels,

It takes the living also shedding their  
blood.

God my Master Builder, You built me  
into the mountains,

God my Master Builder, You enclosed  
me in the sea!

Magicians carried off the body of May,  
They buried the body in a tomb of the  
sea,

They sealed it up in a deep well,  
Its scent fills the darkness and all the  
Abyss.

God my Master Builder, You too among  
the Easter lilacs,

God my Master Builder, You felt the  
scent of Resurrection.

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## Upcoming Events

### April

- 25 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Jazz Ensemble**, Mike Titlebaum, director; Clay Jenkins, guest trumpet soloist. *Sponsored in part by the Cornell University Jazz Ensembles*
- 26 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Percussion Ensemble**, Gordon Stout, director.
- 27 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Concert Band**, Andrew Benware, conductor
- 28 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Symphonic Band**, Elizabeth Peterson, conductor
- 29 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Women's Chorale**, Janet Galván, conductor
- 30 - 12:00pm - Ford - **Campus Band**, Dan Isbell, conductor
- 30 - 2:00pm - Ford - **Campus Choral Ensemble**, Jennifer Haywood, conductor
- 30 - 4:00pm - Ford - **Symphony Orchestra**, Jeffery Meyer, conductor, *Rite of Spring*
- 30 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Choir and Madrigal Singers**, Lawrence Doebler, conductor

### May

- 1 - 3:00pm - Ford - **Ithaca College Chorus**, Janet Galván, *conductor*, with the IC Steel Drum Band.
- 2 - 8:15pm - Ford Hall - **Jazz Lab Ensemble**, Greg Evans, director
- 3 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Percussion Ensemble**, Conrad Alexander, *conductor*.
- 4 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Chamber Orchestra**, Jeffery Meyer, *conductor*; Nathan Hess, *piano*.
- 5 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Brass Choir**, Andrew Benware, *conductor* and **Wind Ensemble**, Stephen Peterson, *conductor*.
- 21 - 8:30pm - Ben Light Gymnasium - 44th Gala Commencement Eve Concert

For more information about the Ithaca College School of Music, please visit us on the web at <http://www.ithaca.edu>

You can find the complete listing of concerts at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/calendar/>