

10-29-2011

Junior Recital: Steven Humes, baritone

Steven Humes

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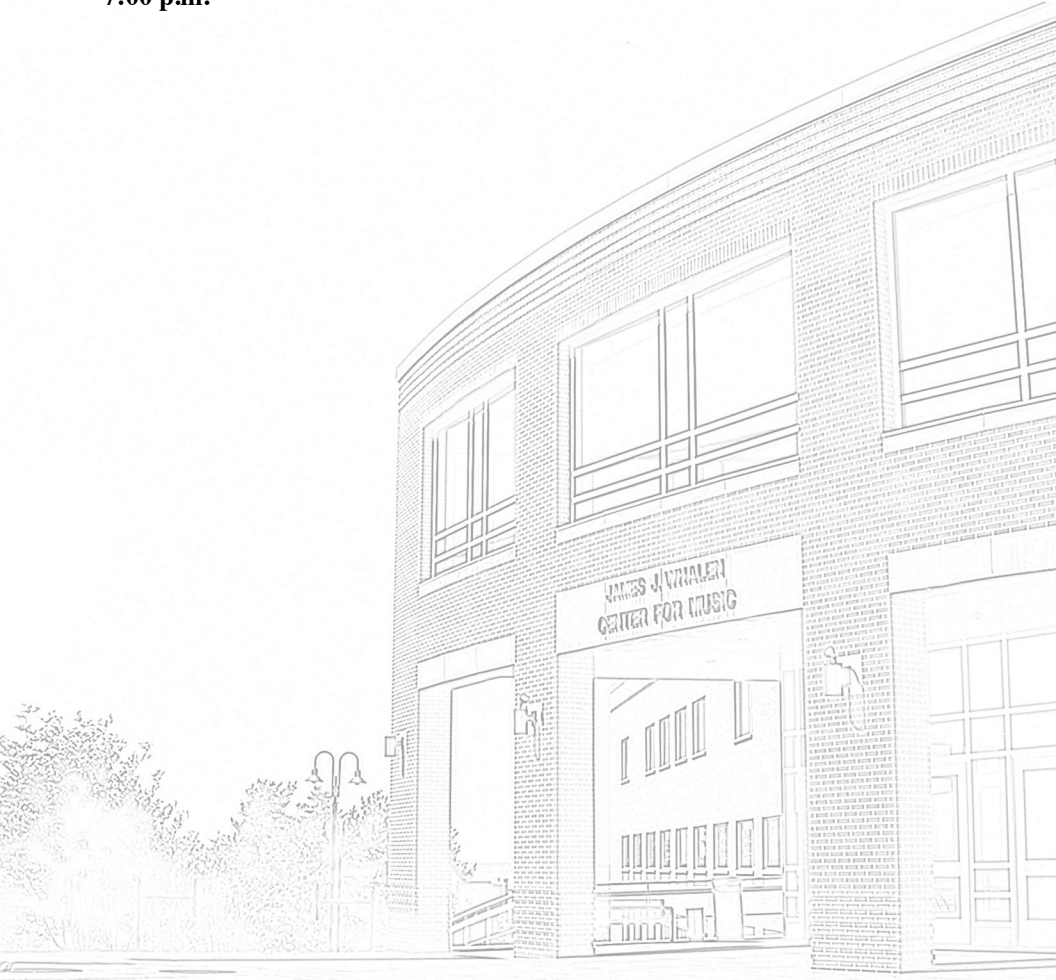
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**Junior Recital:
Steven Humes, baritone**

Kerry Mizrahi, piano

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, October 29, 2011
7:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Serses (1738)

Recitative: Frondi Tenere

Aria: Ombra Mai Fu

Georg Frideric Händel

(1685-1759)

O del mio amato ben

Vaghissima sembianza

Stefano Donaudy

(1879-1925)

Die Schöne Müllerin

I) Das Wandern

II) Wohin?

V) Am Feierabend

VI) Der Neugierige

VII) Ungeduld

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Intermission

Sérénade

Soupir

Henri Duparc

(1848-1933)

A Shropshire Lad (1911)

Loveliest of Trees

When I was one and twenty

Look not in my eyes

Think no more, lad

The lads in their hundreds

Is my team ploughing?

George Butterworth

(1885-1916)

Simple Song

Leonard Bernstein

(1918-1990)

This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree in Vocal Performance and Music Education. Steven is from the studio of Dr. Hougham.

Notes

Frondi tenere e belle
del mio platano amato
per voi risplenda il fato.
Tuoni, lampi, e procelle
non v'oltraggino mai la cara pace,
nè giunga a profanarvi austro
rapace.

Ombra mai fu
di vegetabile,
cara ed amabile,
soave più.

O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben perduto
incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre lo cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni
loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lei, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

Tender and beautiful fronds
of my beloved plane tree,
let Fate smile upon you.
May thunder, lightning, and storms
never bother your dear peace,
nor may you by blowing winds be
profaned.

A shade there never was,
of any plant,
dearer and more lovely,
or more sweet.

Oh, lost enchantment

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly
beloved!
Far from my eyes is he
who was, to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms
I always seek him and call him
with a heart full of hopes?
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
that with weeping alone I nourish my
heart.

It seems to me, without her, sad
everywhere.
The day seems like night to me;
the fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope
to give myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me:
But without her, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
without my beloved.

Vaghissima sembianza

Vaghissima sembianza d'antica
donna amata,
chi, dunque, v'ha ritratta contanta
simiglianza
ch'io guardo, e parlo, e credo d'avervi
a me
davanti come ai bei dì d'amor?

La cara rimembranza che in cor mi
s'è destata
si ardente v'ha già fatta rinascere la
speranza,
che un bacio, un voto, un grido
d'amore
più non chiedo che a lei che muta è
ognor.

Very charming image

Very charming image of a woman
formerly loved,
who, then, has portrayed you with so
much similarity
that I look, and I speak, and I
believe to have you
before me as in the beautiful days of
love?

The dear remembrance which has
been awakened
in my heart so ardently has revived
my hopes,
so that a kiss, a vow, a cry of love?
more I do not ask of her who is
silent forever.

Die Schöne Müllerin (The Beautiful Maid of the Mill)

One of Franz Schubert's most important and widely performed works, *Die schöne Müllerin*, tells the story of a young miller lad who sets out to "wander," and decides to follow a brook wherever it leads him. On his journey, he finds a mill and a new job, and falls madly in love with the owner's daughter. But a bold hunter enters the picture, and the miller just can't compete with him: the maiden falls for the hunter instead. This begins the miller lad's sad decline into despair, jealousy and anger, and finally he takes his own life by jumping into his beloved brook. The poems in the cycle were written by Wilhelm Müller between 1816 and 1820.

Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und
Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.

Travelling

Wandering is the miller's joy,
Wandering!
He must be a miserable miller,
Who never likes to wander.
Wandering!

We've learned this from the water,
From the water!
It does not rest by day or night,
It's always thinking of its journey,
The water.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde
drehn,
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Laßt mich in Frieden weiterziehn
Und wandern.

Wohin?

Ich hört ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,

Ich mußte auch hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte
Und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

We see this also with the wheels,
With the wheels!
They don't like to stand still,
And turn all day without tiring.

With the wheels.

The stones themselves, heavy are,
The stones!
They join in the cheerful dance,
And want to go yet faster.
The stones!

Oh, wandering, wandering, my joy,
Oh, wandering!
Oh, Master and Mistress,
Let me continue in peace,
And wander!

Whither

I hear a brooklet rushing
Right out of the rock's spring,
Down there to the valley it rushes,
So fresh and wondrously bright..

I know not, how I felt this,
Nor did I know who gave me
advice;

I must go down
With my wanderer's staff.

Down and always farther,
And always the brook follows after;
And always rushing crisply,
And always bright is the brook.

Is this then my road?
O, brooklet, speak! where to?
You have with your rushing
Entirely intoxicated my senses.

Was sag ich denn vom Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

Am Feierabend

Hätt ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnt ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnt ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könnt ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Daß die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut mir nach.
Und da sitz ich in der großen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister spricht zu allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

Der Neugierige

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir nicht sagen,
Was ich erfähr so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

But why do I speak of rushing?
That can't really be rushing:
Perhaps the water-nymphs
are singing rounds down there in the
deep.

Let it sing, my friend, let it rush,
And wander joyously after!
Mill-wheels turn
In each clear brook.

The Hour of Rest

If only I had a thousand
arms to move!
I could loudly
drive the wheels!
I could blow
Through all the groves!
I could turn
All the stones!
If only the beautiful Millermaid
Would notice my faithful thoughts!

Ah, why is my arm so weak?
What I lift, what I carry,
What I cut, what I beat,
Every lad does it just as well as I.
And there I sit in the gathering,
In the quiet, cool hour of rest,
And the master speaks to us all:
Your work has pleased me;
And the lovely maiden says
"Good night" to everyone.

The Eager Questioner

I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
None of them can tell me,
What I so eagerly want to know.

I am surely not a gardener,
The stars stand too high;
My brooklet will I ask,
Whether my heart has lied to me.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut so stumm?
Will ja nur eines wissen,
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

Ja heißt das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heißet Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen
Schließen die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderlich!
Will's ja nicht weitersagen,
Sag, Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

Undeguld

Ich schnitt es gern in alle Rinden
ein,
Ich grub es gern in jeden
Kieselstein,
Ich möcht es sä'n auf jedes frische
Beet
Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell
verrät,
Auf jeden weißen Zettel möcht ich's
schreiben:
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig
bleiben.

Ich möcht mir ziehen einen jungen
Star,
Bis daß er spräch die Worte rein und
klar,
Bis er sie spräch mit meines Mundes
Klang,
Mit meines Herzens vollem, heißen
Drang;
Dann säng er hell durch ihre
Fensterscheiben:
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig
bleiben.

O brooklet of my love,
Why are you so quiet today?
I want to know just one thing -
One little word again and again.

The one little word is "Yes";
The other is "No",
Both these little words
Make up the entire world to me.

O brooklet of my love,
Why are you so strange?
I'll surely not repeat it;
Tell me, o brooklet, does she love
me?

Impatience

I would carve it fondly in the bark of
trees,
I would chisel it eagerly into each
pebble,
I would like to sow it upon each
fresh flower-bed
With water-cress seeds, which it
would quickly disclose;
Upon each white piece of paper
would I write:
Yours is my heart and so shall it
remain forever.

I would like to raise a young
starling,
Until he speaks to me in words pure
and clear,
Until he speaks to me with my
mouth's sound,
With my heart's full, warm urge;
Then he would sing brightly through
her windowpanes:
Yours is my heart and so shall it
remain forever!

Den Morgenwinden möcht ich's
hauchen ein,
Ich möcht es säuseln durch den regen
Hain;
Oh, leuchtet' es aus jedem
Blumenstern!
Trüg es der Duft zu ihr von nah und
fern!
Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als
Räder treiben?
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig
bleiben.

Ich meint, es müßt in meinen Augen
stehn,
Auf meinen Wangen müßt man's
brennen sehn,
Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen
Mund,
Ein jeder Atemzug gäb's laut ihr
kund,
Und sie merkt nichts von all dem
bangen Treiben:
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig
bleiben.

Sérénade

Si j'étais, ô mon amoureuse,
La brise au souffle parfumé,
Pour frôler ta bouche rieuse,

Je viendrais craintif et charmé.

Si j'étais l'abeille qui vole,
Ou le papillon séducteur,
Tu ne me verrais pas, frivole,
Te quitter pour une autre fleur.

Si j'étais la rose charmante
Que ta main place sur ton coeur,

Si près de toi toute tremblante
Je me fanerais de bonheur.

I would like to breath it into the
morning breezes,
I would like to whisper it through the
active grove;
Oh, if only it would shine from each
flower-star!
Would it only carry the scent to her
from near and far!
You waves, could you nothing but
wheels drive?
Yours is my heart, and so shall it
remain forever.

I thought, it must be visible in my
eyes,
On my cheeks it must be seen that it
burns;
It must be readable on my mute lips,

Every breath would make it loudly
known to her,
And yet she notices nothing of all my
yearning feelings.
Yours is my heart, and so shall it
remain forever.

Serenade

If I were, o my love,
The breeze of a perfumed breath
Brushing against your cheerful
mouth
I would become timid and charmed.

If I were the bee that !ew,
Or the seductive butter!y,
You would not see me, frivolous,
Leave you for another flower.

If I were the charming rose
Which your hand placed on your
heart

So near to you, all trembling,
I would faint with happiness.

Mais en vain je cherche à te plaire,
J'ai beau gémir et soupirer.
Je suis homme, et que puis-je faire?
T'aimer... Te le dire ... Et pleurer!

Soupir

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
mais, fidele, toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ouvrir les bras, et, las d'attendre,
Sur le neant les refermer,
Mais encor, toujours les lui tendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ah! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre,
Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
Mais ces pleurs toujours les
repandre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
mais, d'un amour toujours plus
tendre,
Toujours l'aimer,
Toujours!

But in vain I seek to please you.
I quite moan and sigh.
I am a man, and what can I do?
Love you . . . tell you so . . . and cry!

Sigh

Never to see her or hear her,
never to speak her name aloud,
but, faithful, always to wait for her,
always to love her.

To open one's arms, and, weary of
waiting,
to close them upon emptiness,
but still, forever to hold them out to
her,
always to love her.

Ah, to be able to do nothing but hold
them out to her,
and to waste away in weeping,
but always to shed those tears,
always to love her.

Never to see her or hear her,
never to speak her name aloud,
but, with a love always more tender,
always to love her,
Always!

Six Songs from "A Shropshire Lad"

George Butterworth was one of the most promising English composers at the time of his death in action during the First World War. His total output is rather small, partly because he concentrated much of his time to collecting folk songs (often with Ralph Vaughan Williams), and partly because he destroyed several of his early works before setting off for France. His two major song cycles are settings of poems from *A Shropshire Lad* by A.E. Housman (1859-1936). The language in these poems is very simple, but the content is deep, frequently on the subject of young men going to war and failing to return.

II

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a
score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

XV

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too
clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime
flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

XIII

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and
guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

XLIX

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever:
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

XXIII

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

XXVII

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"
Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"
Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep,
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"
Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"
Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

Upcoming Events

October

29 - Ford - 8:00pm - Cayuga Chamber Orchestra

30 - Hockett - 4:00pm - **Faculty Recital:** Steve Mauk, saxophone

30 - Ford - 4:30pm - Community Band

31 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Octubafest

31 - Ford - 8:15pm - Sqwonk

31 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - **Faculty and Guest Recital:** Gordon Stout and Bob Becker Ensemble

November

1 - Ford - 8:15pm - Guest Concert: New Jersey Youth Symphony Percussion Ensemble

3 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Ensemble

4 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Recital: Nathan Hess, piano

4 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band and Jazz Vocal Ensemble (Family Weekend)

5 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band/Jazz Ensemble (Family Weekend)

6 - Ford - 1:30pm - Choral Concert (Family Weekend)

7 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Ithaca Brass

7 - Ford - 9:00pm - **Faculty & Guest Recital:** Gordon Stout and Adam Blackstock, marimba

8 - Hockett - 7:00pm - **Faculty Showcase Recital**

10 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Susan Waterbury, Nicholas DiEugenio, & students, violin

11 - Hockett - 2:00pm - **Rachel S. Thaler Concert Pianist Series Masterclass:** Christopher O'Riley, piano

11 - Ford - 8:15pm - **Rachel S. Thaler Concert Pianist Series:** Christopher O'Riley, piano

12 - Ford - 7:00pm - Choral Composition Festival Closing Concert

14 - Hockett - 7:00pm - **Composition Premieres II**

14 - Hockett - 9:00pm - **Faculty Recital:** Jeff Gray, bass trombone and Harold Reynolds, tenor trombone

15 - Ford - 8:15pm - Trombone Troupe and Brass Choir