

3-27-2014

## Elective Recital: Laura McCauley, soprano and D'quan Tyson, baritone

Laura McCauley

D'quan Tyson

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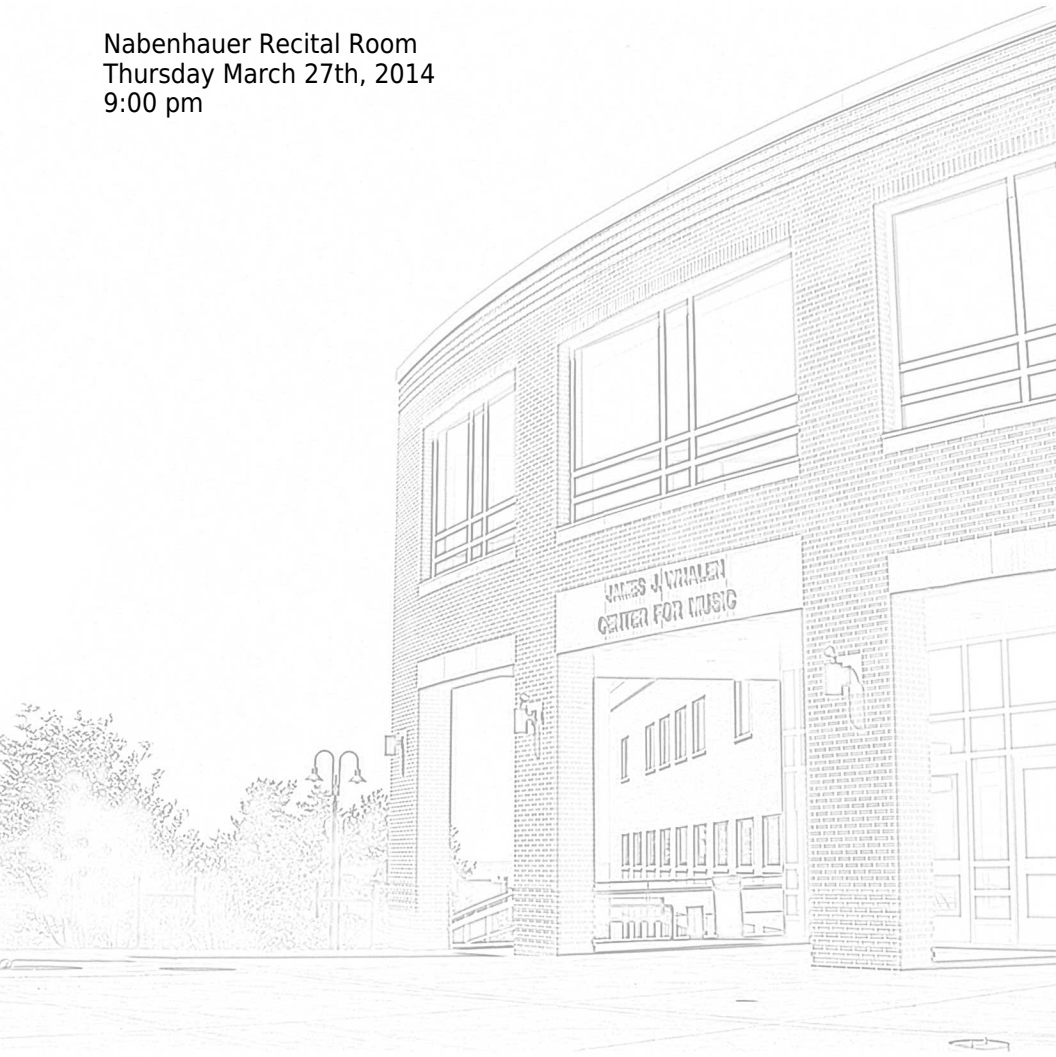
# Joint Recital:

Laura McCauley, soprano and D'quan  
Tyson, baritone

Accompanied by:

Jennie Ostrow and John McQuaig

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Thursday March 27th, 2014  
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

# Program

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen  
Agnes  
Nixe Binsefuß

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

El Paño Moruno  
Asturiana  
Nana  
Canción

Manuel de Falla  
(1876-1946)

Saper Vorreste  
*Un Ballo in Maschera*

Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

## Intermission

Mondnacht  
Wehmut

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Vanne, o rosa fortunata  
Per pietà, bell'idol mio  
Ma rendi pur contento

Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

The Last Rose of Summer  
Bob's Aria  
*The Old Maid and the Thief*

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)  
Gian Carlo Menotti  
(1911-2007)

Cinque...Dieci  
*Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

## Translations

### Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen

Du denkst mit einem  
Fädchen mich zu fangen;  
mit einem Blick schon  
mich verliebt zu machen?  
Ich fing schon Audre,  
die sich höher schwangen,  
du darfst mir ja nicht trau'n,  
siehst du mich lachen.  
Schon Andre fing ich,  
glaub' es sicherlich.  
Ich bin verliebt,  
doch eben nicht in dich;  
ich bin verliebt,  
doch eben nicht in dich.

You think that, with a tiny string,  
you can catch me,  
With one glance,  
you can make me fall in love?  
I've caught others already  
who soared higher;  
You mustn't trust me  
when you see me laugh.  
I've caught others already,  
believe you me.  
I am in love -  
but just not with you!

### Agnes

Rosenzeit! wie schnell vorbei,  
Schnell vorbei Bist du doch  
gegangen!  
Wär' mein Lieb' nur blieben treu,  
Blieben treu, Sollte mir nicht  
bängen.  
Um die Ernte wohlgemut,  
Wohlgemut Schnitterinnen singen.  
Aber, ach! mir kranken Blut,  
Mir kranken Blut  
Will nichts mehr gelingen.  
Schleiche so durch's Wiesental,  
So durch's Tal,  
Als im Traum verloren, nach dem  
Berg, da tausendmal,  
Tausendmal,  
Er mir Treu' geschworen.  
Oben auf des Hügels Rand,  
Abgewandt,  
Wein' ich bei der Linde;  
An dem Hut mein Rosenband,  
Von seiner Hand, Spielet in dem  
Winde.

Time of roses! How quickly past,  
Quickly past have you gone!  
Had my sweetheart only remained  
true,  
Then I should fear nothing.  
At the harvest, cheerfully,  
Cheerfully the reaping women sing.  
But ah! my blood is ill, I'm sick at  
heart,  
And want to succeed at nothing  
more.  
I creep so through the meadow  
valley,  
Through the meadow valley,  
as if lost in a dream,  
To the mountain,  
where a thousand times,  
he swore he would be true.  
Above on the edge of the hill,  
turning away, I weep by the linden  
tree;  
On my hat, the wreath of roses that  
he made  
for me Blows in the wind.

## Nixe Binsefus

Des Wassermanns sein Töchterlein Tanzt auf dem Eis im Vollmondschein,	The daughter of the water spirit Danced on the ice in the full moon,
Sie singt und lachet sonder Scheu Wohl an des Fischers Haus vorbei. »Ich bin die Jungfer Binsefuß, Und meine Fisch' wohl hüten muß, Meine Fisch' die sind im Kasten,	She laughed unabashedly, passing by the fisherman's house. "I am the maiden Rushfoot, and I must tend my fish, They are in a chest with only cold meals to eat.
Sie haben kalte Fasten; Von Böhmerglas mein Kasten ist,	The chest is made of Bohemian glass, so I can count them anytime I want.
Da zähl' ich sie zu jeder Frist. Gelt, Fischermatz? gelt, alter Tropf,	"Really fisher-beast, you old fool, Can't you get into your head it's winter?
Dir will der Winter nicht in Kopf? Komm mir mit deinen Netzen!	Come with your nets, I'll tear them to shreds! Sure, your maiden is good and gentle,
Die will ich schön zerfetzen! Dein Mägdlein zwar ist fromm und gut, Ihr Schatz ein braves Jägerblut. Drum häng' ich ihr, zum Hochzeitsstrauß, Ein schilfen Kränzlein vor das Haus,	and her boyfriend is a brave hunter. So I will hang a wedding bouquet of reeds on the house, And a pike made of silver,
Und einen Hecht, von Silber schwer, Er stammt von König Artus her, Ein	which dates from the time of King Arthur, A masterpiece from a dwarf-goldsmith, that brings luck to its keeper. One can scale it year after year
Wer's hat, dem bringt es eitel Glück: Er läßt sich schuppen Jahr für Jahr,	and get 500 Groshen. Farewell, my child, farewell for today.
Da sind's fünfhundert Gröschlein baar. Ade, mein Kind! Ade für heut! Der Morgenhahn im Dorfe schreit.«	The morning rooster is wailing in the village."

## El Paño Moruno

Al paño fino,  
en la tienda,  
una mancha le cayó;  
Por menos precio se vende,  
Porque perdió su valor.  
¡Ay!

On the fine cloth in  
the store a stain has fallen;  
It sells at a lesser price,  
because it has lost its value.  
Alas!

## Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,  
  
Arrime a un pino verde,  
Por ver si me consolaba.  
  
Por verme llorar, lloraba.  
Y el pino como era verde,  
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

To see whether it would console  
me,  
I drew near a green pine,  
To see whether it would console  
me.  
Seeing me weep, it wept;  
And the pine, being green,  
seeing me weep, wept.

## Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,  
Duerme, mi alma,  
Duérmete, lucerito  
De la mañana.  
Nanita, nana,  
Nanita, nana.  
Duérmete, lucerito  
De la mañana.

Go to sleep,  
Child, sleep,  
Sleep, my soul,  
Go to sleep,  
little star Of the morning.  
Lulla-lullaby,  
Lulla-lullaby,  
Sleep,  
little star of the morning.

## Canción

Por traidores,  
tus ojos,  
voy a enterrarlos;  
No sabes lo que cuesta,  
"Del aire" Niña, el mirarlos.  
"Madre a la orilla Madre."  
Dicen que no me quieres,  
Ya me has querido...  
  
Váyase lo ganado,  
"Del aire"  
Por lo perdido,  
"Madre a la orilla Madre."

Because your eyes are traitors  
I will hide from them  
You don't know how painful  
it is to look at them.  
"Mother, I feel worthless, Mother."  
They say they don't love me  
and yet once they did love me  
"Love has been lost in the air  
Mother,  
all is lost It is lost, Mother."

## Sapper Vorreste

Saper Vorreste  
Di Che si veste  
Quando l'e cosa  
Ch'ei vowl nascosa  
Oscar Lo sa  
Ma nol dira  
tra la la la la  
la la la la  
Pieno d'amor  
mi balza cor  
Ma pur discreto  
Serba il segreto  
Nol rapirà  
Grando o beltà  
Tra la la la la  
la la la la

You would like to know  
what he's wearing,  
when it's the very thing  
that he wants concealed  
Oscar knows,  
but he won't tell  
tra la la la la la la la la  
Full of love  
my heart throbs  
but still discreet  
it keeps the secret  
neither rank nor beauty  
will seize it  
tra la la la la la la la

## Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,  
Die Erde still geküßt,  
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer Von  
ihm  
[nun]1 träumen müßt.  
Die Luft ging durch die Felder,  
Die Ähren wogten sacht, Es  
rauschten  
leis die Wälder, So sternklar war die  
Nacht.  
Und meine Seele spannte Weit ihre  
Flügel  
aus, Flog durch die stillen [Lande]2,  
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

It was as if the sky  
Had quietly kissed the earth,  
So that in a shower of blossoms  
She must only dream of him.  
The breeze wafted through the  
fields,  
The ears of corn waved gently,  
The forests rustled faintly,  
So sparkling clear was the night.  
And my soul stretched its wings out  
far,  
Flew through the still lands,  
as if it were flying home.

## Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,  
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,  
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,  
Da wird das Herz mir frei. [Es]1

Sometimes I can sing as if I were  
happy,  
but secretly tears well up and free  
my heart.  
The nightingales, when spring  
breezes play,  
let their songs of yearning resound

lassen Nachtigallen, Spielt draußen  
Frühlingsluft,  
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen  
Aus ihres [Kerkers]2 Gruft.  
[Da]3 lauschen alle Herzen,  
Und alles ist erfreut, Doch keiner  
[fühlt]3  
die Schmerzen,  
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

from the depths of their dungeons.  
Then all hearts listen and everyone  
rejoices;  
yet no one truly feels the anguish  
of the song's deep sorrow.

### **Vanne, O Rosa Fortunata**

Vanne, o rosa fortunata,  
a posar di Nice in petto  
ed ognun sarà costretto  
la tua sorte invidiar.  
Oh, se in te potessi anch'io  
transformarmi un sol momento;  
non avria più bel  
contento  
questo core a sospirar.  
Ma tu inchini dispettosa,  
bella rosa impallidita,  
la tua fronte scolorita  
dallo sdegno e dal dolor.  
Bella rosa, è destinata  
ad entrambi un'ugual sorte;  
là trovar dobbiam la  
morte, tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

Go, fortunate rose,  
to rest at Nice's breast  
and all will be forced  
to envy your fate.  
Oh, if I could change myself  
into you, but for a moment,  
my heart would long  
for no greater happiness.  
But you bow your head with spite,  
fair faded rose,  
your brow loses all colour  
from disdain and pain.  
Lovely rose, it is destined,  
that we meet the same fate:  
we shall both meet death there,  
you from envy and I of love.

### **Per pietà, bell'idol mio**

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,  
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;  
infelice e sventurato  
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.  
Se fedele a te son io,  
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,  
sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi  
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol  
do not tell me that I am ungrateful;  
unhappy and unfortunate enough  
has heaven made me.  
That I am faithful to you,  
that I languish under your bright  
gaze,  
Love knows, the gods know,  
my heart knows, and yours knows.



## Ma rendi pur contento

Ma rendi pur contento  
della mia bella il core,  
e ti perdono, amore,  
se lieto il mio non è.  
Gli affanni suoi pavento  
più degli affanni miei,  
perché più vivo in lei  
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Only make happy  
The heart of my beautiful lady,  
And I will pardon you, love  
If my own heart is not glad.  
Her troubles I fear  
More than my own troubles,  
Because I live more in her  
Than I live in myself.

## Cinque...dieci....venti...

### FIGARO:

Cinque... dieci.... venti...  
trenta...  
trentasei...quarantatre

### FIGARO:

Five...Ten...twenty...thirty...  
thirty-six....fourty-three

### SUSANNA:

Ora sì ch'io son contenta;  
sembra fatto inver per me.  
Guarda un po', mio caro Figaro,  
guarda adesso il mio cappello.

### SUSANNA:

Yes, I am happy with it now  
It seems as if it was made for me.  
Just look a moment, my dearest  
Figaro,  
look over here at my hat.

### FIGARO:

Sì mio core, or è più bello,  
sembra fatto inver per te.

### FIGARO:

Yes, my heart, it's much prettier  
now,  
It seems as if it was made for you.

### SUSANNA e FIGARO:

Ah, il mattino alle nozze vicino  
quanto è dolce al mio/tuo tenero  
sposo  
questo bel cappellino vezzoso  
che Susanna ella stessa si fe'.

### SUSANNA and FIGARO:

Ah, on the morning of our wedding  
day  
How sweet to my loving bridegroom  
is this charming little hat,  
which Susanna made herself.