

4-2-2014

## Junior Recital: Eliodoro Castillo, bass baritone

Eliodoro Castillo

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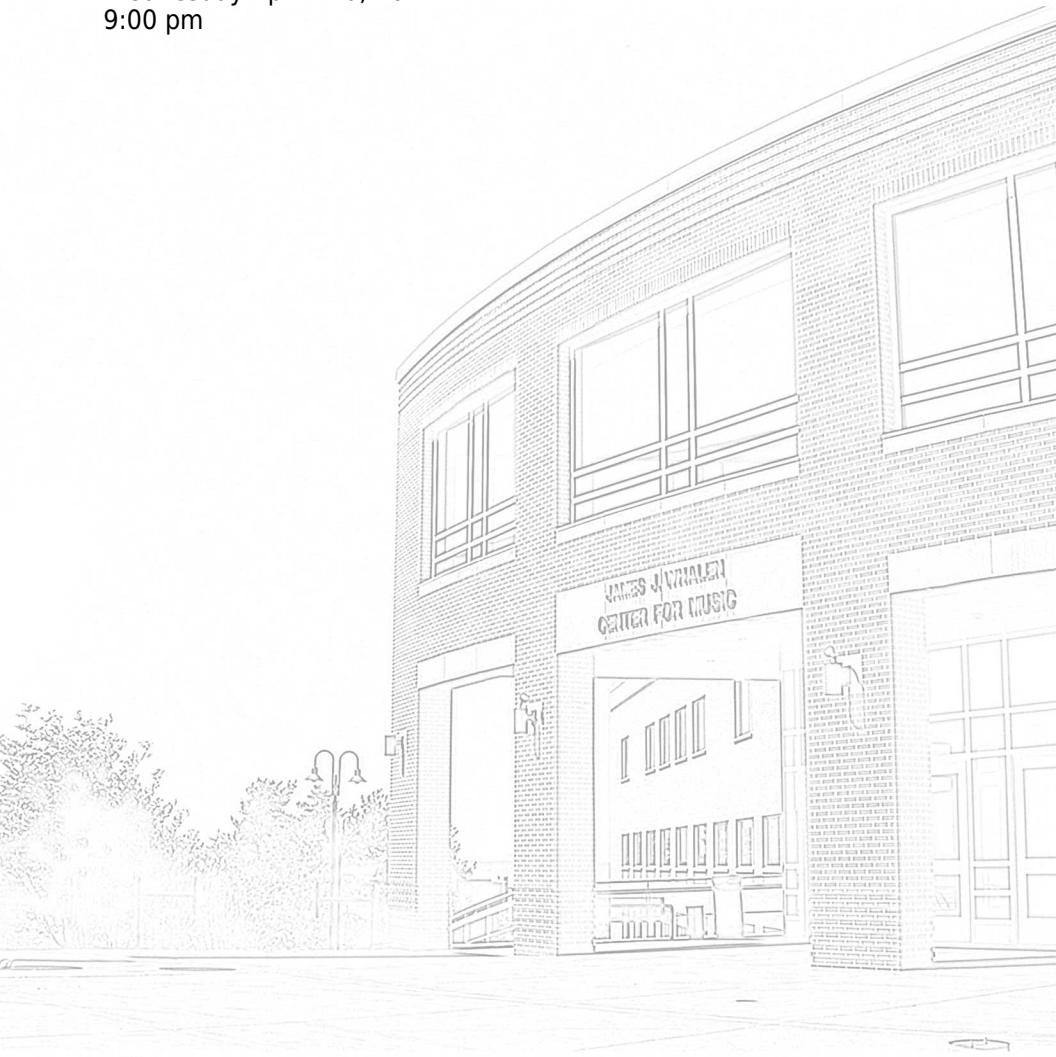
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**Junior Recital:**  
Eliodoro Castillo, bass-baritone

In collaboration with Amy Brinkman-Davis

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Wednesday April 2nd, 2014  
9:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Das Rosenband  
Im Haine  
Ganymed

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Aprile  
Il Pescatore Canta

Francesco Tosti  
(1846-1916)

O del mio amato ben..

Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)

## Intermission

Offrande  
Fumée  
Infidélité

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874-1947)

Waitin  
Love in the Thirties  
Black Max  
George

William Bolcom  
(b. 1938)

## Das Rosenband

Im Frühlings Schatten fand ich sie,  
Da band ich Sie mit Rosenbändern:  
Sie fühlt' es nicht und  
schlummerte.

In spring shade I found her,  
and bound her with rosy ribbons:  
she did not feel it, and slumbered  
on.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing  
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:  
Ich fühlt' es wohl und wußt' es  
nicht.

I looked at her; my life hung  
with that gaze on her life:  
I felt it well, but knew it not.

Doch lispelt' ich ihr sprachlos zu  
Und rauschte mit den  
Rosenbändern.  
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer  
auf.

But I whispered wordlessly to her  
and rustled the rosy ribbons.  
Then she awoke from her slumber.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing  
Mit diesem Blick an meinem Leben,  
Und um uns ward's Elysium

She looked at me; her life hung  
with this gaze on my life:  
and around us it became Elysium.

## Im Haine

Sonnestrahlen  
Durch die Tannen,  
Wie sie fallen,  
Zieh'n von dannen  
Alle Schmerzen,  
Und im Herzen  
Wohnt reiner Friede nur.

Sunbeams  
through the fir-trees  
falling,  
Draw from  
there all pain;  
and in our hearts  
dwells pure peace only.

Stille Sausen  
Lauer Lüfte,  
Und in Brausen  
Zarter Düfte,  
Die sich neigen  
Aus den Zweigen,  
Atmet aus die ganze Flur.

The still murmuring  
of mild breezes,  
And the whispering  
of delicate scents:  
they float down  
from the branches,  
breathing gently on the entire  
meadow.

Wenn nur immer  
Dunkle Bäume,  
Sonnenschimmer,  
Grüne Säume  
Uns umblühten  
Und umglühten,  
Tilgend aller Qualen Spur

If only  
the dark trees,  
the shimmering sunlight,  
and the green forest-edge,  
could blossom  
and glow around us all the time,  
erasing every trace of pain

## Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herze drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme Heilig  
Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!

Daß ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen  
Lieg' ich, schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras

Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend nach mir aus dem  
Nebeltal.

Ich komm', ich komme!  
Wohin? Ach, wohin?

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehnennden  
Liebe.

Mir! Mir!  
In eurem Schosse Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfängen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Allliebender Vater

How in the morning light  
you glow around me,  
beloved Spring!  
With love's thousand-fold bliss,  
to my heart presses  
the eternal warmth of sacred  
feelings  
and endless beauty!

Would that I could clasp  
you in these arms!

Ah, at your breast  
I lie and languish,  
and your flowers and your grass

press themselves to my heart.  
You cool the burning  
thirst of my breast,  
lovely morning wind!  
The nightingale calls  
lovingly to me from the misty  
vale.

I am coming, I am coming!  
but whither? To where?

Upwards I strive, upwards!  
The clouds float  
downwards, the clouds  
bow down to yearning love.

To me! To me!  
In your lap upwards!  
Embracing, embraced!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
All-loving Father!

## Aprile

Non senti tu ne l'aria  
il profumo che spande  
Primavera?

Non senti tu ne l'anima  
il suon de nova voce  
lusinghiera?

È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!  
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil  
su' prati'n fiore!

Il piè trarrai fra mammole,  
avrà su'l petto rose e cilestrine,

e le farfalle candide  
t'aleggeranno intorno al nero  
crine.

È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!

Deh! vieni, o mia gentil  
su' prati'n fiore!

Do you not smell on the air  
the wafting perfume of Spring?

Do you not hear in your soul  
the tunes of a new coaxing  
voice?

It is April -- the season of love:  
Come! Come, my love,  
into the blooming fields...

Your paths are strewn with  
violets,  
you will dress with roses and  
bluebells,  
and pure white butterflies  
will dance lightly around your  
hair.

It is April! It's the season of  
love!

Come! o my love,  
into the blooming fields!

## Il Pescatore Canta

Hai le pupille così grandi e chiare  
che dentro a quelle si rispecchia  
amore:  
o bella, che cammini lungo il mare,  
sovra la spiaggia canta un  
pescatore.

Un pescatore canta  
e se ne muore e tu cammini  
e non ti vuoi fermare:  
sorge la luna bianca come un fiore,  
e il pescatore canta, e dorme il  
mare!

O bella, il cuor mio tutto era d'oro  
e l'ho smarrito in una dolce sera;  
v'erano tutte le sirene in coro  
ma chi la ritrovò, bella, non c'era!

E il pescatore canta:  
amore, amore,  
m'hai preso il cuore  
e non ti vuoi fermare!  
Sorge la luna bianca  
come un fiore  
e il pescatore canta  
e dorme il mare. Ah!... Ah!...

Have the pupils so large and clear  
which is reflected in those love:  
or beautiful, that you walk along  
the sea,  
over the beach singing a fisherman.

A fisherman sings  
and if it dies and you walk  
and you do not want to stop:  
is the white moon like a flower,  
and the fisherman sings, and sleeps  
the sea!

O beautiful, my heart was all gold  
and I lost a sweet evening;  
there were all sirens in unison  
but who found himself, beautiful,  
was not there!

And the fisherman sings:  
Love, love,  
hast my heart  
and do not want to stop!  
The moon rises  
like a white flower  
and fisherman sings  
sleeps sea. Ah ... Ah! ...

## 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;

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly  
beloved!  
Far from my eyes is she  
who was, to me, glory and pride!  
Now through the empty rooms  
I always seek him and call her  
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;

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

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.

### Offrande

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des  
feuilles et des branches

Here are some fruit, some flowers,  
some leaves and some  
branches,

Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat  
que pour vous.

And then here is my heart, which  
beats only for you.

Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux  
mains blanches

Do not rip it up with your two white  
hands,

Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble  
présent soit doux.

And may the humble present be  
sweet in your beautiful eyes!

J'arrive tout couvert encore de  
rosée

I arrive all covered in dew,

Que le vent du matin vient glacer à  
mon front.

Which the wind of morning comes  
to freeze on my forehead.

Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos  
pieds reposée,

Suffer my fatigue as I repose at  
your feet,

Rêve des chers instants qui la  
délaisseront.

Dreaming of dear instants that will  
refresh me.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler  
ma tête

On your young breast allow my  
head to rest,

Toute sonore encore de vos  
derniers baisers;

Still ringing with your last kisses;

Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne  
tempête,

Let it calm itself after the pleasant  
tempest,

Et que je dorme un peu puisque  
vous reposez.

And let me sleep a little, since you  
are resting



## Fumée

Compagne de l'ether, indolente  
fumée,  
Je te ressemble un peu...  
Ta vie est d'un instant, la  
mienne est consumée;  
Mais nous sortons du feu.

L'homme pour subsister, en  
recueillant la cendre,  
Qu'il use ses genoux,  
Sans plus nous soucier et sans  
jamais descendre,  
Evanouissons-nous!

Companion of the ether,  
indolent smoke,  
I resemble you a bit:  
Your life is but an instant, my  
own is consumed  
Yet we emerge from the fire.

Man, to subsist, must gather  
ashes,  
Down on his knees!  
So without a concern and  
without ever descending,

Let us vanish!

## Infidélité

Voici l'orme qui balance  
Son ombre sur le sentier:  
Voici le jeune églantier,  
Le bois où dort le silence.  
  
Le banc de pierre où le soir  
Nous aimions à nous asseoir.

Voici la voûte embaumée  
D'ébéniers et de lilas,  
Où, lorsque nous étions las,  
Ensemble, ma bien aimée!  
Sous des guirlandes de fleurs,  
Nous laissions fuir les chaleurs.

L'air est pur, le gazon doux ...  
Rien n'a donc changé que vous.

Here is an elm that sways  
Its shadow on the path;  
Here is the young wild rose,  
The woods where silence  
sleeps;  
  
The stone bench where, at  
evening,  
We would love to sit.  
  
Here is the fragrant canopy  
Of ebony and lilac trees,  
Where, when we were tired,  
Together, my beloved,  
Beneath garlands of flowers,  
We would let the heat waft by!

The air is pure, sweet the grass  
...  
Nothing has changed but you!