

4-4-2014

## Junior Recital: Martin Castonguay, baritone

Martin Castonguay

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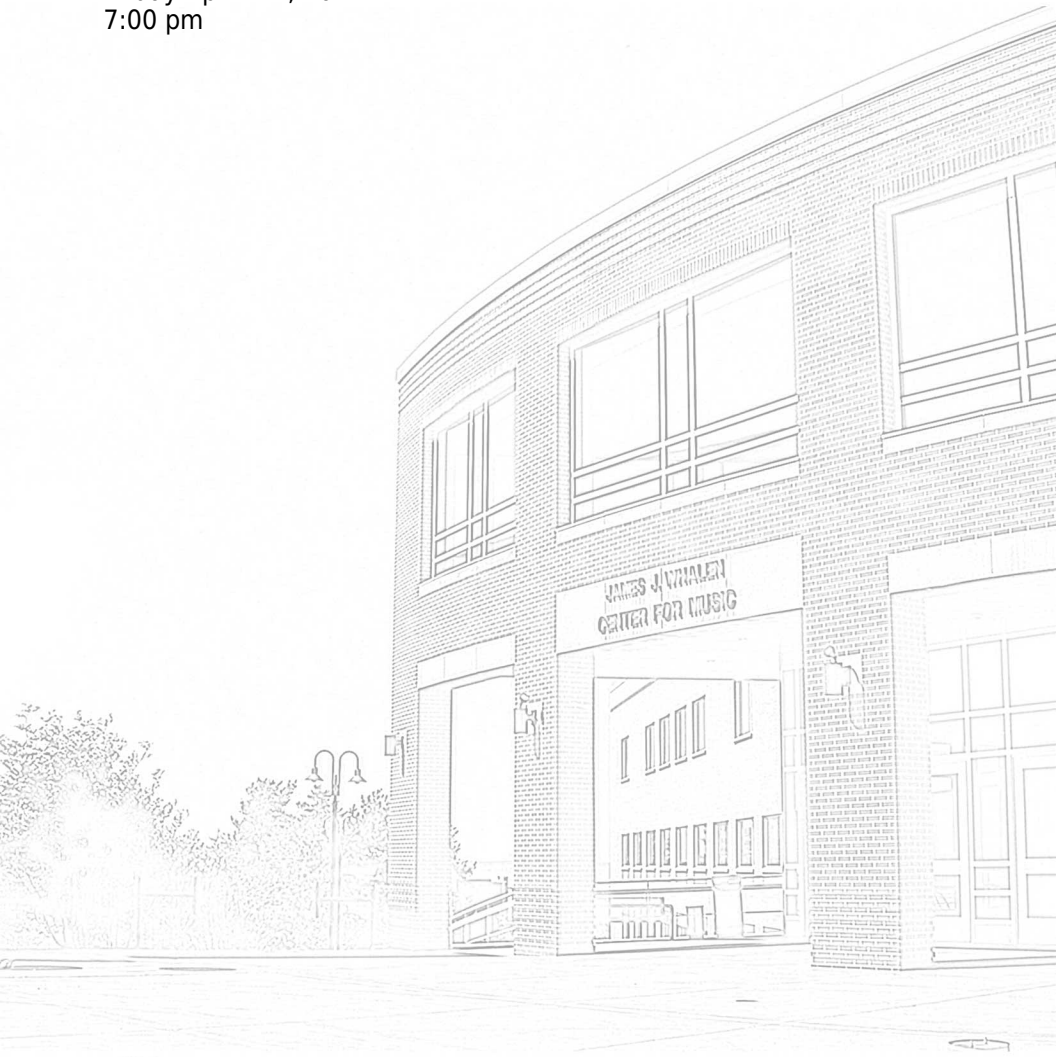
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**Junior Recital:**  
Martin Castonguay, baritone

Accompanied by Francine Darling

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Friday April 4th, 2014  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music



# Program

Già il sole dal Gange  
Nel cor più non mi sento  
Pietà, Signore  
Che fiero costume

Alessandro Scarlatti  
Giovanni Paisiello  
attrib. Alessandro Stradella  
Giovanni Legrenzi

Widmung  
Die Lotosblume  
Ich grolle nicht  
waldesgespräch

Robert Schumann

# Intermission

Scene VII-Bob's Bedroom  
(*When the air sings of summer*)

Gian Carlo Menotti

Six Songs from "*A Shropshire lad*"  
I. Lovliest of trees  
II. When I was one-and-twenty  
III. Look not in my eyes  
IV. Think no more lad  
V. The ladfs in their hundreds  
VI. Is my team plowing?

George Butterworth

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Martin  
Castonguay is from the studio of Ivy Walz.

## Translations

### Già il sole dal gange

Già il sole dal Gange	Already, from over the Ganges, the sun
Più chiaro sfavilla, E terge ogni stilla Dell'alba che piange.	Sparkles more brightly And dries every drop of the dawn, which weeps.

Col raggio dorato Ingemma ogni stello, E gli astri del cielo Dipinge nel prato.	With the gilded ray It adorns each blade of grass; And the stars of the sky It paints in the field.
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### Nel cor più non mi sento

Nel cor più non mi sento Brillar la gioventù; Cagion del mio tormento, Amor, sei colpa tu. Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi, Mi pungichi, mi mastichi; Che cosa è Questo ahimè? Pietà, pietà, pietà! Amore è un certo che, Che disperar mi fa.	No longer do I feel youth blazing in my hear; The cause of my torment, my love, is you! You sting me, you poke me, you pinch me, you chew me. Alas, what is this thing? Pity, pity, have pity! My love, it is certain that you make me despair!
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### Pieta, Signore

Pietà, Signore, di me dolente! Signor, pietà, se a te giunge il mio pregar; non mi punisca il tuo rigor, meno severi, clementi ognora, volgi i tuoi sguardi sopra di me, Sopra di me.	Have mercy, Lord, on me in my remorse! Lord, have mercy if my prayer rises to you; do not chastise me in your severity, less harshly, always mercifully, look down on me, etc.
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Non fia mai	Never let me
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che nell'inferno  
sia dannato  
nel fuoco eterno  
dal tuo rigor.

be condemned  
to hell  
in the eternal fire  
by your severity.

Gran Dio, giammai  
sia dannato  
nel fuoco eterno  
dal tuo rigor, dal tuo rigor.  
Pietà, Signore,  
Signor, pietà  
di me dolente,  
se a te giunge  
il mio pregare, il mio  
pregare.  
Meno severi,  
clementi ognora,  
volgi i tuoi sguardi,  
deh! volgi sguardi  
su me, Signor, su me,  
Signor.

Almighty God, never let me  
be condemned to hell  
in the eternal fire  
by your severity, etc.  
Have mercy, Lord,  
Lord, have mercy  
on me in my remorse,  
if my prayer  
rises to you, etc.  
Less harshly,  
always mercifully,  
look down,  
ah! look down  
on me, Lord, etc.  
Have mercy, Lord  
on me in my remorse, etc.

### **Che fiero costume**

Che fiero costume  
D'aligero nume,  
Che a forza di pene si  
faccia adorar!  
E pur nell' ardore  
Il dio traditore  
Un vago sembiante mi fe'  
idolstrar.

How cruel are the ways  
of that pitiless god,  
to make us worship him by  
making us suffer!  
The treacherous deity  
compels me in my passion  
to idolize a pleasing  
appearance.

Che crudo destino  
Che un cieco bambino  
Con bocca di latte si faccia  
stimar!  
Ma questo tiranno  
Con barbaro inganno,  
Entrando per gli occhi, mi  
fe' sospirar!

O evil fate,  
that a sightless infant,  
his mouth still full of milk,  
can command my respect.  
Yet this false  
and barbarous tyrant  
has entered through my  
eyes to bring me grief.

## Widmung

Du meine Seele,  
du mein Herz,  
Du meine Wonn',  
o du mein Schmerz,  
Du meine Welt,  
in der ich lebe,  
Mein Himmel du,  
darin ich schwebe,  
O du mein Grab,  
in das hinab  
Ich ewig meinen  
Kummer gab!  
Du bist die Ruh,  
du bist der Frieden,  
Du bist vom Himmel,  
mir beschieden.  
Daß du mich liebst,  
macht mich mir wert,  
Dein Blick hat  
mich vor mir verklärt,  
Du hebst mich  
liebend über mich,  
Mein guter Geist,  
mein beßres Ich!

You my soul,  
you my heart,  
you my bliss,  
o you my pain,  
you the world  
in which I live;  
you my heaven,  
in which I float,  
o you my grave,  
into which  
I eternally cast my grief.  
You are rest,  
you are peace,  
you are bestowed  
upon me from heaven.  
That you love me  
makes me  
worthy of you;  
your gaze  
transfigures me;  
you raise me  
lovingly above myself,  
my good spirit,  
my better self!

## Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt  
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht  
Und mit gesenktem Haupte  
Erwartet sie träumend  
die Nacht.

The lotus flower is anxious  
In the Sun's radiance,  
And with hanging head  
Waits, dreaming,  
for Night.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle  
Er weckt sie  
mit seinem Licht,  
Und ihm entschleiert  
sie freundlich  
Ihr frommes  
Blumengesicht,

The moon, who is her  
lover,  
Awakens her  
with his light,  
And for him she  
smilingly unveils  
Her innocent

Sie blüht und  
glüht und leuchtet  
Und starret  
stumm in die Höh';  
Sie duftet  
und weinet und zittert  
Vor Liebe  
und Liebesweh.

face of blooms

She blooms and  
glows and gleams  
And gazes  
silently upwards;  
She sends forth fragrance,  
and weeps and trembles,  
With love  
and love's torment.

### Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht,  
und wenn das Herz  
auch bricht,  
Ewig verlornes Lieb!  
Ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst  
in Diamantenpracht,  
Es fällt kein Strahl in  
deines Herzens Nacht.  
Das weiß ich längst.

I bear no grudge,  
even when my heart  
is breaking!  
Love lost forever!  
I bear no grudge.  
Although you shine  
in diamond splendor,  
No beam falls into  
the night of your heart.  
I will know that for all time.

Ich grolle nicht,  
und wenn das Herz  
auch bricht,  
Ich sah dich ja  
im Traume,  
Und sah die Nacht in  
deines Herzens Raume,  
Und sah die Schlang',  
die dir am Herzen frißt,  
Ich sah, mein Lieb,  
wie sehr du elend bist.

I bear no grudge,  
and when my heart  
is breaking!  
I truly saw you  
in my dreams  
And saw the night in  
the room of your heart,  
And saw the snake  
that bites your heart;  
I saw, my dear,  
how truly miserable you  
are.



## Waldegespräch

Es ist schon spät,  
es ist schon kalt,  
Was reitst du  
einsam durch den Wald?  
Der Wald ist lang,  
du bist allein,  
Du schöne Braut!  
Ich führ dich heim!

It is already late,  
it is already cold;  
why do you ride  
alone through the wood?  
The wood is vast  
and you are alone,  
you fair bride!  
I will lead you home.

"Groß ist der Männer  
Trug und List,  
Vor Schmerz mein  
Herz gebrochen ist,  
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn  
her und hin,  
O flieh! Du weißt nicht,  
wer ich bin."

"Great are the deceit  
and cunning of men;  
my heart has  
broken for pain.  
The forest horn  
strays here and there,  
o flee! You do not  
know who I am."

So reich geschmückt  
ist Roß und Weib,  
So wunderschön  
der junge Leib,  
Jetzt kenn ich dich  
Gott steh mir bei!  
Du bist die  
Hexe Lorelei.

So richly decked  
are mount and lady,  
so wondrously fair  
the young form;  
now I recognize you  
God stand by me!  
You are the  
Witch Loreley.

"Du kennst mich wohl  
von hohem Stein  
Schaut still mein  
Schloß tief in den Rhein.  
Es ist schon spät,  
es ist schon kalt,  
Kommst nimmermehr  
aus diesem Wald."

"You recognize me well  
from the lofty cliffs  
my castle gazes  
down into the Rhine.  
It is already late,  
it is already cold  
you shall never again  
leave this wood."