

9-12-2014

Senior Recital: Brett Pond, baritone

Brett Pond

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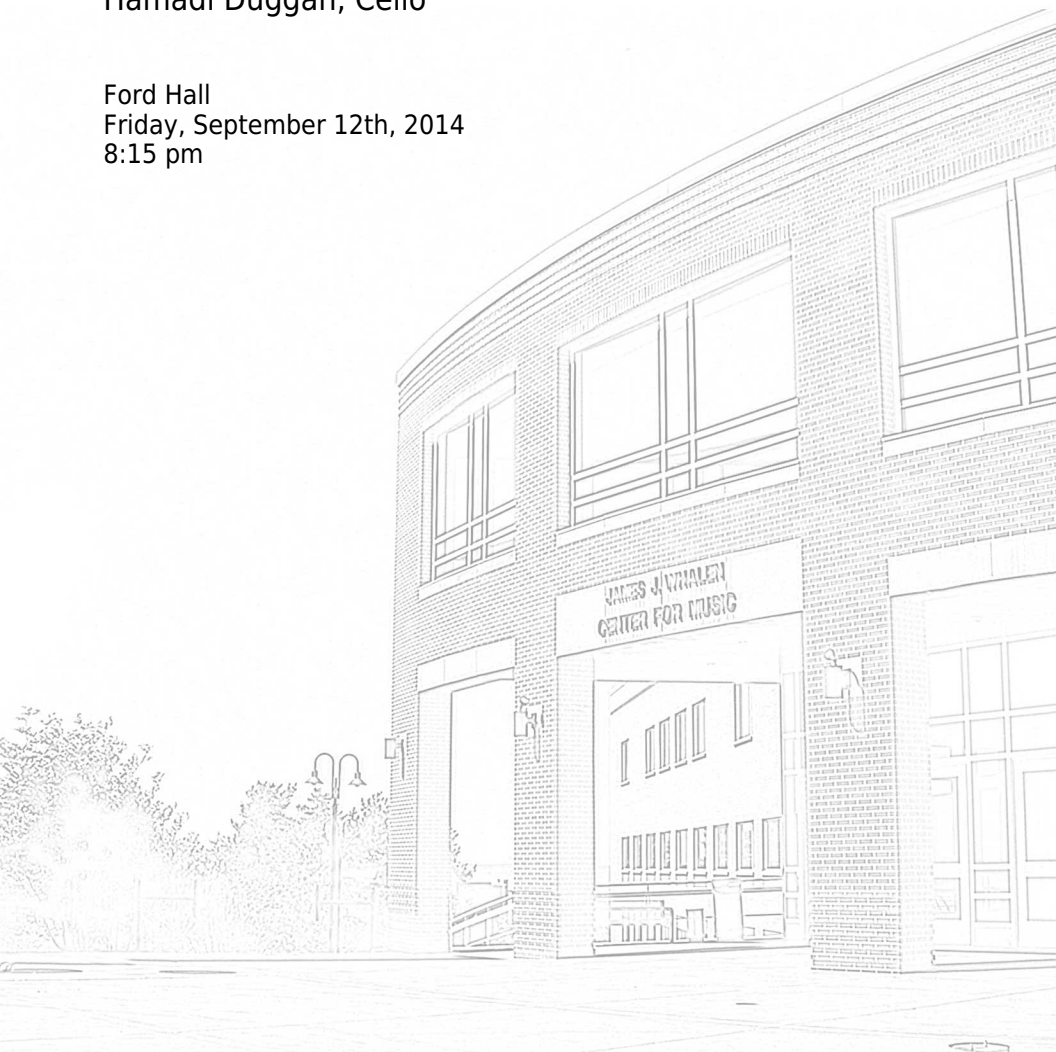
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Senior Recital:
Brett Pond, Baritone
Ali Cherrington, Piano

Kevin Pham, Violin
Emilie Benigno, Violin
Carly Rockenhauser, Viola
Hamadi Duggan, Cello

Ford Hall
Friday, September 12th, 2014
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

O falce di luna Calante
Notte
Un Sogno

Ottorino Respighi
1879-1936

Falshivaja nota
Razljubila krasna devitsa
Krasavitsa-ruibachka *Hamadi Duggan, Cello*
Morskaja tsarevna

Alexander Borodin
1833-1887

Hérodiade
Vision Fugitive

Jules Massenet
1842-1912

Intermission

Bitten
Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur
Andenken
Neue Liebe, neues Leben

Ludwig van Beethoven
1770-1827

Dover Beach

Samuel Barber
1910-1981

Kevin Pham, Violin
Emilie Benigno, Violin
Carly Rockenhauser, Viola
Hamadi Duggan, Cello

Translations

O falce di luna calante

O falce di luna calante
Che brilli su l'acque deserte,

O falce d'argento, qual
mèsse di sogni

Ondeggia a'l tuo mite
chiarore qua giù!

Aneliti brevi di foglie

Di fiori di flutti da'l Bosco

Esalano a'l mare: non canto,
non grido,

Non suono pe'l vasto silenzio
va.

Oppresso d'amor, di piacere,

Il popol de' vivi s'addorme.

O falce calante, qual mèsse
di sogni

Ondeggia a'l tuo mite
chiarore qua giù!

O waning crescent moon

O waning crescent moon
Which shines on the empty
waters,

Oh silvery crescent, let your
gentle glimmer

Flood down like a harvest of
dreams!

Let the brief fluttering of
leaves

Of flowers and breezes from
the wood,

Pass on to the sea: no song,
no cry,

Let no sound be heard in the
immense silence.

Weighed down with love and
pleasure

The people of the living
sleep.

Oh waning crescent, let your
gentle glimmer

Flood down like a harvest of
dreams!

Notte

Sul giardino fantastico
Profumato di rosa
La carezza de l'ombra
posa.

Pure ha un pensiero e un
palpito

la quiete suprema,
L'aria come per brivido
trema.

La luttuosa tenebra
Una storia di morte
Racconta alle cardenie
smorte?

Night

On the fanciful garden
Perfumed with roses
The caress of the shadow
rests.

Yet it has a thought and a
pulse

The absolute stillness,
The air, as if shivering
trembles.

Perhaps the mournful
darkness
Tells to the pale gardenias
A story of death?

Forse perché una pioggia

Di soave rugiade
Entro i socchiusi petali
cade
Su l'ascose miserie e su
l'ebrezze perdute,
Sui muti sogni e l'ansie
mute
Su le fugaci gioie
Che il disinganno infrange
La notte le sue lacrime
piange. Piange.

Un Sogno

Io non odo i miei passi nel
viale muto
Per ove il sogno mi
conduce
È l'ora del silenzio e della
luce.
Un velario di perle è il
cielo, eguale.
Attingono i cipressi
Con le oscure punte quel
cielo:
Immoti, senza pianto;
Ma sono tristi, ma non sono
tanto tristi
I cipressi de le sepolture.

Il paese d'intorno è
sconosciuto,
Quasi informe,
Abitato da un mistero
antichissimo,
Dove il mio pensiero si
perde
Andando pel viale muto.
Io non odo i miei passi,
Io sono come un'ombra;
Il mio dolore è come
un'ombra;

Perhaps it is because a
shower
Of gentle dew
Within the half-closed
petals falls
Upon the hidden sorrows
and upon delights lost,
Upon mute dreams and
silent fears
Upon the fleeting joys
That the disillusion shatters
That the night its tears
weeps. Weeps.

A Dream

I do not hear my steps in
the mute avenue
For where the dream leads
me
It is the time of silence and
light.
A curtain of pearls is the
sky, equal.
Draw the cypresses
With the dark tips of that
sky:
Motionless, without tears;
But I am sad, but I'm not so
sad
The cypresses of the
burials.
The country around us is
unknown,
Almost shapeless,
Inhabited by an ancient
mystery,
Where my thoughts are
lost
Going to the mute avenue.
I do not hear my footsteps,
I am like a shadow;
My pain is like a shadow,

È tutta la mia vita come
un'ombra vaga,
Inceta, indistinta,
senza nome.

Falshivaja nota

Ana fsjo v ljubvi uvjerjala.

Ne veril, ne veril ja jej:

Falshivaja nota zvuchala
i v rechi, i v serdse u njej;

i eta ana panimala...

Razljubila krasna devitsa

Razljubila krasna devitsa

Mai kudri, glaza jasnuie

Razljubila nena gladnaja

Mai pesni, rechi krasnuie.

Zatumanilis fse radosti,
Butta tsvetiki zavjanuli;

Laski neznuie, nebesnuie

Slovna kamnem v vodu
kanuli.

Shtoz mne delat at
kruchinushki?

Polechu ja v vujs
nebesnuju,

Zapoju tam o svojej ljubvi

Pesnju zvonkuju,
chudjesnuju, zapoju.

All of my life is like a vague
shadow,
Uncertain, indistinct,
without name.

False note

She always assured me in
love.

I did not believe, I told her I
did not believe:

The false note sounded
And in speech, and in her
heart;

She realized it herself...

She fell out of love, the fair maiden

She fell out of love, the fair
maiden

With my curly hair, my fair
eyes

She fell out of love, my
beloved

With my songs, and my
beautiful words.

A misty veil covers all joys,
As though the little flowers
wilted;

Tender embraces,
heavenly

As thought it sinks down
like a rock and disappears.

What am I to do because of
my sadness?

I'm going to fly upwards to
the sky,

And start singing there a
song about my love

A wonderful, ringing song,
and start singing.

Krasavitsa-ruibachka

Krasavitsa ruibachka!
Prav k beregu ladju

i vuit i sjat so mnoju,
daj ruku mne svoju.
Golofku mne na serdse bes
straxa paladji.
Morskim volnam
bespechna
Vverjaeshsja dje tui?
A serdse to dje more:

to buri vjem to tish,

i mnoga perlov chudnuix
sokruita v grubine.

Beautiful fisherwoman

Beautiful fisherwoman!
Direct your boat towards
the shore
Get out and sit down,
and give me your hand.
Put your little head without
fear upon my heart.
After all, don't you trust

The sea waves carelessly?
And the heart is essentially
a sea:
At times there is a tempest
and a calm
A lot of beautiful treasures
are found in the depths of the
heart.

Morskaja tsarevna

Pridi ko mne nochnoj poroj,

O, putnik molodoj! Zdes
pod vodoj
i proxlada i pokoj.
Tui zdes otdoxnjosh,
Tui sladko zasnjosh,
Kachajas na zuibkix vodax,

Gde, negi polna, lish
dremljet volna
V pustuinnuix beregax.

Po zuibi morskoj sama za
toboj
Tsarevna morskaja pluivjot!
Ona manit, ona pojot,
K sebe tebjazovjot...

The sea princess

Come to me at times in the
night,
Oh, young traveler! Here
under the water
It is cool and quiet.
You can rest here,
Sweetly you will fall asleep,
Rocking on unsteady
waters,
Where, full of bliss, you
only slumber beneath the
waves in the deserted
shores.
On the sea she swells
herself for you
The sea princess sails!
She beckons, she sings,
She calls to you...

Vision Fugitive

Ce breuvage pourrait me
donner un tel rêve!
Je pourrais la revoir...
contempler sa beauté!
Divine volupté à mes
regards promise!
Espérance trop brève qui
viens bercer mon coeur
Et troubler ma raison...
Ah! Ne t'enfuis pas douce
illusion!
Vision fugitive et toujours
poursuivie
Ange mystérieux qui prend
toute ma vie...
Ah! C'est toi! Que je veux
voir
Ô mon amour! Ô mon
espoir!
Vision fugitive! C'est toi qui
prends toute ma vie!
Te presser dans mes bras!
Sentir battre ton Coeur
d'une amoureuse ardeur!
Puis mourir enlacés dans
une même ivresse...
Pour ces transports... pour
cette flamme,
Ah! Sans remords et sans
plainte
Je donnerais mon âme
Pour toi mon amour! Mon
espoir!
Vision fugitive! C'est toi qui
prends toute ma vie!
Oui! C'est toi, mon amour!
Toi, mon seul amour, mon
espoir!

Vision Elusive

This potion could grant me
such a dream!
I could see her again...
gaze on her beauty!
Divine pleasure to my
promised sight!
Hope too brief which
comes to lull my heart
And to trouble my mind...
Ah! Do not escape ever
sweet illusion!
Vision elusive and always
pursued
Mysterious angel who
takes all of my life...
Ah! It is you! Whom I want
to see
Oh, my love! Oh, my hope!

Vision elusive! It is you who
takes all of my life!
To press you in my arms!
To feel the beat of your
heart, in a loving passion!
Then to die entwined in
that same drunken
exhilaration...
For this transports of joy...
for this passion,
Ah! Without regret and
without complaint
I would give my soul
For you my love! My hope!
Vision elusive! It is you who
takes all of my life!
Yes! It is you, my love!
You, my only love, my
hope!

Bitten

Gott, deine Güte reicht so weit,
So weit die Wolken gehen,
Du krönst uns mit
Barmherzigkeit,
Und eilst, uns beizustehen.
Herr, meine Burg, mein
Fels, mein Hort,
Vernimm mein Flehn, merk
auf mein Wort,
Denn ich will vor dir beten!

Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur.

Die Himmel rumen des
Ewigen Ehre,
Ihr Schall pflanzt seiner
Namen fort,
Ihn rühmt der Erdkreis, ihn
preisen die Meere,
Vernimm, o Mensch, ihr
göttlich Wort!
Wer trägt der Himmel
unzählbare Sterne?
Wer führt die Sonn aus
ihrem Zelt?
Sie kommt und leuchtet
Und lacht uns von ferne,
Und läuft den Weg gleich
als ein Held.

Andenken.

Ich denke dein,
Wenn durch den Hain der
Nachtigallen
Akkorde Schallen!
Wenn denkst du mein?
Ich denke dein,
Im Dämmerchein der
Abendhelle

Pleading

God, your goodness
extends so far,
So far as the clouds go,
You crown us with mercy,

And hurry, and assist us.
Lord, my fortress, my rock,
my stronghold,
Hear my entreaties, notice
my word,
For I will pray before you!

The Glory of God in Nature.

The sky praises the eternal
honor,
Their sound planted its
name away,
The world praises him, the
seas praise him,
Hear, o man, his divine
word!
Who bears the sky and
innumerable stars?
Who leads the sun from its
canopy?
She comes and lights
And laughs at us from afar,
And runs the way like a
hero.

Memory

I think of you,
When through the grove
the nightingales
Chords are ringing!
When do you think of me?
I think of you,
In the twilight shine of the
evening sunset

Am Schattenquelle!
Wo denkst du mein?
Ich denke dein,
Mit süßer Pein, mit bangem
Sehnen
Und heißen Tränen!
Wie denkst du mein?
O denke mein, bis zum
Verein
Auf besserm Sterne!
In jeder Ferne denk ich nur
dein!

By the shadowy spring!
Where do you think of me?
I think of you,
With sweet pain, with
anxious longing
And passionate tears!
How do you think of me?
Oh think of me, until the
union
On a better star!
No matter how far I only
think of you!

Neue Liebe, neues Leben.

Herz, mein Herz, was soll
das geben?
Was bedrätet dich so sehr?

Welch ein fremdes neues
Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht
mehr.
Weg ist alles, was du
liebtest,
Weg warum du dich
betrübtest,
Weg dein Fleiß und deine
Ruh;
Ach, wie kamst du nur
dazu!
Fesselt dich die
Jugendblüte,
Diese liebliche Gestalt,
Dieser Blick voll Treu und
Güte
Mit unendlicher Gewalt?
Will ich rasch mich ihr
entziehen,
Mich ermannen, ihr
entfliehen,
Führet mich him
Augenblick,

New life, new love.

Heart, my heart, what does
this mean?
What oppresses you so
much?
What a strange new life!

I don't recognize you
anymore.
Gone is all, that you loved,
Gone, why you yourself
were troubled,
Gone is your diligence and
your peace;
Ah, how did you come to
this!
Does the bloom of youth
entrap you,
This lovely figure,
This gaze full of trust and
goodness
With unending power?
If I tried to flee from her,
Gather my courage and
flee from her,
It would lead me in a
moment

Ach, mein Weg zu ihr
zurück,
Und an diesem
Zauberfädchen,
Das sich nicht zerreißen
läßt,
Hält das liebe, lose
Mädchen mich so
Wider Willen fest; muß in
ihrem
Zauberkreise leben nun auf
ihre Weise.
Die Veränderung, ach wie
groß!
Liebe! Liebe! Laß mich los!

Ah, my path right back to
her,
And by this magic thread,
That will not be broken,
Holds the dear, rash
maiden me so
Against my will fast; I must
in her
Magic circle now live the
way she does.
The change, ah how great!
Love! Love! Let me go!