

11-9-2014

## Junior Recital: Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone

Nathan Haltiwanger

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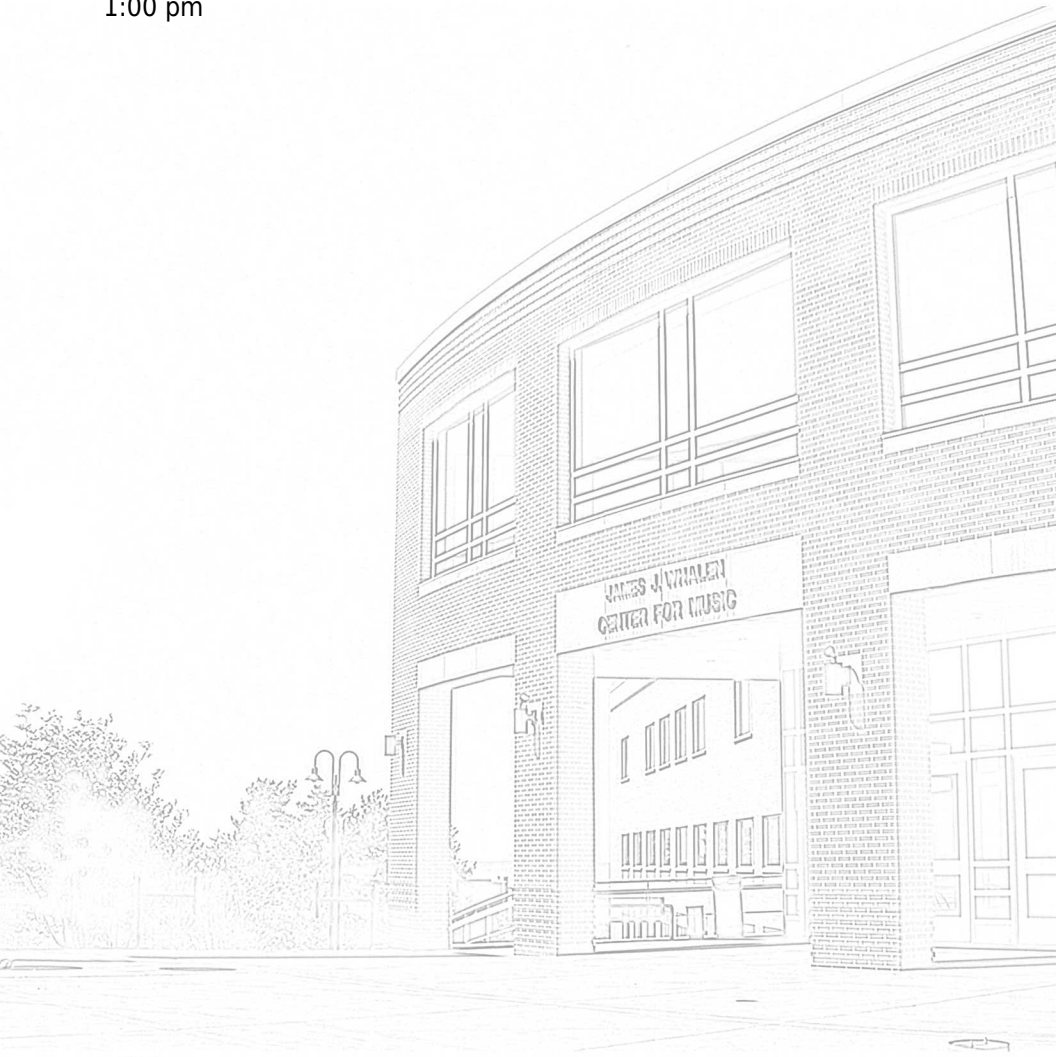
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**Junior Recital:**  
Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone

Alison Cherrington, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Sunday, November 9th, 2014  
1:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

## Program

"See the raging flames"  
from *Joshua*

George Frideric Handel  
1685-1759

Chansons de Don Quichotte  
Chanson du départ  
Chanson à Dulcinée  
Chanson du Duc  
Chanson de la mort

Jacques Ibert  
1890-1962

Auf einer Wanderung  
Denk es, o Seele  
Der Rattenfänger

Hugo Wolf  
1860-1903

## Intermission

La serenata  
Mattinata  
Ideale

Francesco Paolo Tosti  
1846-1916

War Scenes

1. A night battle
2. Specimen case
3. An incident
5. The real war will never get in the books

Ned Rorem  
1923-

*To those who died in Vietnam, both sides.*

## Translations

### Chansons de Don Quichotte

#### Chanson du départ

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice	This new castle, this new building,
Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre	All enriched with marble and porphyry,
Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire	That love built as a castle for his empire
où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,	Where all of heaven added their skills,
Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice,	It is a rampart, a fortress against vice,
Où la vertueuse maîtresse se retire,	Where the virtuous mistress hides herself away,
Que l'oeil regarde et que l'esprit admire	That the eye beholds and the spirit admires,
Forçant les coeurs à lui faire service.	Forcing hearts to her service.

C'est un château, fait de telle sorte	It is a castle, made in such a way
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte	That none may approach its door
Si des grands rois il n'a sauvé sa race	Unless he has saved his people from the great kings,
Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.	Victorious, valiant and loving
Nul chevalier tant soit aventureux	No knight, no matter how adventurous,
Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place.	Can enter without being such a person.

#### Chanson à Dulcinée

Un an, me dure la journée	A day lasts me a year
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.	If I don't see my Dulcinea.
Mais, Amour a peint son visage,	But, Love painted her face,
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,	so as to soften my languor
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,	in the fountain and the cloud
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.	in each dawn and each flower.

Un an, me dure la journée	A day lasts me a year
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Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.  
Toujours proche et toujours  
lointaine,  
Etoile de mes longs chemins.  
Le vent m'apporte son haleine  
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.

If I don't see my Dulcinea.  
Always near and always far,  
star of my long journeys.  
The wind brings me her breath  
when it blows over the jasmine  
flowers.

### Chanson du Duc

Je veux chanter ici la Dame de  
mes songes  
Qui m'exalte au dessus de ce  
siècle de boue  
Son cœur de diamant est vierge  
de mensonges  
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de  
sa joue

I want to sing here the lady of  
my dreams,  
Who elates me above this  
muddy century.  
Her heart of diamond is  
unblemished of lies.  
The rose hides itself at the sight  
of her cheek.

Pur Elle, j'ai tenté les hautes  
aventures  
Mon bras a délivré la Princesse  
en servage  
J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur,  
confondu les parjures  
Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre  
l'hommage

For her that I attempted high  
adventures.  
My arm freed the princess from  
servitude.  
I defeated the enchanter,  
exposed the perjuries.  
And bent the universe to pay  
her homage.

Dame par qui je vais, soul  
dessus cette terre,  
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la  
fausse apparence  
Je soutiens contre tout Chevalier  
téméraire  
Votre éclat non pareil et votre  
précellence.

Lady, for whom I roam alone on  
this earth,  
the only one not a prisoner of  
false appearances,  
I maintain before any foolhardy  
knight  
your peerless brilliance and  
excellence.

### Chanson de la mort

Ne pleure pas Sancho, ne pleure  
pas, mon bon  
Ton maitre n'est pas mort, il  
n'est pas loin de toi  
Il vit dans une ile heureuse

Do not cry, Sancho, do not cry,  
my good man  
Your master is not dead, he is  
not far from you  
He lives on a happy island

Ou tout est pur et sans  
mensonges  
Dans l'île enfin trouvée ou tu  
viendras un jour  
Dans l'île désirée, o mon ami  
Sancho!  
Les livres sont brulés et font un  
tas de cendres.  
Si tous les livres m'ont tué il  
suffit d'un pour que je vive  
Fantôme dans la vie, et réel  
dans la mort  
Tel est l'étrange sort du pauvre  
Don Quichotte.

where everything is pure and  
without lies  
On the island found at last,  
where you will come one  
day  
On the long-desired island, oh  
my friend Sancho!  
Books burn to piles of ashes.  
If all the books killed me, I just  
need one to live  
A phantom in life and real in  
death  
such is the strange fate of the  
poor Don Quixote.

### Auf einer Wanderung

In ein freundliches Städtchen  
tret' ich ein,  
In den Straßen liegt roter  
Abendschein.  
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,  
Über den reichsten Blumenflor  
Hinweg, hört man  
Goldglockentöne schweben,  
Und eine Stimme scheint ein  
Nachtigallenchor,  
Daß die Blüten beben,  
Daß die Lüfte leben,  
Daß in höherem Rot die Rosen  
leuchten vor.

Into a friendly little town I stroll  
in its streets lie the red evening  
glow.  
From an open window,  
across the most splendid riot of  
flowers,  
one can hear gold chimes  
floating past,  
and its one voice sounds like a  
chorus of nightingales,  
so that the blossoms tremble,  
so that the breezes come to life,  
and so that the roses glow even  
redder.

Lang' hielt ich staunend,  
lustbeklommen.  
Wie ich hinaus vor's Tor  
gekommen,  
Ich weiß es wahrlich selber  
nicht.  
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so  
licht!  
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem  
Gewühle,  
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem  
Rauch;  
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach, wie

Long I pause, astounded and  
oppressed by joy.  
How I finally found myself past  
the gate  
I truly do not myself know.  
Ah, here, how lightly does the  
world lie!  
The heavens sway in a purple  
crowd,  
back there, the town is a golden  
haze:  
how the alder brook rushes,

rauscht im Grund die Mühle,  
Ich bin wie trunken, irreführt  
O Muse, du hast mein Herz  
berührt  
Mit einem Liebeshauch!

how the mill roars on the  
ground;  
I am as if drunk and disoriented;  
o Muse, you have stirred my  
heart  
with a breath of love!

### **Denk es, o Seele**

Ein Tännlein grünet, wo,  
Wer weiß! im Walde,  
Ein Rosenstrauch, wer sagt,  
In welchem Garten?  
Sie sind erlesen schon,  
Denk' es, o Seele,  
Auf deinem Grab zu wurzeln  
Und zu wachsen.

A little fir-tree flourishes,  
who knows where, in the wood;  
A rosebush, who can tell  
in what garden?  
They are selected already,  
Consider, o soul,  
to take root and grow  
on your grave.

Zwei schwarze Rößlein weiden  
Auf der Wiese,  
Sie kehren heim zur Stadt  
In muntern Sprüngen.  
Sie werden schrittweis gehn  
Mit deiner Leiche;  
Vielleicht, vielleicht noch eh'  
An ihren Hufen Das Eisen los  
wird,  
Das ich blitzen sehe!

Two young black horses graze  
on the pasture,  
they return back to town  
with lively leaps.  
They will go step by step  
with your corpse;  
perhaps, perhaps even before  
on their hooves the shoe gets  
loose,  
and I can see it sparkle.

### **Der Rattenfänger**

Ich bin der wohlbekannte  
Sänger,  
Der vielgereiste Rattenfänger,  
Den diese altberühmte Stadt  
Gewiß besonders nötig hat.  
Und wären's Ratten noch so  
viele,  
Und wären Wiesel mit im Spiele,  
Von allen säubr' ich diesen Ort,  
Sie müssen miteinander fort.

I am the well-known singer,  
the widely-travelled rat-catcher,  
of whom this old, famous city  
certainly has an especial need.  
And even if the rats are very  
numerous,  
and even if there are weasels in  
the picture,  
of each and every one I'll clear  
this place;  
they must all go away.

Dann ist der gut gelaunte  
Sänger  
Mitunter auch ein Kinderfänger,  
  
Der selbst die wildesten  
bezwingt,  
Wenn er die goldnen Märchen  
singt.  
Und wären Knaben noch so  
trutzig,  
Und wären Mädchen noch so  
stutzig,  
In meine Saiten greif ich ein,  
Sie müssen alle hinterdrein.

Then also, this well-disposed  
singer  
is from time to time a  
child-catcher,  
who can capture even the  
wildest  
when he sings golden fairy  
tales.  
And even if the boys are  
defiant,  
and even if the girls are  
startled,  
I pluck my strings  
and each and every one must  
follow.

Dann ist der vielgewandte  
Sänger  
Gelegentlich ein  
Mädchenfänger;  
In keinem Städtchen langt er  
an,  
Wo er's nicht mancher angetan.  
  
Und wären Mädchen noch so  
blöde,  
Und wären Weiber noch so  
spröde,  
Doch allen wird so liebe bang  
Bei Zaubersaiten und Gesang.

Then also, this many-skilled  
singer  
occasionally is a  
maiden-catcher;  
in no town does he stay  
where he does not bewitch  
many.  
And even if the maidens are  
shy,  
and even if the women are  
prim,  
each and every one becomes  
lovestruck  
from his magical strings and  
songs.

## La serenata

Vola, o serenata:  
La mia diletta è sola,  
e, con la bella testa  
abbandonata,  
posa tra le lenzuola:  
  
O serenata, vola.  
  
Splende Pura la luna,  
l'ale il silenzio stende,

Fly now, o thou serenade:  
My beloved is all alone,  
And, with her lovely head  
thrown back and disarrayed,  
Midst silken sheets she doth  
repose:  
O thou serenade, fly now.  
  
Shining brightly comes the  
moon;  
Soft silence spreads its wing,



e dietro I veni dell'alcova bruna  
la lampada s'accende.  
Pure la luna splende.

And through a darkening  
veil from the alcove's gloom  
The lamplight yet is glowing:  
Brightly comes the moon,  
shining.

Vola, o serenata:  
La mia diletta è sola,  
ma sorridendo ancor mezzo  
assonnata,  
torna fra le lenzuola:

Take flight, o my serenade:  
My beloved is yet alone;  
She's but half asleep while, by  
her sly smile betrayed,  
She snuggles into the  
bedclothes:

O serenata, vola.

O my serenade, take flight.

L'onda sogna su 'l lido,  
e 'l vento su la fronda;  
e a' baci miei ricusa ancora un  
nido  
la mia signora bionda.  
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.

Dreaming waves kiss the  
hushed sands,  
As branches dance in balmy air;  
But into their nest find my  
kisses no entrance,  
Thus refused by my damsel fair!  
Waves kiss the hushed sands  
and dream.

## Mattinata

Mary, tremando l'ultima stella  
Nel vasto azzurro Tra poco  
vanira;  
È presso a sorgere l'alba  
novella,  
Con un susurro l'aura l'annunzia  
già.

Mary, the last star is flickering  
in the vast blue and will soon  
fade;  
the new day is about to dawn,  
the breeze heralds it already.

Io non ti dico, vieni al verone;  
Mary, in quest'ore Più dolce è  
riposar;  
Mormoro basso la mia canzone,  
Che il tuo sopore Non giunga ad  
abbreviar.

I will not ask you to come to the  
balcony;  
Mary, in these hours it is more  
sweet to rest;  
I will murmur softly my song,  
so that your sleep does not  
shorten.

Solo domando, solo desio  
Che il canto mio Lambendo il  
tuo guancial,  
Versi, o fanciulla, nella tua

I only ask, I only desire  
that my song carressing your  
pillow,  
may pour, oh child, into your

mente  
L'onda lucente D'un sogno  
celestial!

mind  
the shining wave of a heavenly  
dream!

## Ideale

Io ti seguìi come iride di pace  
Lungo le vie del cielo:  
Io ti seguìi come un'amica face  
De la notte nel velo.  
E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,  
Nel profumo dei fiori;  
E fu piena la stanza solitaria  
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

I followed you like a rainbow of  
peace  
along the paths of heaven;  
I followed you like a friendly  
torch  
in the veil of darkness,  
and I sensed you in the light, in  
the air,  
in the perfume of flowers,  
and the solitary room was full  
of you and of your radiance.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua  
voce,  
Lungamente sognai;  
E de la terra ogni affanno,  
ogni croce, In quel giorno  
scordai.  
Torna, caro ideal, torna un  
istante  
A sorridermi ancora,  
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo  
sembiante,  
Una novella aurora.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a  
long time  
of the sound of your voice,  
and earth's every anxiety, every  
torment  
I forgot in that dream.  
Come back, dear ideal, for an  
instant  
to smile at me again,  
and in your face will shine for  
me  
a new dawn.