

3-1-2015

Senior Recital: Eliodoro Castillo, bass-baritone

Eliodoro Castillo

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

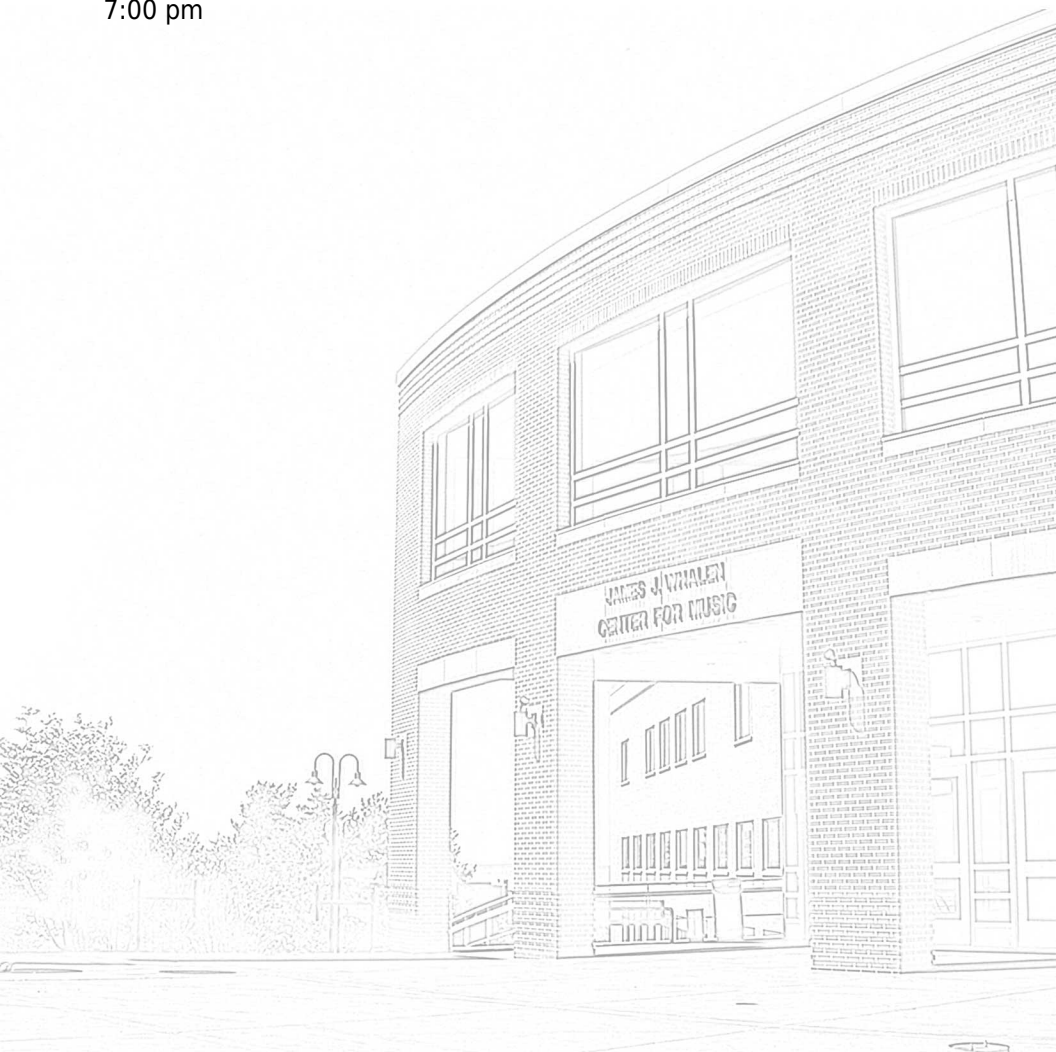
Castillo, Eliodoro, "Senior Recital: Eliodoro Castillo, bass-baritone" (2015). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1070.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1070

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Senior Recital:
Eliodoro Castillo, Bass- Baritone

In collaboration with *Alison Cherrington*

Ford Hall
Sunday, March 1st, 2015
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Why do the Nations Rage
from *The Messiah*

George Frideric Handel
1685-1759

Psyche

Émile Paladilhe
1844-1926

Si tu le vuex

Charles Koechlin
1867-1950

Early in the Morning
A Dream of Nightingales
And this will be my epitaph
from *A Hand of Bridge*

Ned Rorem
1923-
Samuel Barber
1910-1981

Intermission

Madamina! Il catalogo è questo
from *Don Giovanni*

Wolfgang Mozart
1756-1791

Herr Oluf
Tom der Reimer
Edward

Carl Loewe
1796-1869

Steal Away

H.T. Burleigh
1866-1949

Deep River

Moses Hogan
1957-2003

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Eliodoro Castillo
is from the studio of Randie Blooding.

Translations

Psyché

| | |
|---|--|
| Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la nature! | I'm jealous, Psyche, of all nature! |
| Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop souvent, | The sun's rays kiss you too often |
| Vos cheveux souffrent trop les caresses du vent. | Your hair too suffer to much the wind's caresses. |
| Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure! | When he flatters, I whisper! |
| L'air même que vous respirez Avec trop de plaisir passe sur votre bouche. | The very air you breathe With so much pleasure passes over your mouth. |
| Votre habit de trop près vous touche! | Your dress touches you too closely! |
| Et sitôt que vous soupirez Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche | And as soon as you sigh I do not know anything that scares me |
| Craint, parmi vos soupirs, des soupirs égarés! | Fears among your sighs, sighs astray! |

Si tu le veux

| | |
|---|---|
| Si tu le veux, ô mon amour, Ce soir dès que la fin du jour | If you like, oh my love, This evening, when the end of day |
| Sera venue, Quand les étoiles surgiront, Et mettront des clous d'or au fond | Has come, When the stars surge out And place golden nails in the blue firmament |
| Bleu de la nue, Nous partirons seuls tous les deux | Of the sky We will go out, just us two, |
| Dans la nuit brune en amoureux, Sans qu'on nous voie, Et tendrement je te dirai Un chant d'amour où je mettrai | Amorously into the dark night, Without being seen, And tenderly I will give you A song of love, where I will place |
| Toute ma joie. Mais quand tu rentreras chez toi, | All of my joy! But, when you return home, |
| Si l'on te demande pourquoi, Mignonne fée, | If anyone asks you why, Little fairy, |

Tes cheveux sont plus fous
qu'avant,
Tu répondras que seul le
vent
T'a décoiffée,
Si tu le veux, ô mon amour.

Your hair is more mussed
than before,
You can say that only the
wind
Has mussed it,
If you like, oh my love.

Madamina! Il catalogo è questo

Madamina, il catalogo è
questo
Delle belle che amò il padron
mio;
un catalogo egli è che ho
fatt'io;
Osservate, leggete con me.
In Italia seicento e quaranta;

In Almagna duecento e
trentuna;
Cento in Francia, in Turchia
novantuna;
Ma in Ispagna son già mille e
tre.
V'han fra queste contadine,

Cameriere, cittadine,
V'han contesse, baronesse,
Marchesine, principesse.
E v'han donne d'ogni grado,
D'ogni forma, d'ogni età.
Nella bionda egli ha l'usanza
Di lodar la gentilezza,
Nella bruna la costanza,

Nella bianca la dolcezza.

Vuol d'inverno la grassotta,
Vuol d'estate la magrotta;
È la grande maestosa,

La piccina e ognor vezzosa.

Delle vecchie fa conquista

My dear lady, this is a list

Of the beauties my master
has loved,
A list which I have compiled.

Observe, read along with me.
In Italy, six hundred and
forty;

In Germany, two hundred
and thirty-one;
A hundred in France; in
Turkey, ninety-one;
But, in Spain already one
thousand and three.
Among these are peasant
girls,
Maid-servants, city girls,
Countesses, baronesses,
Marchionesses, princesses,
Women of every rank,
Every shape, every age.
With blondes it is his habit
To praise their kindness;
In brunettes, their
faithfulness;
In the very blond, their
sweetness.
In winter he likes fat ones.
In summer he likes thin ones.
He calls the tall ones
majestic.
The little ones are always
charming.
He seduces the old ones

Pel piacer di porle in lista;

Sua passion predominante
È la giovin principiante.

Non si picca - se sia ricca,
Se sia brutta, se sia bella;
Purché porti la gonnella,
Voi sapete quel che fa.

For the pleasure of adding to
the list.

His greatest favourite
Is the young beginner.
It doesn't matter if she's rich,
Ugly or beautiful;
If she wears a petticoat,
You know what he does.

Herr Oluf

Herr Oluf reitet spät und
weit,

Zu bieten auf seine
Hochzeitleut'.

Du tanzen die Elfen auf
grünem Strand,

Erlkönigs Tochter reicht ihm
die Hand:

Lord Oluf rides late and far

to summon his wedding
guests.

Elves are dancing on a green
bank,

and the Erlking's daughter
offers him her hand.

"Willkommen, Herr Oluf,
komm tanzen mit mir,

Zwei göldene Sporen
schenke ich dir."

"Ich darf nicht tanzen, nicht
tanzen ich mag,

Denn morgen ist mein
Hochzeittag."

"Welcome, Lord Oluf, come
dance with me

and I will give you two
golden spurs."

"I cannot dance, I do not wish
to dance now,

for tomorrow is my
wedding-day."

"Tritt näher, Herr Oluf, komm
tanzen mit mir,

Ein Hemd von Seiden
schenke ich dir,

Ein Hemd von Seiden so weiß
und fein,

Meine Mutter bleicht's mit
Mondenschein!"

"Ich darf nicht tanzen, nicht
tanzen ich mag,

Denn morgen ist mein
Hochzeittag."

"Come closer, Lord Oluf,
come dance with me,

and I will give you a shirt of
silk,

a shirt of silk so white and
fine,

my mother bleached it with
moonbeams!"

"I may not dance, I do not
wish to dance now,

for tomorrow is my
wedding-day."

"Tritt näher, Herr Oluf, komm
tanzen mit mir,

"Come closer, Lord Oluf,
come dance with me

Einen Haufen Goldes
schenke ich dir."
"Einen Haufen Goldes nähme
ich wohl,
Doch tanzen ich nicht darf
noch soll."
"Und willst du, Herr Oluf,
nicht tanzen mit mir,
Soll Seuch' und Krankheit
folgen dir!"

Sie tät ihm geben einen
Schlag aufs Herz,
Sein Lebtag fühlt' er nicht
solchen Schmerz.
Drauf tät sie ihn heben auf
sein Pferd:
"Reit' heim zu deinem
Fräulein wert!"

Und als er kam vor Hauses
Tür,
Seine Mutter zitternd stand
dafür:
"Sag an, mein Sohn, und sag
mir gleich,
Wovon du bist so blaß und
bleich?"
"Und sollt ich nicht sein blaß
und bleich?
Ich kam in Erlenkönigs
Reich."
"Sag an, mein Sohn, so lieb
und traut,
Was soll ich sagen deiner
Braut?"
"Sagt ihr, ich ritt in den Wald
zur Stund,
Zu proben allda mein Roß
und Hund."

Früh Morgens als der Tag
kaum war,

and I will give you a heap of
gold."
"A heap of gold I would
gladly take,
but I cannot and should not
dance with you."
"If you will not dance with
me, Lord Oluf,
then plague and sickness will
follow you!"

She dealt him a blow to the
heart,
and all his life he had never
felt such pain.
Then she heaved him up
upon his horse:
"Ride home to your worthy
lady then!"

And when he came to the
door to his house,
his mother, trembling, stood
before him.
"Tell me, my son, and tell me
true,
Why are you so pale and
sick?"
"And should I not be pale and
sick?
I was in the Erlking's realm."
"Tell me, my son, so dear,
What should I tell your
bride?"
"Tell her that I rode to the
wood just now,
To test my horse and hound."

At early morning when day
had hardly dawned,

Da kam die Braut mit der
Hochzeitschar.

Sie schenkten Met, sie
schenkten Wein:

"Wo ist Herr Oluf, der
Bräutigam mein?"

"Herr Oluf ritt in den Wald
zur Stund,

Zu proben allda sein Roß und
Hund."

Die Braut hob auf den
Scharlach rot,

Da lag Herr Oluf und war tot.

his bride arrived with the
wedding crowd.

They poured mead and wine:

"Where is Lord Oluf, my
bridegroom?"

"Lord Oluf rode to the wood
just now,

To test his horse and hound."

The bride lifted up the cloth
scarlet red,

And there lay Lord Oluf: he
was dead.

Tom der Reimer

Der Reimer Thomas lag am
Bach,

Am Kieselbach bei Huntly
Schloß.

Da sah er eine blonde Frau,

Die saß auf einem weißen
Roß.

Sie saß auf einem weißen
Roß,

Die Mähne war geflochten
fein,

Und hell an jeder Flechte
hing

Ein silberblankes Glöcklein.

Und Tom der Reimer zog den
Hut

Und fiel auf's Knie, er grüßt
und spricht:

"Du bist die Himmelskönigin!

Du bist von dieser Erde
nicht!"

The Rhymer Thomas lay by
the brook,

the pebbly brook by Huntly
Castle.

There he spied a fair-haired
lady,

who sat upon a white horse.

She sat upon a white horse

with a finely-braided mane,

and brightly on each plait
there

hung a bright silver bell.

And Tom the Rhymer took off
his hat

and fell to his knees,
greeting her:

"You are the Queen of
Heaven!

You are not of this world!"

Die blonde Frau hüt an ihr
Roß:
"Ich will dir sagen, wer ich
bin;
Ich bin die Himmelsjungfrau
nicht,
Ich bin die Elfenkönigin!

The fair-haired lady stopped
her horse:
"I will tell you who I am:
I am not the Maid of Heaven,
I am the Queen of Elves!

Nimm deine Harf und spiel
und sing
Und laß dein bestes Lied
erschalln!
Doch wenn du meine Lippe
küßt,
Bist du mir sieben Jahr
verfalln!"

Take your harp and play and
sing,
and let your best songs
resound!
But if you kiss my lips,
You will be mine for seven
years!"

"Wohl! sieben Jahr, o Königin,
Zu dienen dir, es schreckt
mich kaum!"
Er küßte sie, sie küßte ihn,
Ein Vogel sang im
Eschenbaum.

"So be it! Seven years, o
Queen,
to serve you - that hardly
daunts me!"
He kissed her and she kissed
him,
and a bird sang in the ash
tree.

"Nun bist du mein, nun zieh
mit mir,
Nun bist du mein auf sieben
Jahr."
Sie ritten durch den grünen
Wald,
Wie glücklich da der Reimer
war!

"Now you are mine; now
come with me,
now you are mine for seven
years."
They rode off through the
green woods,
how happy the Rhymer was!

Sie ritten durch den grünen
Wald
Bei Vogelsang und
Sonnenschein,
Und wenn sie leicht am Zügel
zog,
So klangen hell die
Glöcklein.

They rode off through the
green woods
as birds sang and the sun
shone;
and whenever she pulled
lightly on her reins
the litle bells rang brightly.

Edward

Dein Schwert, wie ist's von
Blut so rot?
Edward, Edward!
Dein Schwert, wie ist's von
Blut so rot?
Und gehst so traurig da? O!

"Why does your sword drop
with such blood,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your sword drop
with such blood
And why do you go so sadly
there, O?"

Ich hab geschlagen meinen
Geier tot,
Mutter, Mutter!
Ich hab geschlagen meinen
Geier tot,
Und das, das geht mir nah.
O!

"O, I have killed my hawk so
good,
Mother, Mother; O,
I have killed my hawk so
good,
And I had no more but he,
O!"

Deines Geiers Blut ist nicht
so rot,
Edward, Edward!
Deines Geiers Blut ist nicht
so rot,
Mein Sohn, bekenn mir frei.
O!

"Your hawk's blood was
never so red,
Edward, Edward!
Your hawk's blood was never
so red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O!"

Ich hab geschlagen mein
Rotroß tot,
Mutter, Mutter!
Ich hab geschlagen mein
Rotroß tot,
Und's war so stolz und treu.
O!

"O, I have killed my red-roan
steed,
Mother, Mother; O,
I have killed my red-roan
steed,
That was once so fair and
free, O!"

Dein Roß war alt und hast's
nicht not,
Edward, Edward!
Dein Roß war alt und hast's
nicht not,
Dich drückt ein andrer
Schmerz. O!

"Your steed was old, and you
have got more,
Edward, Edward!
Your steed was old, and you
have got more,
Some other thing troubles
you, O!"

Ich hab geschlagen meinen
Vater tot!
Mutter, Mutter!

"O, I have slain my father
dear,
Mother, Mother; O,

Ich hab geschlagen meinen
Vater tot,
Und das, das quält mein
Herz! O!

I have slain my father dear,
Alas and woe is me, O!"

Und was wirst du nun an dir
tun,
Edward, Edward?
Und was wirst du nun an dir
tun,
Mein Sohn, das sage mir! O!

"And what penance will you
do for that,
Edward, Edward?
And what penance will you
do for that,
My dear son, now tell me, O!"

Auf Erden soll mein Fuß nicht
ruhn!
Mutter, Mutter!
Auf Erden soll mein Fuß nicht
ruhn!
Will wandern übers Meer! O!

"I'll set my feet in yonder
boat,
Mother, Mother;
I'll set my feet in yonder
boat,
And I'll go over the sea, O."

Und was soll werden dein Hof
und Hall,
Edward, Edward?
Und was soll werden dein Hof
und Hall,
So herrlich sonst, so schön?
O!

"And what will you do with
your towers and your
house,
Edward, Edward?
And what will you do with
your towers and your
house
That were so fair to see, O?"

Ach immer steh's und sink
und fall!
Mutter, Mutter!
Ach immer steh's und sink
und fall,
Ich werd es nimmer sehn! O!

"I'll let them stand till they
fall down,
Mother, Mother;
I'll let them stand till they fall
down,
For here never more may I
be, O."

Und was soll werden dein
Weib und Kind,
Edward, Edward?
Und was soll werden dein
Weib und Kind,

"And what will you leave to
your children and wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will you leave to
your children and wife,

Wann du gehst übers Meer?
O!

When you go over the sea,
O?"

Die Welt ist groß, laß sie
betteln drin,
Mutter, Mutter!
Die Welt ist groß, laß sie
betteln drin,
Ich seh sie nimmermehr! O!

"The world has room, let
them beg through life,
Mother, Mother;
The world has room, let them
beg through life,
For them never more will I
see, O."

Und was soll deine Mutter
tun,
Edward, Edward?
Und was soll deine Mutter
tun,
Mein Sohn, das sage mir? O!

"And what will you leave to
your mother dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what will you leave to
your mother dear,
My dear son, now tell me, O!"

Der Fluch der Hölle soll auf
euch ruhn,
Mutter, Mutter!
Der Fluch der Hölle soll auf
euch ruhn,
Denn ihr, ihr rietet's mir! O!

"The curse of hell from me
shall ye bear,
Mother, Mother;
The curse of hell from me
shall ye bear,
For the counsel ye gave to
me, O!"