

2-15-2015

Elective Recital: William Leichty, baritone and Laura White, soprano

William Leichty

Laura White

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



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Leichty, William and White, Laura, "Elective Recital: William Leichty, baritone and Laura White, soprano" (2015). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1046.

http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1046

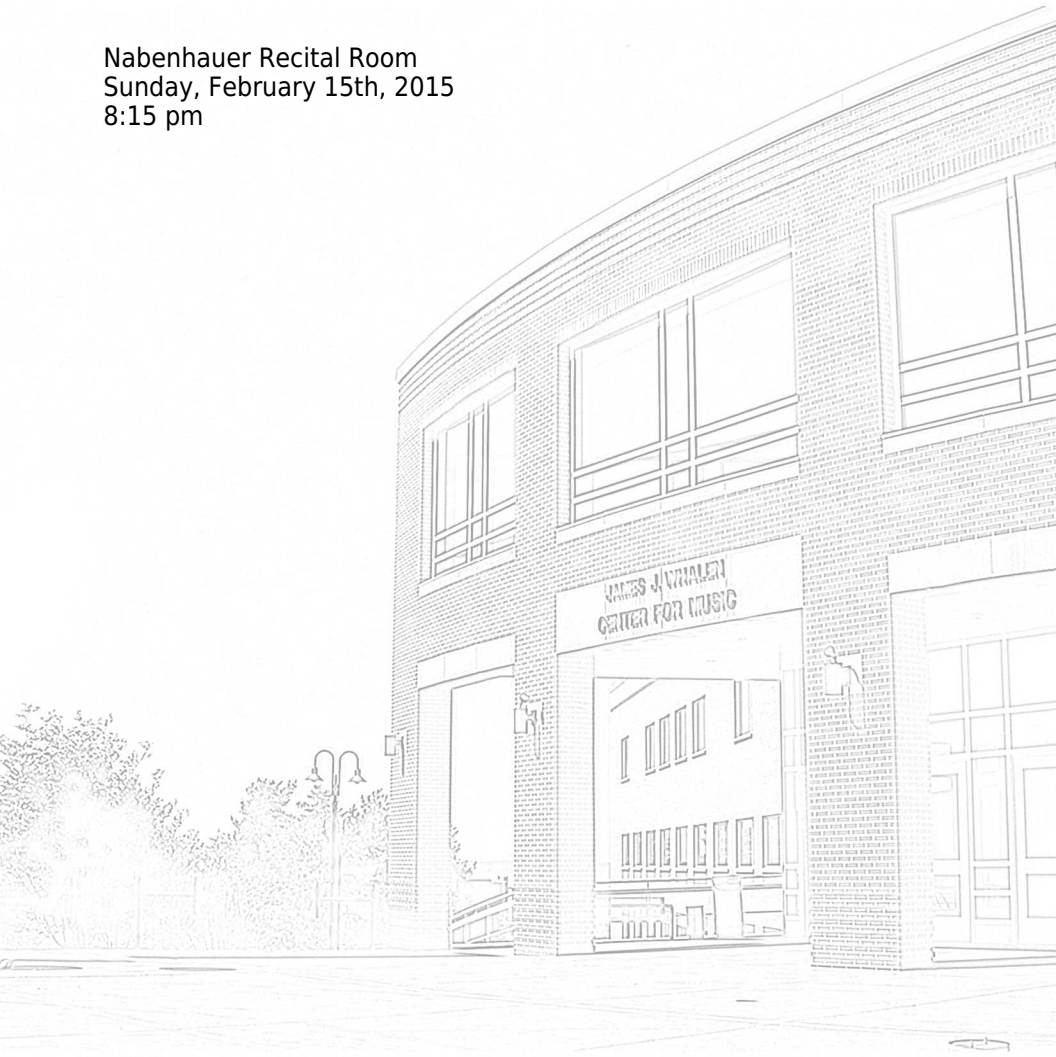
This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Joint Recital:

William Leichty, baritone
Laura White, soprano

Katharine Ahrens, accompanist

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Sunday, February 15th, 2015
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Bright is the Ring of Words from <i>Songs of Travel</i>	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
The Foggy, Foggy Dew	Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Sugar in the Cane	Paul Bowles (1910-1999)
See How They Love Me	Ned Rorem (b. 1923)
Fair Robin I Love from <i>Tartuffe</i>	Kirke Mechem (b. 1925)
Un Moto di Gioia from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
If I Loved You from <i>Carousel</i>	Richard Rogers Oscar Hammerstein II (1902-1979) (1895-1960)

Intermission

Chanson d'Amour Automne	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Die Liebe Farbe from <i>Die Schöne Müllerin</i>	
Die Post from <i>Winterreise</i>	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Widmung	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
O del mio amato ben	Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
Anything You Can Do from <i>Annie Get Your Gun</i>	Irving Berlin (1860-1926)

Translations

Un Moto di Gioia

Un moto di gioia
Mi sento nel petto,
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor!

An wave of joy
I feel in my heart
that announces delight
in spite of my fears.

Speriam che in contento
Finisca l'affanno
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.

Let us hope that the worry
will end in contentment.
Fate and love are
not always tyrants.

Di pianti di pene
Ognor non si pasce,
Talvolta poi nasce
Il ben dal dolor:

From weeping, from pain
one cannot always live
Sometimes then is born
a good thing out of sorrow.

E quando si crede
Più grave il periglio,
Brillare si vede
La calma maggior.

And when one believes
the danger is greatest,
one sees shining
a greater calm.

Chanson d'Amour

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton
front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma
farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta
bouche
Où mes baisers
s'épuiseront.

I love your eyes, I love your
forehead,
oh my rebellious and fierce
one.
I love your eyes, I love your
mouth
on which my kisses are
exhausted.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime
l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu
dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher
ange,

I love your voice, I love the
strange
gracefulness of everything
you say,
oh my rebellious one, my
dear angel,

Mon enfer et mon paradis!

my hell and my paradise!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait
belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes
cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes
vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma
rebelle!

I love all that makes you
beautiful,
from your feet to your hair,

you to whom my hopeful
pleas ascend,
oh my fierce and rebellious
one!

Automne

Automne au ciel brumeux,
aux horizons navrants.
Aux rapides couchants, aux
aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler, comme
l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de
mélancolie.

Autumn, time of misty
skies and distressing
horizons,
of rapid sunsets and pale
dawns,
I watch flow by like
torrential waters
your days filled with
melancholy.

Sur l'aile des regrets mes
esprits emportés,
-Comme s'il se pouvait que
notre âge renaisse!-
Parcourent, en rêvant, les
coteaux enchantés,
Où jadis sourit ma
jeunesse!

On the wings of regrets my
spirits borne away,
-as if it our life could be
reborn!-
wander, while dreaming,
over the enchanted hills,
where once smiled my
youth.

Je sens, au clair soleil du
souvenir vainqueur,
Refleurir en bouquet les
roses déliées,
Et monter à mes yeux des
larmes, qu'en mon coeur,
Mes vingt ans avaient
oubliées!

I feel, in the bright sunlight
of memory triumphant,
scattered roses flower
again in bouquets,
and tears well up in my
eyes, which my heart
in its twenty years had
forgotten!

Die Liebe Farbe

In Grün will ich mich
kleiden,
In grüne Tränenweiden:
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so
gern.
Will suchen einen
Zypressenhain,
Eine Heide von grünen
Rosmarein:
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so
gern.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen
Jagen!
Wohlauf durch Heid' und
Hagen!
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so
gern.
Das Wild, das ich jage, das
ist der Tod;
Die Heide, die heiß ich die
Liebesnot:
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so
gern.

Grabt mir ein Grab im
Wasen,
Deckt mich mit grünem
Rasen:
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so
gern.
Kein Kreuzlein schwarz,
kein Blümlein bunt,
Grün, alles grün so rings
und rund!
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so
gern.

I will clothe myself in
green,
In green weeping willows,
My sweetheart likes green
so much.
I'll search for a grove of
cypresses,
For a field of green
rosemary:
My sweetheart likes green
so much.

Good fortune to the jolly
hunt,
Good fortune through field
and thicket,
My sweetheart likes
hunting so much.
The beast I hunt is called
death
The heath I call love's
misery.
My sweetheart likes
hunting so much.

Dig me a grave in the
meadow,
Cover me with green turf,
My sweetheart likes green
so much.
No little black cross, no
colorful flowers,
Green, everything green all
around!
My sweetheart likes green
so much.

Die Post

Von der Straße her ein
Posthorn klingt.
Was hat es, daß es so hoch

A posthorn sounds from
the street.
What is it that makes you

aufspringt,
Mein Herz?

leap so,
My heart?

Die Post bringt keinen Brief
für dich.
Was drängst du denn so
wunderlich,
Mein Herz?

The post brings no letter
for you.
Why do you surge, then, so
wonderfully,
My heart?

Nun ja, die Post kömmt aus
der Stadt,
Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen
hatt',
Mein Herz!

And now the post comes
from the town
Where once I had a true
beloved,
My heart!

Willst wohl einmal
hinüberseh'n
Und fragen, wie es dort
mag geh'n,
Mein Herz?

Do you want to look out
And ask how things are
back there,
My heart?

Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein
Herz,
Du meine Wonn', O du
mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich
lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich
schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das
hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer
gab.

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.

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

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

mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein
beßres Ich!

above myself,
My good spirit, my better
self!

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 la 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.

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 her 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.

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

It seems to me, without
her, sad everywhere.
The day seems like night to
me;
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.