3-16-2015

Senior Recital: Benjamin Bartell, tenor

Benjamin Bartell

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Senior Recital:
Benjamin Bartell, Tenor
Katie Ahrens, Accompanist

Ford Hall
Monday, March 16th, 2015
9:00 pm
Program

Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind  
Thomas Arne  
1710-1778

Preach Not Me Your Dusty Rule  
Thomas Arne  
1710-1778

3 Gesänge, Op. 83  
Wonne der Wehmut  
Sehnsucht  
Mit Einem Gemalnten Band  
Ludwig van Beethoven  
1770-1827

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges  
Felix Mendelssohn  
1809-1847

Pagenlied  
Felix Mendelssohn  
1809-1847

Extase  
Henri Duparc  
1848-1933

Soupir  
Henri Duparc  
1848-1933

Le Manoir de Rosamonde  
Henri Duparc  
1848-1933

Intermission

Beppe's Aria "O, Columbina" from Pagliacci  
Ruggiero Leoncavallo  
1857-1919

Selections from Between the Earth and Sky  
The Fledgeling's Lullaby  
Watch Them Fall  
The Day I Saw the Angel  
Benjamin Viagas  
Jake Minter  
b. 1991

Close Every Door from Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat  
Andrew Lloyd Webber  
b. 1948

The Disney Finale  
Out There from The Hunchback of Notre Dame  
Go the Distance from Hercules  
Alan Menken  
b. 1949

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Benjamin Bartell is from the studio of David Parks.
Translations
3 Gesänge

**Wonne der Wehmut**

Do not run dry, do not run dry,
Tears of eternal love!
Even to the half-dry eye
How desolate and dead the world appears!
Do not run dry, do not run dry,
Tears of unhappy love!

**Sehnsucht**

What pulls at my heart so?
What pulls me outside?
and twists me and yanks me from this room and the house?
How the clouds there disperse around the cliffs!
I'd like to go there,
I'd very much like to go.

Now ravens pass by in friendly flight;
I mix with them and follow their course.
And mountain and ruin we circle in flight;
She lingers below, and I peer after her.

Then she comes wandering; I hurry immediately, a singing bird, to the bushy wood.
She lingers and listens and smiles to herself: "He sings so nicely, and he's singing for me!"

The departing sun gilds the heights
the pensive, fair lady, she lets it happen.
She wanders by the brook along the meadows and darker and darker twists the path.

At once I appear, a glittering star.
"What gleams up there, so near and so far?"
And when, with astonishment you gaze upon my light, I will lay at your feet and be happy there.

**Mit Einem Gemalten Band**

Small flowers, small leaves are strewn for me with a light hand
by good, young gods of Spring toying with an airy ribbon.

Zephyr, put it on your wing, loop it around my sweetheart's dress; and so she'll step in front of the mirror in all her merriment.

She will see herself surrounded by roses, herself like a young rose; one glance, beloved life! and I will have reward enough.

Feel what this heart feels! freely reach me your hand, and let this ribbon that binds us be no weak ribbon of roses.
Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

On wings of song, my love, I'll carry you away to the fields of the Ganges where I know the most beautiful place.

There lies a red-flowering garden, in the serene moonlight, the lotus-flowers await their beloved sister.

The violets giggle and cherish, and look up at the stars, the roses tell each other secretly their fragrant fairy-tales.

The gentle, bright gazelles, pass and listen; and in the distance murmurs the waves of the holy stream.

There we will lay down, under the palm-tree, and drink of love and peacefulness and dream our blessed dream.

Pagenlied

When the sun shone amicably, As in the midday, lukewarm and blue, I would take my mandolin, And would cross the glorious meadow.

At night, my beloved slowly awakened, and listened at the window, she clandestinely wished to me, to her, and to us, a good night.

Extase

On a pale lily my heart is sleeping A sleep as sweet as death Exquisite death, death perfumed By the breath of the beloved On your pale breast my heart is sleeping A sleep as sweet as death

Soupir

Never to see or hear her, never to name her aloud, but faithfully always to wait for her and love her. To open my arms and, tired of waiting, to close them on nothing, but still always to stretch them out to her and to love her. To only be able to stretch them out to her, and then to be consumed in tears, but always to shed these tears, always to love her. Never to see or hear her, never to name her aloud, but with a love that grows ever more tender, always to love her. Always!

Le Manoir de Rosamonde

Love, like a dog, has bitten me with its sudden, voracious teeth... Come, the trail of spilt blood will enable you to follow my tracks.
Take a horse of good pedigree
and set off on the arduous route I took,
through swamps and overgrown paths,
if that's not too exhausting a ride for you!

As you pass where I passed,
you will see that I travelled alone
and wounded through this sad world,

and thus went off to my death
far, far away, without ever finding
Rosemonde's blue manor-house.

**O, Columbina!**

O Colombina, your faithful,
loving Arlecchino is close at hand,
Calling you and sighing for you,
o wait for your poor swain!
Show me your sweet face,
for I long to kiss your little mouth
without delay.
Love plagues me and torments me! Ah!
O Colombina, open your window to me,
for close at hand, calling you
and sighing for you
is your poor Arlecchino!