

3-17-2015

Senior Recital: Martin Castonguay, baritone

Martin Castonguay

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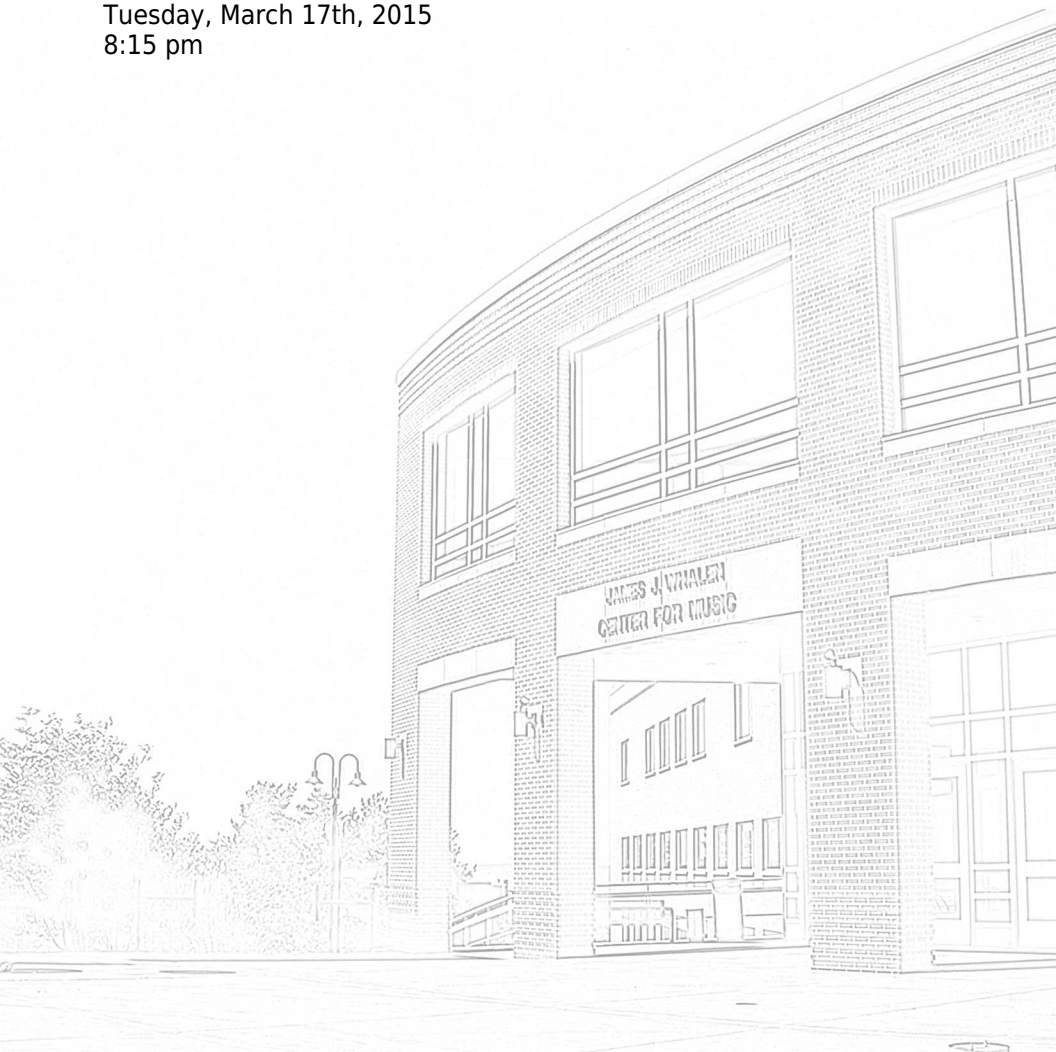
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Senior Recital:
Martin Castonguay

Accompanied by Francine
Darling

Ford Hall
Tuesday, March 17th, 2015
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Duex Romance I. Romance II. Les Cloches | Claude Debussy Published 1706 |
| Non piú andrai <i>From the Marriage of Figaro</i> | W.A. Mozart Premiered 1784 |
| Two songs or innocence <i>Text by William Blake</i> I. The Shepard II. The Lamb | Lee Hoiby published 1987 |

Intermission

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Songs from <i>Die Schöne Müllerin</i> XI. Mein! XIV. Der Jäger XVI. Die Liebe farbe XVII. Die Böse farbe XX. Des Baches Wiegenlied | Franz Schubert Published 1824 |
| Song of Black Max <i>As told by the De Kooning boys</i> | William Bolcom premiered 1978 |

Translations

I. Romance

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| L'âme évaporée et souffrante, | The vanishing and suffering soul, |
| L'âme douce, l'âme odorante | The sweet soul, the fragrant soul |
| Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis | Of divine lilies that I have picked |
| Dans le jardin de ta pensée, | In the garden of your thoughts, |
| Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée, | Where, then, have the winds chased it, |
| Cette âme adorable des lys? | This charming soul of the lilies? |

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste | Is there no longer a perfume that remains |
| De la suavité céleste | Of the celestial sweetness |
| Des jours où tu m'enveloppais | Of the days when you enveloped me |
| D'une vapeur surnaturelle, | In a supernatural haze, |
| Faite d'espoir, d'amour fidèle, | Made of hope, of faithful love, |
| De béatitude et de paix?... | Of bliss and of peace? |

II. Les Cloches

| | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des branches Délicatement. | The leaves opened on the edge of the branches delicately. |
| Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches, Dans le ciel clément. | The bells tolled, light and free, in the clear sky. |

| | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne, Ce lointain appel Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne Des fleurs de l'autel. | Rhythmically and fervently, like an antiphon, this far-away call reminded me of the Christian whiteness of altar flowers. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Ces cloches parlaient
d'heureuses années,
Et, dans le grand bois,
Semblaient reverdir les
feuilles fanées,
Des jours d'autrefois.

These bells spoke of happy
years,
and in the large forest
they seemed to revive the
withered leaves
of days gone by.

Title of translation

Non più andrai

Non più andrai, farfallone
amoroso,
notte e giorno d'intorno
girando;
delle belle turbando il
riposo
Narcisetto, Adoncino
d'amor.

You shall frolic no more,
lustful butterfly,
Day and night flitting to
and fro;
Disturbing ladies in their
sleep
Little Narcissus, Adonis of
love.

Non più avrai questi bei
pennacchini,
quel cappello leggero e
galante,
quella chioma, quell'aria
brillante,
quel vermiglio donnesco
color.

No longer will you have
these beautiful feathers,
That light, romantic cap,
That hair, that glowing
countenance,
That rosy, womanly
complexion.

Tra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto
sacco.
Schioppo in spalla,
sciabla al fianco,
collo dritto, muso franco,
un gran casco, o un gran
turbante,
molto onor, poco contante!

Among soldiers, by Jove!
A big moustache, a little
kit.
With a rifle on your
shoulder,
and a sabre on your flank,
Standing up straight, hard
faced,
A big helmet, or a big
turban,
Plenty of honour, little pay!

Ed invece del fandango,
una marcia per il fango.

And instead of dancing the

Per montagne, per valloni,
con le nevi e i sollioni.
Al concerto di tromboni,
di bombarde, di cannoni,
che le palle in tutti i tuoni
all'orecchio fan fischiar.
Cherubino alla vittoria:
alla gloria militar!

fandango,
A march through the mud.
Through mountains,
through valleys,
With snow and with the sun
beating down.
To the beat of the bugle,
Of bombs, of cannons,
Whose thunderous report
Makes your ears ring.
Cherubino, to victory:
To glory in battle!

XI. Mein!

Bächlein, laß dein
Rauschen sein!
Räder, stellt euer Brausen
ein!
All ihr muntern
Waldvögelein,
Groß und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!
Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut ein Reim
allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist
mein!
Mein!
Frühling, sind das alle
deine Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen
hellern Schein?
Ach, so muß ich ganz allein
Mit dem seligen Worte
mein
Unverstanden in der weiten
Schöpfung sein!

Brook, stop your
murmuring!
Wheels, stop your
thundering!
All you merry woodland
birds,
Large and small,
Stop your singing!
Through the grove,
In and out,
Only one phrase resounds:
The beloved miller's
daughter is mine!
Mine!
Spring, are these all your
flowers?
Sun, can't you shine any
brighter?
Alas, then I must stand all
alone,
With the blissful word
mine,
Misunderstood in this vast
universe.

XIV. Der Jäger

Was sucht denn der Jäger
am Mühlbach hier?
Bleib, trotziger Jäger, in
deinem Revier!
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu
jagen für dich,
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein,
ein zahmes, für mich,
Und willst du das zärtliche
Rehlein sehn,
So laß deine Büchsen im
Walde stehn,
Und laß deine klaffenden
Hunde zu Haus,
Und laß auf dem Horne den
Saus und Braus,
Und schere vom Kinne das

What is the hunter doing at
the mill stream?
Bold hunter, stay in your
forest preserve!
There's no game here for
you to hunt,
There's only a doe here, a
tame one, for me,
And if you want to see the
dainty doe,
Leave your rifle behind in
the woods,
And leave your barking
dogs at home,
And stop trumpeting and
blasting on your horn,
And shave the tangled hair

struppige Haar,
Sonst scheut sich im
Garten das Rehlein fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest
im Walde dazu
Und ließest die Mühlen und
Müller in Ruh.
Was taugen die Fischlein
im grünen Gezweig?
Was will den das Eichhorn
im bläulichen Teich?
Drum bleibe, du trotziger
Jäger, im Hain,
Und laß mich mit meinen
drei Rädern allein;
Und willst meinem
Schätzchen dich machen
beliebt,
So wisse, mein Freund, was
ihr Herzchen betrübt:
Die Eber, die kommen zur
Nacht aus dem Hain
Und brechen in ihren
Kohlgarten ein
Und treten und wühlen
herum in dem Feld:
Die Eber, die schieß, du
Jägerheld!

from your chin,
Or the doe will surely take
fright in her garden.

Better still, just stay in the
woods
And leave the mills and
miller in peace.
What would a fish be doing
in the green branches? What
would a squirrel be doing in
the blue pond?
So stay in the wood, you
bold hunter,
And leave me alone with
my three wheels;
And if you want to endear
yourself to my beloved, Then
I'll tell you, my friend, what
troubles her heart: The boars
that come out of the forest at
night
And break into her
cabbage patch
And trample and root
around in the soil,
Shoot the boars, you
gallant hunter!

XVI. 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.

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

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen
Jagen!

Good luck with the jolly
hunt,

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.

Good luck through field and
thicket,
My dear likes hunting so
much.
The quarry I'm hunting is
called death
The heath is called love's
misery.
My dear likes hunting so
much.

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

XVII. Die böse Farbe

Ich möchte ziehn in die
Welt hinaus,
Hinaus in die weite Welt;
Wenn's nur so grün, so
grün nicht wär,
Da draußen in Wald und
Feld!
Ich möchte die grünen
Blätter
all Pflücken von jedem
Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen
Gräser all
Weinen ganz totenbleich.
Ach Grün, du böse Farbe
du,
Was siehst mich immer an
So stolz, so keck, so
schadenfroh,
Mich armen weißen Mann?

I'd like to journey into the
world,
Out into the wide world,
If only it weren't so green,
so green,
Out there in the fields and
woods!
I'd like to pluck all the
green leaves
From every branch,
I'd like to weep on all the
green grass
Until it's as pale as death.
Oh green, you hateful
color, you,
Why do you keep staring,
So mocking, so proud, so
pleased by my pain,
At me, a poor pale man?
I'd like to lie outside her

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer
Tür
In Sturm und Regen und
Schnee.
Und singen ganz leise bei
Tag und Nacht
Das eine Wörtchen: Ade!
Horch, wenn im Wald ein
Jagdhorn schallt,
Da klingt ihr Fensterlein!
Und schaut sie auch nach
mir nicht aus,
Darf ich doch schauen
hinein.
O binde von der Stirn dir ab
Das grüne, grüne Band;
Ade, ade! Und reiche mir
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

door,
In storm and rain and
snow,
And sing so quietly by
night and day
Just the one word:
goodbye.
Listen, when in the forest a
hunting horn calls,
Then her window resounds!

And if she doesn't look out
at me,
Yet I can look in at her.
Oh, loose from around your
brow
The green, green ribbon!
Goodbye, goodbye and
give to me
Your hand in farewell!

XX. Des Baches Wiegenlied

Gute Ruh, gute Ruh!
Tu die Augen zu!
Wandrer, du müder, du bist
zu Haus.
Die Treu' ist hier,
Sollst liegen bei mir,
Bis das Meer will trinken
die Bächlein aus.

Rest well, rest well!
Close your eyes.
Wanderer, you weary one,
you are at home.
Fidelity is here,
You'll lie with me
Until the sea drains the
brook dry.

Will betten dich kühl
Auf weichem Pfühl
In dem blauen kristallinen
Kämmerlein.
Heran, heran,
Was wiegen kann,
Woget und wieget den
Knaben mir ein!

I'll make you a cool bed
On a soft cushion
In your blue crystalline
chamber.
Come closer, come here,
Whatever can soothe,
Lull and rock my boy to
sleep.

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt
Aus dem grünen Wald,
Will ich sausen und
brausen wohl um dich her.
Blickt nicht herein,

If a hunting horn sounds
From the green forest,
I'll rumble and thunder all
around you.
Don't look in here

Blaue Blümelein!
Ihr macht meinem Schläfer
die Träume so schwer.

Hinweg, hinweg
Von dem Mühlensteg,
Böses Mägdeleind
Daß ihndein Schattennicht
weckt!
Wirf mir herein
Dein Tüchlein fein,
Daß ich die Augen ihm
halte bedeckt!

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!
Bis alles wacht,
Schlaf aus deine Freude,
schlaf aus dein Leid!
Der Vollmond steigt,
Der Nebel weicht,
Und der Himmel da oben,
wie ist er so weit!

You blue flowers!
You trouble my sleeper's
dreams.

Go away, depart
From the mill bridge,
Wicked girl,
so your shadow won't wake
him!
Throw in to me Your fine
scarf, So I can cover his eyes.

Good night, good night,
Until everything wakes.
Sleep away your joy, sleep
away your pain.
The full moon rises,
The mist departs,
And the sky above, how
vast it is!