

4-15-2015

Elective Recital: Jesse Law, baritone

Jesse Law

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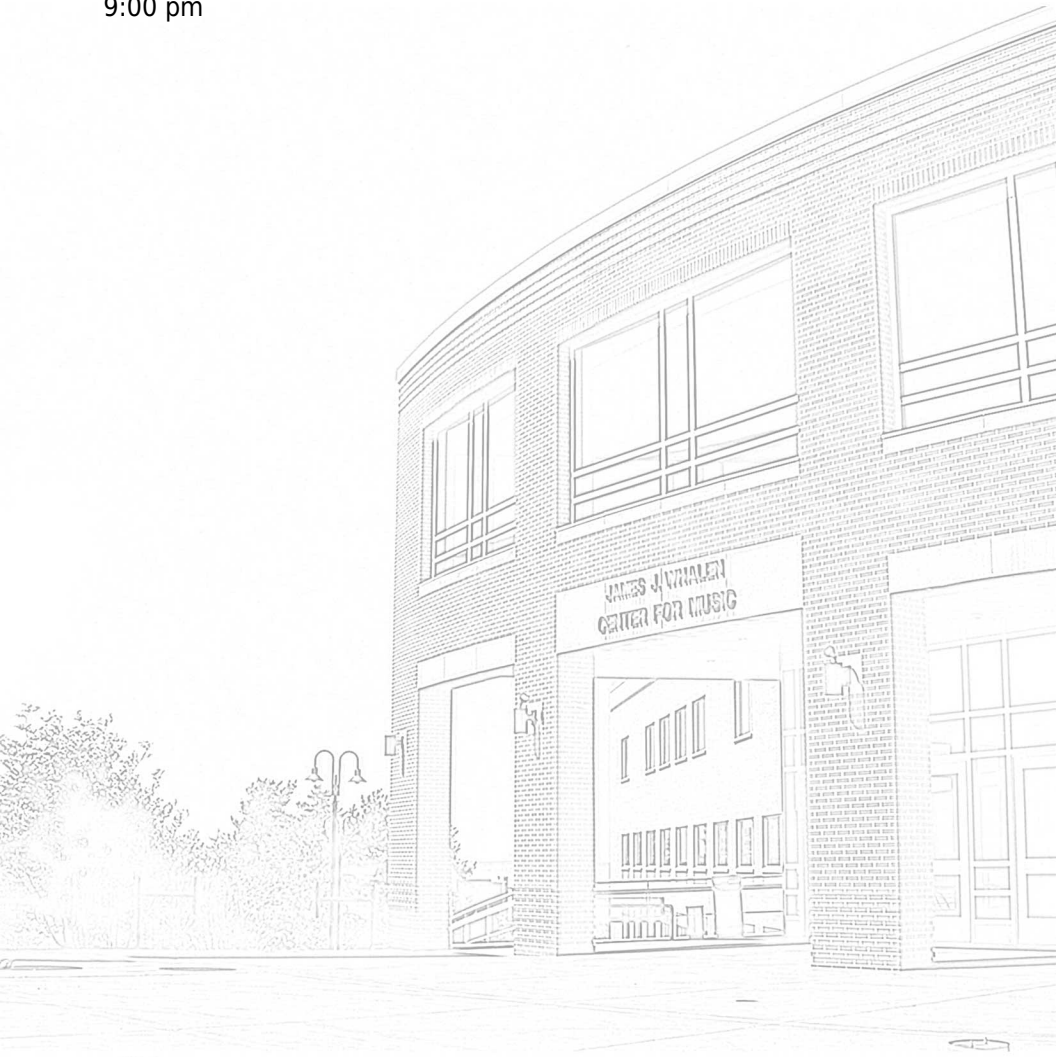
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Elective Recital:
Jesse Law, baritone

Nick Weiser, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Wednesday, April 15th, 2015
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Come Let Us Leave the Town"
from *The Fairy Queen* Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)
Sarah Welden, soprano
Jake Walsh, oboe
Brianna Ornstein, clarinet
Nathan Balester, bass clarinet

In der Frühe Hugo Wolf
Verborgenheit (1860-1903)

Les Cigales Emmanuel Chabrier
Pastorale des Cochons Roses (1841-1894)

"Love, Unrequited, Robs Me of My Rest"
from *Iolanthe* Words by W.S. Gilbert
(1836-1911)
Music by Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Intermission

"The Wrong Note Rag"
from *Wonderful Town* Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)
Rebecca Saltzman, soprano
Alex Greenberg, piano

A Question of Light Jake Heggie
I. The Light of Coinidences (Magritte) (b. 1961)
II. Eccentric Flint
V. El Hombre (Tamayo)

Los Cohetes de Gandalf Grant Beals
(b. 1994)
Jesse Law
(b. 1993)

Grant Beals, tenor

George William Bolcom
Waitin' (b. 1938)
Black Max

Translations In der Frühe

In der Frühe

Kein Schlaf noch kühlt das Auge
mir,
Dort gehet schon der Tag herfür
An meinem Kammerfenster.
Es wühlet mein verstörter
Sinn Noch zwischen
Zweifeln her und hin
Und schafftet Nachtgespenster.
--Ängste, quäle
Dich nicht länger, meine Seele!
Freu' dich!
Schon sind da und dorten
Morgenglocken wach geworden.

-Eduard Mörike

At daybreak

No sleep yet cools my eyes;

day is already beginning
outside my chamber window.
My troubled senses rummage
still here and there among my
doubts,
creating nightly visions.
--Frighten and torment
yourself no longer, my soul!
Be happy!
Already, here and there,
morning bells are awakening.

Verborgeneheit

Verborgeneheit

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiß ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.
Oft bin ich mir kaum bewußt,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich
drücket,
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

-Eduard Mörike

Seclusion

Let, oh world, oh let me be!
Entice me not with gifts of love.
Let this heart in solitude have
Its bliss, its pain!

What I mourn, I know not.
It is an unknown pain;
Forever through tears shall
I see the sun's love-light.
Often, I am scarcely conscious
And the bright joys break
Through the pain, thus pressing

Delightfully into my breast.

Pastorale des Cochons Roses

Pastorale des Cochons Roses

Le jour s'annonce à l'Orient,
De pourpre se coloriant,
Le doigt du matin souriant
Ouvre les roses!

Pastorale of the pink pigs

Dawn arrives in the East,
coloring itself crimson;
the finger of smiling morning
opens the roses.

Et sous la garde d'un gamin
Qui tient une gaule à la main,
On voit passer sur le chemin
Les cochons roses.
Le rose rare au ton charmant
Qu'à l'horizon, en ce moment,
Là-bas, au bord du firmament
On voit s'étendre,
Ne réjouit pas tant les yeux,
N'est pas si frais et si joyeux
Que celui des cochons soyeux
D'un rose tendre!

Le zéphyr, ce doux maraudeur,
Porte plus d'un parfum rôdeur

Et dans la matinale odeur
Des églantines,
Les petits cochons transportés
Ont d'exquises vivacités
Et d'insouciantes gaietés
Presqu'enfantines;
Heureux, poussant de petits cris,
Ils vont par les sentiers fleuris
Et ce sont des jeux et des ris
Remplis de grâces;
Ils vont, et tous ces corps charnus
Sont si roses qu'ils semblent nus
Comme ceux d'amours ingénus
Aux formes grasses.

Des points noirs dans ce rose clair
Semblant des truffes dans leur
chair,
Leur donnent vaguement un air
De galantine;
Et leur petit trottement,
A cette graisse, incessamment,
Communique un tremblement
De gélatine.
Le long du ruisseau floflottant,
Ils suivent tout en ronflotant
La blouse au large dos flottant
De toile bleue, ils trottent
Les petits cochons,
Les gorets gras et folichons,
Remuant les tire-bouchons

And under the watch of a young
boy
who holds a stick in his hand,
one sees passing over the path
the pink pigs.
The rare, charming shade of pink
which on the horizon, at that
moment,
over there, at the edge of the
firmament,
one sees spreading,
does not delight the eyes as much,
is not as fresh nor as joyful
as that of the silken pigs
of a soft pink.

The zephyr, that sweet marauder,
carries more than one roving scent.

And, in the morning fragrance
of sweet briars,
the little pigs, carried away,
are of exquisitely liveliness
and of carefree cheerfulness
almost child-like.
Happy, emitting little cries,
they go by the flowery paths,
their games and laughter
full of grace;
they go, and all these fleshy bodies
are so pink that they seem naked,
like artless lovers
with plump bodies.

Black specks amidst the pale pink
seem like truffles in their flesh,
giving them something of the air
of galantines,
and their little trotting motion
to their fat, unceasingly
communicates a quivering
like jelly.
Along the flow of the stream,
they follow, all a-snorting,
the broad flowing smock
of blue cloth. They trot,
the little pigs,
the piglets plump and playful,
wiggling the corkscrews

Que fait leur queue!

their tails make!

Puis, quand les champs sans
papillons
Exhaleront de leurs sillons
Les plaintes douces des grillons
Toujours pareilles,
Les cochons rentrant au bercail
Défileront sous le portail
Agitant le double éventail
De leurs oreilles;
Et quand là-bas, à l'Occident,
Croulera le soleil ardent,
A l'heure où le soir descendant

Then, when the fields, without
butterflies,
emit from their furrows
the sweet laments of the crickets,
ever the same,
the pigs will reenter their fold,
marching under the doorway,
waving the double fan
of their ears.
And when, over there in the West,
the burning sun crumbles,
at the time when evening descends

Ferme les roses,
Paisiblement couchés en rond,
Près de l'auge couleur marron,

Bien repus ils s'endormiront,
Les cochons roses!

closing the roses,
peaceably bedded in a ring
near a chestnut-colored trough
colored,
well sated, they will fall asleep,
the pink pigs!

-Edmond Rostand

Les Cigales

Les Cigales

The cicadas

Le soleil est droit sur la sente,
L'ombre bleuit sous les figuiers;

Ces cris au loin multipliés,
C'est midi, c'est midi qui chante.
Sous l'astre qui conduit le chœur,

Les chanteuses dissimulées
Jettent leurs rauques ululées
De quel infatigable cœur.

The sun is directly over the path,
the shadow turns blue under the fig
trees,
the cries in the distance multiply,
it is noon, it is noon that sings!
Under the star that conducts the
choir,
the singers which are concealed
throw their raucous hooting
from such a tireless heart!

REFRAIN: Les cigales, ces bestioles,
Ont plus d'âme que les violes;
Les cigales, les cigalons,
Chantent mieux que les violons!

REFRAIN: The cicadas, those bugs,
have more soul than viols,
the cicadas, the little cicadas,
sing better than violins!

S'en donnent-elles, les cigales,

Sur les tas de poussière gris,
Sous les oliviers rabougris
Étoilés de fleurettes pâles.

They give themselves up, these
cicadas,
atop the heaps of grey dirt,
under the scraggly olive trees
starred with little flowers.

Et grises de chanter ainsi,
Elles font leur musique folle;
Et toujours leur chanson s'envole
Des touffes du gazon roussi!

(REFRAIN)

Aux rustres épars dans le chaume,

Le grand astre torrentiel,
À larges flots, du haut du ciel,

Verse le sommeil et son baume.
Tout est mort, rien ne bruit plus

Qu'elles, toujours, les forcenées,
Entre les notes égrenées

De quelque lointain angélus!

(REFRAIN)

-Rosemond Gérard

And tipsy from singing so,
they make their crazed music,
and always their song soars out
from tufts of scorched grass!

(REFRAIN)

Over the rustics, scattered among
the thatching,
the great torrential star
in wide streams, from high in the
sky

pours slumber and its balm.
All is dead, nothing sounds any
more

but them, the frenzied ones,
filling in the spaces between the
tolls

of some remote Angelus!

(REFRAIN)

El Hombre

¿Y que voy a besar?
¿Y que voy a tocar?
¿Y cuando cruzará mi
espíritu?

-Gene Scheer

And what will I kiss?
And what will I touch?
And when will it cross my
spirit?

Los Cohetes de Gandalf

Hay un mago, alto y gris
Él viaja a través
de Tierra Media
Y cuando viene a la Shire
Todos los niños sonríen
Por él trae alegrías mayor

Los Cohetes De Gandalf
Los Cohetes De Gandalf
Estas verde y azul
Los Cohetes De Gandalf

Hay una parece que Smaug

There is a wizard, tall and grey
he travels across
Middle Earth
And when he comes to the Shire
all of the children smile
for he brings the greatest of joys:

The fireworks of Gandalf
The fireworks of Gandalf
are green and blue!
The fireworks of Gandalf!

There is one that looks like

Esta mucho aterrador;
Pero solamente cuando
Merry y Pippin les encienden.
¡Hay muy fuego!

Los Cohetes De Gandalf
Los Cohetes De Gandalf
Estas a veces un dragón
Los Cohetes De Gandalf

En los cumpleaños de Bilbo,
Hay muchos invitados.
Pero nadie esperan
El viejo Hobbit desaparece
¡Y lo hace!
¡Sí, lo hace!

Los Cohetes De Gandalf
Los Cohetes De Gandalf
¿Dónde esta Bilbo?
Los Cohetes De Gandalf

Los Cohetes De Gandalf
Los Cohetes De Gandalf
Estan verdes y azul
Los Cohetes De Gandalf

Smaug It's very scary,
but only when
Merry and Pippin light it!
There is much fire!

The fireworks of Gandalf
The fireworks of Gandalf
are at times a dragon!
The fireworks of Gandalf!

At Bilbo's birthday celebration
There are many guests
but no one expects
the old Hobbit to disappear
--and he does!
Yes he does!!!

The fireworks of Gandalf
The fireworks of Gandalf
Where is Bilbo?
The fireworks of Gandalf!

The fireworks of Gandalf
The fireworks of Gandalf
are green and blue!
The fireworks of Gandalf!

-Jesse Law and Grant Beals