

4-21-2015

## Senior Recital: Fred Diengott, bass

Fred Diengott

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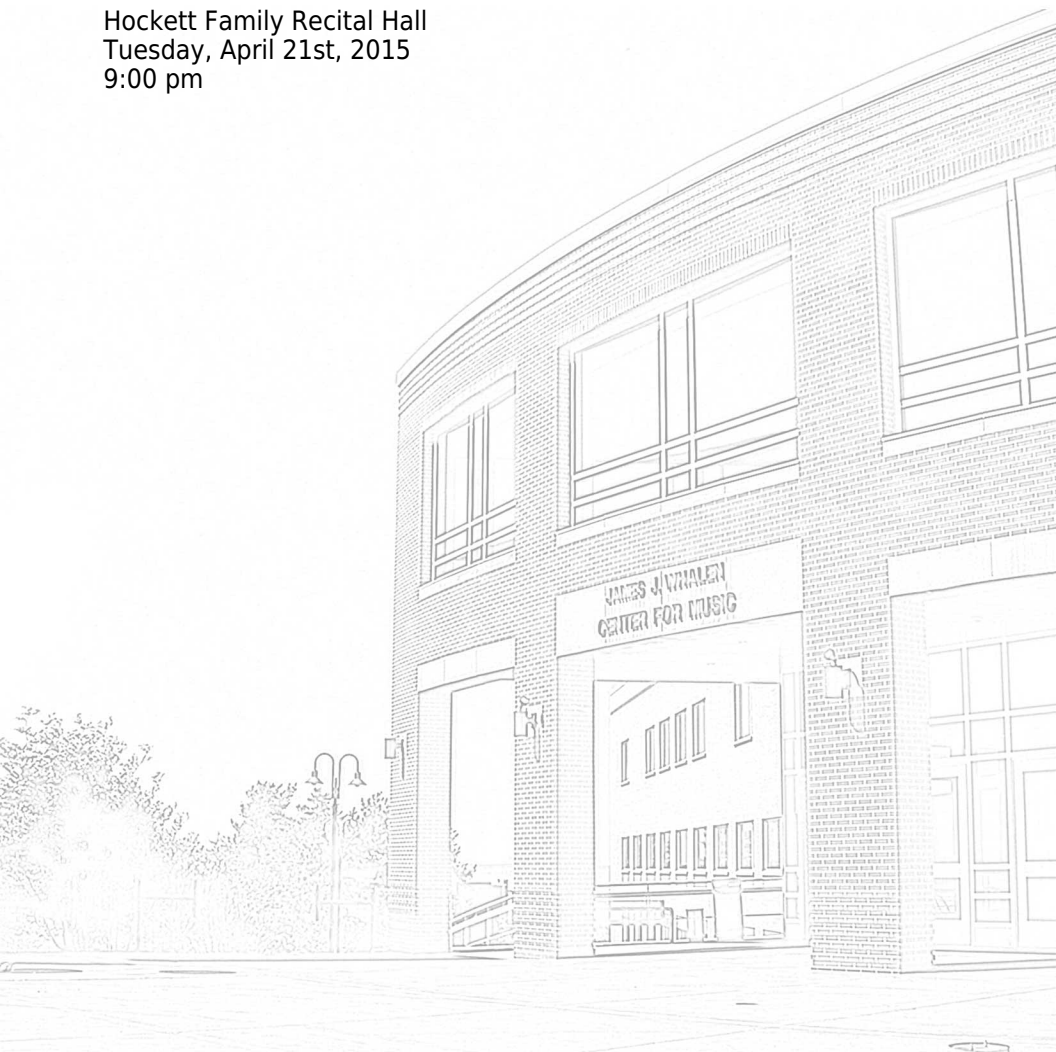
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**Senior Recital:**  
Fred Diengott, bass

Sean Nimmo, piano  
shauna madeline may, cello  
Joe D'Esposito, violin

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Tuesday, April 21st, 2015  
9:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Sorge infausta from "*Orlando*" George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Violons dans le soir Camille Saint-Saëns  
(1835-1921)

*Violin: Joe D'Esposito*

Danse Macabre

Wir Wandelten Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Der Soldat Robert Alexander Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Der Atlas Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Der Lindenbaum

## Intermission

The Song of the Flea Modest Musorgsky  
(1839-1881)

The Song of the Flea Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

The Little Mouse J. Granville Eakin III  
(b. 1973)

Text by M. Kosek and H. Lowy

*Cello: shauna madeline may*

Let us Garlands Bring Gerald Finzi  
(1901-1956)

I. Come away, come away, death

II. Who is Silvia

III. Fear no more the heat o' the sun

IV. O Mistress Mine

V. It was a lover and his lass

Text by William Shakespeare  
(1564-1616)

Joey, Joey, Joey from "*The Most Happy Fella*" Frank Loesser  
(1910-1969)

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Fred Diengott is from the studio of Marc Webster.

## Translations

### Sorge infausta

Sorge infausta una procella,  
che oscurar fa il cielo e il  
mare;  
splende fausta poi la stella,  
che ogni cor ne fa goder.

An ill-omened storm rises  
which darkens the sky and  
sea;  
a star will then shine  
favorably,  
bringing every heart joy.

Puo talor il forte errare,  
ma reisorito dal errore,  
quel che pria gli diè dolore,  
causa immenso il suo piacer.

The strong may sometimes  
go astray,  
but, once recovered from the  
error,  
that which before gave him  
sorrow  
is now the source of his  
immense pleasure.

-- trans. Richard Stokes

### Violons dans le soir

Quand le soir est venu, que  
tout est calme enfin  
Dans la chaude nature,  
Voici que naît sous l'arbre et  
sous le ciel divin  
La plus vive torture.

When evening has fallen and  
all's at last quiet  
In warm nature,  
There stirs beneath tree and  
heavenly sky  
The most painful agony.

Sur les graviers d'argent,  
dans les bois apaisés,  
Des violons s'exaltent.  
Ce sont des jets de cris, de  
sanglots, de baisers,  
Sans contrainte et sans  
halte.

On silver gravel, in hushed  
woods,  
Frenetic violins are heard:  
A stream of cries, of sobs  
and kisses,  
Unrestrained and  
unremitting.

Il semble que l'archet se  
cabre, qu'il se tord  
Sur les luisantes cordes,  
Tant ce sont des appels de  
plaisir et de mort  
Et de miséricorde.

The violin bow seems to rear  
and writhe  
Across the shining strings -  
For these are true cries of  
pleasure, death  
And mercy.

Et le brûlant archet enroulé  
de langueur  
Gémit, souffre, caresse,

Poignard voluptueux qui  
pénètre le cœur  
D'une épuisante ivresse.

Archets, soyez maudits pour  
vos brûlants accords,  
Pour votre âme explosive,  
Fers rouges qui dans l'ombre  
arrachez à nos corps  
Des lambeaux de chair vive!

-- Anna Elizabeth Mathieu

And the burning bow in its  
affliction,  
Groans, suffers and caresses  
-

A voluptuous dagger that  
pierces the heart  
With exhausted ecstasy.

May you bows be cursed for  
your scalding chords,  
For your explosive soul:  
Molten swords that at night  
rip from our bodies  
Shreds of living flesh!

-- trans. Richard Stokes

### **Danse Macabre**

Zig et zig et zig, la mort en  
cadence  
Frappant une tombe avec  
son talon,  
La mort à minuit joue un air  
de danse,  
Zig et zig et zag, sur son  
violon.

Le vent d'hiver souffle, et la  
nuit est sombre,  
Des gémissements sortent  
des tilleuls;  
Les squelettes blancs vont à  
travers l'ombre  
Courant et sautant sous leurs  
grands linceuls,

Zig et zig et zig, chacun se  
trémousse,  
On entend claquer les os des  
danseurs,  
Un couple lascif s'assoit sur  
la mousse

Tap, tap, tap - Death  
rhythmically,  
Taps a tomb with his heel,  
Death at midnight plays a  
gigue,  
Tap, tap, tap, on his violin.

The Winter wind blows, the  
night is dark,  
The lime-trees groan aloud;  
White skeletons flit across  
the gloom,  
Running and leaping beneath  
their huge shrouds.

Tap, tap, tap, everyone's  
astir,  
You hear the bones of the  
dancers knock,  
A lustful couple sits down on  
the moss,

Comme pour goûter  
d'anciennes douceurs.

As if to savour past delights.

Zig et zig et zag, la mort  
continue  
De racler sans fin son aigre  
instrument.  
Un voile est tombé! La  
danseuse est nue!  
Son danseur la serre  
amoureusement.

Tap, tap, tap, Death  
continues,  
Endlessly scraping his shrill  
violin.  
A veil has slipped! The  
dancer's naked!  
Her partner clasps her  
amorously.

La dame est, dit-on,  
marquise ou baronne.  
Et le vert galant un pauvre  
charron -  
Horreur! Et voilà qu'elle  
s'abandonne  
Comme si le rustre était un  
baron!

They say she's a baroness or  
marchioness,  
And the callow gallant a poor  
cartwright.  
Good God! And now she's  
giving herself,  
As though the bumpkin were  
a baron!

Zig et zig et zig, quelle  
sarabande!  
Quels cercles de morts se  
donnant la main!  
Zig et zig et zag, on voit dans  
la bande  
Le roi gambader auprès du  
vilain!

Tap, tap, tap, what a  
saraband!  
Circles of corpses all holding  
hands!  
Tap, tap, tap, in the throng  
you can see  
King and peasant dancing  
together!

Mais psit! tout à coup on  
quitte la ronde,  
On se pousse, on fuit, le coq  
a chanté  
Oh! La belle nuit pour le  
pauvre monde!  
Et vive la mort et l'égalité!

But shh! Suddenly the dance  
is ended,  
They jostle and take flight -  
the cock has crowed;  
Ah! Nocturnal beauty shines  
on the poor!  
And long live death and  
equality!

-- Henri Cazalis

-- trans. Richard Stokes

### **Wir wandelten**

Wir wandelten, wir zwei

We wandered together, the

zusammen,  
ich war so still und du so  
stille,  
ich gäbe viel, um zu  
erfahren,  
was du gedacht in jenem  
Fall.

Was ich gedacht,  
unausgesprochen verbleibe  
das!

Nur Eines sag' ich:  
So schön war alles, was ich  
dachte,  
so himmlisch heiter war es  
all'.

In meinem Haupte die  
Gedanken,  
sie läuteten wie gold'ne  
Glöckchen:  
so wunderschön, so  
wunderlieblich  
ist in der Welt kein and'rer  
Hall.

-- Georg Friedrich Daumer

two of us,  
I was so quiet and you so  
still,  
I would give much to know  
What you were thinking at  
that moment.

What I was thinking, let it  
remain unuttered!

Only one thing will I say:  
So lovely was all that I  
thought -  
So heavenly and fine was it  
all.

The thoughts in my head  
Rang like little golden bells:  
So marvellously sweet and  
lovely  
That in the world there is no  
other echo.

-- trans. Emily Ezust

## Der Soldat

Es geht bei gedämpfter  
Trommel Klang;  
Wie weit noch die Stätte! der  
Weg wie lang!  
O wär er zur Ruh und alles  
vorbei!  
Ich glaub', es bricht mir das  
Herz entzwei!

Ich hab' in der Welt nur ihn  
geliebt,  
Nur ihn, dem jetzt man den  
Tod doch gibt!

He walks to the sound of a  
muffled drum;  
how far the place! - how long  
the way!  
O if only he were at rest and  
everything past already!  
I think it will break my heart  
in two!

I loved only him in the world  
-  
only him, whom they are now  
putting to death!

Bei klingendem Spiele wird  
paradiert;  
Dazu bin auch ich  
kommandiert.

To the band they parade;  
for this task I am also  
ordered.

Nun schaut er auf zum  
letzten Mal  
In Gottes Sonne freudigen  
Strahl;  
Nun binden sie ihm die  
Augen zu -  
Dir schenke Gott die ewige  
Ruh!

Now he gazes for the last  
time  
up at the joyous sunbeams of  
God's sun;  
now they blindfold his eyes -  
may God grant you eternal  
peace!

Es haben dann Neun wohl  
angelegt;  
Acht Kugeln haben  
vorbeigefegt.  
Sie zittern alle vor Jammer  
und Schmerz -  
Ich aber, ich traf ihn mitten  
das Herz.

The nine then took aim:  
eight bullets shot wide.  
They trembled, all full of  
misery and pain -  
but I - I shot him right  
through the heart.

-- Adelbert von Chamisso

-- trans. Emily Ezust

### **Der Atlas**

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! Eine  
Welt,  
Die ganze Welt der  
Schmerzen muß ich  
tragen,  
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und  
brechen  
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

I, unblessed Atlas!  
I carry a world, the entire  
world of pain,  
I bear the unbearable,  
And the heart within me  
wants to break.

Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja  
gewollt!  
Du wolltest glücklich sein,  
unendlich glücklich,  
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes  
Herz,  
Und jetzo bist du elend.

Proud heart, you have  
wanted it thus!  
You wanted to be happy,  
eternally happy,  
Or eternally miserable, you  
proud heart,  
And now you are miserable.



-- Heinrich Heine

-- trans. Michael P.  
Rosewall

### **Der Lindenbaum**

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore

By the fountain, near the  
gate,

Da steht ein Lindenbaum;  
Ich träumt in seinem  
Schatten

There stands a linden tree;  
I have dreamt in its shadows

So manchen süßen Traum.

So many sweet dreams.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde  
So manches liebe Wort;  
Es zog in Freud' und Leide  
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

I carved on its bark  
So many loving words;  
I was always drawn to it,  
Whether in joy or in sorrow.

Ich mußst' auch heute  
wandern  
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,  
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel  
Die Augen zugemacht.

Today, too, I had to pass it  
In the dead of night.  
And even in the darkness  
I had to close my eyes.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,  
Als riefen sie mir zu:  
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,  
Hier find'st du deine Ruh'!

And its branches rustled  
As if calling to me:  
"Come here, to me, friend,  
Here you will find your  
peace!"

Die kalten Winde bliesen  
Mir grad ins Angesicht;  
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,  
Ich wendete mich nicht.

The frigid wind blew  
Straight in my face,  
My hat flew from my head,  
I did not turn back.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde  
Entfernt von jenem Ort,  
Und immer hör' ich's  
rauschen:

Now I am many hours  
Away from that spot,  
And still I hear the rustling:

Du fändest Ruhe dort!

There you would have found  
peace!

-- Wilhelm Müller

-- trans. Arthur Rishi

### **The Song of the Flea**

Es war einmal ein  
König,  
Der hatt' einen  
großen Floh,  
Den liebt' er gar  
nicht wenig,  
Als wie seinen  
eig'nen Sohn.

Da rief er seinen  
Schneider,  
Der Schneider  
kam heran;  
"Da, miß dem  
Junker Kleider

Und miß ihm  
Hosen an!"

In Sammet und in  
Seide  
War er nun  
angetan,  
Hatte Bänder auf  
dem Kleide,  
Hatt' auch ein  
Kreuz daran,  
Und war sogleich  
Minister,

Und hatt einen  
großen Stern.  
Da wurden seine  
Geschwister

Bei Hof auch  
große Herrn.

Und Herrn und  
Frau'n am Hofe,

There once was a  
king  
who had a large  
flea  
whom he loved  
not a bit less  
than his very own  
son.

He called his tailor  
and the tailor  
came directly;  
"Here - make  
clothing for this  
knight,

and cut him  
trousers too!"

In silk and satin  
was the flea now  
made up;  
he had ribbons on  
his clothing,  
and he had also a  
cross there,  
and had soon  
become a  
minister

and had a large  
star.  
Then his siblings  
became  
great lords and  
ladies of the  
court as well.

And the lords and  
ladies of the  
court

Жил был король  
когда-то,  
При нём блоха  
жила,  
Блоха... блоха!

Милей родного  
брата она ему  
была;

Блоха... ха, ха,  
ха! блоха?

Ха, ха, ха, ха,  
ха!... Блоха!

Зовёт король  
портного:  
„Послушай ты,  
чурбан!

Для друга  
дорогого  
Сшей бархатный  
кафтан!"

Блохе кафтан?  
Ха, ха! Блохе?  
Ха, ха, ха, ха, ха!

Кафтан? Ха, ха,  
ха!  
Блохе кафтан?

Вот в золото и  
бархат

Блоха наряжена,

И полная свобода  
ей при дворе  
дана. Ха, ха!

Ха, ха! Блохе!

Король ей сан  
министра

И с ним звезду  
даёт,

Die waren sehr  
geplagt,

Die Königin und  
die Zofe

Gestochen und  
genagt,

Und durften sie  
nicht knicken,

Und weg sie  
jucken nicht.

Wir knicken und  
ersticken

Doch gleich, wenn  
einer sticht.

-- J.W. von  
Goethe

were greatly  
plagued;

the queen and her  
ladies-in-waiting

were pricked and  
bitten,

and they dared  
not flick

or scratch them  
away.

But we flick and  
crush them

as soon as one  
bites!

-- trans. Emily  
Ezust

За нею и другие  
пошли все  
блохи в ход.

Ха, ха!

И самой  
королеве,  
И фрейлинам ея,

От блох не стало  
мочи,

Не стало и  
жизья. Ха, ха!

И тронуть-то  
боятся,

Не то чтобы их  
бить.

А мы, кто стал  
кусаться,

Тотчас давай  
душить!

-- trans.  
Aleksandr N.  
Strugovshchikov