

9-20-2015

Senior Recital: Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone

Nathan Haltiwanger

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



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

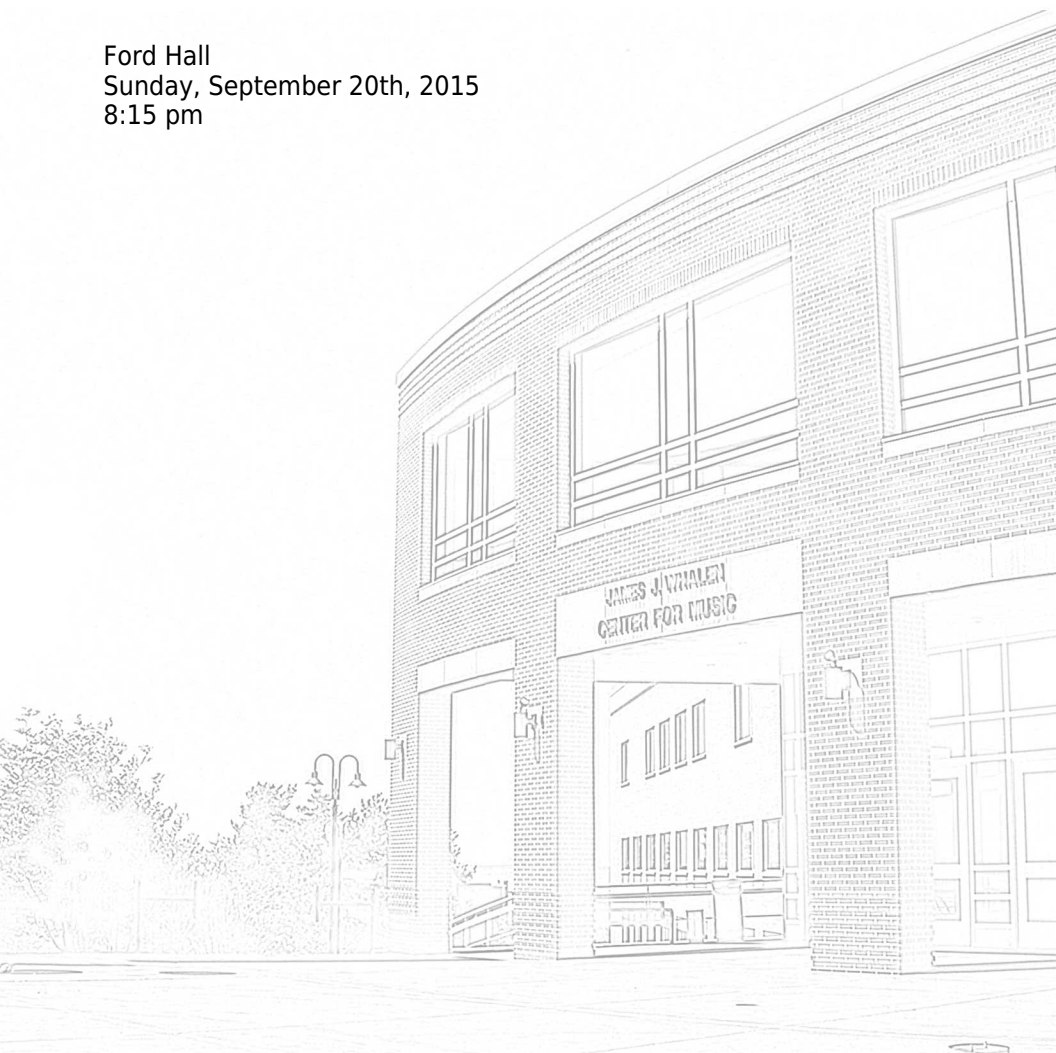
Haltiwanger, Nathan, "Senior Recital: Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone" (2015). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1077.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1077

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.

Senior Recital:
Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone

Alison Cherrington, piano
Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano
Carly Rockenhauser, viola
Kate Clemons, soprano

Ford Hall
Sunday, September 20th, 2015
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Mab, la reine des mensonges"
from *Romeo et Juliette*

Charles-François Gounod
(1818-1893)

Lerchengesang
Es träumte mir
Treue Liebe

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

"Nedda!... Silvio! a quest'ora che
imprudenza!"

from *Pagliacci*

Kate Clemons, soprano
Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

Ruggero Leoncavallo
(1857-1919)

Intermission

Core 'ngrato

Salvatore Cardillo
(1874-1947)

La Cloche fêlée

Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois

Carly Rockenhauser, viola

Charles Martin Loeffler
(1861-1935)

From *Mommy, Gimme A Drinka Water!*

Mommy, Gimme A Drinka Water!

Bathtub Admiral

Crazy Barbara

I'm Hiding

Mommy, Gimme A Drinka Water!

Milton Schafer
b. 1920

Translations

"Mab, la reine des mensonges"

Mab, la reine des mensonges, préside aux songes; plus légère que le vent décevant;	Mab, the queen of illusions, presides over dreams; even swifter than the deceiving wind;
A travers l'espace, à travers la nuit, elle passe, elle fuit! Son char, que l'atome rapide entraîne dans l'éther limpide, fut fait d'une noisette vide, par ver de terre, le charron!	Through space, through the night she passes, she flees! Her chariot, which an atomy swift drags through the limpid air, was made out of an empty nutshell by an earthworm who was the cartwright!
Les harnais, subtile dentelle ont été découpés dans quelque verte sauterelle par son cocher, le moucheron! Un os de grillon sert de manche à son fouet dont la mèche blanche est prise au rayon de Phoebé qui s'épanche rassemblant sa cour! Chaque nuit dans cet équipage Mab visite sur son passage, l'époux qui rêve de veuvage et l'amant qui rêve d'amour! A son approche la coquette rêve d'atours et de toilette, le courtisan fait la courbette, le poète rime ses vers! A l'avare en son gîte sombre elle ouvre des trésors sans nombre, et la liberté rit dans l'ombre au prisonnier chargé de fers! Le soldat rêve d'embuscades, de batailles et d'estocades. Elle lui verse les rasades dont ses lauriers sont arrosés. Et toi qu'un soupir effarouche quand tu reposes sur ta couche, ô vierge! elle effleure ta bouche et te fait rêver de baisers!	The harness, of delicate lacework were cut off from some green grasshopper by its coachman, a gnat! A cricket bone serves as a handle to her whip, whose white lash was fashioned from a moonbeam by Phoebe who prepares to assemble her court! Each night, with this retinue Mab visits as she passes, the husband dreaming of widowerhood and the lover dreaming of love! At her approach the coquette dreams of finery and of attire, the courtier bows and scrapes, the poet rhymes his verses! To the miser in his lodging gloomy she opens treasures numberless, and freedom laughs in the dark at the prisoner laden with chains! The soldier dreams of ambushes, of battles and sword thrusts. She pours him glassfulls with which his laurels are sprinkled. And you, oh virgin, startled by a mere sigh as you lie in your bed, will be lightly touched on your lips and made to dream of kisses!

Lerchengesang

Ätherische ferne Stimmen,
Der Lerchen himmlische Grüße,
Wie regt ihr mir so süße
Die Brust, ihr lieblichen Stimmen!

Ethereal, distant voices,
The heavenly greetings of the larks:
How sweetly you move
My heart, you lovely voices!

Ich schließe leis mein Auge,
Da ziehn Erinnerungen
In sangten Dämmerungen
Durchweht vom Frühlingshauche.

I close my eyes gently;
There pass memories
Of soft twilights,
Pervaded with the breath of Spring.

Es träumte mir

Es träumte mir,
Ich sei dir teuer;
Doch zu erwachen
Bedurft ich kaum.
Denn schon im Traume
Bereits empfand ich,
Es sei ein Traum.

I dreamed
I was dear to you;
But to wake up
I hardly dared.
For in the dream
I already understood
That it was only a dream.

Treue Liebe

Ein Mägdlein saß am Meeresstrand
Und blickte voll Sehnsucht ins
Weite:
"Wo bleibst du, mein Liebster, wo
weilst du so lang?
Nicht ruhen läßt mich des Herzens
Drang.
Ach, kämst du, mein Liebster, doch
heute!"

A maiden sat by the seashore
And looked, full of longing, into the
distance.
"Where are you, my lover? What is
keeping you so long?
The turmoil of my heart gives me
no rest.
Ah, if only you would come today,
my love!"

Der Abend nahte, die Sonne sank
Am Saum des Himmels darnieder.
"So trägt dich die Welle mir nimmer
zurück?
Vergebens späht in die Ferne mein
Blick.
Wo find ich, mein Liebster, dich
wieder?"

The evening approached, the sun
sank low
At the edge of the sky.
"So the waves will never bring you
back?
It is then in vain that I peer in the
distance.
Where will I find you again, my
beloved?"

Die Wasser umspielten ihr
schmeichelnd den Fuß,
Wie Träume von seligen Stunden,
Es zog sie zur Tiefe mit stiller

The creeping water played about
her feet,
Like a dream of blissful hours;
She was drawn to the depths by

Gewalt;
Nie stand mehr am Ufer die holde
Gestalt,
Sie hat den Geliebten gefunden!

some silent power;
No more did that lovely form stand
on the shore;
She had found her beloved again!

"Nedda!... Silvio! a quest'ora che imprudenza!"

Silvio
Nedda!

Silvio
Nedda!

Nedda
Silvio! a quest'ora! Che
imprudenza!

Nedda
Silvio! At this hour! What
imprudence!

Silvio
Ah bah! Sapea ch'io non rischiavo
nulla.
Canio e Beppe da lunge alla
taverna ho scorto!
Ma prudente per la macchia

a me nota qui ne venni.

Silvio
I knew that I was taking no risk.

Canio and Beppe from afar at the
tavern have I espied!
But I wisely came here through the
scrub woods
known to me.

Nedda
E ancora un poco in Tonio
t'imbattevi!

Nedda
And a minute sooner into Tonio
you'd have bumped!

Silvio
Oh! Tonio il gobbo!

Silvio
Oh! Tonio the fool!

Nedda
Il gobbo è da temersi! M'ama...

Nedda
The fool is to be feared! He's in love
with me...

Silvio
Ah!

Silvio
Ah!

Nedda
Ora qui me'l disse; e nel bestial
delirio suo,
baci chiedendo, ardia correr su me!

Nedda
Just now here he told me sol and in
his bestial passion
kisses demanding, he dared run at
me!

Silvio
Per Dio!

Silvio
By God!

Nedda
Ma con la frusta del cane immondo

Nedda
But with the whip I calmed the filthy

la foga calmai!

Silvio

E fra quest'ansie in eterno vivrai?
Nedda!

Decidi il mio destin, Nedda, rimani!
Tu il sai, la festa ha fin e parte
ognun domani.

E quando tu di qui sarai partita,
che addiverrà di me, della mia
vita?!

Nedda

Silvio!

Silvio

Nedda, rispondimi. S'è ver che
Canio non amasti mai,
s'è ver che t'è in odio il ramingar

e'l mestier che tu fai,
se l'immenso amor tuo una fola non
è,
questa notte partiam, fuggi Nedda,
con me!

Nedda

Non mi tentar! Vuoi tu perder la
vita mia?
Taci Silvio, non più. È delirio, è
follia!
Io mi confido a te, a te cui diedi il
cor
Non abusar di me, del mio febbrile
amor!
Pietà di me!

Silvio

No! Più non m'ami!

Nedda

Che! Sì, t'amo!

Silvio

E parti domattina?

E allor perchè, di', tu m'hai stregato
se vuoi lasciarmi senza pietà?!

dog's passion.

Silvio

And with these anxieties forever
must you live? Nedda!

Decide my fate, Nedda, stay!
You know that the holiday ends
tomorrow and that everyone
will leave.

And when you from here shall have
gone,
what will happen to me, to my life?!

Nedda

Silvio!

Silvio

Nedda, answer me. If it is true that
Canio you do not love ever,
if it is true that you hate the
vagabond life

and the work that you do,
and if your great love for me isn't
just a sham,
tonight let us leave, flee, with me!

Nedda

Don't tempt me! Do you want to
ruin the life mine?
Hush, Silvio, no more. It's delirium,
it's folly!
I put my trust in you, in you whom I
gave my heart.
Do not take advantage of my
feverish love!
Have pity on me!

Silvio

No! You no longer love me!

Nedda

What! Yes, I love you!

Silvio

And you will leave tomorrow
morning?

Tell me, why then, did you bewitch
me
and wish to leave me without pity?!

Quel bacio tuo perchè me l'hai dato
fra spasmi ardenti di voluttà?!
Se tu scordasti l'ore fugaci,

io non lo posso, e voglio ancor
que' spasmi ardenti que' caldi baci

che tanta febbre m'han messo in
cor!

Nedda

Nulla scordai, sconvolta e turbata
m'ha questo amore che nel guardo
ti sfavilla!

Viver voglio a te avvinta,
affascinata,
una vita d'amor, calma e tranquilla!
A te mi dono, su me solo impera,

ed io ti prendo e m'abbandono
intera!
Tutto scordiam!

Silvio

Tutto scordiam!

Nedda

Negli occhi mi guarda, baciami!
T'amo!

Silvio

Sì, ti guardo e ti bacio! T'amo!

Verrai?

Nedda

Sì, baciami!

Why then did you kiss me
with spasms of lust?!
If you have forgotten the hours
fleeting,

I cannot, and I want more
Those spasms ardent, those hot
kisses

that such fever have started in my
heart!

Nedda

I have forgotten nothing.
This love that blazes in your eyes
left me distraught and
perturbed!

I want to live bound to you and held
in your spell,

a life of love, calm and quiet!

I give myself to you; do with me
what you wish,

and I take you and surrender
entirely!

Everything let us forget!

Silvio

Everything let us forget!

Nedda

In the eyes look at me, kiss me! I
love you!

Silvio

Yes, I look at you and I kiss you! I
love you!

Will you come?

Nedda

Yes, kiss me!

Core 'ngrato

Catari, Catari,
Pecchè me dici sti parole amare,

Pecchè me parle e 'o core
me turmiente, Catari?

Nun te scurdà ca t'aggio date 'o
core,
Catari, nun te scurdà!

Catari, Catari,
Why do you tell me these bitter
words?

Why do you speak and torment
My heart, Catari?

Don't forget that I gave you my
heart,
Catari, don't forget!

Catari, Catari, che vene a dicere
Stu parlà ca me dà spaseme?
Tu nun'nce pienze a stu dolore mio,
Tu nun'nce pienze, tu nun te ne
cure.

Core, core, 'ngrato,
T'arie pigliato 'a vita mia,
Tutt' è passato
E nun'nce pienze chiù!

Catari, Catari,
Tu nun 'o saie ca'nfin'int' a na
chiesa
Io so' trasuto e aggio pregato a
Dio, Catari.
E l'aggio ditto pure a 'o cunfessore:
"I' sto a suffrì pe'chella là!
Sto a suffrì, sto a suffrì nun se po'
credere,
Sto a suffrì tutte li strazie!"
E 'o cunfessore, ch'è persona santa,
M'ha ditto: "Figlio mio, lassala sta!"

Catarim Catari, what do you mean
with
This talk that tortures me?
You don't think of this pain of mine,
You don't think, you don't care.

Heart, ungrateful heart
You've taken my life,
Everything has passed
And you don't think any more.

Catari, Catari,
You dont know that I even went to a
church,
I went in and prayed to God, Catari.
And I also told the confessor,
"I am suffering for her.
I am suffering, I am suffering, you
cannot believe,
I am suffering every torment."
And the confessor -- who is a holy
person --
Said to me "My son, leave her
alone, leave her alone."

La Cloche Fêlée

Il est amer et doux, pendant les
nuits d'hiver.
D'écouter, près du feu qui palpite et
qui fume,
Les souvenirs lointains lentement
s'élever
Au bruit des carillons qui chantent
dans la brume.

Bienheureuse la cloche au gosier
vigoureux,
Qui, malgré sa vieillesse, alerte et
bien portante,
Jette fidèlement son cri religieux,
Ainsi qu'un vieux soldat qui veille
sous la tente!

Moi, mon âme et fêlée, et lorsqu'en
ses ennuis

It is bitter and sweet, during winter
nights,
To listen, by the fire that flickers
and smokes,
To long-distant memories slowly
rising
At the sound of the bells chiming in
the mist.

Happy is that bell with the vigorous
throat,
Which, in spite of its age, is alert
and healthy,
And faithfully sends forth its
religious cry,
Like some old soldier on watch in
his tent.

As for me, my soul is cracked; and
when in its troubles

Elle veut de ses chants peupler l'air
froid des nuits,
Il arrive souvent que sa voix
affaiblie

It wants to fill the cold night air
with its songs,
It often happens that its weakened
voice

Semble le râle épais d'un blessé
qu'on oublie
Au bord d'un lac de sang, sous un
grand tas de morts,
Et qui meurt, sans bouger, dans
d'immenses efforts.

Seems like the thick gasp of a
wounded man, forgotten
Beside a lake of blood, underneath
a large heap of dead,
And who dies, without moving, with
immense effort.

Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois

Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois,
D'une douleur on veut croire
orpheline
Qui vient mourir au bas de la
colline,
Parmi la brise errant en courts
abois.

The sound of the horn is wailing
near the woods
with a sort of orphan-like grief
which dies away at the foot of the
hill
where the north wind deperately
roams.

L'âme du loup pleure dans cette
voix,
Qui monte avec le soleil, qui décline
D'une agonie on veut croire câline,
Et qui ravit et qui navre à la fois.

The soul of the wolf is weeping in
that voice
which rises with the sun that sinks
with an agony that seems somehow
soothing
and gives simultaneous delight and
distress.

Pour faire mieux cette plainte
assoupie,
La neige tombe à longs traits de
charpie
A travers le couchant sanguinolent,

To enhance this drowsy lament
the snow is falling as long strips of
linen
across the blood-red sunset,

Et l'air a l'air d'être un soupir
d'automne,
Tant il fait doux par ce soir
monotone,
Où se dorlote un paysage lent.

and the air seems to be an autumn
sigh,
so gentle is this monotonous
evening
in which a slow landscape coddles
itself.