

9-26-2015

Elective Recital: Bradley Whittemore, tenor and Hannah Abrams, soprano

Bradley Whittemore

Hannah Abrams

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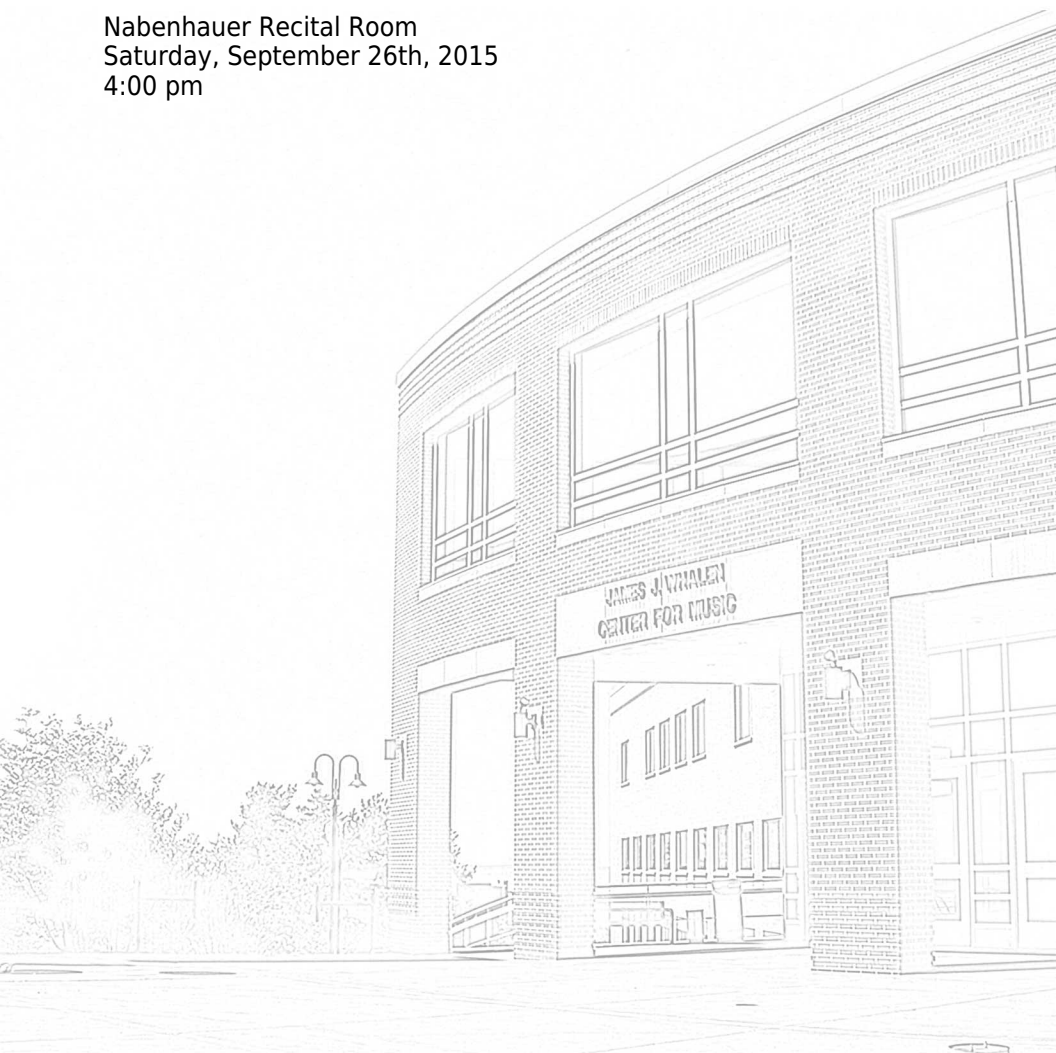
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Best Of...

Bradley Whittemore, tenor
Hannah Abrams, soprano

Kerry Mizrahi, piano
Emilie Benigno, violin

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Saturday, September 26th, 2015
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Lydia
Adieu
Mandoline

Gabriel Faure
1845-1924

Aquel sombrero de monte
Del cabello más sutil
Al amor
Chiquitita la novia

Fernando Obradors
1897-1945

Pause

Amorosi miei giorni
Sole e amore

Stefano Donaudy
1879-1925
Giacomo Puccini
1858-1924

Five Hebrew Love Songs
Temuna (A Picture)
Kala Kalla (Light Bride)
Larov (Mostly)
Eyze Shelleg! (What Snow!)
Rakut (Tenderness)

Eric Whitacre
b. 1970

Emilie Benigno, violin

Love in the Dictionary
When I Think Upon the Maidens

Celius Dougherty
1902-1986
Michael Head
1900-1976

"All In My Head" from *Cry-Baby*

David Javerbaum and Adam
Schlesinger
arr. Lynne Shankel

Translations

Lydia

Lydia, sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,

Roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe,
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.
Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours,
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir, mourir
toujours!

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks
And on your neck, so fresh and
white,
Flow sparkingly
The fluid golden tresses which you
loosen;
This shining day is the best of all,
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses of a dove
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance in your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess.
I love you and die, oh my love,
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
So that I may die, forever die!

Adieu ("Poème d'en Jour")

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
décloze,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés des
prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées,
fumées!

On voit, dans ce monde léger,
Changer plus vite que les flots des
grèves, nos rêves!
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs, nos
cœurs!

A vous l'on se croyait fidèle, cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
Adieu!

How quickly everything dies, the
rose uncloses,
And the fresh colored mantles of
the meadows;
The long sighs, the beloved ones,
disappear in smoke!

We see, in this fickle world,
Change faster than the waves at
the shores, our dreams!
Faster than dew on flowers, our
hearts!

One believed in being faithful to
you, cruel one,
But alas, the longest loves are
short!
And I say, leaving your charms,
without tears,
Almost at the moment of my
avowal,
Farewell!

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades,
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui, pour mainte
cruelle,
Fit maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons debrise.

The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.

There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
And the eternal Clitander,
And there is Damis, who for many
cruel ladies,
Fashions many tender verses.

Their short silken vests,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their gaiety
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandoline chatters
Amid the trembling of the breeze.

Aquel sombrero de monte

Aquel sombrero de monte
Hecho con hojas de palma
¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay! Que me le lleva el río
¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay! Que me le lleva el
agua.

Lo siento por una cinta
Que le puse colorada
¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay! Que me le lleva el río
¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay! Que me le lleva el
agua.

Se va yendo poco a poco
Y ya no me queda nada
¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay! Que me le lleva el río
¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay! Que me le lleva el
agua.

That mountain hat
Made with palm leaves
Oh! The river takes it away!
Oh! The water takes it away!

I am sorry because of
The red ribbon I put on it
Oh! The river takes it away!
Oh! The water takes it away!

There it goes little by little
And now I have nothing
Oh! The river takes it away!
Oh! The water takes it away!

Del cabello más sutil

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzada,
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.

From your delicate hair
That you have in your braid,
I want to make a chain
So that I can carry you by my side.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

A pitcher in your house,
Dear girl, I would like to be,
So that I can kiss you on the mouth
Whenever you take a drink.

Al amor

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después...
De muchos millares, itres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y contemos al revés.

Give me, love, countless kisses
Your hands upon my hair
Give me eleven hundred of them
And eleven hundred more,
And then...
Many more thousand!
And because no one will regret it,
Let us spoil the count
And count backwards.

Chiquitita la novia

¡Ah! Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala,
Y el dormitorio.
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y el mosquitero. ¡Ah!

Ah! A tiny bride,
A tiny groom,
A tiny living room,
And a bedroom.
That is why I want
A tiny bed
And a mosquito net. Ah!

Amorosi miei giorni

Amorosi miei giorni,
Chi vi potrà mai più scordar,
Or che di tutti i beni adorni,

Date pace al mio core
E profumo ai pensieri?

Poter così, finché la vita avanza,
Non temer più gli affanni
D'una vita d'inganni,
Sol con questa speranza:
Che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio
splendor
e un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio
tesoro!

Chi di me più beato,

Loves of my life,
Who could ever forget you,
Now that I am enriched with all
your blessing,
You give peace to my heart
And perfume to my thoughts?

To be able, as I grow older,
To no longer fear the anxieties
Of a life filled with betrayal,
And to live with this one hope:
That my joy could be one of your
glances,
And that in one of your smiles may
be my worldly treasure!

Who could be more blessed than I,

Se accanto a sé così non ha
Un dolce e caro oggetto amato,
Sì che ancor non può dire
Di saper cos'è amore?

Ah, ch'io così, finché la vita avanza,
Più non tema gli affanni
D'una vita d'inganni
Sol con questa speranza:

If he does not have at his side
A lover so sweet and dear,
And can still not say
That he knows what true love is?

Ah, thus as I grow older,
To no longer fear the anxieties
Of a life filled with betrayal,
And to live with this one hope:

Sole e amore

Il sole allegramente batte ai tuoi
vetri;
Amor pian pian batte al tuo cuore
E l'una e l'altro chiama.

Il sole dice: "O dormente, mostrati
che sei bella."
Dice l'amor: "Sorella, col tuo primo
pensier,
Pensa a chi t'ama! Pensa!"

Al Paganini, G. Puccini.

The sun joyfully taps at your
windows;
Love softly, softly taps at your heart
And one calls to the other.

The sun says: "Oh sleeper, show
yourself for you are beautiful!"
Love says: "Sister, with your first
thought,
think of the one who loves you!
Think!"

To Paganini, G. Puccini.

Temuná

Temuná belibí charutá;
Nodédet beyn ór uveyn ófel:
Min dmamá shekazó et guféch kach
otá,
Usaréch al paná'ich kach nófel.

A picture is engraved in my heart;
Moving between light and darkness:
A sort of silence envelopes your
body,
And your hair falls upon your face
just so.

Kalá Kallá

Kalá kallá
Kulá shelí.
U'vekalút
Tishák hí lí!

Light bride
She is all mine,
And lightly
She will kiss me!

Laróv

“Laróv,” amár gag la'shama'im,
“Hamercháák shebeynéynu hu ad;

Ach lifnéy zman alu lechán shna'im,
Uveynéynu nishár sentiméter
echád.”

“Mostly,” said the roof to the sky,
“the distance between you and I is
endlessness;

But a while ago two came up here,
And only one centimeter was left
between us.”

Éyze Shéleg!

Éyze shéleg!
Kmo chalamót ktaním
Noflím mehashamá'im.

What snow!
Like little dreams
Falling from the sky.

Rakút

Hu hayá malé rakút
Hi haytá kashá
Vechól káma shenistá lehishaér
kach,
Pashút, uvlí sibá tová,
Lakach otá el toch atzmó,
Veheníach
Bamakóm hachí, hachí rach.

He was full of tenderness;
She was very hard.
And as much as she tried to stay
thus,
Simply, and with no good reason,
He took her into himself,
And set her down
In the softest, softest place.