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Graduate Recital: Nick Reynolds, tenor

Nick Reynolds

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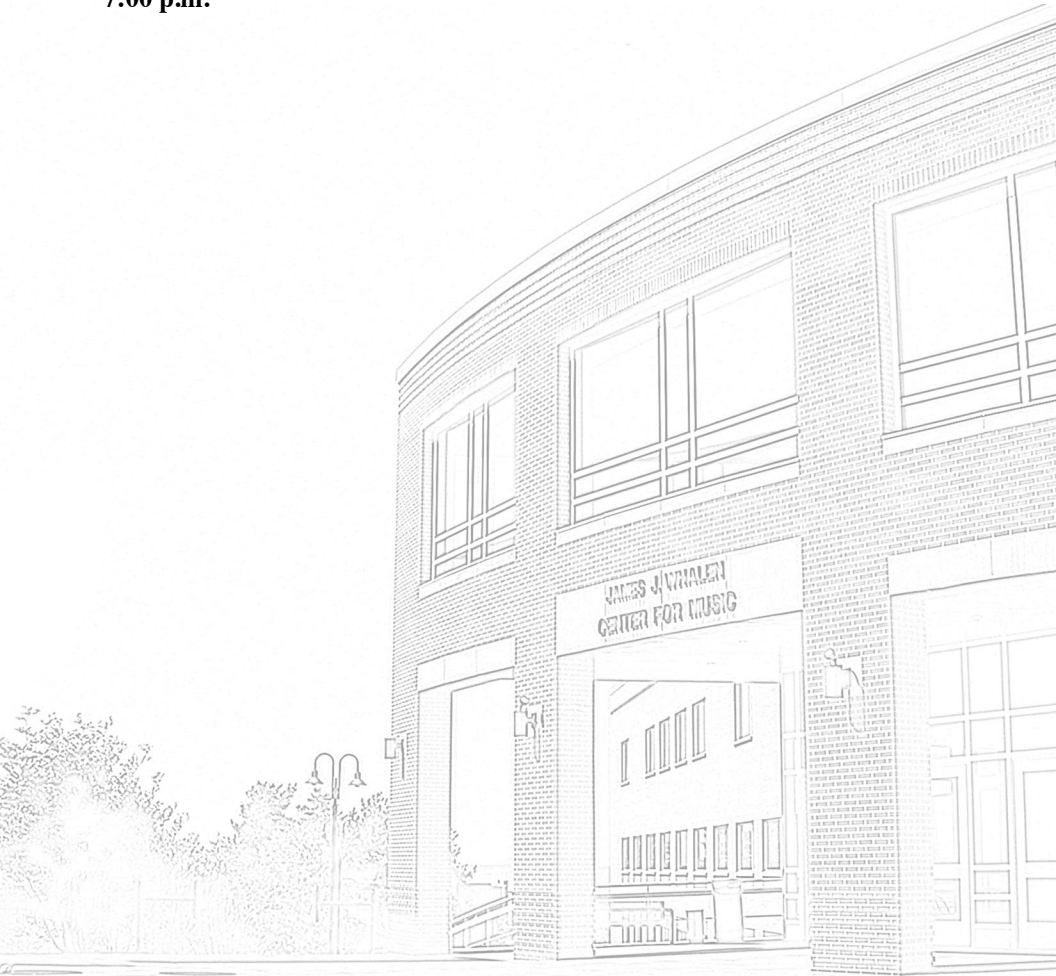
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Graduate Recital: Nick Reynolds, tenor

Elena Nezhdanova, piano

Ford Hall
Tuesday, April 10, 2012
7:00 p.m.



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.

Program

Caldo Sangue
from *Il sedicia, re di gerusalemme*

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

O wüsst' ich doch den weg
Erinnerung
Botschaft
In Waldeseinsamkeit
Meine liebe ist grün

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Ah, mes amis
Pour mon âme
from *La fille du régiment*

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Intermission

Will There Really Be a Morning?
Waterbird
Awake the Sleeping Sun
When Children Are Playing Alone On The Green
Lions

Richard Hundley
(b. 1931)

Lamento
Phidylé

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Au fond du temple saint
from *Les pêcheurs de perles*

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Nick Reynolds, tenor
Stephen Wilkins, baritone
Elena Nezhdanova, piano

This Graduate Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Masters of Voice Performance. Nick Reynolds is from the studio of Carol McAmis.

Translations

Caldo Sangue

Caldo sangue, che bagnando il sen
mi
vai e d'amore fai gran fede al
genitore,
fuggi pur, fuggi a me,
ch'io già moro e resto e sangue.

Forse un dì risorgerai per vendetta
della man,
che mi saetta;
e il vigor, che in me già manca, caldo
sangue,
passerà più saldo, più saldo in te.

O wüsst' ich doch den weg

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum sucht' ich nach dem Glück

Und ließ der Mutter Hand?

O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!

Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu
spähn,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind;
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!

O zeigt mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem
Glück,
Ringsum ist öder Strand!

Warm Blood

Warm Blood, which continues to
soak my breast and serves as
proof of my love for my father,
flow then, flow from me, for I
am already dying and bloodless!

Perhaps one day you-will rise again
in order to take revenge
on the hand which wounds me;
and the strength which in me already
fails, warm blood,
will pass stronger into you.

O knew I but the path

Oh, knew I but the path back,
the dear path to the childhood land!
Oh, why I sought after the happiness

and let go of my mother's hand?

Oh, how I long to be at rest,
Not to be awakened by anything,
To shut my weary eyes,
With love gently surrounding!

And nothing to search for, nothing to
beware of,
Only dreams, sweet and mild;
Not to notice the changes of time,
To be once more a child!

Oh, do show me the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
In vain I search for happiness,
Around me naught but deserted
beach and sand!

Erinnerung

Ihr wunderschönen Augenblicke, die
Lieblichste der ganzen Welt hat
euch mit ihrem ew'gen Glücke, mit
ihrem süßen licht erhellt.

Ihr stellen, ihr geweihten plätze, ihr
trugt ja das geliebte Bild, was
wunder habt ihr, was für schätze
vor meinen augen dort enthüllt!

Ihr Gärten all, ihr grünen Haine, du
Weinberg in der süßen zier, es
nahte sich die hehre, Reine, in
züchten gar zu freundlich mir.

Ihr worte, die sie da gesprochen, du
schönstes, halbverhauchtes wort,
dein Zauberbann wird nie
gebrochen, du klingst und wirkst
fort und fort.

Ihr wunderschönen Augenblicke, ihr
lacht und lockt in ew'gem Reiz.
Ich schaue sehnsuchtsvoll zurücke
voll schmerz und Lust und
Liebesgeiz.

Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich um
die wange der Geliebten, Spiele
zart in ihrer locke, eile nicht
hinwegzufliehn!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage, wie
es um mich Armen stehe; sprich:
"Unendlich war sein wehe, höchst
bedenklich seine Lage; Aber jetzo
kann er hoffen wieder herrlich
aufzuleben, denn du, Holde, denkst
an ihn!"

Remembrance

You simply beautiful moments, the
most lovely girl in the entire world
has you with her eternal happiness,
with her sweet, brightened light.

You places, you consecrated places,
you certainly bore the beloved
image, what wonders have you,
what kind of treasures before my
eyes there revealed!

You gardens all, all green groves,
you vineyards in the sweet
adornment, she approached me the
glorious one, pure one in propriety
even too friendly to me.

You words, that she then spoke, you
beautiful, half-spoken word, your
magical spell will never be broken,
you will resound and have
continuous effect.

You simply beautiful moments, you
smile and lure with eternal charm. I
gaze full of longing back full of
pain and joy and desire for love.

Message

Waft, little breeze, gently and
lovingly about the cheeks of my
beloved; play gently in her locks,
hasten not to flee away!

She proposes then perhaps the
question, how I and the poor one
stand; say: "unending was his pain,
highly critical his condition; but
now can he hope again
wonderfully to revive, for you,
lovely one, are thinking of him!"

In Waldeseinsamkeit

Ich sass zu deinem füssen

in waldeseinsamkeit;
Windesatmen, sehnen ging durch die
wipfel breit.

In stummen ringen senkt' ich das
haupt in deinen schoss,
Und meine bebenden Hände
um deine knie ich schloss,

Die Sonne ging hinunter, der Tag
verglühte all, ferne sang eine
Nachtigall.

Meine liebe ist grün

Meine liebe ist grün der
Fliederbusch, und mein lieb ist
schön wie die Sonne;
die glänzt wohl herab auf den
Fliederbusch und füllt ihn mit duft
und mit Wonne.

Meine Seele hat schwingen der
Nachtigall und wiegt sich in
blühendem Flieder,
und jauchzet und singet vom Duft
berauscht viel Liebestrunkene
Lieder.

Ah, mes amis/Pour mon âme

Ah, mes amis quel jour de fête! Je
vais marcher sous vos drapeaux!

L'amour qui m'atourné la tête
désormais, désormais me rend un
héros. Ah! quel bonheur, oui mes
amis, je vais marcher sous vos
drapeaux!

Oui, celle pour qui je respire, à mes
vœux a daigné sourire, et ce doux

In the Solitude of the Forest

I sat at your feet in the solitude of the
forest;

The wind's breath,
like longing, went through the broad
treetops.

In mute struggling I lowered my
head onto your lap,
and I closed my trembling hands
around your knees.

The sun went down, the day faded
away all, far off sang a
Nightingale.

My Love is Green

My love is green like the lilac bush,
and my love is beautiful like the
Sun;
which gleams down on the lilac-bush
and fills it with fragrance and with
bliss.

My soul has the wings of the
Nightingale and rocks itself in the
blossoming Lilac,
and, intoxicated by the fragrance,
rejoices and sings many love drunk
songs.

Ah, my friends/For my soul

Ah, my friends what a day of
celebration! I go to march under
your flag!

The love which has turned my head
henceforth, henceforth makes me a
hero. Ah! What happiness! I go to
march under your flag!

Yes, she for whom I breathe, on my
vows has deigned to smile, and that

espoir de bonheur, trouble ma
raison et mon Coeur!

sweet hope of happiness, troubles
my mind and my heart!

Pour mon âme quel destin! J'ai sa
flamme et j'ai sa main! Jour
prospère! Me voici militaire et
mari!

For my soul what a destiny! I have
her flame and I have her hand! Day
thriving! I am here a soldier and
husband!

Will There Really Be a Morning?

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains;
if I were as tall as they?
Has it feet like water lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
of which I have never heard?
Oh, some scholars! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
where that place called morning lies!
Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?

Waterbird

Waterbird, waterbird gently afloat.
Know you my yearning for places remote?

Waterbird, waterbird under the sea.
Keep you my kingdom for sleepers like me?

Awake the Sleeping Sun

Come ye shepherds who have seen
day's King deposed by night's queen!
Come lift we up our lofty song,
to wake the sun that sleeps too long.

Welcome to our wondering sight.
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in winter and day in night,
Heaven in Earth and God in man!

When Children are Playing Alone on the Green

When children are playing alone on the green.
In comes the playmate that never was seen.

When children are happy and lonely and good.
The friend of the children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw.
His is a picture you never could draw.
But he's sure to present abroad and at home.
When children are happy and playing alone.

Lions

Lions have lain in grasses before
and pale hares in lonely lanes.
But the trees and the leaves
and the leaves and the trees
are choicer and much more fair.
Abandon, then lions.
Ignore pale hares.
For with the trees and the leaves
and the leaves and the trees you've
found your choicest fair.
Choicest and fair.

Lamento

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if? Sur l'if une pâle
colombe, Triste et seule au soleil
couchant, Chante son chant:

On dirait que l'âme éveillée Pleure
sous terre à l'unisson De la
chanson, Et du malheur d'être
oubliée Se plaint dans un
roucoulement Bien doucement.

Oh! jamais plus, près de la tombe, Je
n'irai, quand descend le soir Au
manteau noir, Écouter la pâle
colombe Chanter sur la branche de
l'if Son chant plaintif!

Lament

Do you know the white tomb, where
floats with a plaintive sound, The
shadow of a yew? On the yew a
pale dove, Sad and alone under the
setting sun, Sings its song:

One would say that an awakened
soul is weeping under the earth in
unison With this song, and from
the misfortune of being forgotten, it
complains in a very soft coo.

Oh! Never again very near the tomb,
I will not go, when the night falls
in its cloak black, To hear the pale
dove sing on the branch of the yew
Its song plaintive!

Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil
sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
qui dans les prés en fleur germant par
mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil. Par
le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein
soleil, Chantent les abeilles
volages. Un chaud parfum circule
au détour des sentiers, La rouge
fleur des blés s'incline, Et les
oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa
courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire
et ton meilleur baiser me
récompensent de l'attente!

Au fond du temple saint

Nadir:
Au fond du temple saint paré de
fleurs et d'or, une femme apparaît!
Je crois la voir encore!

Zurga:
Une femme apparaît!
Je crois la voir encore!

Nadir:
La foule prosternée la regarde
étonnée et murmure tous bas:
voyez, c'est la déesse qui dans
l'ombre se dresse et vers nous tend
les bras!

Phidylé

The grass is soft for sleeping
under the cool poplars,
on the slopes of the mossy banks,
which in the meadows that flower
formed from a thousand sources,
get lost under the dark thickets.

Rest, oh Phidylé!
Noon on the leaves shines and
invites you to sleep. In the clover
and the thyme, alone, in plain sun,
sings the fickle bees. A warm
perfume circles around the bend of
the paths, the red flower of the
grain droops, And the birds,
skimming with the wing the
hillside, searches the shadows of
the wild rose.

But, when the star, sinks on its curve
dazzling,
sees its ardor subside,
let your best beautiful smile and
your best kiss reward me for waiting!

At the back of the holy temple

Nadir:
At the back of the holy temple
adorned with flowers and with
gold, a woman appears! I think to
see her again!

Zurga:
A woman appears!
I think to see her again!

Nadir:
The crowd bows down looks at her
amazed, and murmurs very low:
look, it is the goddess who in the
shadows rises and towards us hold
out the arms!

Zurga:

Son voile se soulève! Ô vision! ô
reve! La foule est à genoux!

Zurga et Nadir:

Oui, c'est elle! C'est la déesse plus
charmante et plus belle! C'est la
déesse qui descend parmi nous!

Son voile se soulève et la foule est à
genoux!

Nadir:

Mais à travers la foule elle s'ouvre
un passage!

Zurga:

Son long voile déjà nous cache en
vain!

Nadir:

Mon regard, hélas, la cherche en
vain!

Zurga and Nadir:

Oui, c'est elle! C'est la déesse en ce
jour qui vient nous unir, et fidèle à
ma promesse, comme un frère je
veux te chérir! C'est elle, c'est la
déesse qui vient en ce jour nous
unir! Oui, partageons le même sort,
soyons unis jusqu'à la mort!

Zurga:

Her veil is lifted! Oh, vision! oh,
dream! The crowd is on its knees!

Zurga and Nadir:

Yes, it is she! It is the goddess most
charming and most beautiful! It is
the goddess who descends among
us!

Her veil she lifts and the crowd is on
its knees!

Nadir:

But through the crowd she opens a
pathway!

Zurga:

Her long veil now hides her face
from us!

Nadir:

My gaze, alas, seeks her in vain!

Zurga and Nadir:

Yes, it is she! It is the goddess on
this day which comes to unite us,
and faithful to my promise, as a
brother I want to cherish! It is she,
it is the goddess who comes on this
day to unite us! Yes, let us share
the same fate, let us unite until the
death!

Ithaca College School of Music

Ever since its founding in 1892 as a Conservatory of Music, Ithaca College has remained dedicated to attracting the most talented young musicians, and then immersing these students in an advanced culture of musical learning that positions them to be leading professionals in music. As the conservatory evolved into a comprehensive college with expanded academic offerings, the School of Music has continued to earn its reputation as one of the best in the nation.

Through a blend of world-class faculty, state-of-the-art facilities, professional performance opportunities, access to liberal arts classes, and a beautiful campus setting, students grow in a challenging yet supportive community.

Not only do students have access to our broad music curriculum, but they can also take classes in any of the College's other schools and divisions. As a result, graduates are well prepared for a host of careers and work in almost every music field imaginable. School of Music alumni include symphony, opera, and Broadway performers; faculty members and deans at prestigious universities and colleges; teachers in school systems through the country; music therapists, composers; publicists; audio engineers in professional studios; and managers in the music industry. The School of Music boasts a consistent 100% job placement for music education graduates actively seeking employment, and 98% placement for other graduates into jobs or graduate schools.

Since 1941, the Ithaca College School of Music has been accredited by the National Association of Schools of Music.

For more information regarding the Ithaca College School of Music, please visit us on the web at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music>

Upcoming Events

April

- 12 - Nabenhauer - 7:00pm - Improv Ensemble
- 13 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Talea
- 16 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Frank Campos, trumpet/Nicholas Walker, bass
- 17 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Ensemble
- 18 - Hockett - 10:00am - Honors Convocation
- 18 - Ford - 8:15pm - Sinfonietta - *Webstreamed at*
<http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>
- 19 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Opera Workshop
- 19 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Sophomore Percussion Students
- 20 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Vocal Masterclass: Nedda Casei
- 21 - Hockett - 4:00pm - Yusheng Li and the New Continent Saxophone Quartet
- 21 - Ford - 8:15pm - Chamber Orchestra - *Webstreamed at*
<http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>
- 22 - Ford - 3:00pm - Chorus - *Webstreamed at*
<http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>
- 22 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble (GS)
- 23 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Woodwind Chamber Ensemble
- 23 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab
- 24 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Recital: Ivy Walz/Brad Hougham/Jean Radice
- 24 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble (CA)
- 25 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band - *Webstreamed at*
<http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>
- 25 - Hockett - 9:00pm - Piano Ensemble
- 26 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano Chamber Ensembles
- 26 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band