

12-7-2013

Junior Recital: Fred Diengott, bass/baritone

Fred Diengott

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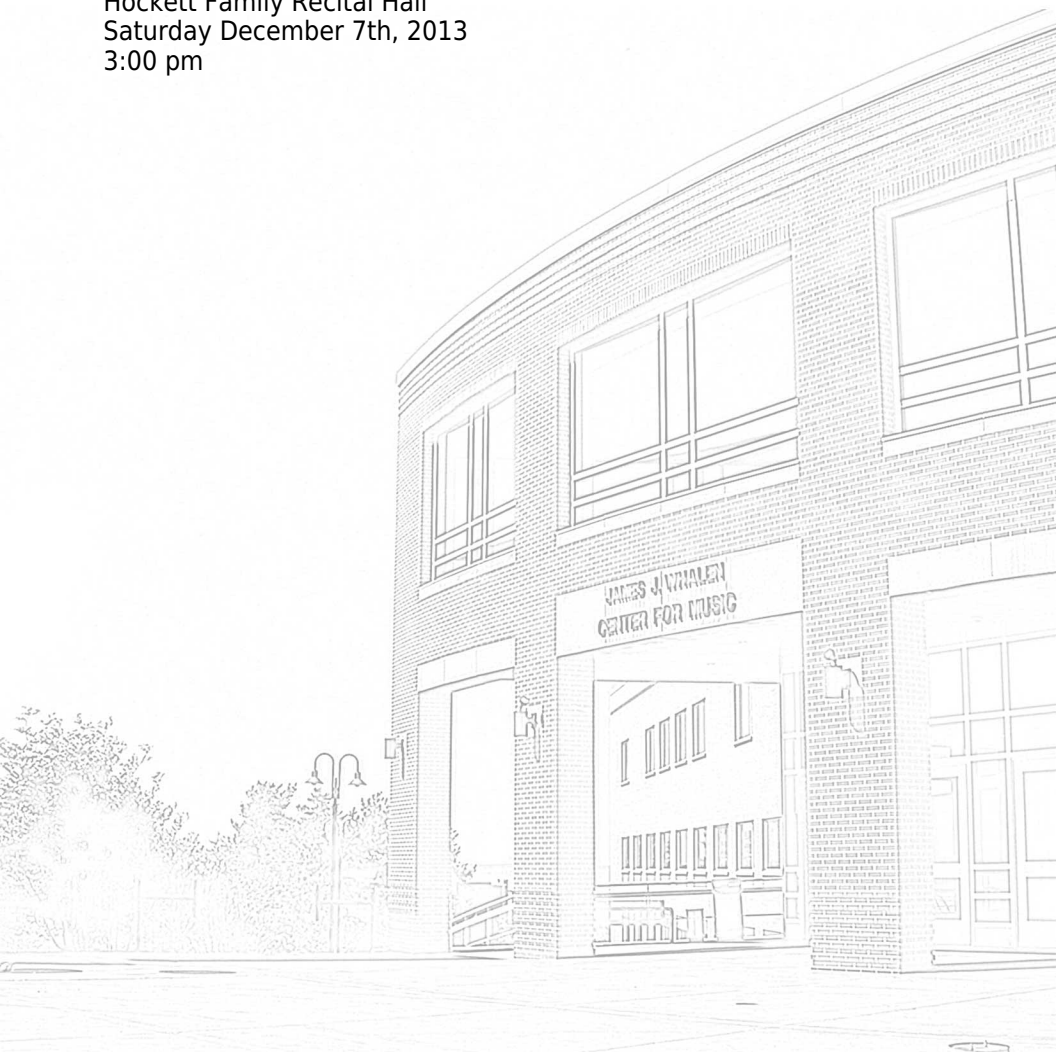
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Junior Recital:

Fred Diengott, bass/baritone

Sean Nimmo, piano
Yuanming Hu, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday December 7th, 2013
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Un Bacio di Mano

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Six Romances Op. 62

1. To His Son
4. Jenny
6. The King's Campaign

Dmitri Shostakovich
(1906-1975)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

- I. Chanson romanesque
- II. Chanson épique
- III. Chanson à boire

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Intermission

Zwei Gesänge Op.51

- Das Thal
Der Einsame

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

War Scenes

2. Specimen Case
3. An Incident
4. Inauguration Ball
5. The Real War Will Never Get in the Books

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

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

Translations

Un bacio di mano

Un bacio di mano
Vi fa meraviglia,
E poi bella figlia
Volete sposar.

Voi siete un po' tondo,
Mio caro Pompeo,
L'usanze del mondo
Andate a studiar.

Un uom, che si sposa
Che giovin vezzosa,
A certi capricci,
Dee pria rinunciar.
Dee libere voglie lasciar alla moglie,
Dee sempre le porte aperte lasciar,
Dee chiudere gli occhi, gli orecchi,
la bocca,
Se il re degli sciocchi no vuole
sembrar.

A kiss on her hand

A kiss on her hand
Astonishes you
And then the beautiful girl
You want to marry.

You're a little dull,
My dear Pompeo.
The ways of the world,
Go study them.

A man who marries
A pretty young girl,
Certain whims
He must give up
To let his wife have her way,
To always leave doors open,
To shut his eyes, ears, and mouth,
If he doesn't want to be the king of
fools.

Six Romances

Сыну

Три вещи есть, не ведающих
горя,
Пока судьба их вместе не свела,
Но некий день их застигнет в
сборе,
И в этот день им не уйти от зла.

Те вещи: роща, поросль,
подросток;
Из леса в брёвнах - виселиц
мосты,
Из конопли - верёвки для
захлёсток,
Повеса и подросток это ты.

To His Son

Three things there be that prosper
up apace
And flourish, whilst they grow
asunder far,
But on a day, they meet all in one
place,
And when they meet, they one
another mar;

And they be these: the wood, the
weed, the wag.
The wood is that which makes the
gallow tree;
The weed is that which strings the
hangman's bag;
The wag, my pretty knave,
betokeneth thee.

Заметь, дружок, им врозь не
нарезвиться,
В соку трава и лес, и сорванец,
Но пусть сойдутся: скрипнет
половица,
Струной верёвка, и юнцу конец.

Помолимся с тобой об избежаныи
Участия в их роковом свиданыи.

Дженни

Пробираясь до калитки
Полям, вдоль межи,
Дженни вымокла до нитки
Вечером во ржи.

Очень холодно девчонке,
Бьёт девчонку дрожь:
Замочила все юбочки,
Идя через рожь.

Если кто-то звал кого-то
Сквозь густую рожь
И кого-то обнял кто-то,
Что с него возьмёшь?

И какая нам забота,
Если у межи
Целовался с кем-то кто-то
Вечером во ржи!

Королевский поход

По склону вверх король повёл
Полки своих стрелков.
По склону вниз король сошёл,
Но только без полков.

Mark well, dear boy, whilst these
assemble not,
Green springs the tree, hemp
grows, the wag is wild,
But when they meet, it makes the
timber rot,
It frets the halter, and it chokes the
child.

Then bless thee, and beware, and
let us pray
We part not with thee at this
meeting day.

Jenny

Coming through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draggled all her petticoats,
Coming through the rye!

O Jenny is all wet, poor body,
Jenny is seldom dry:
She draggled all her petticoats,
Coming through the rye!

Should a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Should a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Should a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Should a body kiss a body,
Need the world know?

The King's Campaign

Up to the top of the hill
The King has marched his men;
The King has come back down
again,
But without his band of men.

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri
d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing,
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,

Je blémirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée.

Romanesque song

If you told me the eternal turning
Of the world, offended you.
I would send Panza:
you would see it motionless and
silent.

If you told me you were bored by
the number of stars in the sky.

I would tear the heavens apart,
Erase the night in one swipe.

If you told me that the now-empty
space doesn't please you,
Knight God, with a lance at hand
I would fill the wind with stars.

But, my Lady, if you told me
that my blood is more mine than
yours.

That reprimand would turn me pale
And, blessing you, I would die.

Oh, Dulcinée.

Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez
loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez
choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre

Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma
lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:

Epic Song

Good Saint Michael, who gives me
the chance
to see my Lady and to hear her.
Good Saint Michael who deigns to
choose me
to please and defend her.
Good Saint Michael will you
descend

With Saint George to the altar
Of the Virgin in the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven, bless my
sword
And his equal in purity
And his equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:

Ma Dame,

Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint
Michel
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

My Lady.

O Great Saint George and Saint
Michael
The angel who guards my watch
My sweet Lady, so much like you
Virgin in the blue mantle.
Amen.

Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux
yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon
âme!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
Lorsque j'ai ... lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!...

Drinking Song

Fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who, for losing me in your sweet
eyes
Tells me that love and old wine
Put my heart and soul in mourning.

I drink to pleasure!
Pleasure is the only goal,
To which I go straight...
When I've drunk !

Fig for the jealous, dark-haired
mistress,
who moans, who cries and swears
Always being the pallid lover,
Watering down his intoxication

I drink to pleasure! ...

Zwei Gesänge Op.51

Das Thal

Wie willst du dich mir offenbaren,
Wie ungewohnt, geliebtes Tal?
Nur in den frühesten Jugendjahren
Erschienst du so mir manches Mal.

Die Sonne schon hinabgegangen,
Doch aus den Bächen klarer Schein;

The Valley

How do you want to present
yourself to me,
so unexpectedly, beloved valley?
Only in my early youth
I often saw you like today.

The sun has already descended,
Yet there's a glitter off the stream;

Kein Lüftchen spielt mir um die
Wangen,
Doch sanftes Rauschen in dem
Hain.

No breath of wind caresses my
cheek,
Yet there's a soft rustle in the
green.

Es duftet wieder alte Liebe,
Es grünet wieder alte Lust;
Ja, selbst die alten Liedertriebe
Beleben diese kalte Brust.

It smells again of past love,
Past desire sprouts again;
Yes, even the old creativity
Comes back to revitalise this old
body.

Natur, wohl braucht es solcher
Stunden,
So innig, so liebevoll,
Wenn dieses arme Herz gesunden,
Das welkende genesen soll.

Nature, it takes her hours,
so tender, so lovingly,
to nurse this poor heart back to
health,
to brush out life's creases.

Bedrängt mich einst die Welt noch
bänger,
So such' ich wieder dich mein Tal,
Empfange dann den kranken
Sänger
Mit solcher Milde noch einmal.

And if one day the world is
harassing me even worse,
I'll again turn to you my valley,
For you to embrace the ailing
herald
With such inherent kindness once
again.

Und sink' ich dann ermattet nieder,
So öffne leise deinen Grund
Und nimm mich auf und schließ' ihn
wieder
Und grüne fröhlich und gesund.

And when I finally weakly sink
down,
Do open up quietly for me
And take me in and close above me
And go on blossoming, as cheerful
and robust as before.

Der Einsame

Wo ich bin, mich rings umdunkelt
Finsterniß so dumpf und dicht,
Seit mir nicht mehr leuchtend
funkelt,
Liebste, Deiner Augen Licht.

The Hermit

Wherever I am, I'm surrounded
by a darkness so gloomy and dense
that the light of your eyes, dearest,
no longer sparkles before me.

Mir erloschen ist der süßen
Liebessterne goldne Pracht.
Abgrund gähnt zu meinen Füßen.
Nimm mich auf, uralte Nacht.

Extinct for me is the golden
splendour
of the sweet stars of love.
An abyss gapes at my feet.
Welcome me, ancient night.