

2-18-2017

Elective Recital: Josiah Spellman Jr., baritone

Josiah Spellman Jr.

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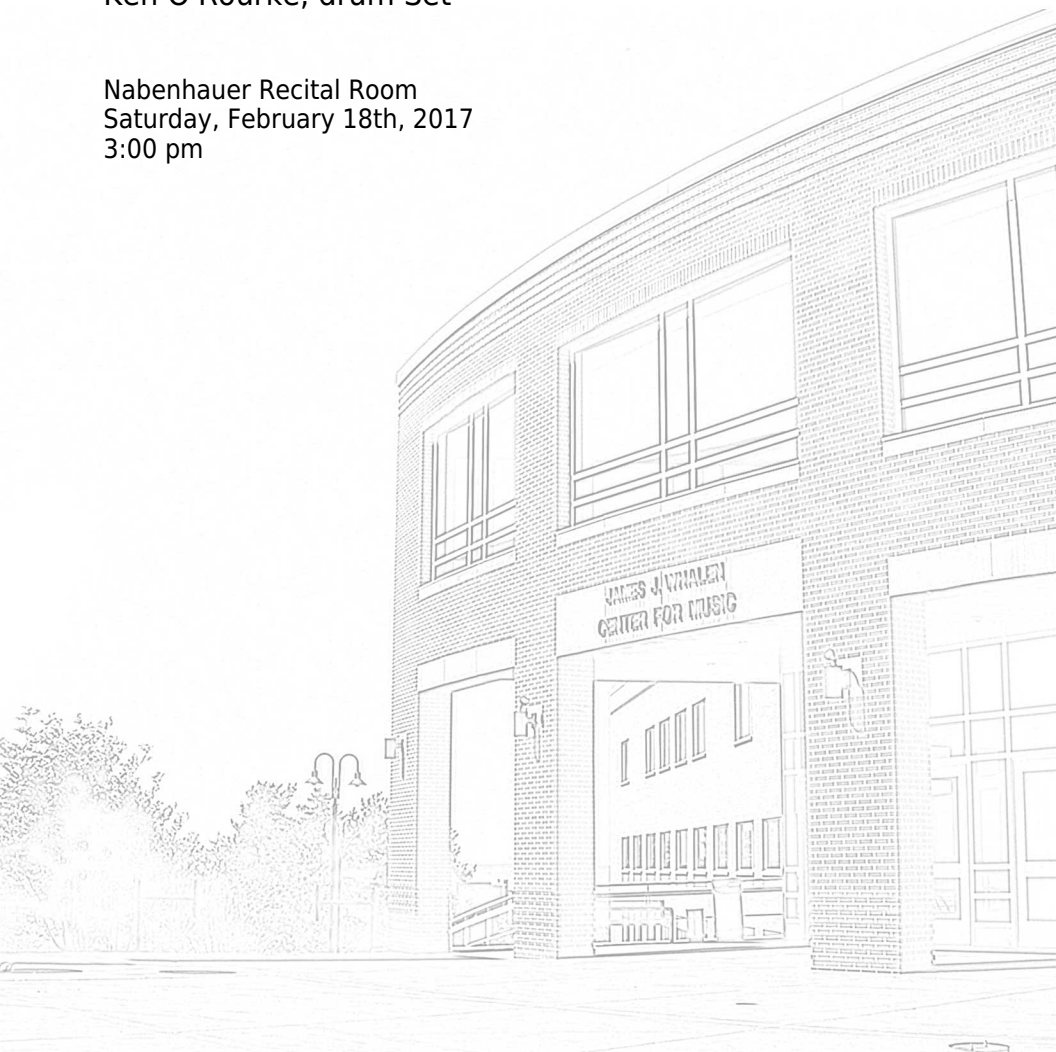
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Elective Recital:
Josiah Spellman Jr., baritone

Jamie Lorusso, piano
Oliver Scott, piano
Dunham Hall, saxophone
Ryan Petriello, bass
Ken O'Rourke, drum Set

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Saturday, February 18th, 2017
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Desire

The Boatmen's Dance

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

"Diga usté, señor platero"
from *La Parranda*

Francisco Alonso
(1887-1948)

Loss

Quando ti rivedrò

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

"Questo amor, vergogna mia"
from *Edgar*

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Longing

Die Mainacht

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Morgen!

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Intermission

Wisdom

Un bacio di mano

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Fear No More the Heat O' the Sun

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

Deep River

Harry T. Burleigh
(1866-1949)

Greatest Love Is Me

The Greatest Love of All

Whitney Houston
(1963-2012)

Oliver Scott, piano
Dunham Hall, saxophone
Ryan Petriello, bass
Ken O'Rourke, drum Set

Translations

Diga ustedé, señor platero

Óyeme, mujer.

Listen, woman.

Diga ustedé, señor platero,
cuanta plata es menester
para engarzar un besito
de labios de una mujer.

Tell me, silversmith,
how much silver is needed
to set a little kiss
from the lips of a woman.

Pues aunque ustedé me lo jure
nunca tuvo en su taller

Because you'll swear to me
that you never had in your
workshop

otro diamante como este
que le vengo yo atraer.
Ponga todo su cuidado,
miré que se lo he robado
y ella no me ho perdonado.
¡Ah! ¡oh!

another diamond such as this
that I bring to charm you.
Give it your full attention,
watch, in case it's stolen,
and she never forgives me.
Ah! oh!

Para tan fino diamante
plata bastante
no encontrará.

For so fine a diamond
sufficient silver
you will not find.

¡Sueño que una perla dió en tu
boca

I dream that I put a pearl in
your mouth

y saltó un rayo de luz
y al saltar nació este beso

which changed into a sunbeam
and from the change was born
this kiss

que perfuma lo que toca.

that sweetens whatever it
touches.

¡Sueño que ha mandado que
este beso

I dream I have commanded that
this kiss

me lo engarcen de manera
que lo pueda tener preso
de mis labios cuando quiera
sin que trate de escapar
y poderle así besar.

should be set in such a way
that I could imprison it
with my lips, when it wanted
to escape without permission,
by the power of kissing it thus.

Diga ustedé, señor platero,
cuanta plata es menester
para engarzar un besito
de labios de una mujer.

Tell me, silversmith,
how much silver is needed
to set a little kiss
from the lips of a woman.

Diga usté, señor platero,
cuanta plata es menester.
¡Quiéreme, mujer!

Tell me, silversmith,
how much silver is needed.
Love me, woman!

Quando ti rivedrò

Quando ti rivedrò,
infida amante che mi fosti sì
cara?

When shall I see you again,
Unfaithful lover, who were so
dear to me?

Tante lagrime ho piante
or che altrui ci separa,
che temo sia fuggita ogni
gioia
per sempre di mia vita.

So many tears I have wept
Now that another separates
us,
That I fear that may be fled
every joy forever from my life.

Eppur più mi dispero,
più ritorno a sperare.
Più t'odio nel pensiero
e più ancora
l'anima mia ti torna ad amar.

And yet the more I despair,
The more I return to hoping.
The more I hate you in my
mind, The more my soul turns
again to loving you.

Quando ti rivedrò,
infida amante che mi fosti
cara così?

When shall I see you again,
Unfaithful lover, who were so
dear to me?

Questo amor, vergogna mia

Questo amor, vergogna mia,
lo spezzar, scordar vorrei;
Ma d'un orrida malia
Sono schiavi i sensi miei.
Mille volte al ciel giurai Di
fuggirla!

This shameful love of
mine,
I wish to forget;
But by a horrible spell
My emotions Are enslaved.
A thousand times to heaven I
swore To flee from her!
And to her I returned!

E a lei tornai!

Ella ride del mio pianto,
ed io, wil, col cuore infranto,
ai suoi piedi mi prosterno
e lei sola io sogno, bramo! Ah
sventura! Io l'amo!

She laughs at my tears,
and I, a coward, with a
crushed heart at her feet I lay
prostrate
and of her alone I dream, I
desire! Ah misfortune! I love
her!

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch
die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht
über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu
Busch.

Überhüllet von Laub girret ein
Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich
wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild,
welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find
ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang
herab!

When the silvery moon beams
through the shrubs
And over the lawn scatters its
slumbering light,
And the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly through the woods.

Shrouded by foliage, a pair of
doves
Coo their delight to me; But I
turn away
seeking darker shadows,
And a lonely tear flows.

When, o smiling image that like
dawn
Shines through my soul, shall I
find you on earth?
And the lonely tear flows
trembling,
Burning, down my cheek.

Morgen!

Und morgen wird die Sonne
wieder scheinen,
und auf dem Wege,
den ich gehen werde, wird
uns,
die Seligen, sie wieder einen
inmitten dieser
sonnenatmenden Erde.

Und zu dem Strand,
dem weiten, wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam
niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die
Augen schauen,
und auf uns sinkt des
Glückes grosses Schweigen.

And tomorrow the sun will
shine again,
and on the path I will take,
it will unite us again, we
happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth.

And to the shore,
the wide shore with blue
waves,
we will descend quietly and
slowly;
we will look mutely into each
other's eyes,
and the silence of
happiness will settle upon us.

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
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.