

11-13-2016

Elective Recital: Seamus Buxton, tenor & Marshall Pokrentowski, baritone

Seamus Buxton

Marshall Pokrentowski

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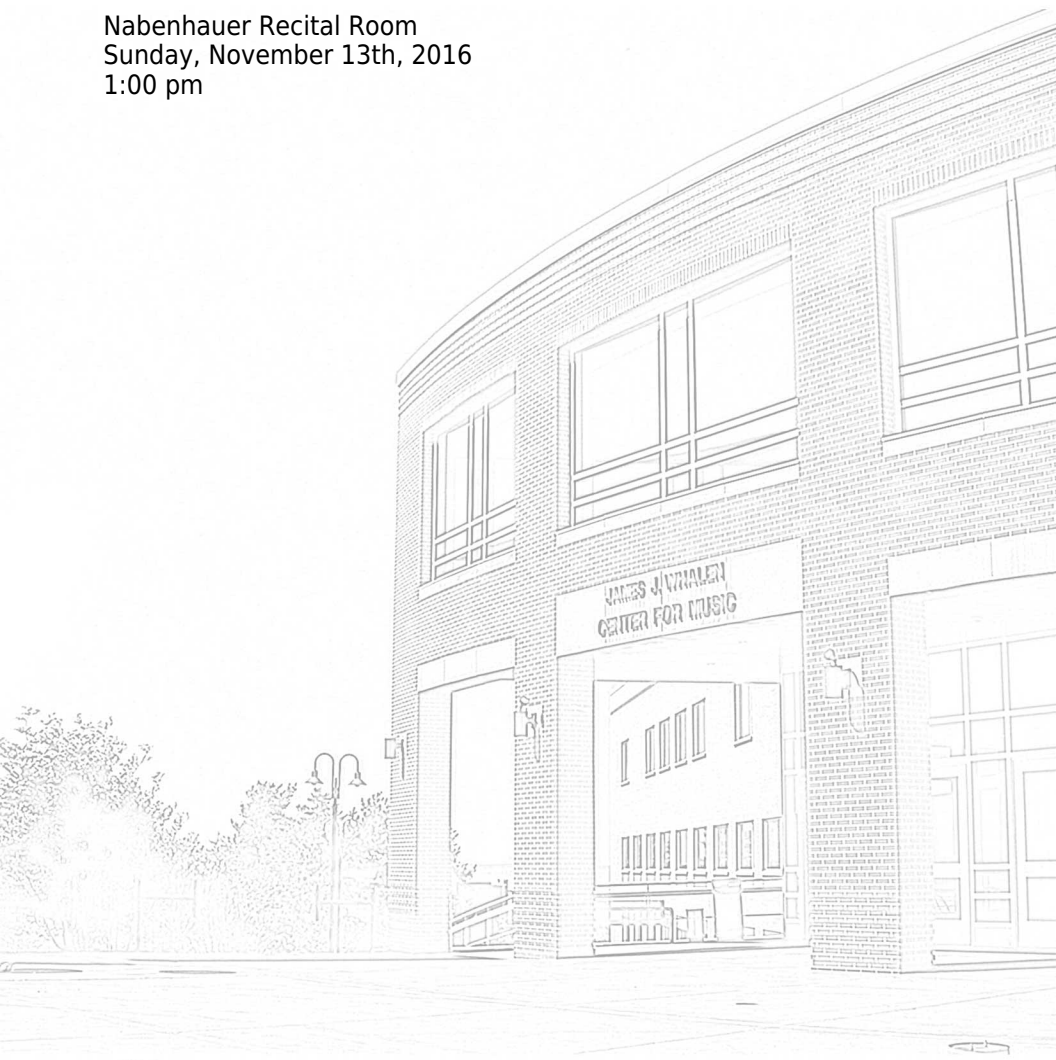
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Elective Recital:
Seamus Buxton, tenor
Marshall Pokrentowski, baritone

Chuang Li, piano
Yetong Tang, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Sunday, November 13th, 2016
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Al fato dan legge" from <i>Cosi Fan Tutte</i>	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Ann Street In Flanders Fields Naught that Country Needeth	Charles Ives (1874-1954)
Nimmersatte Liebe Fußreise	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
"It's Hard to Speak my Heart" from <i>Parade</i>	Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)
"If I Can't Love Her" from <i>Beauty and the Beast</i>	Alan Menken (b. 1949)

Pause

5 Mélodies populaires grecques I. <i>Chanson de la mariée</i> II. <i>Là-bas, vers l'église</i> III. <i>Quel galant m'est comparable</i> IV. <i>Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques</i> V. <i>Tout Gai!</i>	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
L'allegro	Marietta Brambilla (1807-1875)
"Donne mie la fate a tanti" from <i>Cosi Fan Tutte</i>	W.A. Mozart
"Hey there" from <i>The Pajama Game</i>	Richard Adler (1921-2012)
"You're nothing without me" from <i>City of Angels</i>	Cy Coleman (1929-2004)

Translations

Al fato dan legge

Non farmi anima mia,
questinfausti presagi;
Proiteggerean gli Dei la pace del
tuo cor ne giorni miei

My beloved, do not make these
dire prediction
The gods will protect your peace
of mind as long as I live

Al fato dan legge quegli occhi
vezzosi;
Amor li protegge, né i loro riposi
Le barbare stelle Ardiscon
turbar.
Il ciglio sereno, Mio bene, a me
gira
Felice al tuo seno lo spero
tornar.

Those pretty eyes of yours
decide our fate;
love protects them,
and even the cruel stars won't
dare disturb their rest
turn your peaceful eyes to me,
my beloved,
I hope to return happy to your
bosom.

Nimmersatte Liebe

So ist die lieb!
Mit Küssen nicht zu stillen:
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb
mit eitel Wasser füllen?
Und schöpfst du an die tausend
Jahr,
und küssest ewig, ewig gar,
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Thus is love!
It cannot be satiated with
kisses:
Who is such a fool as to try to
fill
A sieve with nothing but water?
And if you scooped water for a
thousand years;
and kissed for ever and ever,
You would never manage to
satisfy love.

Die Lieb, die Lieb, hat alle Stund
neu wunderlich Gelüsten;
wir bitten uns die Lippen wund,
da wir uns heute küßten.

Love, love, fills every hour with
strange new desires;
We wounded our lips with bites
When we kissed each other
today.

Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh,
wie's Lämmlein unterm Messer;

The maiden held perfectly still,
Like a little lamb under the
knife;

ihr Auge bat: nur immer zu,
je weher desto besser!

Her eyes pleaded: just continue
The more it hurts, the better!

So ist die Lieb, und war auch so,

Thus is love, and has been thus

wie lang es Liebe gibt,
und anders war Herr Salomo,
der Weise, nicht verliebt.

As long as there has been love,
And King Solomon, the wise,
was
No different when in love

Fußreise

Am frisch geschnitten
Wanderstab,
wenn ich in der Frühe
so durch Wälder ziehe,
Hügel auf und ab:

With my freshly-cut walking
staff
Early in the morning
I go through the woods,
Over the hills, up and down

Dann, wie's Vöglein im Laube
singt und sich rührt,
oder wie die goldne Traube
Wonnegeister spürt
in der ersten Morgensonne:

Then, like the birds in arbor
That sing and stir,
Or like the golden grapes
That trace their blissful spirits
In the first morning light

So fühlt auch mein alter, lieber
Adam Herbst und
Frühlingsfieber, gottbeherzte,
nie verscherzte
Erstlings Paradieseswonne.

I feel in my age, too, beloved
Adam's autumn and spring
fever, God fearing,
But never wasted:
The first delights of Paradise

Also bist du nicht so schlimm, o
alter
Adam, wie die strengen Lehrer
sagen;
liebst und lobst du immer doch,
singst und preisest immer noch,
wie an ewig neuen
Schöpfungstagen,
deinen lieben Schöpfer und
Erhalter.

You are not so bad, oh old
Adam, as the strict teachers
say;
You love and rejoice continually
You sing and praise continually,
As it is eternally the first day of
creation
Your beloved Creator and
Preserver.

Möcht es dieser geben,
und mein ganzes Leben
wär im leichten
Wanderschweiße
eine solche Morgenreise!

May it be given to me
And my whole life
Would be in a light wander's
sweat
Of such a morning's hike!

5 Mélodies populaires grecques

I. Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix
mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.

Trois grains de beauté, mon
coeur en est brûlé!

Vois le ruban, le ruban d'or que
je t'apporte,

Pour le nouer autour de tes
cheveux.

Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous
marier!

Dans nos deux familles, tous
sont alliés!

I. The song to the Bride

Awake, awake, my darling
partridge,
Open to the morning your
wings.

Three beauty marks; My heart is
on fire!

See the ribbon of gold that I
bring

To tie around your hair.

If you want, my beauty, we shall
marry!

In our two families, all are
related!

II. Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costandino

Se sont réunis, rassemblés en
nombre infini,

Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

II. Down there, by the Church

Down there, by the church,
The church of Saint Sideros,
The church, O Holy Virgin,
The church of Saint
Constantine,

Have assembled, buried
together in countless
numbers,

In the world, O Holy Virgin,
The bravest people in the
world!

III. Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

III. What gallant compares to me

What gallant compares to me,
Among those who passes by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?

See, hung from my belt
Pistols and sharp sword...
And it is you whom I love!

IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

O joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur, trésor qui
m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur
toi que j'aime ardemment,
tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

O lorsque tu parais, ange si
doux devant nos yeux.
Comme un bel ange blond, sous
le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs
souponnent!

V. Tout Gai!

Tout Gai! Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, *tireli*, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,

Tra la la la la...

IV. Song of the lentisk pickers

O joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart, treasure who
are so dear to me
Joy of the soul and the heart,
you whom I love fervently,
you are more handsome than
an angel
O when you appear, angel so
sweet before our eyes.
Like a handsome, blond angel,
under the bright sun,
Alas! All of our poor hearts sigh!

V. All Gay!

All gay! Ha, all gay!
Pretty leg, *tireli*, which dances;
Pretty leg, even the dishes
dance,

Tra la la la la...

L'allegro

Poiché gli anni son ridenti,
Poiché amor ci scalda seno,
Non perdiamo i bei momento,

Cogliam l'ore del piacer.

A che giova col pensiero
Ir vagando nel futuro?
Pensi il folle al di venturo,

Del presente vo goder.

Come rapida riviera
Passa il flutto della vita,
E chi sa, se questa sera
Noi saremo qncor quaggiu!

Since the years are smiling,
Since love warms our bosom
let us not lose the beautiful
moments,
let us gather in the hours of
pleasure.

For what serves our thought
to go wandering into the future?
Let the crazy man think of the
day coming

The present I want to enjoy.

Like rapids of a river
passes the flood of life,
and who knows if this evening
we will still be down here!

Donne mie, la fate a tanti

Guglielmo:

Donne mie, la fate a tanti,
Che, se il ver vi deggio dir,
Se si lagnano gli amanti
Li comincio a compatir.

Io vo' bene al sesso vostro,
Lo sapete, ognun lo sa:
Ogni giorno ve lo mostro,
Vi dò segno d'amistà;

Ma quel farla a tanti e tanti
M'avvilisce in verità.

Mille volte il brando presi

Per salvar il vostro onor,
Mille volte vi difesi

Colla bocca, e più col cor.

Ma quel farla a tanti e tanti
È un vizietto seccator.

Siete vaghe, siete amabili,

Più tesori il ciel vi diè,

E le grazie vi circondano
Dalla testa sin ai piè;

Ma la fate a tanti e tanti,
Che credibile non è.
Che, se gridano gli amanti,
Hanno certo un gran perché.

Guglielmo:

Ladies, you treat so many thus
That, if I must speak the truth,
I begin to sympathize
When your lovers complain.

I adore the sex, you know,
Everyone knows it;
Each day I show it
And always take your part.

But such treatment of so many
Discourages me, in truth.

A thousand times I've drawn my
sword
To defend your honour.
A thousand times I've
championed you
With my tongue and, still more,
with my heart.

But such treatment of so many
Is pernicious and a bore.

You're attractive, you are
charming,
Heaven has given you treasures
galore
And graces envelop you
From head to foot.

But thus you treat so many,
That it's difficult to believe,
And if your lovers complain
They have good reason indeed.