

11-4-2016

Junior Recital: Christopher Hauser, baritone

Christopher Hauser

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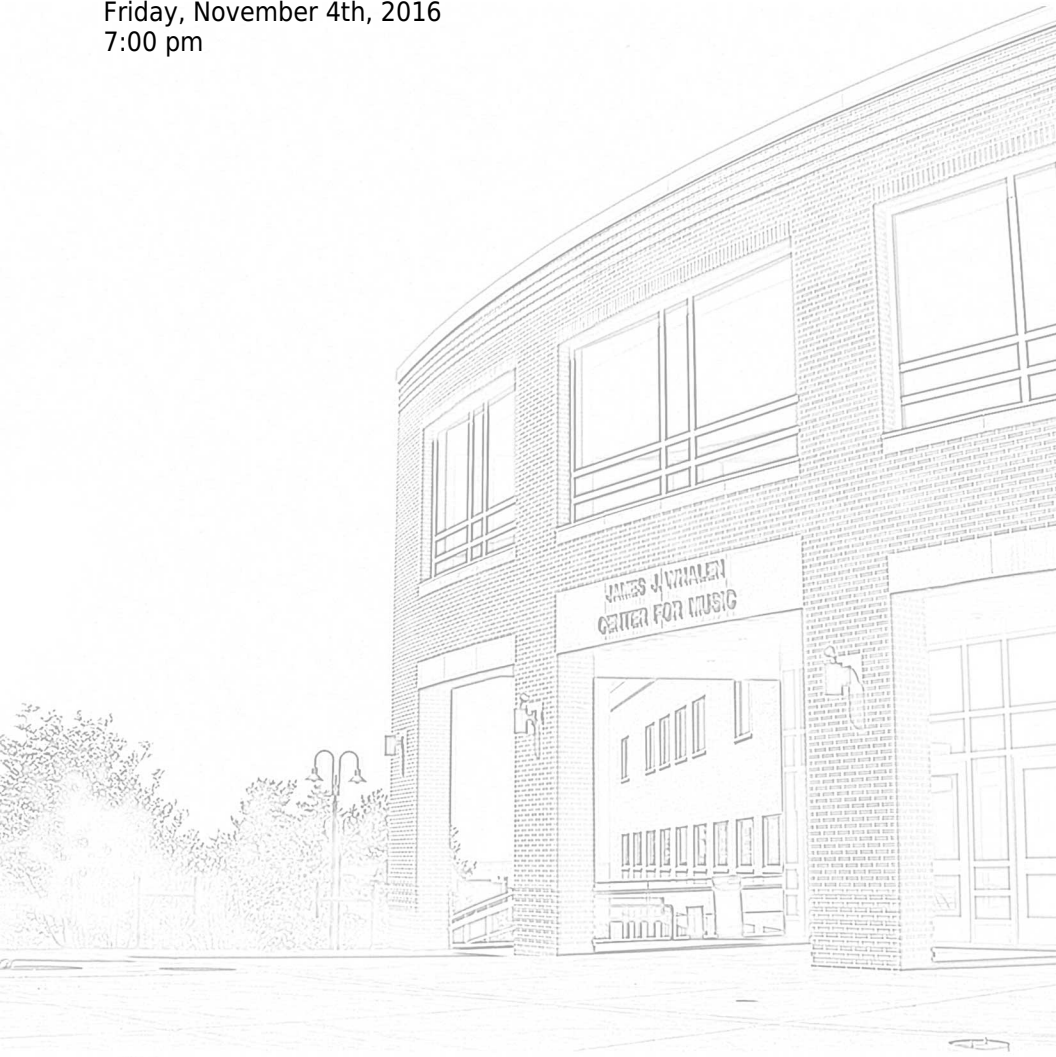
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Junior Recital:
Christopher Hauser, baritone

Richard Montgomery, accompanist
Leanne Contino, soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday, November 4th, 2016
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Finché lo strale

George Frederic Handel
(1685-1759)

L'absent
O ma belle rebelle
Venise

Charles-François Gounod
(1818-1893)

Die Schöne Müllerin
Wohin?
Mein!
Pause

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Intermission

Four Poems by Fredegond Shove
Motion and Stillness
Four Nights
The New Ghost
The Water Mill

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Recitative and Duet: "E il Dottor non si vede ...
Pronto io son"
from *Don Pasquale*, Act I Scene IV
Leanne Contino, soprano

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Translations Finché lo strale

Finché lo strale non giunge al
segno,
pensier regale, no, non si sa. Until the arrow reaches its
mark,
a king's thoughts, no one
knows.

Chi non discopre l'idee d'un
regno,
il corso all'opre, non troverá. He who does not know the
mind of a kingdom,
will not discover its course.

L'absent

O silence des nuits dont la
voix seule est douce,
quand je n'ai plus sa voix.
Mystérieux rayons,
qui glissent sur la
mousse dans l'ombre de
ses bois,

Oh silence of the night whose
voice alone is sweet,
when I no longer hear hers.
Mysterious rays,
that glide across the moss in
the shade of her woods,

Dites-moi si ses yeux,
à l'heure où tout sommeille,
se rouvrent doucement.
Et si ma bien-aimée, alors
que moi je veille,
Se souvient de l'absent.

Tell me if her eyes,
at the hour of sleep
open again gently.
And if my beloved, as I stand
watch,
remembers the absent one.

Quand la lune est aux cieux,
baignant de sa lumière les
grand bois et l'azur;

When the moon is in the sky,
bathing with its light the
great forests and the
blue-heaven;

Quand des cloches du
soir qui tintent la prière,
vibre l'écho si pur.

When the church
bells toll the evening
prayer,
awaken an echo so pure.

Dites-moi si son âme, un
instant recueille,
s'élève avec leur chant,
Et si de leurs accords la

Tell me if her soul, for a
moment contemplative,
is lifted with their song,
and if with their strains the

paisible harmonie,
Lui rapelle l'absent!

peaceful harmony,
reminds her of the absent
one!

O ma belle rebelle

O ma belle rebelle! Las! que
tu m'es cruelle,

Ou quand d'un doux souris
larron de mes esprits,

Ou quand d'une parole,
mignardètement molle,

Ou quand d'un regard d'yeux
fièrement gracieux,

Ou quand d'un petit geste
tout divin, tout céleste,

En amoureuse ardeur tu
plonges tout mon coeur!

Oh my beautiful
rebellious-one! Alas! how
cruel you are to me,

Either when with a sweet
smile you steal my soul,

Or when with a word,
seductively gentle,

Or when with a glance of the
eyes, proudly graceful,

Or when with a little gesture
so divine, so heavenly,

into amorous passion you
plunge all my heart!

O ma belle rebelle! Las! que
tu m'es cruelle,

Quand la cuisante ardeur qui
me brûlele coeur,

Fait que jete demande a sa
brûlure grande,

Un rafraichissement d'un
baiser seulement,

O ma belle rebelle! Las! que
tu m'es cruelle,

Quand d'un petit baiser tu ne
veux m'apaiser.

Oh my beautiful
rebellious-one! Alas! how
cruel you are to me,

When the fiery ardor which
burns my heart,

makes me ask of you on this
burning fire,

the refreshment of a single
kiss.

Oh my beautiful
rebellious-one! Alas! how
cruel you are to me,

When you do not appease
me with a little kiss.

Me puisséje un jour, dure,
venger de ton injure;

Mon petit maître amour te
puisse outrer un jour,

Et pour moi langoureuse il te
fasse amoureuse,

Comme il m'a langoureux
pour toi fait amoureux.

If I could one day, harsh one,
be-avenged of your injury,

My little master Cupid you
could provoke,

And make you languish for
being in love,

As he has made me languish
for being in love with
you.

Alors par ma vengeance, tu
auras connaissance,

Quel mal fait du baiser un
amant refuser.

Then, through my
vengeance, you would
know,

what harm it causes to
refuse a lover a kiss.

Venise

Dans Venise la rouge, pas un
bateau qui bouge,

Pas un pecheur dans l'eau,
pas un fallot.

La lune qui s'efface couvre
son front qui passe,

D'un nuage étoilé demi voilé!

Tout se tait for les gardes
aux longues hallebardes,

Qui veillent aux créneaux
des arsenaux.

Ah! maintenant plus d'une
attend au clair de lune,

Quelque jeune muguet,
l'oreille au guet.

Sous la brise amoureuse la
Vanina rêveuse,

Dans son berceau flottant
passe en chantant.

Tandis que pour la fête
Narcissa qui s'apprête,

Met devant son miroir, le
masque noir.

Laisson la vieille horloge au
palais du vieux Doge,

Lui compter de ses nuit les
longs ennuis.

Sur sa mer nonchalante
Venise l'indolente,

In the red Venice, not one
boat stirs,

not one fisherman on the
water, not one lantern.

The moon that passes which
covers her brow,

With a starry cloud,
half-veiled!

All keeps silent, except the
guards with their long
halberds,

Who keep watch on the
battlements of the
arsenals.

Ah! Now more than one girl
awaits in the light of the
moon,

Some young beauty, ear at
attention.

Beneath the amorous breeze,
the dreamy Vanina,

Passes by in her floating
cradle, singing.

Whilst for the festivity
Narcissa readying herself,

Puts on before her mirror,
the black mask.

Let us leave the old clock on
the palace of the old
Doge,

For him to count during his
nights, the long hours of
boredom.

On her nonchalant sea,
indolent Venice,

Ni compte ni se jours ni ses
amours.
Car Venise est si belle qu'une
chaîne sur elle,
Semble un collier jeté sur la
beauté.

Counts neither her days nor
her loves,
For Venice is so beautiful
that a chain on her,
Resembles a necklace across
a beautiful woman.

Wohin?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein
rauschen wohl aus dem
Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen so
frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht wie mir wurde,
nicht wer den Rat mir
gab,
Ich musste auch hinunter mit
meinem Wanderstab.

I heard a little brook babbling
right out of the
rock-spring,
Downward towards the valley
rushing so freshly and
wonderously-clear.

I know not how it became to
me, nor who advised me
to follow it,
I must go down with my
walking stick.

Hinunter und immer weiter
und immer dem Bache
nach,
und immer frischer rauschte,
und immer heller der
Bach.

Downward and further and
always after the brook,

And ever more freshly it
babbled and ever more
clear became the brook.

Ist das denn meine Straße? O
Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem
Rauschen mir ganz
berauscht den Sinn.
Was sag' ich denn vom
Rauschen? Das kann kein
Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen tief
unten ihren Reihn.

Las singen, Gesell, laß
rauschen, und wandre
fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder in

Is this then my road? Oh
brooke, speak, to where?
You have with your babbling
my senses completely
intoxicated.
What speak I of babbling?
There can no babbling
be:
There probably sing the
nymphs deep down in
the Rhine.
Let sing, fellow, let bubble
and walk cheerfully on!
There certainly turn

jedem klaren Bach.

millwheels in every clear
brook.

Mein!

Bächlein, lass dein Rauschen
sein, Räder, stellt euer
Brausen ein!

Little brook, stop your
murmuring, wheels stop
your thundering!

All ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
groß und klein,

All you merry woodland
birds, large and small,

Endet eure Melodein!

Stop your singing!

Durch den hain aus und ein,
schalle heut ein Reim
allein:

Through the grove out and
in, sing today one rhyme
only:

Die geliebte Müllerin ist
mein!

The beloved miller's
daughter is mine!

Frühling, sind das alle deine
Blümelein? Sonne! Hast du
keinen hellern Schein?

Spring, are these all your
flowers? Sun! Can you
not shine any brighter?

Ach, so muss ich ganz allein
mit dem seligen worte
mein,

Ah, so must I be all alone
with the blissful word
Mine,

Unverstanden in der weiten
Schöpfung sein!

Not understood in all of
creation be!

Pause

Meine Laute hab ich gehängt
an die Wand,

My lute I have hung upon the
wall,

hab' sie um schlungen mit
einem grünen Band.

I have it wound about with a
green ribbon.

Ich kann nicht mehr singen,
mein Herz ist zu voll,

I can no longer sing, my
heart is too full.

Weis nicht, wie ich's in Reime
zwingen soll.

I know not, how to force it
into rhyme.

Meiner Sehnsucht
allerheißesten Schmerz
durft' ich aushauchen in
Liederscherz,

Of my yearnings most
passionate pain was I
allowed to breath out in
light songs,

Und wie ich klagte so süß
und fein,

And when I lamented so
sweetly and tenderly,

glaubt' ich doch, mein Leiden
wär' nicht klein.

I believed that my sorrows
were not so small.

Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines
Glückes Last
Daß kein Klang auf Erden es
in sich fast?

Ah, how great is my joy's
burden,
That no sound on Earth can
contain it?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh' an dem
Nagel hier!
Und weht ein Lüftchen über
die Saiten dir,
Und streift eine Biene mit
ihren flügeln dich,
Da wird mir so bange, und es
durchschauert mich.

Now, dear lute, rest on the
nail here!
And if a little breeze brushes
over your strings,
And a bee brushes with its
wings over you,
Then I become so anxious,
and it shudders over me.

Warum ließ ich das Band
auch hängen so lang?
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit
seufzendem Klang.
Ist es der Nachklang meiner
Liebespein?
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer
Liedersein?

Why did I let the ribbon also
hang so long?
Often it flies about with a
sighing sound.
Is it the echo of my love's
pain?
Shall it prelude the new
songs?

Recitative and Duet: E il Dottor non si vede ... Pronto io son

Malatesta: Buone nuove,
Norina! Il nostro
stratagemma...

Malatesta: Good news,
Norina! Our strategy...

Norina: Mene lavo le mani.

Norina: I wash my hands.

M: Come? Che fu?

M: How? But why?

N: Leggete.

N: Just read this!

M: "Mia Norina, vi scrivo colla
morte nel cuore." (Lo
farem vivo...) "Don
Pasquale, aggirato da quel
furfante" (Grazie...) "da
quella faccia doppia del
Dottore, sposa una sorella,
mi scaccia di sua casa,
mi disereda infine.

M: "My Norina, I write to you
with a broken heart."
(That can be mended...)
"Don Pasquale, encouraged
by that rascal," (Thank
you...) "that two faced
doctor, is going to marry
Malatesta's own sister. He
has ordered me out of
his house and disinherited
me.

M: Amor m'impone di rinunciare a voi; lascio Roma oggi stesso, e quanto prima l'Europa. Addio: siate felice, questo è l'ardente mio voto. Il vostro Ernesto..." Le solite pazzie!

N: Ma s'egli parte!

M: Non partirà, v'acerto. In quattro salti son da lui, della nostra trama lo metto a parte, ed ei rimane, e con tanto di cor!

N: Ma questa trama si può saper qual sia?

M: A punire il nipote, che opponiale sue voglie, Don Pasquale ha deciso prender moglie.

N: Già mel diceste.

M: Orben, io suo dottore, vistolo così fermonel proposto, cambio tattica, e tosto, nell'interesse vostro e in quel d'Ernesto mi pongo a secondarlo. Don Pasquale sach'io tengo al conventouna sorella, vi fo passar per quella, egli non vi conosce, e vi presento pria ch'altri mi prevenga. Vi vede, resta cotto.

N: Va benissimo.

M: Caldo, caldo vi sposa. Carlotto mio cugino ci farà da nottaro... al resto poi tocca a pensare a voi. Lo fate disperar... il vechio impazza, lo abbiamo discrezione... al lor!

N: Basta, ho capito.

M: My love for you tells me I must give you up. I leave Rome today. Very soon I shall leave Europe. Goodbye: Be Happy. That is my wish for you. Yours, Ernesto." The usual follies!

N: He will part from me!

M: He will not part, believe me. In four jumps to see him, I put aside our plot and he remains with a full heart!

N: But this plot, can I know it?

M: To punish his nephew for opposing his wishes, Don Pasquale has decided to take a wife.

N: You already told me.

M: Well, I, his doctor, knowing of what he has proposed, change tactics, and soon the interest in that of Ernesto, I will second him. Don Pasquale knows I have a convent sister. You pass that part, he does not know you, I present you, and you will prevail. You'll see, the rest is easy.

N: That's great.

M: You marry. Carlotto, my cousin, will make note... then the rest is up to you to. You despair... the old man goes crazy, we have the discretion... and then...

N: Ah, I just realized.

M: Va benone.

M: It is perfect.

N: Pronto io son, purch' io non manchi, all'a mor, del caro bene. Farò imbrogli, farò scene. So ben io quel ch'ho da far.

N: Ready I am, but do not mistake, my love, of my good. I will cheat, I will play. I know well how to.

M: Voi sapete se d'Ernesto, sono amico, e bengli voglio. Solotende il nostro im broglio Don Pasquale a cor bellar.

M: You know of Ernesto, I am his friend, and you are his lover. Only with our cheating, Don Pasquale, we will decieve.

N: Siamo intesi, prendo im pegno.

N: We are understood, we each take part.

M: Io la parte ora v'insegno.

M: I now will teach you the part.

N: Mi volete fiera?

N: Should I be haughty?

M: No.

M: No.

N: Mi volete mesta?

N: Should I be naughty?

M: No, no. La parte non e questa.

M: No, no. That is not the part.

N: Ho da piangere?

N: Should I cry?

M: No, no, no, no.

M: No, no, no, no.

N: Ogridare? Mesta? Fiera? Nè pianger, nè gridar?

N: Or shout? Be naughty? Haughty? Nor weep? Nor cry?

M: No la parte non è questa; state un poco ad ascoltar.

M: No that is not the part, will you listen a little!

M: Convien far la semplicetta.

M: You must be simple.

N: La semplicetta? La semplicetta?

N: Simple? Be simple?

M: Or la parte ecco v'insegno.

M: Or the part I will show you.

N: Posso in questo dar lezione.

N: I do without lessons.

M: Collo toro, bocca stretta.

M: Twisted neck, mouth narrow.

N: Or proviam quest' altra azione.

M: Or proviam quest' altra azione!

N: Mi vergogno...

M: Brava! Brava! Brava!

N: Son zitella...

M: Brava, brava, brinconcella! Va benissimo cosi, brava!

N: Grazie, serva!

M: Collo torto, torto.

N: Così?

M: Brava! Bocca stretta, stretta.

N: Così?

M: Ah, Brava!

N: Vado, corro. Si vado corro, al gran cimento.

M: Si corriamo, al gran cimento.

N: Pieno ho il core d'ardimento.

M: Ah! Si corriamo, si corriamo al grancimento pieno ho il core d'ardimento. La saetta fra non molto sentiremo ad iscopiar.

M&N: A quel vecchio affè la testa questa volta ha da girar.

N: M'incomincio avendicar.

M: La saetta sentiremo ad iscopiar.

N: Serva, grazie, signor si!

M: Brava, va benissimo cosi.

N: Or this other action.

M: Or this other action!

N: I'm ashamed...

M: Brava! Brava! Brava!

N: I am a trickster...

M: Brava, brava, rascal! That is great!

N: Thank you, thank you!

M: Neck twisted, twisted.

N: Like this?

M: Bravo! Mouth narrow, narrow.

N: Like this?

M: Ah, brava!

N: I go, I run. I go running to the great ordeal!

M: I go running, to the great ordeal.

N: Full is my heart of courage.

M: Ah! I go running, running to the great ordeal with a heart full of courage. The thunderbolt bursts long before it is heard.

M&N: The old man's head will whirl this time.

N: I begin to avenge!

M: The thunderbolt bursts long before it is heard.

N: Thank you, thank you, sir!

M: Brava, it is great like that.

N: La sa prò, la vo' spuntar,
la vo' spuntar!

M: Ah, la saetta sentirem.
Sentirem ad iscopiar!

N: And now, it is time to
begin!

M: Ah, the thunderbolt we
feel. The thunderbolt we
feel before it bursts!