

11-2-2013

## Junior Recital: Joseph Fritz, tenor

Joseph Fritz

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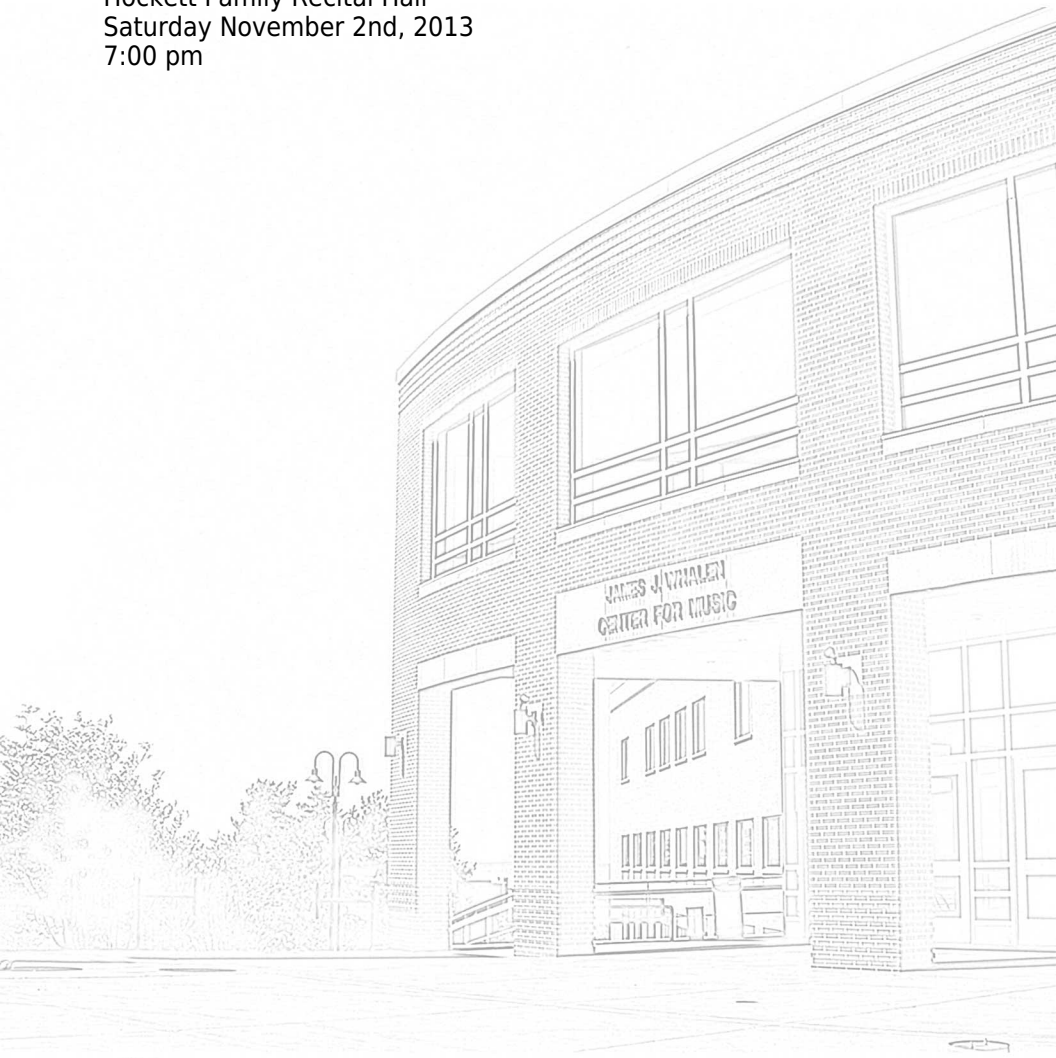
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# Junior Recital:

Joseph Fritz, tenor

Samantha Berry, piano  
Emma Markham, guitar

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Saturday November 2nd, 2013  
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

# Program

Where'er You Walk  
Total Eclipse  
Sound an Alarm!

George Frideric Handel  
(1658-1759)

Abendlied  
An den Mond  
Nacht und Träume

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Nell

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Extase  
Chanson Triste

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

# Intermission

Il mio tesoro  
from *Don Giovanni*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Folksong Arrangement: Volume 6 - "England"  
Master Kilby  
The Soldier and the Sailor  
The Shooting of his Dear

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

*Emma Markham, guitar*

Proud of Your Boy  
from *Aladdin*  
Out There  
from *Hunchback of Notre Dame*

Alan Menken  
(b. 1949)

## Translations

### Abendlied - Evening Song

Groß und rothentflammet  
schwebet  
noch die Sonn' am  
Himmelsrand,  
und auf blauen Wogen bebet  
noch ihr Abglanz bis zum  
Strand;  
aus dem Buchenwalde hebet  
sich der Mond, und winket Ruh'  
seiner Schwester Erde zu.

In geschwollnen Wolken ballet  
dunkler sich die rothe Gluth,  
zarter Farbenwechsel wallet  
auf der Roggenblüthe Fluth;

zwischen schanken Halmen  
schallet,  
reger wachteln heller Schlag,  
und der Hirte pfeift ihm nach.

*Great and flaming red,  
the sun still floats at the edge of  
the sky,  
and on blue waves  
its reflection still trembles up to  
the beach;  
from the beech woods rises  
the moon, inviting rest  
for its Sister Earth.*

*In the swollen clouds  
a red, dark glow collects,  
and mellow, changing colors  
play upon the rye blooming by  
the waters;*

*among the swaying stems  
the brisk quail call brightly  
and the shepherd pipes an  
answer.*

## An den Mond - To the Moon

Geuß, lieber Mond,  
geuß deine Silberflimmer  
durch dieses Buchengrün,  
  
wo Phantasien und  
Traumgestalten  
immer vor mir vorüberfliehn!

Entülle dich, das ich die Stätte  
finde,  
wo oft mein Mädchen saß,  
und oft, im Wehn des  
Buchbaums und der Linde,  
der goldnen Stadt vergaß!

Enthülle dich, das ich die  
Strauchs mit freue,  
der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,  
und einen Kranz auf jeden  
Anger streue,  
wo sie den bach belauscht!

*Dann, lieber Mond,*  
dann nimm den Schleier wieder,  
und traur' um deinen Freund,  
und weine durch den Wolkenflor  
hernieder,  
wie dein Verlaßner weint!

*Pour, dear moon,  
pour your silver rays  
down through the greenery of  
beeches,  
where phantasms and  
dream-shapes  
are always floating before me!*

*Reveal yourself, that I may find  
the place  
where my darling often sat,  
and often forgot, in the wind of  
the beech and linden trees,  
the golden city!*

*Reveal yourself, that I may  
enjoy the bushes  
which swept coolness to her,  
and that I may lay a wreath  
upon that  
pasture where she listened to  
the brook.*

*Then, dear moon,  
then take up your veil again,  
and mourn your friend,  
and weep through the clouds  
as your abandoned one weeps!*

## Nacht und Träume - Night and Dreams

Heilige Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
nieder wallen auch die Träume,  
wie dein Mondlicht durch die  
Räume,  
durch der Menschen stille Brust.

Die belauschen sie mit Lust;  
rufen wenn der Tag erwacht;

*Holy night, you sink down;  
Dreams, too, drift down  
like your moonlight through  
space,  
through the quiet hearts of  
men.*

*They listen with delight  
calling out when day awakens:*

Kehre wieder, heilige Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

*Return, holy night!  
Fair dreams, return!*

## **Nell**

Ta rose de pourpre à ton clair  
soleil,  
O Juin, étincelle enivrée,  
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe  
dorée:  
Mon coeur à ta rose est pareil.

*Your purple rose in your brilliant  
sun,  
Oh June, sparkles as if  
intoxicated,  
bend toward me too, your  
golden cup:  
my heart and your rose are  
alike.*

Sous le mol abri de la feuille  
ombreuse  
monte un soupir de volupté;  
*Plus d'un ramier chante au bois  
écarté,*

*Under the soft shelter of shady  
boughs  
sounds a voluptuous sigh;  
and turtle doves coo in the  
spreading wood,*

O mon coeur, sa plainte  
amoureuse.

*Oh my heart, their amorous  
lament.*

Que ta perle est douce au ciel  
enflammé,  
Étoile de la nuit pensive!  
Mais combien plus douce est la  
clarté vive  
Qui rayonne en mon coeur,  
en mon coeur charmé!

*How sweet is your pearl in the  
flaming sky,  
star of the pensive night!  
But sweeter still is the vivid light  
which shines in my heart,  
my charmed heart!*

La chantante mer, le long du  
rivage,  
Taira son murmure éternel,  
*Avant qu'en mon coeur, chère  
amour.*

*The singing sea, along the  
shore,  
will silence its everlasting  
murmur,  
'Ere in my heart, dear love,*

Ô Nell, ne fleurisse plus ton  
image!

*oh Nell, your image will cease  
to bloom!*

## Extase - Ecstasy

|                                    |  |
|------------------------------------|--|
| Sur un lys pale mon coeur dort     | On a pale breast my heart is sleeping    |
| D'un sommeil doux comme la mort... | a sleep as sweet as death...             |
| Mort exquise, mort parfumée        | Exquisite death, death perfumed          |
| Du souffle de la bien aimée...     | By the breath of the beloved...          |
| Sur ton sein pale mon coeur dort   | On your pale breast my heart is sleeping |
| D'un sommeil doux comme la mort... | a sleep as sweet as death...             |

## Chanson triste - A Song of Sorrow

|                                       |  |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune, | <i>In your heart moonlight slumbers,</i>     |
| Un doux clair de lune d'été,          | <i>a gentle moonlight of summer,</i>         |
| Et pour fuir la vie importune,        | <i>and to escape the life's cares,</i>       |
| Je me noierai dans ta clarté.         | <i>I shall drown myself in your light.</i>   |
| <br>                                  |  |
| J'oublierai les douleurs passées,     | <i>I shall forget past sorrows,</i>          |
| Mon amour, quand tu berceras          | <i>my love, when you cradle</i>              |
| Mon triste coeur et me pensées        | <i>my sad heart and my thoughts</i>          |
| Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.     | <i>in the calm loving of your arms.</i>      |
| <br>                                  |  |
| Tu prendras ma tête malade,           | <i>You will place my aching head,</i>        |
| Oh! Quelquefois sur tes genoux,       | <i>Oh! sometimes, on your lap</i>            |
| Et lui diras une ballade              | <i>and recite it as a ballad</i>             |
| Qui semblera parler de nous;          | <i>that will seem to speak of us;</i>        |
| <br>                                  |  |
| Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse, | <i>and from your eyes full of sorrows,</i>   |
| Dans tes yeux alors je boirai         | <i>from your eyes I shall then drink</i>     |
| Tant de baisers et de tendresses      | <i>so many kisses and so much tenderness</i> |
| Que, peut-être je guérirai.           | <i>that, perhaps, I shall be healed.</i>     |

## Il mio tesoro - My Treasure

Il mio tesoro intanto andate a  
consolar,  
E del bel ciglio il pianto cercate  
di asciugar.

Ditele che i suoi torti a vendicar  
io vado...  
che sol di stragi e morti nunzio  
vogli'io tornar!

*Go, meanwhile, to console my  
beloved,  
and try to dry the tears from her  
beautiful eyes.*

*Tell her that I am going off to  
avenge her wrongs...  
that I will come back messenger  
only of ravages and deaths!*