

10-11-2013

Elective Recital: Ryan Kennedy, countertenor

Ryan Kennedy

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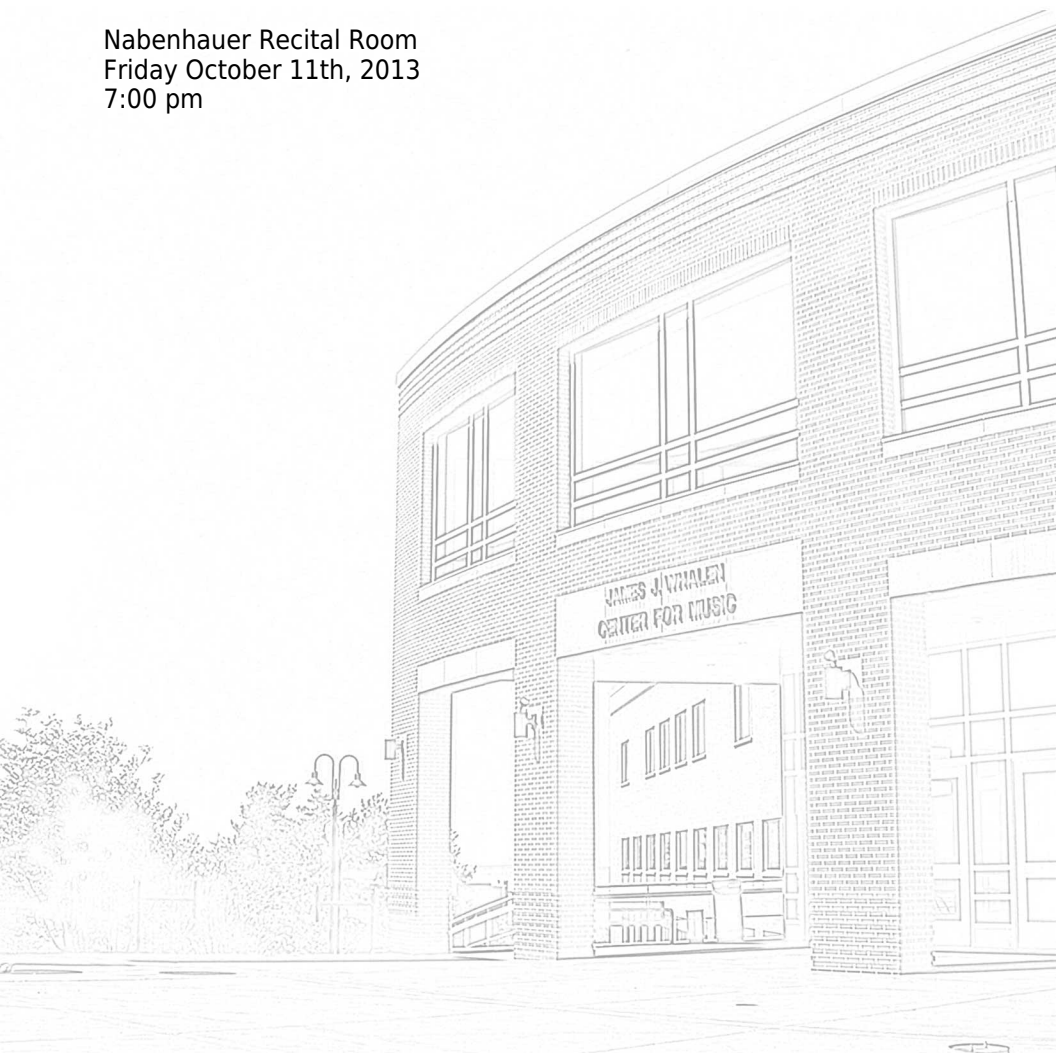
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Elective Recital: Ryan Kennedy, countertenor

Mary Ann Erickson, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Friday October 11th, 2013
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

“Frondi tenere e belle ... Ombra mai fu”
from *Xerxes*

George Frederic Handel
(1685-1759)

“Furibondo spira il vento”
from *Partenope*

From *Cinq Mélodies “de Venise”*, Opus 58
I. Mandoline
II. En Sourdine

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Breit' über mein Haupt

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Cells Planets

arr. Vince Peterson

Ithacappella

Translations

“Frondi tenere e belle ... Ombra mai fu”

Frondi tenere e belle del mio
platano amato,
Per voi risplenda il fato.
Tuoni, lampi e procelle
Non v'oltraggino mai la cara pace,
Né giunga a profanarvi austro
rapace.

Tender and beautiful branches of
my beloved plane tree,
May good fortune shine on you.
May thunder, lightning and storms
Not disturb your peace,
Nor may the voracious south wind
come to damage you.

Ombra mai fu di vegetabile,
Cara ed amabile soave piu.

Never was there the shade from a
tree
More dear and pleasant.

“Furibondo spira il vento”

Furibondo spira il vento
E sconvolge il cielo e il suol.

Furiously blows the wind
And upsets the sky and the earth.

Tal adesso l'alma io sento
Agitate dal mio duol.

Likewise now in my soul I feel
Troubled by my sorrow.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a
tender verse.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

En sourdine (Muted)

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Calm in the half-day
That the high branches make,
Let us soak well our love
In this profound silence.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our ecstatic senses
Among the vague langours
Of the pines and the bushes.

Close your eyes halfway,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your sleeping heart
Chase away forever all plans.

Let us abandon ourselves
To the breeze, rocking and soft,
Which comes to your feet to wrinkle
The waves of auburn lawns.

And when, solemnly, the evening
From the black oaks falls,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale, will sing.

Breit' über mein Haupt

Breit' über mein Haupt dein
schwarzes Haar,
Neig' zu mir dein Angesicht,
Da strömt in die Seele so hell und
klar
Mir deiner Augen Licht.

Ich will nicht droben der Sonne
Pracht,
Noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,
Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

Spread over my head your black
hair,
And incline to me your face,
So that into my soul, so brightly and
clearly,
Will stream your eye's light.

I do not want the splendor of the
sun above,
Nor the glittering crown of stars;
I want only the night of your locks
And the radiance of your gaze.