

2-2-2018

Senior Recital: Christopher Hauser, baritone

Christopher Hauser

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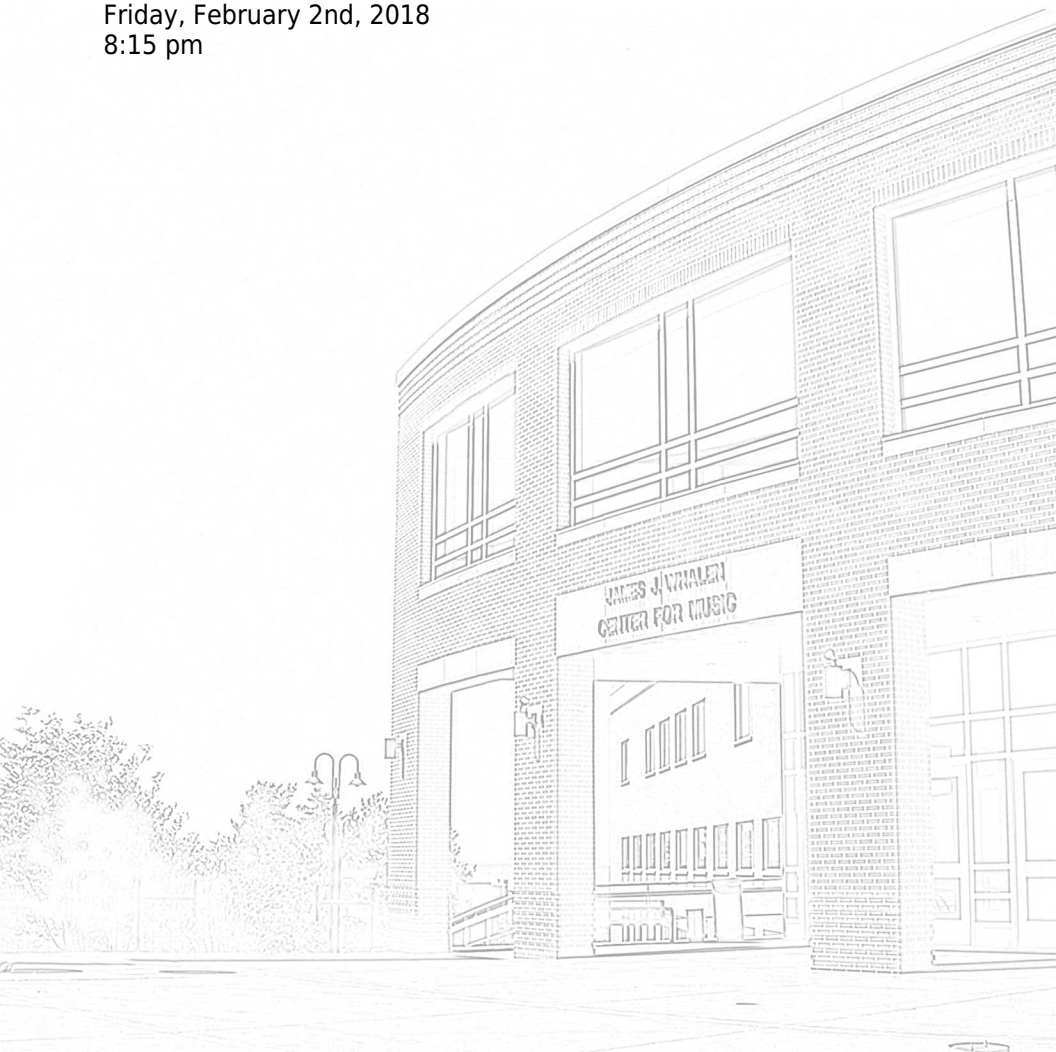
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Senior Recital:
Christopher Hauser, baritone

Richard Montgomery, accompanist
Claire Noonan, mezzo-soprano

Ford Hall
Friday, February 2nd, 2018
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Donne mie la fate a tanti"
from Così fan tutte

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Fünf Lieder, op. 9
Die Einsame
Im Herbst
Der Kühne
Abschied

Hans Pfitzner
(1869-1949)

Fleur des Blés

Claude Debussy
(1842-1912)

Les roses d'Ispahan

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Les Fleurs

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Claire Noonan, mezzo-soprano

Intermission

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening
O You Whom I Often and Silently Come
Look Down, Fair Moon
The Lordly Hudson
Early in the Morning

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

I Canti Della Sera
L'assaiolo canta
Alba di luna sul bosco
Tristezze crepuscolare
L'Incontro

Francesco Santoloquido
(1883-1971)

Translations

Donne mie la fate a tanti My ladies, you do it to so many

Donne mie la fate a tanti
che, se il ver vi deggio dir,
che se lagnano gliamanti
li comincio a compatir.

Io vo bene al sesso vostro
lo sapete, ognun lo sà,
ogni giorno ve lo mostro,
vi do 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,
gran tesori il ciel vi diè,

E le grazie vi circondano
dalla testa sino ai piè.

Ma, la fate a tanti e tanti
che credibile non è.
Che se gridano gliamanti
hanno certo un gran perché.

My ladies, you do it to so many
that, if I must tell you the truth,
if your lovers complain,
I begin to sympathize with them.

I am fond of your sex,
you know it, everyone knows it,
every day I show it to you,
I give you signs of friendship.

But, doing this to so many and so
many
disheartens me in truth.

A thousand times the weapon is
taken up
to save your honor.
A thousand times you defended
with the mouth and even more with
heart.

But, this doing it to so many and so
many
is a little annoying vice.

You are charming, you are lovable,
many treasures from the heavens
are given to you,
and the graces you surround
from the head down to the feet.

But you do it to so many and so
many
that it is unbelievable.
That if your lovers cry out
they certainly have a good reason
why.

Die Einsame The Lonely One

Wär's dunkel, ich läg im Walde,
im Walde rauscht so sacht,
mit ihrem Sternenmantel
bedeckt mich da die Nacht.

Were it dark, I would lay in the
wood,
in the wood that rustles so gently,
with its cloak of stars
that cover me in the night.

Da kommen die Bächlein gegangen,
ob ich schon schlafen tu'?
Ich schlaf' nicht,
ich hör' noch lang den Nachtigallen
zu.

Here comes the brooke,
am I asleep yet?
I don't sleep,
for a while I listen to the
nightingales.

Wenn die Wipfel über mir
schwanken,
das klingt die ganze Nacht,
das sind im Herzen die Gedanken,
die singen, wenn niemand wacht.

When the treetops wave above me,
they resound all night.
Those are the thoughts in my heart,
they sing when no one else is
awake.

Im Herbst In Autumn

Der Wald wird falb, die blätter
fallen,
wie öd' und still der Raum!
Die Bächlein nur gehn durch die
Buchenhallen
lind rauschend wie im Traum,
und Abendglocken schallen
fern von des Waldes Saum.

The forest yellows, the leaves fall,
how lonely and silent it is!
The brook alone runs through the
beech-halls
softly murmuring as if in a dream,
and evening bells toll
distantly from the forest's edge.

Was wollt ihr mich so wild verlocken
hier in der Einsamkeit?
Wie in der Heimat klingen diese
Glocken
aus stiller Kinderzeit.
Ich wende mich erschrocken,
ach, was mich liebt, ist weit!

To what do you so wildly allure me
here in solitude?
These bells ring as if at home
in my quiet childhood.
I turn, startled,
ah, all that I love, is far away!

So brecht hervor nur alte lieder,
und brecht das Herz mir ab!
Noch einmal grüß ich aus die Ferne
wieder,
was ich nur liebes hab.
Mich aber zieht es nieder
vor Wehmut wie ins Grab.

So burst forth songs of old,
and break my heart!
Once again I greet from afar,
what alone I love,
but I am dragged down
wistfully as if into the grave.

Der Kühne The Bold Hunter

Und wo noch kein Wanderer
gegangen,
hoch über Jäger und Roß
die Felsen im Abendrot hangen
als wie ein Wolkenschloß.

Dort, zwischen Zinnen und Spitzen,
von wilden Nelken umblüht,
die schönen Waldfrauen sitzen,
und singen im Winde ihr Lied.

Der Jäger schaut nach dem
Schlosse:
"Die droben, das ist mein Lieb!"
Er sprang vom scheuenden Rosse,
weiß keiner, wo er blieb.

Where no wanderer has ever gone,
high above hunter and horse,
the rocks hang in the sunset's red
glow
like a cloud-castle.

There, between pinnacles and
peaks,
wild carnations blooming all
around,
the beautiful nymphs of the woods
sit,
and sing their songs into the wind.

The hunter looks up at the castle:
"Above, there is my love!"
He leaps off of his balking horse,
and nobody knows what became of
him.

Abschied Farewell

Abendlich schon rauscht der Wald
aus den Tiefen gründen,
droben wird der Herr nun bald,
an die Sterne zünden,
wie so stille in den Schlünden,
abendlich nur rauscht der Wald.

Alles geht zu seiner Ruh',
Wald und Welt versauern,
schauernd hört der Wanderer zu,
sehnt sich recht nach Hause.
Hier in Waldes grüner Klause,
Herz, geh' endlich auch zur Ruh!

Evening breezes rustle through the
wood
from the deepest grounds;
above the Lord will soon
light the stars.
How silent are the chasms!
Only evening breezes through the
wood.

Everything goes to rest,
wood and world vanish,
shuddering, the wanderer listens,
yearning for home.
Here in the quiet hermitage of the
forest,
heart, go to rest at last!

Fleur des Blés Flowers of Wheat

Le long des blés qu la brise
Fait onduler puis défrise
en un désordre coquet,
J'ai trouvé de bonne prise
De t'y ceuillir un bouquet.

Mets-le vite à ton corsage;
Il est fait à ton image
En même temps que pour toi...
Ton petit doigt, je le gage,
T'a déjà soufflé pourquoi:

Ces épis dorés, c'est l'onde
De ta chevelure blonde
Toute d'or et de soleil;
Ce coquelicot qui fronde,
C'est ta bouche au sang vermeil.

Et ces bluets,
beau mystère!
Point d'azur
que rien n'altère,
Ces bluets
ce sont tes yeux,
Si bleus qu'on dirait,
sur terre,
Deux éclats tombés
des cieus.

Beside the wheat that the breeze
causes to ripple then straighten
in such a coquettish manner,
I have found a good opportunity
to pick a bouquet for you.

Fasten it quickly to your bodice,
it is made in your likeness
it's been made specially for you...
A little bird, I wager,
has already whispered why:

This golden grain is the wave
of your blonde hair
all made of gold and sunlight;
the poppy which bobs about,
it is your blood red mouth.

And these cornflowers,
beautiful mystery!
Specks of azure
that nothing can alter,
these cornflowers,
they are your eyes,
so blue that no one would say,
to earth,
two slivers have fallen
from the sky.

Les roses d'Ispahan The Roses of Isfahan

Les roses d'Ispahan
dans leur gaine des mousse,
Les jasmins de Moussoul,
les fleurs de l'oranger
Ont un parfum moins frais,
ont une odeur moins douce,
O blanche Leïlah!
que ton souffle léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail,
et ton rire léger
sonne mieux que l'eau vive
et d'une voix plus douce,
Mieux que le vent joyeux
qui berce l'oranger,
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante
au bord d'un nid de mousse.

The roses of Isfahan
in their sheath of moss,
The jasmines of Mosul,
the flowers of the orange tree
have scents less fresh,
have an aroma less sweet,
O fair Leilah!
than your soft breath!

Your lips of coral,
and your soft laughter
sounds better than flowing water
and with sweeter a voice,
better than the joyful wind
that rocks the orange tree,
better than the bird singing
on the edge of a mossy nest.

O Leïlah!
Depuis que de leur vol léger
Tous les baisers ont fui
de ta lèvre si douce,
Il n'est plus de parfum
dans le pâle oranger,
Ni de céleste arôme
aux roses dans leur mousse.

Oh! que ton jeune amour,
ce papillon léger,
Reviens vers mon cœur
d'une aile prompte et douce,
Et qu'il parfume encor
la fleur de l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan
dans leur gaine de mousse.

O Leilah!
Ever since with their light soaring
all the kisses have fled
from your lips so sweet,
there is no more scent
in the pale orange tree,
nor celestial aroma
from the roses in their moss.

Oh! May your young love,
that light butterfly,
come back toward my heart
on a speedy and gentle wing,
And may it again scent
the flower of the orange tree,
the roses of Isfahan
in their sheath of moss.

Les Fleurs The Flowers

Jetant leur fantaisie exquise de
couleurs
à l'étalage des fleuristes,
Elles sont tour à tour ou joyeuses
ou tristes,
Les fleurs!

Joyeuses, elles vont porter les mots
frôleurs
à l'oreille des bienaimées,
Disant: Bonheur, espoir, ivresses
enflammées...
Les fleurs!

Tristes, elles s'en vont mourir,
vagues pâleurs,
dans la nuit des tombes glacées,
Disant: Désespoirs, deuils, soupirs,
âmes blessées...
Les fleurs!

Joyeuses, elles vont par groupes
enjoleurs,
briller en nos fêtes frivoles;
Disant: Luxe, plaisir, insouciances
folles...
Les fleurs!

Throwing their exquisite fantasy of
colors
to the stage of florists,
they are in turn either joyful or sad.
The flowers!

Happy, they will carry the words
to the ears of loved ones,
Saying: Happiness, hope, blazing
intoxication...
The flowers!

Sad, they are going to die,
pale waves,
in the night of icy tombs,
Saying: Despair, bereavement,
sighs,
wounded souls...
The flowers!

Happy, they go in charming groups,
shining in our frivolous
celebrations;
Saying: Luxury, pleasure, carefree
craziness...
The flowers!

Tristes, avec Novembre,
elles viennent en pleurs,
Dire les chers anniversaires,
Les souvenirs aimés et les regrets...
Sincères, les fleurs.

Sad, with November,
they come in tears,
Saying: Dear Birthdays,
Beloved memories and regrets.
Sincerely, the flowers.

Ainsi, s'associant aux gaîtès aux
douleurs,
selon que le veut notre envie,
Elles sont nos témoins
et nos sœurs dans la vie.
Les fleurs!

So, associating with gaities and
pain,
according to our wishes,
they are our witnesses
and our sisters in life.
The flowers!

L'assiolo canta The Horned-Owl Sings

Vieni! Sul bosco splende serena
la notte del'estate
e l'assiolo canta.
Vieni, ti voglio dir
quel che non dissi mai.

Come! Over the serene woods
shines a night of stars
and the horned-owl sings.
Come, I wish to tell you
what I've never said before.

E sul sentiero fioriscono le stelle,
magici fiori.
I noltria moci insieme
e lá nel folto
ti diró percheé piansi
una triste sera che tu non c'eri.

And above our path the stars
flourish,
like magical flowers.
We will enter together
and there in the thicket
I will tell you why I weeped
one sad evening when you were not
there.

I noltria moci insieme.
Un mistero c'invita,
Odi: l'assiolo canta.

We will enter together.
A mystery invites us,
Listen: the horned-owl sings.

Alba di luna sul bosco Moonrise Over the Woods

Guarda, la luna nasce tutta rosa
come una fiamma congelata nel
cielo,
Lo stagnola riflette
e l'acqua mossa dal vento
par rabbrivire al gelo.

Look, the moon appears completely
red,
like a frozen flame in the heavens,
reflected on the pool
where the water moves with the
wind
as if shivering from the cold.

Che pace immensa!
Il bosco addormentato,
si riflette nello stagno.
Quanto silenzio intorno!
Dimmi: È un tramonto o un'alba per
l'amor?

What immense peace!
The sleeping wood,
reflecting on the water.
Such great silence surrounds us!
Tell me: Is this the twilight or the
dawning of love?

Tristezze crepuscolare Gloom Twilight

È la sera.
Dalla terra bagnata sale l'odore
delle foglie morte.
È l'ora delle campane,
è l'ora in cui le spiro il vano
profumo
d'un amore passato.
E sogno e piango.

It is the evening.
Out of the damp earth comes the
smell
of dead leaves.
It is the hour of bells,
it is the hour to breath the faded
perfume
of a bygone love.
And I dream and I weep.

È la sera.
È la sera, una sera piena di
campane,
una sera piena di profumi,
una sera piena di ricordi,
e di tristezze morte.

It is the evening.
It is the evening, an evening full of
bells,
an evening full of perfume,
an evening full of memories,
and of death's own sadness.

Piangete, piangete campane della
sera,
empite tutto il cielo di malinconia.
Ah! Piangete ancor . . .

Weep, weep bells of evening,
fill the vastness of heaven with
melancholy.
Ah! Weep again . . .

Questa è l'ora dei ricordi,
è l'ora in cui l'antica fiamma
s'accende
nel cuore disperatamente e lo
brucia.

This is the hour of remembrance,
it is the hour when the old flame
engulfs
my desperate heart and ignite its.

Campane.
Odore di foglie morte.
Tristezze dissepolte!

Bells.
The smell of dead leaves.
Sorrows unearthed!

L'Incontro The Encounter

Non mi ricordo più
quando noi c'incontrammo
la prima volta ma fu certo
una lontana sera,
tutta soffusa di pallide tristezze
lungo un benigno mar!

A noi giungevano di lontano
suoni di campane e di greggi
ed una pace strana ci veniva dal
mare.

Questo rammento!
Cosa dicemmo quel giorno,
lo rammentate?
Il non ricordo più.
Ma che importa?
Oggi mi fiorisce nel cuore
la dolcezza appassita di quell'ora
lontana.

E m'è dolce stringere nella mia
la vostra mano bianca
e parlarvi d'amor,
anch'oggi vengono di lontano
suoni di campane e di greggi
e anch'oggi il mar come allora ci
sorride lontano.
Ma oggi forse m'amate un poco,
non sorridete più.

Ah! La vostra mano trema.
Se oggi le belle labbra voi mi darete
non scorderemo più
questa dolce ora d'amor!

I no longer remember
when it was that we met,
but the first time was surely
a bygone dusk,
perfused with faded sadness
along a friendly sea!

Coming from afar
were the sounds of bells and birds
and a strange peace washed over
us from the sea.

I do remember!
What I said that day,
do you remember it?
I no longer recall.
But to whom does it matter?
Today my heart blooms
with sweet passion from that time
long past.

It's so sweet for me to clasp
your white hand in mine
and speak to you of love,
for today, just as then, comes from
afar
the sounds of bells and birds,
with the sea, just as then, smiling at
us in the distance.
But maybe today you love me a
little,
you're not smiling now.

Ah! Your white hand trembles.
If you give me your beautiful lips
today
we will never forget
this sweet hour of love!