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Senior Recital: Christopher Hauser, baritone

Christopher Hauser

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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
Program

"Donne mie la fate a tanti"
from *Cosi fan tutte*

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

Fleur des Blés

Les roses d'Ispahan

Les Fleurs

Claire Noonen, 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

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

Claire Noonen, mezzo-soprano

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Vocal Performance.
Christopher Hauser is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.
Translations

Donne mie la fate a tanti
My ladies, you do it to so many
che, se il ver vi deggio dir,
that, if I must tell you the truth,
che se lagnano gliamanti
if your lovers complain,
li comincio a compatir.
I begin to sympathize with them.

Io vo bene al sesso vostro
I am fond of your sex,
lo sapete, ognun lo sà,
you know it, everyone knows it,
ogni giorno ve lo mostro,
every day I show it to you,
vi do segno d’amistà.
I give you signs of friendship.

Ma, quel farla a tanti e tanti
But, doing this to so many and so many
m’avvilisce in verità.
disheartens me in truth.

Mille volte il brando presi
A thousand times the weapon is taken up
per salvar il vostro onor.
to save your honor.
Mille volte vi difesi
A thousand times you defended
colla bocca e più col cor.
with the mouth and even more with heart.

Ma quel farla a tanti e tanti
But, this doing it to so many and so many
è un vizietto seccator.
is a little annoying vice.

Siete vaghe, siete amabilli,
You are charming, you are lovable,
gran tesori il ciel vi diè,
many treasures from the heavens are given to you,
E le grazie vi circondano
and the graces you surround
dalla testa sino ai piè.
from the head down to the feet.

Ma, la fate a tanti e tanti
But you do it to so many and so many
che credibile non è.
that it is unbelievable.
Che se gridano gliamanti
That if your lovers cry out
hanno certo un gran perché.
they certainly have a good reason why.
**Die Einsame**
**The Lonely One**

Wär's dunkel, ich läg im Walde,
Were it dark, I would lay in the wood,
im Walde rauscht so sacht,
in the wood that rustles so gently,
mit ihrem Sternenmantel
with its cloak of stars
bedeckt mich da die Nacht.
that cover me in the night.

Da kommen die Bächlein gegangen,
Here comes the brooke,
ob ich schon schlafen tu'?
I don't sleep,
Ich schlaf' nicht,
for a while I listen to the
ich hör' noch lang den Nachtigallen zu.
nightingales.

Wenn die Wipfel über mir
When the treetops wave above me,
schwanken,
they resound all night.
das klingt die ganze Nacht,
Those are the thoughts in my heart,
das sind im Herzen die Gedanken,
they sing when no one else is awake.
die singen, wenn niemand wacht.

**Im Herbst**
**In Autumn**

Der Wald wird falb, die blätter fallen,
The forest yellows, the leaves fall,
wie öd' und still der Raum!
how lonely and silent it is!
Die Bächlein nur gehn durch die Buchenhallen
The brook alone runs through the beech-halls
lind rauschend wie im Traum,
softly murmuring as if in a dream,
und Abendglocken schallen fern von des Waldes Saum.
and evening bells toll distantly from the forest's edge.

Was wollt ihr mich so wild verlocken hier in der Einsamkeit?
To what do you so wildly allure me here in solitude?
Wie in der Heimat klingen diese Glocken
These bells ring as if at home aus stiller Kinderzeit.
in my quiet childhood.
Ich wende mich erschrocken,
I turn, startled,
ach, was mich liebt, ist weit!
ah, all that I love, is far away!

So brecht hervor nur alte lieder,
So burst forth songs of old,
und brecht das Herz mir ab!
and break my heart!
Noch einmal grüß ich aus die Ferne wieder,
Once again I greet from afar,
was ich nur liebes hab.
what alone I love,
Mich aber zieht es nieder vor Wehmut wie ins Grab.
but I am dragged down wistfully as if into the grave.
Der Kühne
The Bold Hunter

Und wo noch kein Wandrer 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 Weld versausen,
schauernd hört der Wandrer 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

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's 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

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 lévre si douce,
Il n'est plus de parfum
dans le pâle orangier,
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 encore
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
a l'étalage des fleuristes,
Elles sont tour à tour joyeuses ou tristes,
Les fleurs!

Joyeuses, elles vont porter les mots frôleurs
a 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.

Ainsi, s'associant aux gaîtés 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.

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

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 rabbividire 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 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 to breath the faded perfume of a bygone love.
And I dream and I weep.

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, 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'acende
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 dissepolté!

Bells.
The smell of dead leaves.
Sorrows unearthed!
L'Incontro
The Encounter

Non mi ricordo più
when it was that we met,
quando noi c'incontrammo
but the first time was surely
la prima volta ma fu certo
a bygone dusk,
tutta soffusa di pallide tristezze
perfused with faded sadness
lungo un benigno mar!
along a friendly sea!

A noi giungevano di lontano
Coming from afar
suoni di campane e di greggi
were the sounds of bells and birds
ed una pace strana ci veniva dal
and a strange peace washed over
mare.
us from the sea.

Questo ramento!
I do remember!
Cosa dicemmo quel giorno,
What I said that day,
lo rammentate?
do you remember it?
Il non ricordo più.
I no longer recall.
Ma che importa?
But to whom does it matter?
Oggi mi fiorisce nel cuore
Today my heart blooms
la dolcezza appassita di quell'ora
with sweet passion from that time
lontana.
long past.

E m'è dolce stringere nella mia
It's so sweet for me to clasp
la vostra mano bianca
your white hand in mine
e parlarvi d'amor,
and speak to you of love,
anch'oggi vengono di lontano
for today, just as then, comes from
suoni di campane e di greggi
afar
e anch'oggi il mar come allora ci
the sounds of bells and birds,
sorride lontano.
with the sea, just as then, smiling at
Ma oggi forse m'amate un poco,
us in the distance.
non sorridete più.
But maybe today you love me a
little,
non scorderemo più
you're not smiling now.
questa dolce ora d'amor!
this sweet hour of love!