

10-5-2013

Elective Joint Recital: Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone & Leanne Contino, soprano

Nathan Haltiwanger

Leanne Contino

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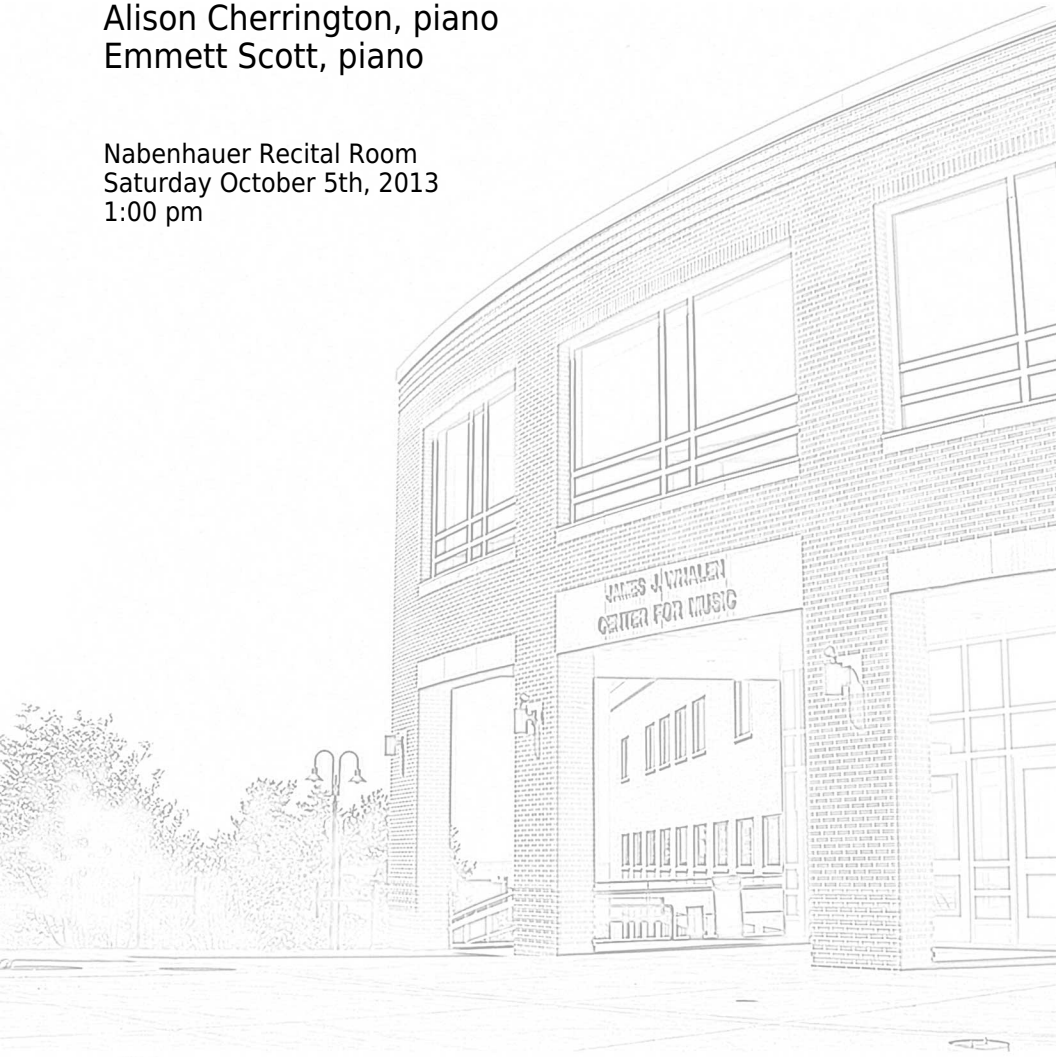
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Joint Recital:

Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone
Leanne Contino, soprano

Alison Cherrington, piano
Emmett Scott, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Saturday October 5th, 2013
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

i carry your heart	John Duke (1895-1984)
Bella siccome un angelo <i>From Don Pasquale</i>	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
Après un rêve	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Nachtigallen schwingen Nachtigall An die Nachtigall	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Intermission

Fairy Lullaby Take, O Take Those Lips Away	Amy Beach (1867-1944)
<i>Shadow of the Blues</i> Silhouette Litany Could Be	John Musto (b. 1954)
Deh Vieni Non Tardar <i>From Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Old Devil Moon <i>From Finian's Rainbow</i>	Burton Lane (1912-1997)

Translations

Bella siccome un angelo

Bella siccome un angelo
In terra pellegrino.
Fresca siccome un giglio
Che s'apre sul mattino.
Occhio che parla e ride,
Sguardo che i cor conquide,
Chioma che vince l'ebano,
Sorriso incantator!

Beautiful as an angel
On earth as a pilgrim.
Fresh as a lily
That opens upon morning.
Eyes that speak and laugh,
Glances that conquer the heart,
Hair that surpasses ebony,
Enchanting smile!

Alma innocente, ingenua,
Che se medesima ignora.
Modestia impareggiabile
Bontá che v'innamora.

A soul innocent and ingenuous
That ignores itself.
Modesty incomparable
Goodness that makes one fall in
love.

Ai miseri pietoso,
Gentil, dolce, amoroso!
Il ciel l'ha fatta nascere
Per far beato un cor!

To the poor piteous,
Gentle, sweet, loving!
Heaven made her be born
To make a heart beat!

Après un rêve

Dans un sommeil
que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur,
ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux,
ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel
éclairé par l'aurore

In a slumber
enchanted by your image
I dreamt of happiness,
passionate dreams,
Your eyes were softer,
your voice pure and resonant,
You shone like a sky
lit up by the dawn;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la
lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient
leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues,
lueurs divines entrevues,

You called me and I left the earth
To run away with you towards the
light,
The skies opened their clouds for
us,
Unknown splendours,
divine flashes glimpsed,

Hélas! Hélas!
triste réveil des songes
Je t'appelle,
ô nuit, rends moi tes mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

Alas! Alas!
sad awakening from dreams
I call you,
O night, give me back your lies,
Return, return radiant,
Return, O mysterious night!

Nachtigallen schwingen

Nachtigallen schwingen
Lustig ihr Gefieder,
Nachtigallen singen
Ihre alten Lieder.
Und die Blumen alle,
Sie erwachen wieder
Bei dem Klang und Schalle
Aller dieser Lieder.

Und meine Sehnsucht wird zur
Nachtigall
Und fliegt in die blühende Welt
hinein,
Und fragt bei den Blumen überall,
Wo mag doch mein, mein Blümchen
sein?

Und die Nachtigallen
Schwingen ihren Reigen
Unter Laubeshallen
Zwischen Blüenzweigen,
Von den Blumen allen
Aber ich muß schweigen.
Unter ihnen steh' ich
Traurig sinnend still:
Eine Blume seh' ich,
Die nicht blühen will.

Nightingales beat
Merrily their wings,
Nightingales sing
Their old songs.
And all the flowers,
They awaken again
To the clangor and sound
Of all these songs.

And my yearning becomes a
nightingale
And flies off in the blooming world,
And asks the flowers everywhere,
Where my little flower is?

And the nightingales
Dance their circle-dance
In the halls of the bowers
Between the blossoming branches;
Among all the flowers,
however, I must be silent.
Among them I remain
Silent with my mournful thoughts:
One flower do I see,
That will not bloom.

Nachtigall

O Nachtigall,
dein süßer Schall,
er dringet mir durch Mark und Bein.

Nein, trauter Vogel, nein!
was in mir schafft so süße Pein,

das ist nicht dein,
das ist von andern, himmelschönen,

nun längst für mich verklungenen
Tönen
in deinem Lied ein leiser Widerhall!

O nightingale,
your sweet sound
penetrates my marrow and my
bones.

No, dear bird, no!
what creates in me such sweet
pain,

is not you,
but something else: heavenly,
lovely tones

that have long since faded away;
in your song there is merely a soft
echo.

An die Nachtigall

Geuß nicht so laut der
liebentflammten Lieder
Tonreichen Schall
Vom Blütenast des Apfelbaums
hernieder,
O Nachtigall!

Du tönest mir mit deiner süßen
Kehle
Die Liebe wach;
Denn schon durchbebt die Tiefen
meiner Seele
Dein schmelzend Ach.

Dann flieht der Schlaf von neuem
dieses Lager,
Ich starre dann
Mit naßem Blick und totenbleich
und hager
Den Himmel an.

Fluch, Nachtigall, in grüne
Finsternisse,
Ins Haingesträuch,
Und spend im Nest der treuen
Gattin Küsse,
Entfleuch, Entfleuch!

Do not pour forth your
love-enflamed songs'
Tuneful sounds so loudly,
Down from the blossoming branch
of the apple tree,
O Nightingale!

With your sweet throat, you call me
and
Awaken Love within me;
For already the depths of my soul
are stirred
By your melting cry.

Sleep flees once more from this
place,
I stare then
With a tearful gaze, deathly pale
and haggard,
At the sky.

Fly, nightingale, off into the green
darkness,
Into the bushy grove.
And shower kisses on your faithful
mate in your nest,
Fly off, fly off!

Deh Vieni Non Tardar

Giunse alfin il momento
Che godrò senz'affanno
In braccio al idol mio
Timide cure uscite dal mio petto!

A turbar non venite il mio diletto
O come par che all'amoroso foco

L'amenità del loco,
La terra e il ciel risponda.
Come la notte i furti miei risponda.

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella

Finche non splende in ciel notturna
face
Finche l'aria e ancor bruna,
E il mondo tace.

Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza
l'aura
Che col dolce susurro
il cor ristaura
Qui ridono i fioretti
e l'erba e fresca
Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescia.

Vieni, ben mio,
tra queste piante ascose.
Vieni, vieni!
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

The moment finally arrives
When I'll enjoy without haste
In the arms of my beloved...
Fearful anxieties get out of my
heart!

Do not come to disturb my delight.
Oh, how it seems that to amorous
fires

The comfort of the place,
Earth and heaven respond,
As the night responds to my ruses.

Oh come, don't be late, my
beautiful joy
Come where love calls you to
enjoyment
Until night's torches no longer shine

As long as the air is still dark
And the world quiet.

Here rivers murmur and the light
plays
That with sweet ripples
the heart restores
Here, little flowers laugh
and grass is fresh
Here, all entices one to love's
desires

Come, my dear,
among the hidden plants.
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.