

10-1-2013

## Senior Recital: Ryan Zettlemyer, baritone

Ryan Zettlemyer

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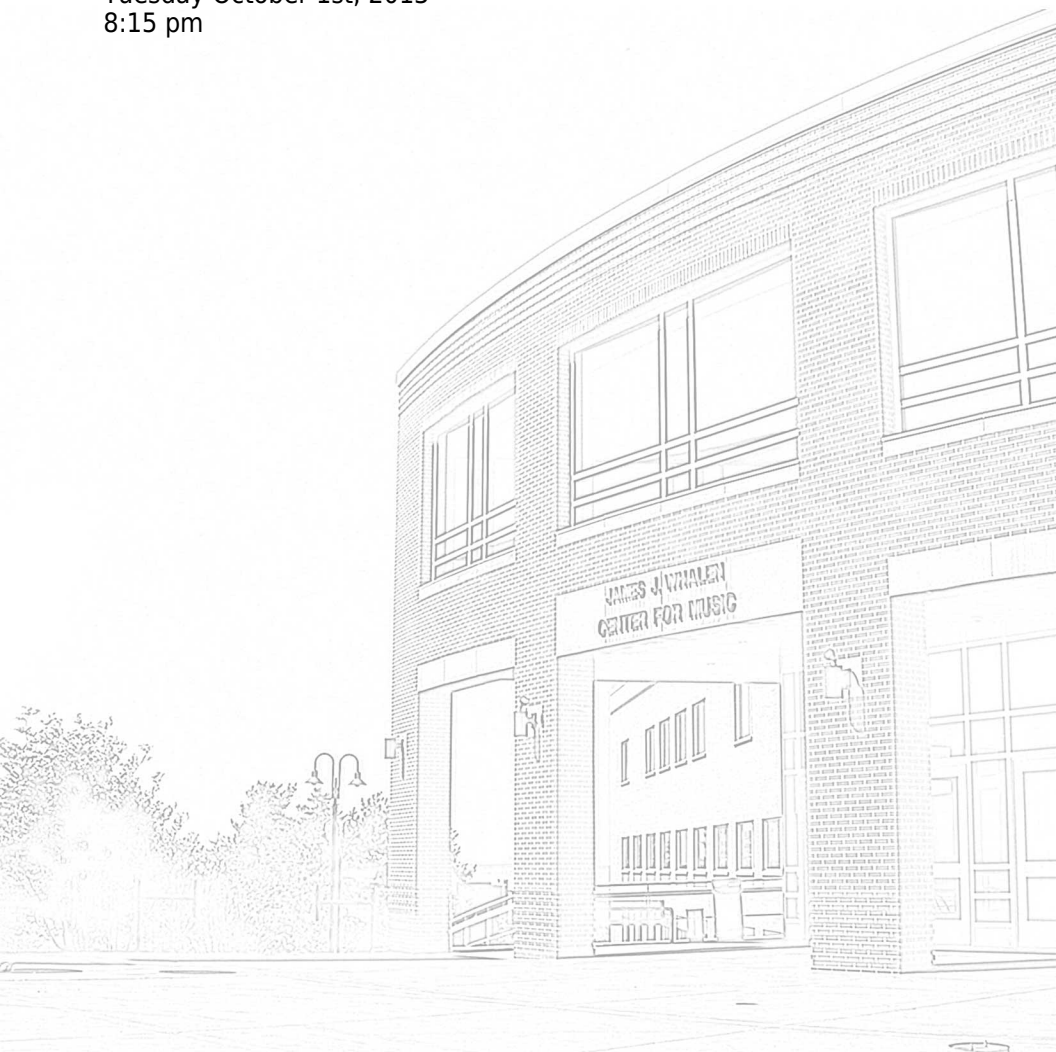
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# Senior Recital:

Ryan Zettlemyer, baritone

Katie Ahrens, piano

Ford Hall  
Tuesday October 1st, 2013  
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music



# Program

Amarilli, mia bella	Giulio Caccini (1546-1618)
Tortorella	Carlo Piتراغروا (1667- 1726)
Se tu m'ami	Giovanni Pergolesi (1710-1736)
So oft ich meine Tabackspfeife Bist du bei mir Willst du dein Herz mir schenken	J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
L'Invitation au Voyage La Vague et la Cloche	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

## Intermission

Songs of Travel The Vagabond <b>I.</b> Let Beauty Awake The Roadside Fire <b>II.</b> Youth and Love <b>III.</b> In Dreams <b>IV.</b> The Infinite Shining Heavens Whither Must I Wander? Bright is the Ring of Words I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
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## Translations

### Amarilli, mia bella

Amarill, mia bella,  
non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,  
d'esser tu l'amor mio?

Credilo pur:  
e se timor t'assale,  
prendi questo mio strale.  
Apri mi il petto e vedrai scritto in  
core:

Amarilli è il mio amore.

Amarilli, my beloved,  
don't you believe my sweet desire  
for you to be my love?

Believe this:  
and if fear assails you,  
take my arrow.  
Open up my chest and you will see it  
written on my heart:

Amarilli is my love.

### Tortorella

Tortorella, che strida e si lagna  
per trovar la sua dolce compagna  
ogni lido cercando va.

Così l'anima ognora smartita,  
quando lungi date, cara vita,  
va per tutto cercando pietà.

Tortorella...

Turtle dove, that cries and languishes  
to find its sweet companion  
goes searching at every shore.

So the soul is ever divided,  
and when that time is long, dear life,  
it goes looking for mercy.

Turtle dove...

### Se tu m'ami

Se tu m'ami,  
se tu sospiri sol per me,  
gentil pastor,  
ho dolor de' tuoi martiri,  
ho diletto del tuo amor,  
ma se pensi che soletto  
lo ti debba riamar,  
Pastorella, sei soggetta  
facilmente a t'ingannar;

Bella rosa porporina  
oggi Silvio sceglierà,  
con la scusa della spina  
doman poi la sprezzerà.

Ma degli uomini il consiglio  
lo per me non seguirò.  
Non perchè mi piace il giglio  
gli altri fiori sprezzarò.

Se tu m'ami...

If you love me,  
if you sigh only for me,  
gentle shepardess,  
I lament your suffering,  
I delight in your love,  
but if you think that to you alone  
I must return my love,  
Little shepardess, you are subject  
easily to self-deception;

The beautiful red rose  
Silvio will choose today,  
and using the thorns as an excuse  
tomorrow he will despise it.

But the advice of my friends  
I do not follow.  
Just because the lily pleases me  
doesn't mean that I despise the other  
flowers.

If you love me...

## So oft ich meine Tabackspfeife

So oft ich meine Tabackspfeife  
mit gutem Knaster angefüllt,  
zur Lust und Zeitvertreib ergreife,  
so gibt sie mir ein Trauerbild,  
und füget diese Lehre bei,  
dass ich derselben ähnlich sei.

Die Pfeife pflegt man nicht zu färben,  
sie bleibt Weiss. Also der Schluss,  
das ich auch demaleinst im Sterben  
dem Leibe nach erblassen muss.  
Im Grabe wird der Körper auch  
so Schwarz wie sie nach langem  
Brauch.

Ich kann bei so gestalten Sachen  
mir bei dem Taback jederzeit  
erbauliche Gedanken machen.  
Drum schmauch ich voll Zufriedenheit  
zu Land, zu Wasser, und zu Haus  
mein Pfeifchen stets in Andacht aus.

I often take up my pipe  
filled with good tobacco,  
for pleasure and to pass the time,  
it gives me a sorrowful image,  
and brings this lesson -  
that I am similar to it.

It is the habit not to color the pipe,  
it remains white. And so it follows,  
that when I too die one day  
my body will also grow pale.  
In the grave will my corpse also  
grow black as the pipe after long  
usage.

I can occupy such lofty things  
in my thoughts every time I have  
tobacco  
Therefore I smoke full of  
contentment-  
on land, at sea, and at home-  
my pipe to the bottom in devotion.

## Bist du bei mir

Bist du bei mir,  
geh' ich mit Freuden  
zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh'.

Ach, wie vergnügt wär so mein Ende,  
es drückten deine lieben Hände  
mir die getreuen Augen zu!

Bist du bei mir...

If you are with me,  
I go with peace  
to death, and to my rest.

Ah, how joyful would my end be  
if your loving hands are pressed  
against my faithful eyes!

If you are with me...

## Willst du dein Herz mir schenken

Willst du dein Herz mir schenken,  
so fang es heimlich an,  
dass unser beider Denken  
niemand erraten kann.  
Die Liebe muss bei beinden  
allzeit verschwiegen sein,  
drum schliess die grössten Freuden  
in deinem Herzen ein.

Behutsam sei und schweige  
und traue keiner Wand,  
lieb innerlich und zeige dich  
ausser unbekannt.  
Kein' Argwohn musst du geben,  
verstellung nötig ist,  
gehug dass du, mein Leben,  
der Treu versichert bist.

Zu frei sein, sich ergehen,  
hat oft Gefahr gebracht,  
man muss sich wohl verstehen,  
weil ein falsch Auge wacht.  
Du musst den Spruch bedenken,  
den ich zavor getan:  
willst du dein Herz mir schenken,  
so fang es heimlich an.

If you would give me your heart,  
so proceed in secrecy,  
so that our thoughts  
are impossible to guess.  
The love must by both  
always be kept secret,  
therefore lock the great joy  
up in your heart.

Be careful and silent,  
and trust no wall,  
love inwardly and show yourself  
outwardly unaffected.  
No suspicion can you give,  
pretense is necessary,  
let it be enough that you, my life,  
are assured of my faithfulness.

To be free, to indulge oneself,  
has often brought dangers,  
one must well understand,  
for false eyes are watching.  
You must then consider the saying,  
that I made before:  
If you would give me your heart,  
so proceed in secrecy.

## L'Invitation au Voyage

Mon enfant, ma soeur,  
songe à la douceur  
d'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,  
aimer à lousir,  
aimer et mourir  
au pays qui te ressemble!

Les soleils mouillés  
de ces ciels brouillés  
pour mon esprit ont les charmes  
si mystérieux  
de tes traîtres yeux,  
brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme, et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux  
dormir ces vaisseaux  
dont l'humeur est vagabonde;  
C'est pour assouvir  
ton moindre désir  
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants  
Revêtent les champs,  
les canaux, la ville entière,  
D'hyacinthe et d'or;  
le monde s'endort  
Dans une chaude lumière!

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme, et volupté!

My child, my sister,  
dream of how sweet  
it would be to live together,  
to love at leisure,  
to love and to die  
in a place that is like you!

The watery suns  
of the hazy skies  
to my spirit have the charms  
as mysterious  
as your traitorous eyes,  
shining through their tears.

There, all is nothing but order,  
beauty,  
abundance, calm, and delight.

See on those canals  
those sleeping vessels  
whose nature it is to roam;  
It is to fulfill  
your slightest desire that  
they have come from the ends of the  
earth.

The setting suns  
cover the fields,  
the canals, the whole town,  
with hyacinth and gold;  
the world falls asleep  
in a warm light!

There, all is nothing but order,  
beauty,  
abundance, calm, and delight!



## La Vague et la Cloche

Une fois, terrassé par un puissant  
breuvage,  
J'ai rêvé que parmi les vagues et le  
bruit  
de la mer, je vogais sans fanal dans  
la nuit,  
morne rameur, n'ayant plus l'espoir  
du rivage.

L'océan me crachait ses baves sur le  
front,  
et le vent me glaçait d'horreur  
jusqu'aux entrailles.  
Les vagues s'écroutaient ainsi que  
des murailles  
Avec ce rythme lent qu'un silence  
interrompt.

Puis, tout changea. La mer et sa noire  
mélée  
sombrièrent. Sous mes pieds  
s'effondra le plancher de la barque.

Et j'étais seul dans un vieux clocher,  
chevauchant avec rage une cloche  
ébranlée.  
J'étreignais la criarde opiniâtrement,  
convulsif et fermant dans l'effort mes  
paupières.

Le grondement faisait trembles les  
vieilles pierres,  
Tant j'activais sans fin le lourd  
balancement.

Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit o rêve, où  
Dieu nous mène?  
Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit s'ils ne  
finiraient pas  
l'inutile travail et l'éternel fracas  
Dont est fait la vie, hélas, la vie  
humaine!

One time, struck down by a powerful  
drink,  
I dreamt that among the waves and  
the noise  
of the sea, I sailed without a lantern  
into the night,  
a mournful rower, I had not much  
hope of reaching land.

The ocean spat its foam onto my  
forehead,  
and the wind froze me with dread to  
the bone.  
The waves crashed just like great  
walls  
with a slow rhythm that a silence  
breaks.

Then, everything changed. The sea  
and its dark struggle  
subsided. Under my feet, the floor of  
the boat collapsed.

And I was alone in an old steeple,  
Astride, with fury, a swinging bell.  
I clutched the shrill thing stubbornly,  
convulsively, and my eyes grew tired  
from the effort.

The roaring made the old stones  
tremble,  
while I quickened without end the  
heavy swinging.

Why did you not say, oh dream,  
where God leads us?  
Why did you not say if there is an end  
to the useless toil and the eternal  
strife  
which is the fate of life, alas, of  
human life!