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Junior Recital: Eric Flyte, tenor

Eric Flyte

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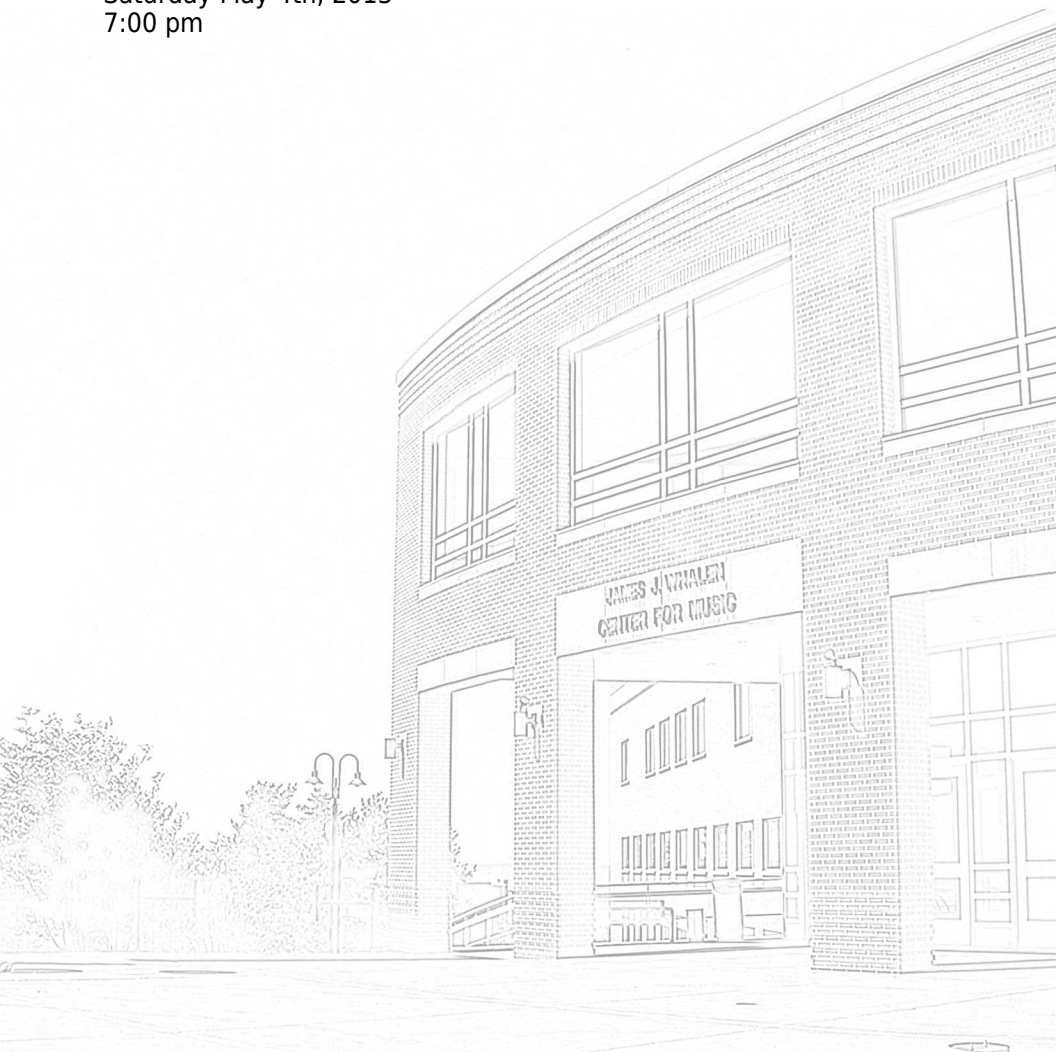
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Junior Recital:

Eric Flyte, tenor

Samuel Martin, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday May 4th, 2013
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.

Program

| | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| An Chloë | Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) |
| Der Jüngling an der Quelle | Franz Schubert (1797-1828) |
| Adelaide | Ludwig von Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Lydia | Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) |
| Si mes vers avaient des ailes | Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947) |
| Ah Chloris | Gabriel Fauré |
| Après un rêve | |
| Ma rendi pur contento | Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) |
| Il fervido desiderio | Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925) |
| Amorosi miei giorni | |

Intermission

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <i>Till Earth Outwears</i> | Gerald Finzi (1901-1956) |
| 1. Let me enjoy the earth | |
| 2. In years defaced | |
| 3. The Market-Girl | |
| 4. I look into my glass | |
| 5. It never looks like summer | |
| 6. At a Lunar Eclipse | |
| 7. Life Laughs Onward | |

Translations

An Chloë

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust hinein zu schauen

Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küße
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm,

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

Den berauschten Blick umschattet
Eine düstre Wolke mir,
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
Aber selig neben dir.

To Chloë

When love shines from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with the pleasure of gazing into
them

my heart pounds and glows;

and I hold you and kiss your
rosy, warm cheeks,
lovely maiden, and I clasp
you trembling in my arms,

maiden, maiden, and I press
you firmly to my breast,
which at the last moment,
only at death, will let you go;

then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed
by a gloomy cloud,
and I sit then, exhausted,
but blissful, next to you.

Der Jüngling an der Quelle

Leise rieselnder Quell!
Ihr wallenden flispernden Pappeln!
Euer Schlummergeräusch
Wecket die Liebe nur auf.

Linderung sucht' ich bei euch
Und sie zu vergessen, die Spröde.
Ach, und Blätter und Bach
Seufzen, Luise, mir zu!

The youth by the spring

Softly, trickling spring!
Ye churning, rustling poplars!
The sounds of slumber you make
Will only awaken my love.

Balm was I seeking from you
And to forget her indifference.
Ah, the brook and each tree
Sigh for my loved one, for Luisa.

Adelaide

Einsam wandelt dein Freund im
Frühlingsgarten,
Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht
umflossen,
Das durch wankende Blütenzweige
zittert,
Adelaide!

In der spiegelnden Flut, im Schnee der
Alpen,
In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken,
Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt dein
Bildnis,
Adelaide!

Abendlüfte im zarten Laube flüstern,
Silberglöckchen des Mais im Grase
säuseln,
Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen
flöten:
Adelaide!

Einst, o Wunder! entblüht auf meinem
Grabe
Eine Blume der Asche meines Herzens;
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem
Purpurblättchen:
Adelaide!

Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvres en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

Adelaide

Alone does your friend wander in the
Spring garden,
mildly encircled by magic light
that quivers through swaying,
blossoming boughs,
Adelaide!

In the mirroring stream, in the snow of
the Alps,
in the dying day's golden clouds,
in the fields of stars, your image shines,
Adelaide!

Evening breezes whisper in the tender
leaves,
silvery lilies-of-the-valley rustle in the
grass,
waves murmur and nightingales pipe:
Adelaide!

One day, o wonder! upon my grave will
bloom
a flower from the ashes of my heart;
and clearly on every purple leaf will
gleam:
Adelaide!

Lydia

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparkingly
The fluid golden tresses which you
loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
comme l'amour!

If my verses had wings

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the mind.

Pure and faithful, to your side
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love!

À Chloris

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,

Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.

Que la mort serait importune
De venir changer ma fortune
A la félicité des cieux!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

To Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that thou lovest me,
(And I understand that thou dost love
me well),

I do not believe that even kings
Could know such happiness as mine.

How unwelcome death would be,
If it came to exchange my fortune
With the joy of heaven!
All that they say of ambrosia
Does not fire my imagination
Like the favour of thine eyes.

Après un rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmaient 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;

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,

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

Ma rendi pur contento

Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core,
e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

After a dream

In a slumber which held your image
spellbound
I dreamt of happiness, passionate
mirage,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure
and sonorous,
You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;

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,

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

Only make her happy

Only make happy
The heart of my beautiful,
And I will pardon you, love
If my own heart is not glad.

Her troubles I fear
More than my own troubles,
Because I live more in her
Than I live in myself.

Il fervido desiderio

Quando verrà quel dì
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel dì
che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

Amorosi miei giorni

Amorosi miei giorni,
chi vi potrà mai più scordar,
or che di tutti i beni adorni,

date pace al mio core
e profumo ai pensieri?
Poter così, finchè la vita avanza,
non temer più gli affanni
d'una vita d'inganni,
sol con questa speranza:
che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio
splendor
e un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

Chi di me più beato,
se accanto a sè così non ha
un dolce e caro oggetto amato,
sì che ancor non può dire
di saper cos'è amore?
Ah, ch'io così, finchè la vita avanza,
più non tema gli affanni
d'una vita d'inganni,
sol con questa speranza:
che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio
splendor
e un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

The fervent wish

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so desires?

When will that day come
when I welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

My amorous days

My amorous days,
Who could ever forget you,
Now that, adorned with all the blessings,

You give peace to my heart
And perfume to my thoughts?
To be able, so, as life advances,
To fear no longer the anxieties
Of a life of deceptions,
With this hope alone:
That one look of hers may be all my
splendor
And one smile of hers may be all my
treasure!

Who more blessed than I,
If she does not thus have beside her
A sweet and dear beloved object,
So that she cannot yet say
She knows what love is?
Ah, may I so, as life advances,
Fear no longer the anxieties
Of a life of deceptions,
With this hope alone:
That one look of hers may be all my
splendor
And one smile of hers may be all my
treasure!