

12-1-2012

Junior Recital: Kevin Fortin, tenor

Kevin Fortin

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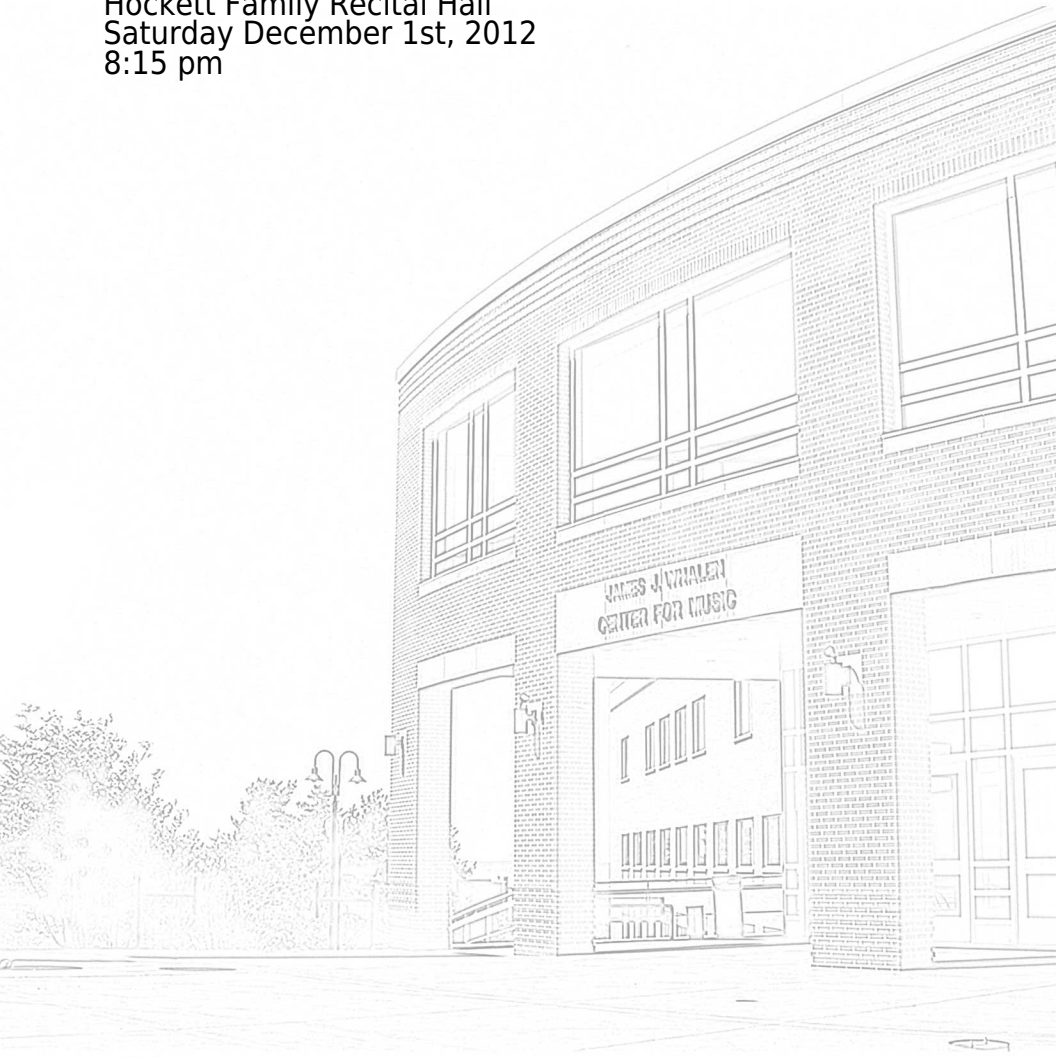
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Junior Recital:
Kevin Fortin, tenor

Matthew Holehan, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday December 1st, 2012
8:15 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

Sylvie
Nell
Adieu

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Quelle labbra non son rose
O del mio amato ben
Amorosi miei giorni
Ah, mai non cessate

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Intermission

Die Sterne, D. 939
Wanderers Nachtlied, D. 768
Der Wanderer an den Mond, D. 870

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Till Earth Outwears, Op. 19
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

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

Translations

Sylvie

Si tu veux savoir, ma belle,
Où s'envole à tire-d'aile,
L'oiseau qui chantait sur l'ormeau,
Je te le dirai, ma belle,
Il vole vers qui l'appelle,
Vers celui-là
Qui l'aimera!

Si tu veux savoir, ma blonde,
Pourquoi sur terre et sur l'onde
La nuit tout s'anime et s'unit,
Je te le dirai, ma blonde!
C'est qu'il est une heure au monde

Où, loin du jour,
Veille l'amour!

Si tu veux savoir, Sylvie,
Pourquoi j'aime à la folie
Tes yeux brillants et languoureux,
Je te le dirai, Sylvie,
C'est que sans toi dans la vie
Tout pour mon coeur
N'est que douleur!

Nell

Ta rose de pourpre, à ton clair
soleil,
O Juin, étincelle enivrée;
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe
dorée:
Mon coeur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille
ombreuse
Monte un soupir de volupté;
Plus d'un ramier chante au bois
écarté,
O mon coeur, sa plainte
amoureuse.

Sylvia

If you wish to know, my beautiful
one,
Where it flies off in a flutter of
wings,
The bird who sang on the elm,
I will tell you, my beautiful one,
It flies to the one who calls it,
Toward that person
Who will love it!

If you wish to know, my blonde one,
Why on land and sea
At night everything comes alive and
unites,
I will tell you, my blonde one!
It is because there is an hour in the
world
Where, far from daylight,
Love stands watch!

If you wish to know, Sylvia,
Why I madly love
Your eyes, bright and languorous,
I will tell you, Sylvia,
It is because without you in life,
Everything in my heart
Is nothing but sadness!

Nell

Your crimson rose in your
bright sun,
Oh June, sparkles as if intoxicated;
Lean over toward me your golden
cup:
My heart is similar to your rose.

Under the soft shelter of a shady
bough
Rises a sigh of pleasure;
More than one dove sings in the
isolated woods,
Oh my heart, its amorous lament.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel
enflame,
Étoile de la nuit pensive!
Mais combine plus douce est la
claret vive
Qui rayonne en mon coeur charmé!

La chantante mer, le long du
rivage,
Taira son murmure éternel,
Avant qu'en mon coeur, chère
amour, O Nell,
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés des
prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées,
fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger,
changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
nos rêves!
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs, nos
coeurs!

A vous l'on se croyait fidèle, cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes
sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
adieu!

How sweet your pearl is in the
flaming sky,
The star of the pensive night!
But how much sweeter is the vivid
light
Which shines in my charmed heart!

The singing sea, all along the shore,
Will silence its eternal murmuring,
Before in my heart, cherished love,
Oh Nell,
Your image will bloom no longer!

Farewell

How quickly everything dies, the
rose in bloom,
And the fresh colored mantle of the
meadows;
The longs sighs, the loved ones,
gone up in smoke!

One sees change in this fickle world
More quickly than the waves on the
shore, our dreams!
More quickly than the frost on the
flowers, our hearts!

I believed I would be faithful to you,
cruel one,
But alas! the longest loves are
short!
And I say upon leaving your charms
without tears,
Almost at the moment of my
avowal, farewell!

Quelle labbra non son rose

Quelle labbra, mia signora,
Non son rose maggioline;
(Vi dicevo sempre allora).
Ci son rose senza spine?
Ma le ho bacciate or or ed ho
pensato:
Non son di rose un paio,
Ma sono un gran rosaio!
Sicchè persin ne ho insanguinato il
cor. Ah!
No, non son di rose un paio, mia
signora,
Ma un rosaio!

Your lips are not like roses

Those lips, my lady,
Are not roses of May;
(I used to always tell you then).
Are there roses without thorns?
But I have kissed them just now
and I thought:
They are not a pair of roses,
But they are an entire rose bush!
So that I have even made my heart
bloody. Ah!
No, they are not a pair of roses, my
lady,
But a rose bush!

O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben perduto
incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
Chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
Sempre la cerco e chiamo
Con pieno il cor di speranze.
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
Che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni
loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
Mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur tal volta spero
Di darmi ad altra cura,
Sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lei, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
Senza il mio ben.

Oh of my dear beloved

Oh lost enchantment of my dear
beloved!
Far from my sight is the one
Who was glory and pride to me!
Now through the silent rooms
Always I seek her and call out
With my heart full of hopes.
But I seek in vain, I call out in vain!
And weeping is so dear to me
That with weeping alone I nourish
my heart.

Without her, every place seems sad
to me.
Night seems like day to me;
Fire seems like ice to me.
If however I sometimes hope
To give myself to another's care,
A single thought torments me:
But, without her, what would I do?
To me life like seems so empty
Without my beloved.

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!

Ah, mai non cessate

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro
parlar,
o labbra desiate ond'io folle vo'
col miel delle vostre parole vo' far

un dolce guanciaie su cui dormirò.

O sonni beati da niun mai sognati

che su quel guanciaie dormendo
farò,
dormendo e sognando, vicino al tuo
cor,
il dolce, desiato mio sogno d'amor.
Ah! dormendo, sognando,
sognando d'amor!

Lovers of my days

Lovers of my days,
who could ever forget you,
now that I am adorned with all your
blessing,
you give peace to my heart
and perfume to my thoughts?
To be able, as live advances,
to no longer fear the anxieties
of a life of deceptions,
and to live with this one hope:
that one of her glances may be all
my splendor
and one of her smiles may be my
whole treasure!

Who is more blessed than I,
If he doesn't have at his side
a lover so sweet and dear,
and can still not say
that he knows what love is?
Ah, that I thus, as life advances,
no more fear the anxieties
of a life of deceptions,
and live with this one hope:
that one of her glances may be all
my splendor
and one of her smiles may be my
whole treasure!

Ah, never ever cease

Ah, never ever cease from your
talking,
oh lips desired which I madly want,
with the honey of your words I want
to make
a sweet pillow on which I will sleep.

O blessed dreams that no one has
ever had
that sleeping on that pillow I will
dream,
sleeping and dreaming, close to
your heart,
the sweet, desired dream of love.
Ah! sleeping, dreaming, dreaming
of love!

Die Sterne

Wie blitzen die Sterne so hell durch
die Nacht!
Bin oft schon darüber vom
Schlummer erwacht.
Doch schelt' ich die lichten Gebilde
drum nicht,
Sie üben im Stillen manch heilsame
Pflicht.

Sie wallen hoch oben in
Engelgestalt,
Sie leuchten dem Pilger durch
Heiden und Wald.
Sie schweben als Boten der Liebe
umher,
Und tragen oft Küsse weit über das
Meer.

Sie blicken dem Dulder recht mild
ins Gesicht,
Und säumen die Tränen mit
silbernem Licht.
Und weisen von Gräbern gar
tröstlich und hold
Uns hinter das Blaue mit Fingern
von Gold.

So sei den gesegnet, du strahlige
Schar!
Und leuchte mir lange noch
freundlich und klar!
Und wenn ich einst liebe, seid hold
dem Verein,
Und euer Geflimmer lasst Segen
uns sein!

Wanderers Nachtlied

Über allen Gipfeln
ist Ruh,
in allen Wipfeln
spürest du
kaum einen Hauch;
die Vöglein schweigen im Walde,

warte nur, balde
ruhest du auch.

The Stars

How the stars twinkle so light
through the night!
I've often been awakened by them
from slumber.
But I do not scold them for it,

For they secretly practice some
benevolent duty.

They surge high over in the form of
angels,
They light the pilgrim's way through
heaths and forest.
They hover about as a messenger
of love,
And often carry kisses far across
the sea.

They look the sufferer tenderly in
the face,
And wipe the tears with silver light.

And lead us from the grave,
comforting and sweet,
Beyond the blue sky with fingers of
gold.

So then be blessed, you radiant
throng!
And long shine on me, friendly and
clear!
And if I fall in love, smile upon the
bond,
And let your flickering be a blessing
upon us!

Wanderer's Night Song

Over all the peaks
it is peaceful,
in all the treetops
you feel
hardly a breath of wind;
the little birds are silent in the
forest,

only wait - soon
you will rest too.

Der Wanderer an den Mond

Ich auf der Erd, am Himmel du,
Wir wandern beide rüstig zu:
Ich ernst und trüb, du mild und rein,

Was mag der Unterschied wohl
sein?

Ich wandre fremd von Land zu
Land,
So heimatlos, so unbekannt;
Berg auf, Berg ab, Wald ein, Wald
aus,
Doch bin ich nirgend, ach, zu Haus.

Du aber wanderst auf und ab
Aus Ostens Wieg' in Westens Grab,

Wallst Länder ein und Länder aus,
Und bist doch, wo du bist, zu Haus.

Der Himmel, endlos ausgespannt,
Ist dein geliebtes Heimatland.
O glücklich, wer, wohin er geht,

Doch auf der Heimat Boden steht!

The Wanderer to the Moon

I on the earth, you in the sky,
We both wander briskly onward:
I serious and troubled, you mild and
pure,

What might be the difference
between us?

I wander a stranger from land to
land,
So homeless, so unknown;
Up mountains and down, into
forests and out,
Yet nowhere am I, alas, at home.

But you wander up and down
From the east's cradle into the
west's grave,

Travel in and out of countries,
And yet wherever you are, you're at
home.

The sky, endlessly spread out,
Is your beloved homeland.
Oh happy is he who, wherever he
goes,

Still stands upon native ground!

Till Earth Outwears -Thomas Hardy

1. **Let me enjoy the earth** no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair,
Who throws me not a word or sign;
I'll charm me with her ignoring air,
And laud the lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song
Inspired by scenes and dreams
unknown
I'll pour out raptures that belong
To others, as they were my own.

And some day hence, towards
Paradise
And all its blest - if such should be -
I will lift glad, afar-off eyes,
Though it contain no place for me.

2. **In years defaced** and lost,
Two sat here, transport-tossed,
Lit by a living love
The wilted world knew nothing of:
Scared momentarily
By gaingivings,
Then hoping things
That could not be...

Of love and us no trace
Abides upon the place;
The sun and shadows wheel,
Season and season sereward steal:
Foul days and fair
Here, too, prevail,
And gust and gale
As everywhere.

But lonely shepherd souls
Who bask amid these knolls
May catch a faery sound
On sleepy noontides from the ground:
"O not again
Till Earth outwears
Shall love like theirs
Suffuse this glen!"

3. **The Market-Girl**

Nobody took any notice of her as she stood on the causey kerb,
All eager to sell her honey and apples and bunches of garden herb;
And if she had offered to give her wares and herself with them too that day,
I doubt if a soul would have cared to take a bargain so choice away.

But chancing to trace her sunburnt grace that morning as I passed nigh,
I went and I said "Poor maidy dear! - and will none of the people buy?"
And so it began; and soon we knew what the end of it all must be,
And I found that though no others had bid, a prize had been won by me.

4. I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, "Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!"

For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

6. At a Lunar Eclipse

Thy shadow, Earth, from Pole to Central Sea,
Now steals along upon the Moon's meek shine
In even monochrome and curving line
Of imperturbable serenity.

How shall I link such suncast symmetry
With the torn troubled form I know as thine,
That profile, placid as a brow divine,
With continents of moil and misery?

And can immense Mortality but throw
So small a shade, and Heaven's high human scheme
Be hemmed within the coasts yon arc implies?

Is such the stellar guage of earthly show,
Nation at war with nation, brains that teem,
Heroes, and women fairer than the skies?

7. Life Laughs Onward

Rambling I looked for an old abode
Where, years back, one had lived I knew;
Its site a dwelling duly showed,
But it was new.

I went where, not so long ago,
The sod had riven two breasts asunder;
Daisies throve gaily there, as though
No grave were under.

I walked along a terrace where
Loud children gambolled in the sun:
The figure that had once sat there
Was missed by none.

Life laughed, and moved on unsubdued,
I saw that Old succumbed to Young:
'Twas well. My too regretful mood
Died on my tongue.

5. "It never looks like summer
here
On Beeny by the sea."
But though she saw its look as drear,
Summer it seemed to me.

It never looks like summer now
Whatever weather's there;
But ah, it cannot anyhow,
On Beeny or elsewhere!

Upcoming Events

December

- 2** - Ford - 4:00pm - Symphony Orchestra (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)
- 3** - Ford - 7:00pm - Horn Studio/Horn Choir
- 3** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Jazz Vocal Ensemble
- 4** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Woodwind Chamber Ensemble
- 4** - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble
- 5** - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)
- 6** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano/String Chamber Music
- 6** - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert and Symphonic Bands (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)
- 7** - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Ensemble (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)
- 8** - Ford - 8:15pm - Chamber Orchestra (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)
- 9** - Ford - 3:00pm - Winter Choral Concert (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)
- 9** - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble
- 10** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Intergenerational Choir
- 10** - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab
- 11** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano/Instrumental Duos I
- 11** - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab
- 12** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano/Instrumental Duos II
- 12** - Ford - 8:15pm - Brass Choir and Trombone Troupe
- 12** - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Guitar Ensembles
- 13** - Nabenhauer - 12:00pm - Early Music Class Concert
- 13** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Recital: Nathan Hess, piano
- 13** - Ford - 8:15pm - Campus Choral Ensemble (*webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*)