

4-12-2018

## Junior Recital: Seamus Buxton, tenor

Seamus Buxton

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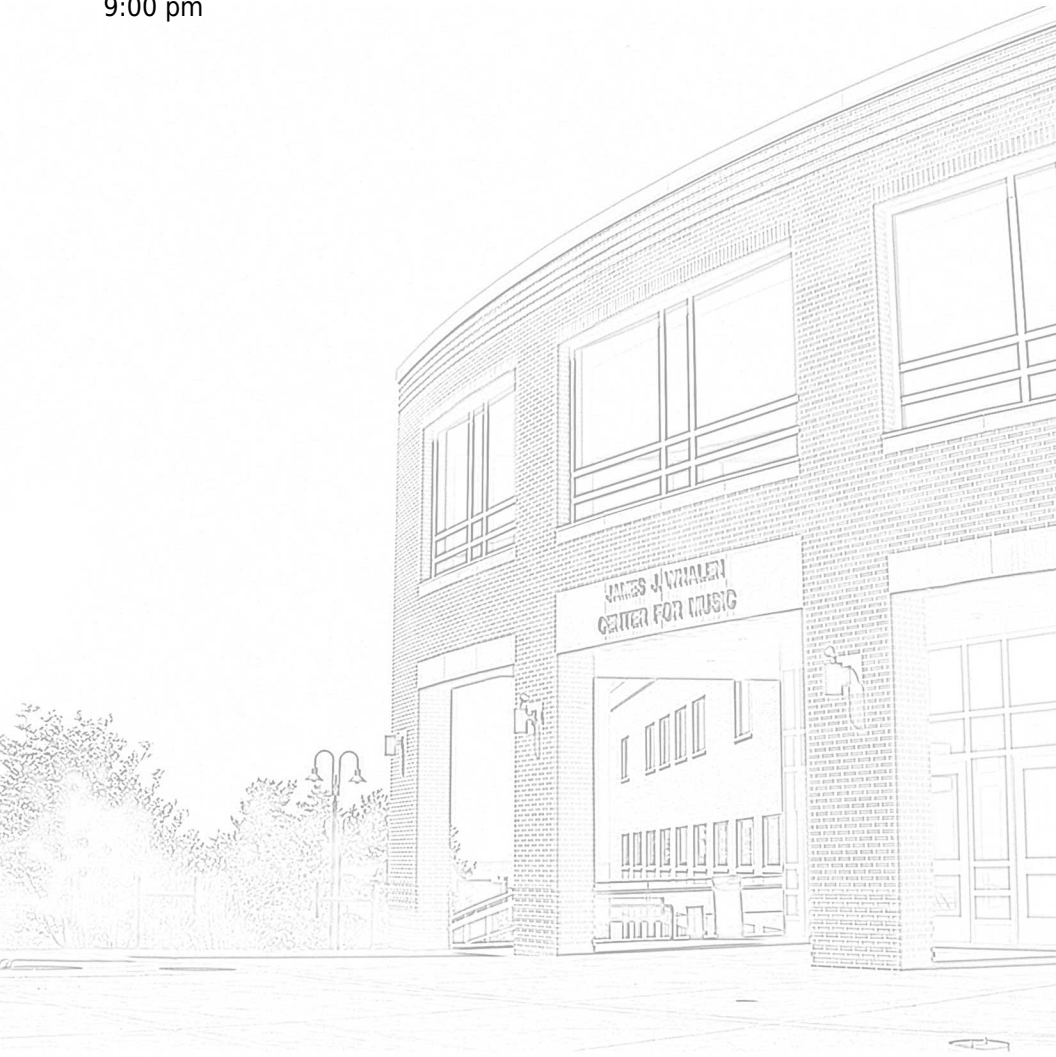
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**Junior Recital:**  
Seamus Buxton, tenor

Richard Montgomery

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Thursday, April 12th, 2018  
9:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Lines of Communication

## Passion

Ard'il mio petto misero  
Belle rose porporine

Giulio Caccini  
(1551-1618)

## Storytelling

Der Fischer

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

C

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

Ye banks and braes

Robert Burns  
(1759-1796)

I fauni

arr. Amy Beach  
Ottorino Respighi  
(1879-1936)

## Humor

"Jour et nuit"  
*From Les Contes d'Hoffmann*

Jacques Offenbach  
(1819-1880)

## Intermission

## Loss

Canticle III: Still falls the rain

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

*Benjamin Futterman, horn*

## Common Experience

If the world looked like you  
This year *Jacob Kerzner, piano*

Will Reynolds

## Translations

### Ard'il mio petto misero

Ard'il mio petto misero  
Alta fiamma lucente,  
Sì come dure stelle altrui  
permisero;  
E benche lasso il cor ne peni  
ardente, Non se ne pente.

Dic'ei quantunque affliggami  
Asprezz'empia, infinta,  
E dur'arco di sdegn'ogn'or  
trafiggami,  
Dolce sarà, s'impetr'un sguard'in  
vita, Ogni ferita.

Così, folle, consolasi,  
Ma per l'eterno corso

Intanto batte nostr'etat'e volasi;  
O cordi donna, per altrui  
soccorso, E tigr'e d'orso.

- Gabriello Chiabrera

My unhappy breast burns  
with a flame  
such as heartless stars could  
create,  
and though my heart languishes in  
pain, it perseveres.

It says:  
Whatever infinite bitterness  
torments me and barbs of disdain  
pierce me,  
every wound will be sweet if I get a  
glance while still alive.

Thus, foolish, it is consoled.  
But meanwhile time flies, and  
woman's heart, though kind to  
some, is harsh and fierce -  
a tiger, bearish - to me.

- Transl. H. Wiley Hitchcock

### Belle rose porporine

Belle rose porporine  
Che tra spine  
Sull'aurora non aprite;  
Ma, ministri degl'amori,  
Bei tesori  
Di bei denti custodite.

Dite, rose preziose, amoroze;  
Dit'ond'è, che s'io m'affiso  
Nel bel guardo acceso ardente  
Voi repente disciogliete un bel  
sorriso?

Lovely rosy lips  
that among thorns  
at dawn you do not open;  
but, ministers of love,  
you guard the treasures  
the treasures of her smile.

Tell me, precious and amorous  
rosinesses;  
why, that when I fix my eyes  
in a passionate glance  
do you lose a fine smile?

## Der Fischer

Das Wasser rauscht', das Wasser  
schwoll,  
Ein Fischer sass daran,  
Sah nach dem Angel ruhevoll,  
Kühl bis an's Herz hinan.  
Und wie er sitzt und wie er lauscht,  
Theilt sich die Fluth empor;  
Aus dem bewegten Wasser rauscht  
Ein feuchtes Weib hervor

Sie sang zu ihm, sie sprach zu ihm:  
Was lockst du meine Brut  
Mit Menschenwitz und Menschenlist  
Hinauf in Todesgluth?  
Ach wüsstest du, wie's Fishlein ist

So wohligh auf dem Grund,  
Du stiegst herunter wie du bist,  
Und würdest erst gesund.

Labt sich die liebe Sonne nicht,  
Der Mond sich nicht im Meer?  
Keht wellen athmend ihr Gesicht

Nicht doppelt schooner her?  
Locht dich der tiefe Himmel nicht  
Das feucht verklärte Blau?  
Locht dich dein eigen Angesicht  
Nicht her in ew'gen Thau?

Das Wasser rauchst', Das Wasser  
schwoll,  
Netzt' ihm den nackten Fuss;  
Sein Herz wuchs ihm so sehnsuchtsvoll,  
Wie bei der Liebsten Gruss.

Sie sprach zu ihm, sie sang zu ihm;  
Da war's um ihn gescheh'n:  
Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin,  
Und ward nicht mehr geseh'n.

The water roared, the water swelled;  
a fisherman sat beside,  
gazing calmly at his fishing line,  
cool to his very heart.  
And as he sits there and as he listens,  
the waves split  
and from the turbulent water  
a watery woman bursts up.

She sang to him, and spoke to him:  
"Why do you lure my brood  
with your human wit and cunning,  
up here to this deadly glow?  
Ah, if you only knew how pleasant the  
tiny fish  
find it below the surface,  
you would come down, just as you are,  
and you would be well for the first time.

Does not the dear sun refresh itself  
and the moon as well, in the sea?  
Do they not turn their faces to the  
waves  
and thus becoming twice as fair?  
Aren't you tempted by the deep sky,  
the moist and transfiguring blue?  
Aren't you tempted by your own face  
shining in the eternal dew?"

The water roared, the water swelled,  
and moistened his naked foot;  
and his heart filled with the longing  
that he felt at the greeting of his  
beloved.  
She spoke to him, and sang to him;  
then all was done for him;  
half pulled by her, half sinking himself,  
he went down and was never seen  
again.

## C

J'ai traverse les pont de Cé  
C'est là que tout a commence

Une chanson des temps passes  
Parle d'un chevalier blesse

I have crossed the bridges of Cé  
It is here where it all began

A song of time long ago  
About a wounded knight

D'une rose sur la chaussée  
Et d'un corsage délacé

A rose cast upon the road  
And a bodice unlaced

Du chateau d'un duc insensé  
Et des cygnes dans les fossés

The house of the mad Duke  
And the swans in the moat

De la prairie où vient danser  
Une éternelle fiancée

Of the meadow where dances  
An eternal fiancée

Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé  
Le long lai des gloires faussées

A song I have drunk like icy milk  
Of glories long and false

La Loire emporte mes pensées  
Avec les voitures versées

The Loire carries my thoughts  
With the overturned cars

Et les armes désamorcées  
Et les larmes mal effacés

And the disarmed weapons  
And the tears erasing the evil

O ma France, ô ma délaissée  
J'ai traverse les ponts de Cé

Oh my France, Oh my abandoned  
France  
I have crossed the bridges of Cé

## I fauni

S'odono al monte i saltellanti rivi  
Murmureggiare per le forre astruse:  
S'odono al bosco gemer cornamuse  
Con garrito di pifferi giulivi.

One hears in the mountains the leaping  
stream,  
Murmuring through the secluded  
ravines:  
One hears in the woods the groan of  
bagpipes  
With the chirp of merry fifes.

E i fauni in corsa per dumeti e clivi,  
Erti le corna sulle fronti ottuse,  
Bevono per lor nari camuse  
Filtri sottili e zefiri lascivi.

And fauns hurrying over thickets and  
small hills,  
Erecting their blunt horn on their  
foreheads,  
Drinking through their nostril snubs  
Filtering thin and lascivious winds.

E, mentre in fondo al gran coro alberato  
Piange d'amore per la vita bella  
La sampogna dell'arcade pastore,

And, while deep in a grand chorus of  
trees  
Weeps out of love for the beautiful life  
The bagpipes of the Arcadian shepherd

Contenta e paurosa dell'agguato,  
Fugge ogni ninfa più che fiera snella,  
Ardendo in bocca come ardente fiore.

Content yet fearful of the ambush  
Flees every nymph faster than a wild  
animal  
Burning in the mouth like a passionate  
flower.

## Canticle III: Still falls the rain

STILL falls the Rain -  
Sark as the world of man, black as out loss -  
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails  
Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain  
with a sound like the pulse of a heart that is changed to the hammer-beat  
In the Potter's Field, and the sound of the impious feet

On the Tomb:  
Still falls the Rain  
In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and the human brain  
Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain.

Still falls the Rain  
At the feet of the Starved Man hung upon the Cross.  
Christ that each day, each night, nails there, have mercy on us -  
On Dives and on Lazarus:  
Under the Rain the sore and the gold are as one.

Still falls the Rain -  
Still falls the Blood from the Starved Man's wounded side:  
He bears in His Heart all wounds - those of the light that died,  
The last faint spark in the self-murdered heart, the wounds of the sad  
uncomprehending dark,  
The wounds of the baited bear -  
The blind and weeping bear whom the keepers beat  
On his helpless flesh... the tears of the hunted hare.

Still falls the Rain -  
Then - O Ile leape up to my God: who pulls me doune -? -  
See, see where Christ's blood streames in the firmament:  
It flows from the Brow we nailed upon the tree  
Deep to the dying, to the thirsting heart  
That holds the fires of the world - dark smirched with pain  
As Caesar's laurel crown.

Then sounds the voice of One who like the heart of man  
Was once a child who among beasts has lain -  
' Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood, for Thee.'

Edith Sitwell