

10-7-2017

Senior Recital: Andrew Carr, tenor

Andrew Carr

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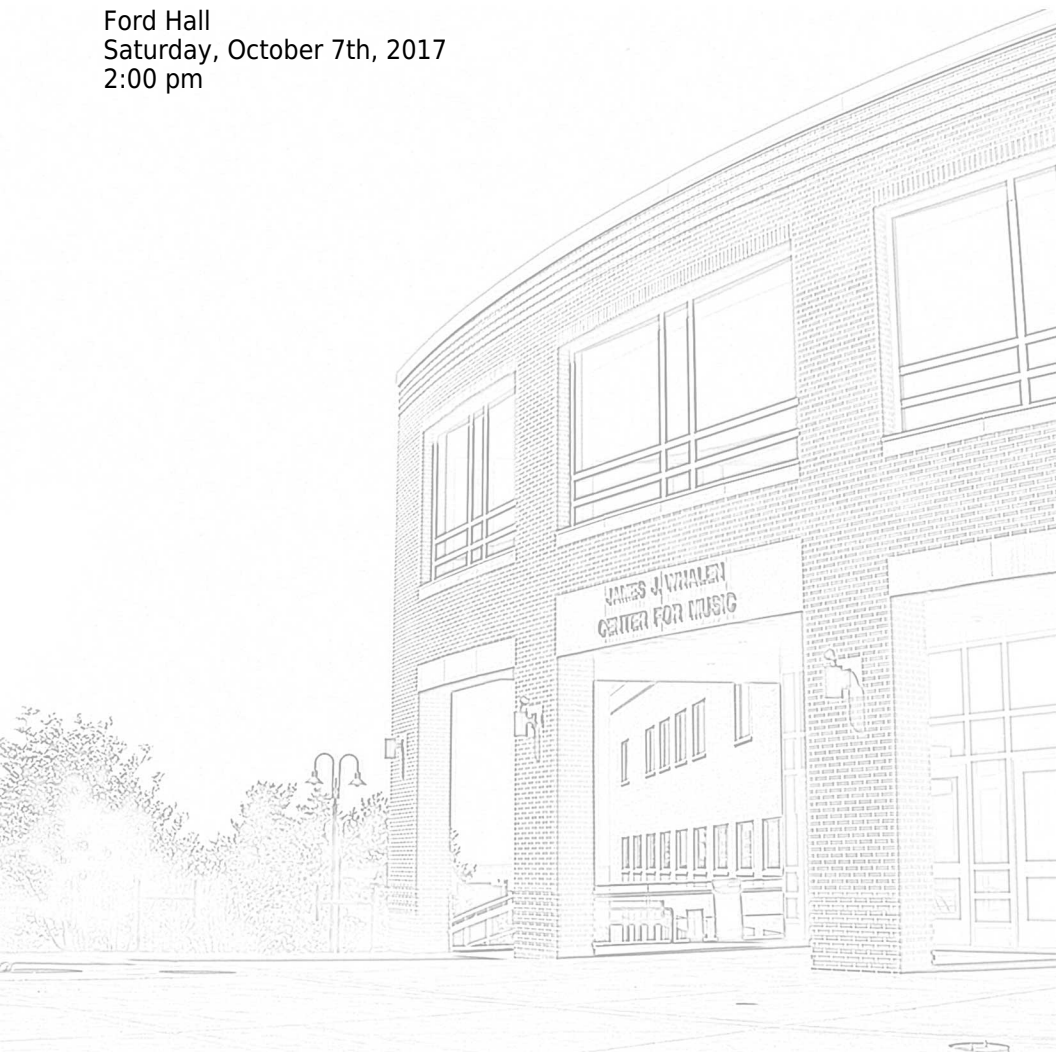
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Senior Recital:
Andrew Carr, tenor

Kerry Mizrahi, piano
Jacob Kerzner, piano
Molly DeLorenzo, cello

Ford Hall
Saturday, October 7th, 2017
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Chanson Triste

Henri DuParc
(1848-1933)

Deità silvane

- I. I Fauni
- II. Musica in Horto
- III. Egle
- IV. Acqua
- V. Crepusculo

Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)

Auf dem Strom, D. 943

Molly DeLorenzo, cello

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Pause

Beside the Depths of a River

- I. A Star Fell Down
- II. To Dead Ground
- III. Beside the Depths of a River
- IV. And In Me's Another

Tzvi Avni
(b. 1927)

Nothing in the World

- I. Endless Shadow
- III. Landscape to the Left and to the Right

Jacob Kerzner
(b.1998)

"Martin's Song"
from *The Tender Land*

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Translations

Chanson Triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune, Un doux clair de lune d'été, Et pour fuir la vie importune, Je me noierai dans ta clarté.	In your heart moonlight sleeps, A gentle moonlight of summer; And to flee a tiresome life, I will drown myself in your brightness.
J'oublierai les douleurs passées, Mon amour, quand tu berceras Mon triste cœur et mes pensées Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.	I will forget past griefs, My love, when you rock My unhappy heart and my thoughts In the loving tranquility of your arms.
Tu prendras ma tête malade, Oh ! quelquefois sur tes genoux, Et lui diras une ballade Qui semblera parler de nous ;	You will lay my anxious head, Oh! sometimes, upon your lap, And you will utter to it a ballad That will seem to speak of us;
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse, Dans tes yeux alors je boirai Tant de baisers et de tendresses Que peut-être je guérirai.	And from your eyes so full of sadness, From your eyes I will then drink So many kisses and so much tenderness That perhaps at last I will be healed

I Fauni / The Fauns

S'odono al monte i saltellanti rivi	One hears in the hills the bubbling brooks
Murmureggiare per le forre astruse,	Murmuring through the dark ravines,
S'odono al bosco gemer cornamuse	One hears in the woods the groan of the bagpipes
Con garrito di pifferi giulivi. E i fauni in corsa per dumeti e clivi,	With the chirp of merry fifes. And the fauns racing over hills and through thickets,
Erti le corna sulle fronti ottuse,	Their horns erect above their broad foreheads,
Bevono per lor nari camuse	Drink through their blunt, upturned nostrils
Filtri sottili e zeffiri lascivi.	Subtle potions and lascivious winds.
E, mentre in fondo al gran coro alberato	And, while beneath the great choir of trees,
Piange d'amore per la vita bella	They weep, for love of the beautiful life:
La sampogna dell'arcade pastore,	The bagpipes of the arcadian shepherd.

Contenta e paurosa dell'agguato,	Happy and fearful of the impending ambush,
Fugge ogni ninfa più che fiera snella,	The nymphs flee, faster than wild gazelles,
Ardendo in bocca come ardente fiore.	Their ardent lips like blazing flowers!

Musica in Horto / Garden Music

Uno squillo di cròtali clangenti	A blast of finger-cymbals clashing rhythmically
Rompe in ritmo il silenzio dei roseti,	Punctuates the silence of the rose gardens,
Mentre in fondo agli aulenti orti segreti	While at the end of fragrant, secret orchards
Gorgheggia un flauto liquidi lamenti.	A flute pours out its liquid lamentation.
La melodia, con tintinnio d'argenti,	The melody, with silver cymbal-hissing
Par che a vicenda s'attristi e s'allieti,	Shifts between saddening and becoming joyful;
Ora luce di tremiti inquieti,	Now shining with flickering, flaring light,
Or diffondendo lunghe ombre dolenti:	Now casting long sorrowful shadows:
Cròtali arguti e canne variotocche!,	Ringing finger-cymbals and many-sounding pipes!
Una gioia di cantici inespressi	A joy of songs unexpressed for you gushes forth from the orchards,
Per voi par che dai chiusi orti rampolli,	
E in sommo dei rosai,	And at the top of the rosebushes,
Che cingon molli ghirlande al cuor degli intimi recessi,	That weave garlands at the heart of the intimate nooks,
S'apron le rose come molli bocche!	The roses open like soft mouths!

Egle

Frondeggia il bosco d'uberi verzure,	The forest is heavy with leaves and fruit,
Volgendo i rii zaffiro e margherita:	The brooks are shimmering in daisy and sapphire:
Per gli archi verdi un'anima romita	Under the green arches a lonely soul
Cinge pallidi fuochi a ridde oscure.	Circles pale flames in hidden dances.
E in te ristretta con le mani pure	And with quiet intensity and hands as pure
Come le pure fonti della vita,	As the pure fountains of life itself,
Di sole e d'ombre mobili vestita	Veiled in clothes of sun and shadow

Tu danzi, Egle, con languide misure.	You dance, Aegle, with spiritless steps.
E a te candida e bionda tra li ninfe,	And toward you, white and blonde among the nymphs,
D'ilari ambagi descrivendo il verde,	Merrily dancing like fluttering leaves,
Sotto i segreti ombracoli del verde,	Under the secret shadows of the leaves,
Ove la più inquieta ombra s'attrista,	Where the most restless spirit saddens,
Perle squillanti e liquido ametista	In translucent pearl and liquid amethyst
Volge la gioia roca delle linfe.	Flows the raw rapture of the amber.

Acqua / Water

Acqua, e tu ancora sul tuo flauto lene	Water, once again your mellow flute
Intonami un tuo canto variolungo,	Plays to me your varying song,
Di cui le note abbian l'odor del fungo,	Whose notes seem like the smell of mushrooms,
Del musco e dell'esiguo capelvenere,	Of moss and of sleek, silken maiden-hair,
Sì che per tutte le sottili vene,	So that along all the tiny streams
Onde irrighi la fresca solitudine,	That refresh the lonely places,
Il tuo riscintillio rida e sublùdii	Your sparkling presence laughs and ripples
Al gemmar delle musiche serene.	With the jewels of serene music.
Acqua, e, lung'h'essi i calami volubili	Water, while along your banks the whispering reeds
Movendo in gioco le cerulee dita,	Playfully wiggle their blue fingers,
Avvicenda più lunghe ombre alle luci,	Flickering longer shadows in the light,
Tu che con modi labii deduci	You wind your fleeting way, seeing
Sulla mia fronte intenta e sulla vita	On my brooding forehead and on each of the leaves
Del verde fuggitive ombre di nubi.	The passing shadows of clouds.

Crepuscolo / Twilight

Nell'orto abbandonato ora l'edace	In the abandoned garden, now the greedy moss
Muschio contende all'ellere i recessi,	Fights with the ivy for every nook and cranny,
E tra il coro snelletto dei cipressi	And in the sparse cluster of cypresses,
S'addorme in grembo dell'antica pace Pan.	Sleeping in the womb of ancient peace Lies Pan.
Sul vasto marmoreo torace,	On the vast marble statue,
Che i convolvoli infiorano d'amplessi,	Wrapped with morning-glory flowers,

Un tempo forse con canti sommessi	Perhaps someday with a gentle song
Piegò una ninfa il bel torso procace.	A nymph might bend over her lovely figure.
Deità della terra, forza lieta!, Troppo pensiero è nella tua vecchiezza:	God of the earth, joyful force! You have become too serious in your old age:
Per sempre inaridita è la tua fonte.	Your fountain is dry forever.
Muore il giorno, e nell'alta ombra inquieta	The day dies, and through the vast restless shade
Trema e s'attrista un canto d'allegrezza:	A song of happiness trembles and saddens:
Lunghe ombre azzurre scendono dal monte...	Long blue shadows descend from the mountains.

Auf dem Strom / On the River

Nimm die letzten Abschiedsküsse, Und die wehenden, die Grüße, Die ich noch ans Ufer sende, Eh' dein Fuß sich scheidend wende!	Take these last farewell kisses, And the wafted greetings That I send to the shore, Before your foot turns to leave
Schon wird von des Stromes Wogen	Already the boat is pulled away
Rasch der Nachen fortgezogen, Doch den tränendunklen Blick Zieht die Sehnsucht stets zurück!	By the waves' rapid current; But longing forever draws back My gaze, clouded with tears.
Und so trägt mich denn die Welle Fort mit unerflehter Schnelle. Ach, schon ist die Flur verschwunden, Wo ich selig <i>Sie</i> gefunden! Ewig hin, ihr Wonnetage! Hoffnungsleer verhallt die Klage Um das schöne Heimatland, Wo ich <i>ihre</i> Liebe fand.	And so the waves bear me away With relentless speed. Ah, already the meadows where, overjoyed, I found <i>her</i> , have disappeared. Days of bliss, you are gone forever! Hopelessly my lament echoes 'Round the fair homeland Where I found <i>her</i> love.
Sieh, wie flieht der Strand vorüber, Und wie drängt es mich hinüber, Zieht mit unnennbaren Banden, An der Hütte dort zu landen, In der Laube dort zu weilen; Doch des Stromes Wellen eilen	See how the shore flies past, And how mysterious ties Draw me across To a land by yonder cottage, To linger in yonder arbour. But the river's waves rush onwards,
Weiter ohne Rast und Ruh, Führen mich dem Weltmeer zu!	without respite, Bearing me on towards the ocean.
Ach, vor jener dunklen Wüste, Fern von jeder heitern Küste,	Ah, how I tremble with dread At that dark wilderness,

Wo kein Eiland zu erschauen, O, wie faßt mich zitternd Grauen! Wehmutstränen sanft zu bringen,	Far from every cheerful shore, Where no island can be seen! No song can reach me from the shore
Kann kein Lied vom Ufer dringen;	To bring forth tears of gentle sadness;
Nur der Sturm weht kalt daher Durch das grau gehobne Meer!	Only the tempest blows cold Across the grey, angry sea.
Kann des Auges sehrend Schweifen	If my wishful, roaming eyes
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen, Nun so schau' ich zu den Sternen Auf in jenen heil'gen Fernen! Ach, bei <i>ihrem</i> milden Scheine Nannt' ich sie zuerst die Meine; Dort vielleicht, o tröstend Glück! Dort begegn' ich <i>ihrem</i> Blick.	Can no longer detect the shore, I shall look up to the stars There in the sacred distance. Ah! By <i>their</i> gentle radiance I first called <i>her</i> mine; There, perhaps, O consoling joy, There I shall meet <i>her</i> gaze.

A Star Fell Down

Last night
Between Cassiopeia and the Bear,
A star fell down.
The end of someone's life,
The birth of unfledged hopes,
Within precisely no fraction of time.
A life colored gray and a rose-colored hope.
Gazing at a vague eternity,
Gazing at a pallid night,
With a laugh, confronting worlds colored rose and colored gray.

To Dead Ground

I crawled on,
With my clothes clinging fast, dripping sweat and blood.
There were shots and a blast and a thud,
I am weary of war and the staring
Of thousands of eyes and glaring sunlight

I left all,
Abandoned forevermore
I crawled on, near to the thundering noise
And bleeding from my wound,
I crawled on, to dead ground.

Beside the Depths of a River

Beside the depths of a river
The shrubs and the reeds caught hold of my arms
And pulled me upwards to their nest
In the mountains on high,
I questioned: how far is it to Avdat,
To the trampled men?
Out in the darkness
I listened to the rustling of their wings
And of their branches so badly bruised
Inside the gates.

I had no desire to see them,
My leaves and my flowers had been crushed.
I ran on, down the slope that fell away
To the radio news
The daylight temperature in Rome
To the border, and the rescue teams nearby.

And in Me's Another

And in me's another....
One who trusts, is naive
And shy and aggrieved and excited
Who's holding
Green paper
A blackened scribble
And the fragrance of a love.