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Senior Recital: Andrew Carr, tenor

Andrew Carr

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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
Program

Chanson Triste
Henri DuParc (1848-1933)

Deità silvane
Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)
I. I Fauni
II. Musica in Horto
III. Egle
IV. Acqua
V. Crepuscolo

Auf dem Strom, D. 943
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Molly DeLorenzo, cello

Pause

Beside the Depths of a River
Tzvi Avni (b. 1927)
I. A Star Fell Down
II. To Dead Ground
III. Beside the Depths of a River
IV. And In Me's Another

Nothing in the World
Jacob Kerzner (b.1998)
I. Endless Shadow
III. Landscape to the Left and to the Right

"Martin's Song"
Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
from The Tender Land

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. Music Education & Vocal Performance. Andrew Carr is from the studio of Marc Webster.
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
Murmureggiai 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 garrido di pifferi giulivi.
With the chirp of merry fifes.
E i fauni in corsa per dumeti e clivi,
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
Filtrì 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,
Fugge ogni ninfa più che fiera
Ardendo in bocca come ardente
fior.

Happy and fearful of the impending
ambush,
The nymphs flee, faster than wild
gazelles,
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
segni
Gorgheggia un flauto liquidi
lamenti.
The melody, with silver
cymbal-hissing
La melodia, con tintinnio d’argenti,
Par che a vicenda s’attristi e
s’allieti,
Now shining with flickering, flaring
light,
Ora luce di tremiti inquieti,
Now casting long sorrowful
shadows:
Or diffondendo lunghe ombre
dolenti:
Ringing finger-cymbals and
many-sounding pipes!
Cròtali arguti e canne variotocche!,
Una gioia di cantici inespressi
A joy of songs unexpressed for you
Per voi par che dai chiusi orti
rampolli,
And at the top of the rosebushes,
E in sommo dei rosai,
That weave garlands at the heart of
degli intimi recessi,
S’apron le rose come molli bocche!
The roses open like soft mouths!

**Egle**

Frondegga 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,
Si 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 sblûdii  Your sparkling presence laughs and ripples
Al gemmar delle musiche serene.  With the jewels of serene music.
Acqua, e, lungh'essi i calami volubili
Movendo in gioco le cerulee dita,  Water, while along your banks the whispering reeds
Avvicenda più lunghe ombre alle luci,  Playfully wiggle their blue fingers,
Tu che con modi labii deduci  Flickering longer shadows in the light,
Sulla mia fronte intenta e sulla vita  You wind your fleeting way, seeing
Del verde fuggitive ombre di nubi.  On my brooding forehead and on each of the leaves
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
Piegò una ninfa il bel torso procace.
Deità della terra, forza lieta!,
Troppò pensiero è nella tua vecchiezza:
Per sempre inaridita è la tua fonte.
Muore il giorno, e nell'alta ombra inquieta
Trema e s'attrista un canto d'allegrezza:
Lunghe ombre azzurre scendono dal monte...

Auf dem Strom / On the River

Nimm die letzten Abschiedsküsse, Take these last farewell kisses,
Und die wehenden, die Grüße, And the wafted greetings
Die ich noch ans Ufer sende, That I send to the shore,
Eh' dein Fuß sich scheidend wende! Before your foot turns to leave

Schon wird von des Stromes Wogen Already the boat is pulled away
Rasch der Nachen fortgezogen, By the waves' rapid current;
Doch den tränen dunklen Blick But longing forever draws back
Zieht die Sehnsucht stets zurück! My gaze, clouded with tears.

Und so trägt mich denn die Welle And so the waves bear me away
Fort mit unerflehter Schnelle. With relentless speed.
Ach, schon ist die Flur verschwunden, Ah, already the meadows where,
Wo ich selig Sie gefunden! overjoyed,
Ewig hin, ihr Wonnetage! I found her, have disappeared.
Hoffnungs leer verhallt die Klage Days of bliss, you are gone forever!
Um das schöne Heimatland, 'Round the fair homeland
Wo ich ihre Liebe fand. Where I found her love.

Sieh, wie flieht der Strand vorüber, See how the shore flies past,
Und wie drängt es mich hinüber, And how mysterious ties
Zieht mit unennbaren Banden, Draw me across
An der Hütte dort zu landen, To a land by yonder cottage,
In der Laube dort zu weilen; To linger in yonder arbour.
Doch des Stromes Wellen eilen But the river's waves rush onwards,

Weiter ohne Rast und Ruh, Bearing me on towards the ocean.
Führen mich dem Weltmeer zu!

Ach, vor jener dunklen Wüste, Ah, how I tremble with dread
Fern von jeder heitern Küste,

Perhaps someday with a gentle song
A nymph might bend over her lovely figure.
God of the earth, joyful force!
You have become too serious in your old age:
Your fountain is dry forever.
The day dies, and through the vast restless shade
A song of happiness trembles and saddens:
Long blue shadows descend from the mountains.
Wo kein Eiland zu erschauen, 
O, wie faßt mich zitternd Grauen!
Wehmutstränen sanft zu bringen,
Kann kein Lied vom Ufer dringen;
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen,
Nun so schau' ich zu den Sternen
Ach, bei ihrem milden Scheine
Nann' ich sie zuerst die Meine;
Kann des Auges sehend Schweifen
Kein Lied vom Ufer dringen;
Nur der Sturm weht kalt daher
Durch das grau gehobne Meer!
Kann des Auges sehend Schweifen
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen,
Nun so schau' ich zu den Sternen
Ach, bei ihrem milden Scheine
Nann' ich sie zuerst die Meine;
Dort vielleicht, o tröstend Glück!
Dort begegn' ich ihrem Blick.

Far from every cheerful shore,
Where no island can be seen!
No song can reach me from the shore
To bring forth tears of gentle sadness;
Only the tempest blows cold
Across the grey, angry sea.
If my wishful, roaming eyes
Can no longer detect the shore,
I shall look up to the stars
There in the sacred distance.
Ah! By their gentle radiance
I first called her mine;
There, perhaps, O consoling joy,
There I shall meet her 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.