

10-28-2017

Senior Recital: Jacob Kerzner, tenor

Jacob Kerzner

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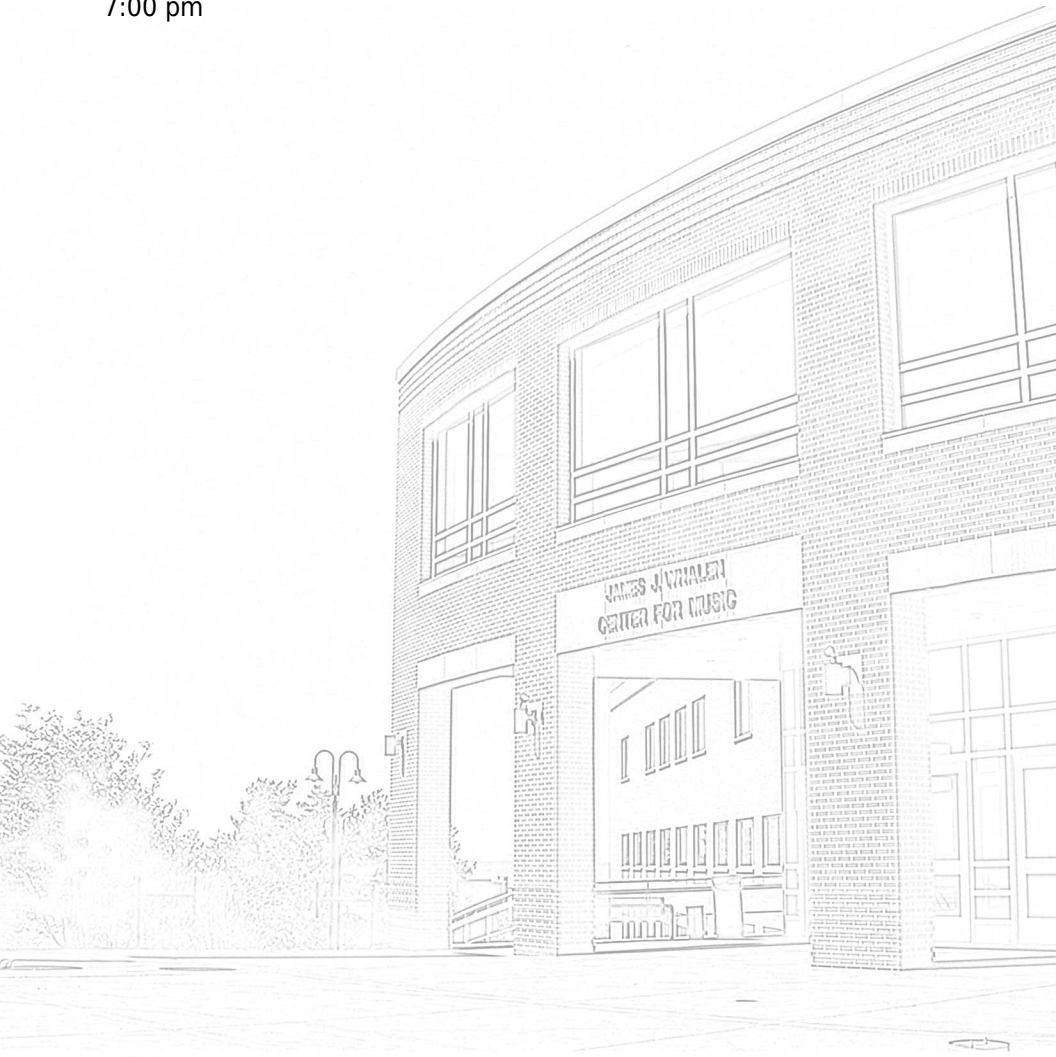
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Senior Recital:
Jacob Kerzner, tenor

Jamie Lorusso, piano

Ford Hall
Saturday, October 28th, 2017
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Ah, je vais l'aimer"
from *Béatrice et Bénédict*

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Liederkreis, op. 39
I. *In der Fremde*
II. *Intermezzo*
III. *Waldesgespräch*
IV. *Die Stille*
V. *Mondnacht*
VI. *Schöne Fremde*

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Il pescatore canta
Se tu canti

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Pause

"And thou, O Wall"
"O wicked, wicked Wall"
from *Pyramus and Thisbe: A Mock-Opera*

John Frederick Lampe
(1703-1751)

Four Shakespeare Sonnets
Sonnet 60 ("Like as the waves make toward the
pebbled shore")
Sonnet 73 ("That time of year thou mayst in me behold")
Sonnet 90 ("Then hate me, if thou wilt; if ever, now")
Sonnet 18 ("Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?")

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

If the World Looked Like You

Will Reynolds
(b. 1983)

Translations

Ah, je vais l'aimer

Ah! je vais l'aimer, mon cœur me
l'annonce!
A son vain orgueil je sens qu'il renonce.
Je vais l'admirer, je vais l'adorer,
l'aimer, l'adorer, l'idolâtrer!

Fille ravissante! Béatrice, ô dieux!
Le feu de ses yeux! Le feu de ses yeux,

Sa grâce agaçante, son esprit si fin,
Son charme divin, tout séduit en elle,
Et sa lèvre appelle un baiser sans fin.

Chère Béatrice! Ciel! il se pourrait!

Elle m'aimerait! Ô joie! O supplice!
Un pareil bonheur, est-il pour mon
cœur?

Si c'était un songe! Un cruel mensonge!
Ô rage! O fureur! Non non non...

Ah! I will love her, my heart tells me so!
I feel it give up its vain pride.
I will admire her, I will adore her,
love her, adore her, idolize her!

Charming girl! Beatrice, oh god!
The fire of her eyes! Her provoking
grace,
Her spirit so fine, her divine charm,
Everything about her seduces,
And her lips call for an endless kiss.

Dear Beatrice! Heaven! it could be
possible!

She loves me! Oh joy! Oh agony!
Such a happiness, is it for my heart?

If this were a dream! A cruel trick!
Oh rage! O fury! No no no...

Liederkreis, op. 39

I. In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich auch hier.

From the homeland behind the
lightning's red,
the clouds come here.
But Father and Mother are long dead
and no one knows me anymore.

How soon, oh how soon comes the quiet
time,
then rest I also, and above me
rustles the beautiful forest-solitude,
and know one here will know me
anymore.

II. Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Your wonderful image
I have in my heart's depth,
it looks at me so fresh and joyfully
at every hour.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

My heart quietly sings
an old, beautiful song,
that into the air it soars
and to you quickly goes.

III. Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reitest du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ dich heim!

It is already late, it is already cold,
why do you ride alone in the woods?
The wood is vast, you are alone,
you beautiful bride! I will bring you
home!

"Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin."

"Man's deceit and cunning are great,
from pain my heart is broken,
the foresthorn roams here and there,
Oh flee! You know not who I am."

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn ich dich - Gott steh mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei.

So richly decked are mount and lady,
so wonderfully fair the young form,
now I recognize you - God stand by me!
you are the witch Lorelei.

"Du kennst mich wohl - von hohem Stein

"You know me well - from the high cliff

Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den
Rhein.

my castle gazes down into the Rhein.

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem
Wald."

It is already late, it is already cold,
you shall never leave this forest."

IV. Die Stille

Es weiß und rät es doch keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüßt es nur einer, nur einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen sollt!

No one can know or guess
how glad I am, so glad!
Alas, if only one, only one,
no soul would know it.

So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh,
Als meine Gedanken sind.

The snow outside is not as quiet,
as mute and silent
are not the stars in the sky
as my thoughts are.

Ich wünscht', ich wäre ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis daß ich im Himmel wär!

I wish I was a bird
and could fly over the sea,
probably over the sea and farther,
until I was in Heaven.

V. Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müßt.

It was as if the sky
quietly kissed the earth,
so she, with glistening blossoms,
could only dream of him.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

The breeze wafted through the fields,
the corn gently waved,
the breeze faintly rustles,
so clear was the night.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

And my soul stretched
its wings out wide,
it flew through the quiet lands
as if it was flying home.

VI. Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund
Um die halbversunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund.

The treetops rustle and shiver
as if at this hour
the old gods were making their rounds
around the half-sunken walls.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr wie in Träumen
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Here behind the myrtle trees
in secretly darkening splendor,
what do you say, in dreams,
to me, fantastic night?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie vom künftigen, großem Glück.

The stars all twinkle at me
with a glowing, loving gaze,
the distance speaks to me
of a great, happy future!

Il pescatore canta!

Hai le pupille così grandi e chiare
che dentro a quelle si rispecchia amore:
o bella, che cammini lungo il mare,
sopra la spiaggia canta un pescatore.

Un pescatore canta e se ne muore
e tu cammini e non ti vuoi fermare:

sorge la luna bianca come un fiore,
e il pescatore canta e dorme il mare!

O bella, il cuore mio tutto era d'oro
e l'ho smarrito in una dolce sera;
v'erano tutte le sirene in coro
ma chi la ritrovò, bella, non c'era!

E il pescatore canta: amore, amore,
m'hai preso il cuore e non ti vuoi
fermare!

Sorge la luna bianca come un fiore
e il pescatore canta e dorme il mare.

You have such big and clear eyes
that reflect only love:
O beautiful, walking along the sea,
over the beach sings a fisherman.

A fisher man sings and does not die
and you walk and you don't want to
stop:
the white moon rises like a flower,
and the fisherman sings and the sea
sleeps!

O beautiful, my heart was all golden
and I lost it on a sweet night;
all of the sirens were in chorus
but whoever found it, beautiful, was not
there!

And the fisherman sings: love, love,
you stole my heart and I don't want you
to stop!

The white moon rises like a flower
and the fisherman sings and the sea
sleeps.

Se tu canti...

Perché non canti, o dolce trovadore or
che la sera vene?

Maggio susurra per le siepi in fiore e al
maggio amor susurra per le vene.

So che pallido sei perché ti struggi,
perché tu m'ami e non me lo sai
dire,
e mi chiami e t'ascondi e mi rifuggi e mi
chiedi la vida e vuoi morire!

Se tu mi canta la tua serenata
t'ascolteró tremando:

Ti lanceró una rosa vellutata con uno
sguardo ed un sorriso blando.

Anch'io passo le notti a sospirare perché
tu m'ami e non me lo sai dire:

e la vita mi fugge come il mare, perché
senza di te meglio é morire!

La notte é bella, canta, o sognatore, da
tanto tempo aspetto!

Discioglieró le chiome al mio cantore
perch'ei le baci e se le stringa al
petto

La mia bocca é di rosa e le mie braccia
ti avvicineranno e mi starai sul
core:

Sará eterno il sorriso a la tua
faccia: Vedi? son tua, son tua,
cantami amore!

Why do you not sing, oh sweet
troubador, now that the evening
comes?

May whispers for flowering hedges and
in May love whispers through the
veins.

I know that you are pale because you
struggle, because you love me and
don't know how to say it,
and you call me and hide and take
refuge and ask me for the sight
and I will die!

If you sing your serenade to me I will
listen trembling:

I will throw you a pink rose with a look
and a gentle smile.

I also spent the nights sighing because
you love me and don't know how
to say it:

and life escapes me like the sea
because without you it is better to
die!

The night is beautiful, sing, o dreamer,
for so long!

I will let down my hair with my singer
because she kisses it and puts it
to her chest.

My mouth is pink and my arms will wrap
around you and I will stay in
your heart:

The smile on your face will be eternal:
Do you see? I'm yours, I'm yours,
sing to my love!