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Elective Recital: Johnny Rabe, baritone

Johnny Rabe

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SENIOR ELECTIVE RECITAL

Johnny Rabe, Baritone

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Thursday, September 30th, 2010

8:15 p.m.

Program

Al Amor (C. Castillejo)	Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
Olas Gigantes (G. Bécquer)	Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)
Canción Andaluza: El Pan de Ronda (G. Sierra)	
Loveliest of Trees (A. E. Housman)	John Duke (1899-1984)
I carry your heart (e. e. cummings)	
Luke Havergal (E. A. Robinson)	

INTERMISSION

Der Soldat (H. Andersen)	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Die Beiden Grenadiere (H. Heine)	
Les Cloches (P. Bourget)	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Le Son de Cor S'afflige (P. Verlaine)	
Cest L'Extase (P. Verlaine)	
Soliloquy (From <i>Carousel</i>)	Rodgers & Hammerstein

Translations

Al Amor

Dame, amor, besos sin cuento
asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ceinto tras ellos

Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y despues...
De muchos millares, tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y...contemos al revés

Olas Gigantes

Olas gigantes
que os rompeis bramando
en las playas desiertas y remotas
envuelto entre las sabanas de espuma
llevadme con vosotras!
Rafagas de huracan que arrebatáis
del alto bosque las marchitas hojas
arrastrado en el ciego torbellino,
llevadme con vosotras!
Nubes de tempestad
que rompe el rayo
y en fuego ornais
las desprendidas olas,
arreatado entre la niebla oscura,
llevadme con vosotras!
Llevadme por piedad!
Llevadme por piedad a donde el vertigo
con la razon me arranque la memoria.
Por piedad! Por piedad!
Tengo miedo de quedarme
con mi dolor a solas,
con mi dolor a solas!

To Love

Give me, love, kisses without count,
seizing my hair.
And one thousand one hundred after
them
And after them eleven hundred more
And after...
Af many thousands, three!
And so that nobody knows it,
Let's forget the count
And...count backwards

Gigantic Waves

Gigantic waves
That crest raging
Upon the beaches, deserted and remote,
Wrapped in sheets of foam,
Take me with you!
Gusts of a hurricane that carry away
From the tail forest the withered leaves,
Dragged through the blind whirlwind,
Take me with you!
Clouds of storm
That breaks into lightning,
And in fire adorn
The detached waves,
Tossed into the dark mist,
Take me with you!
Take me out of pity!
Take, me out of pity to where vertigo,
With reason set in motion my memory
Out of pity! Out of pity!
I'm afraid of being
With my pain, alone,
With my pain, alone!

Canción Andaluza: El pan de Ronda

Aunque todo en el mundo fuese mentira

Nos queda este pan!

Moreno, tostado, que huele a la jara de monte,

Que sabe a verdad!

Por las calles tan blancas, bajo el cielo azul,

Vayamos despacio, partiendo este pan

Que sabe a salud!

Y aunque todo en el mundo fuera mentira,

Esto no lo es!

Vivamos despacio la hora que es Buena

Y vengan tristezas después!

Andalusian Song: The Bread of Ronda

Although everything in the world were a lie,

We still have this bread!

Brown, toasted, it smells of the mountain flower.

It tastes of truth!

Along the streets so white under the sky of blue,

Let's go slowly, breaking this bread

That tastes of health!

And although everything in the world were a lie,

This is not!

Let us live slowly the hour that is good,

And let sadness come later!

Der Soldat

Es geht bei gedämpfter Trommel Klang;
Wie weit noch die Stätte! der Weg wie lang!

O wär er zur Ruh und alles vorbei!

Ich glaub', es bricht mir das Herz
entzwei!

Ich hab' in der Welt nur ihn geliebt,
Nur ihn, dem jetzt man den Tod doch gibt!

Bei klingendem Spiele wird paradirt;
Dazu bin auch ich kommandiert.

Nun schaut er auf zum letzten Mal

In Gottes Sonne freudigen Strahl;

Nun binden sie ihm die Augen zu -

Dir schenke Gott die ewige Ruh!

Es haben dahn Neun wohl angelegt;

Acht Kugeln haben vorbeigefegt.

Sie zittern alle vor Jammer und Schmerz

Ich aber, ich traf ihn mitten in das Herz.

The Soldier

He walks to the sound of a muffled drum
How far the place! - how long the way!

Oh if only he were at rest and everything
past already!

I think it will break my heart in two!

I loved only him in the world -
Only him, whom they are now putting to death!

To the band they parade;

For this task I am also ordered.

Now he gazes for the last time

Up at the joyous sunbeams of God's sun;

Now they blindfold his eyes -

May God grant you eternal peace!

The nine then took aim:

Eight bullets shot wide.

They trembled, all full of misery and pain -

But I - I shot him right through the heart.

Die Beiden Grenadiere

Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier,
Die waren in Rußland gefangen.
Und als sie kamen ins deutsche Quartier,
Sie ließen die Köpfe hangen.
Da hörten sie beide die traurige Mär:

Daß Frankreich verloren gegangen,
Besiegt und geschlagen das tapfere Heer
Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.
Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier
Wohl ob der kläglichen Kunde.

Der eine sprach: "Wie weh wird mir,
Wie brennt meine alte Wunde!"

Der andre sprach: "Das Lied ist aus,
Auch ich möcht mit dir sterben,
Doch hab ich Weib und Kind zu Haus,
Die ohne mich verderben."

"Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich
Kind,

Ich trage weit besser Verlangen;
Laß sie betteln gehn, wenn sie hungrig sind -
Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!

Gewähr mir, Bruder, eine Bitt:
Wenn ich jetzt sterben werde,
So nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich mit,
Begrab mich in Frankreichs Erde.

Das Ehrenkreuz am roten Band
Sollst du aufs Herz mir legen;
Die Flinte gib mir in die Hand,
Und gürt mir um den Degen.

So will ich liegen und horchen still,
Wie eine Schildwach, im Grabe,
Bis einst ich höre Kanonengebrüll
Und wiehernder Rosse Getrabe.
Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über mein
Grab,

Viel Schwerter klirren und blitzen;
Dann steig ich gewaffnet hervor aus dem
Grab -
Den Kaiser, den Kaiser zu schützen!"

The Two Grenadiers

Two grenadiers were returning to France,
From Russian captivity they came.
And as they crossed into German lands
They hung their heads in shame.
Both heard there the tale that they dreaded
most,

That France had been conquered in war;
Defeated and shattered, that once proud host,
And the Emperor, the Emperor, captured.

The grenadiers both started to weep
At hearing so sad a review.

The first said, "My pain is too deep;
My old wound is burning anew!"

The other said, "The song is done;
Like you, I'd not stay alive;
But at home I have wife and son,
Who without me would not survive."
What matters son? What matters wife?

By nobler needs I set store;
Let them go beg to sustain their life!
My Emperor, my emperor, captured!
Promise me, brother, one request:
If at this time I should die,

Take my corpse to France for its final rest;
In France's dear earth let me lie.

The Cross of Valor, on its red band,
Over my heart you shall lay;
My musket place into my hand;
And my sword at my side display.

So shall I lie and hark in the ground,
A guardwatch, silently staying
Till once more I hear the cannon's pound
And the hoofbeats of horses neighing.
Then my Emperor will be passing right over
my grave;

Each clashing sword, a flashing reflector.
And I, fully armed, will rise up from that
grave,

The Emperor's, the Emperor's protector!"

Les Cloches

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des
Branches délicatement.
Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches,
Dans le ciel clément.

Rythmique et fervent comme une
Antienne, Ce lointain appel
Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne
Des fleurs de l'autel.

Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années,
Et, dans le grand bois,
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées,
Des jours d'autrefois.

Le Son du Cor S'afflige

Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois,

D'une douleur on veut croire orpheline
Qui vient mourir au bas de la colline,
Parmi la bise errant en courts abois.

L'âme du loup pleure dans cette voix,

Qui monte avec le soleil, qui décline
D'une agonie on veut croire câline,

Et qui ravit et qui navre à la fois.

Pour faire mieux cette plainte assoupie,
La neige tombe à longs traits de charpie
A travers le couchant sanguinolent,

Et l'air a l'air d'être un soupir d'automne,
Tant il fait doux par ce soir monotone,
Où se dorlote un paysage lent.

The Bells

The leaves opened on the edge of the
Branches delicately.
The bells tolled, light and free,
In the clear sky.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an
Antiphon, this far-away call
Reminded me of the Christian whiteness
Of altar flowers.

These bells spoke of happy years,
And in the large forest
They seemed to revive the withered
Leaves of days gone by.

The Sound of the Horn is Wailing

The sound of the horn is wailing near the
woods
With a sort of orphan-like grief
Which dies away at the foot of the hill
Where the north wind desperately roams.

The soul of the wolf is weeping in that
voice
Which rises with the sun that sinks
With an agony that seems somehow
soothing
And gives simultaneous delight and
distress.

To enhance this drowsy lament
The snow is falling as long strips of linen
Across the blood-red sunset,

And the air seems to be an autumn sigh,
So gentle is this monotonous evening
In which a slow landscape coddles itself.

C'est L'extase Langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est vers les ramures grises
Le choeur des petites voix.

O le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,

Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

It is Languorous Ecstasy

It is languorous ecstasy,
It is the lovely fatigue,
It is all the rustling of the wood,
In the embrace of breezes,
It is near the gray branches
A chorus of tiny voices.

Oh, what a frail and fresh murmur!
It babbles and whispers,
It resembles the soft noise
That waving grass exhales...
You might say it were, under the bending
stream,
The muffled sound of rolling pebbles.

This soul, which laments
And this dormant moan,
It is ours, is it not?
It is not mine and yours,
Whose humble anthem we breathe
On this mild evening, so very quietly?