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Elective Recital: Nicholas Paraggio, trumpet and tenor

Nicholas Paraggio

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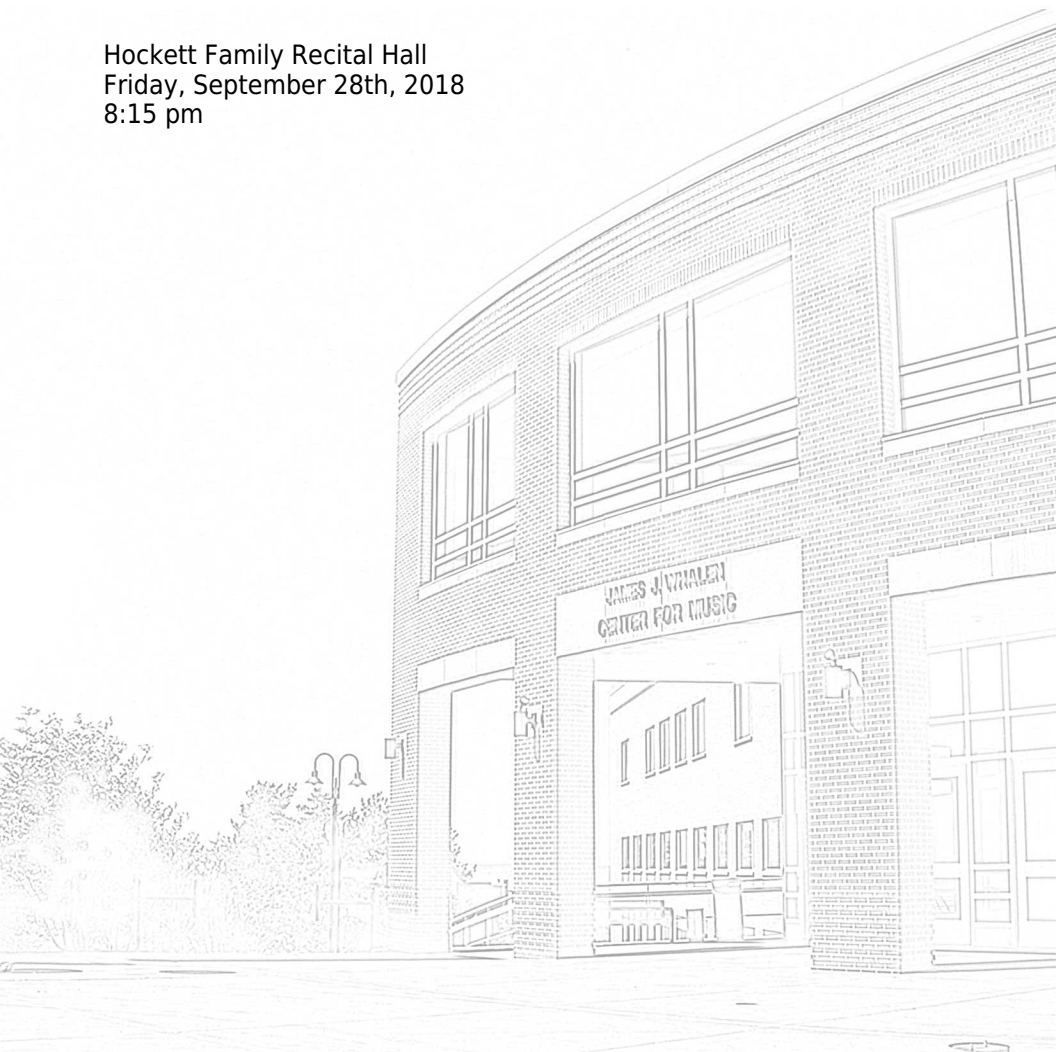
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Elective Recital:
Nicholas Paraggio, trumpet and tenor

Mary Holzhauer, piano
Erica Erath
Ben Sherman
Bryan Filetto

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday, September 28th, 2018
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Abraham's Call Allan Colin

Parting Nick Paraggio
(b. 1997)

Erica Erath, oboe

Der Gasn Nigun Traditional
Moldavian Hora

*Ben Sherman, trombone
Bryan Filetto, clarinet*

Intermission

Beau Soir Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

L'invitation au Voyage Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Quanto e Bella Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)
L'elisir d'amore

Liederkreis, op. 39 (Selections) Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)
I. In der Fremde
IV. Die Stille
V. Mondnacht

Into the Sunshine Julia Nunes
(b. 1989)

Translations

Beau Soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les
rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les
champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble
sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme
d'être au monde,
Pendant qu'on est jeune et que
le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons comme
s'en va cette onde
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.

When the sunset colors the streams
pink,
And a warm ripple crosses the
wheatfields,
Advice to be happy seems to come
from things
And rise in the troubled heart;

Advice to savor the charms of being
on earth,
while one is young and the evening
is beautiful,
For we are all going as the stream
goes
It to the sea, we to the tomb.

L'invitation au Voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble.

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,

My child, my sister,
Imagine the sweetness
Of going down to live together,
To love at leisure,
To love and die,
In the country which resembles
you.

The misty suns
Of those hazy skies
Have, for my spirit, the same
Strange charms
As your treacherous eyes,
Shining through their tears.
There, all is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm, and pleasure.

Look, how in the canals
The ships are sleeping
Vagabonds by nature;
It is to satisfy
All of your desires
That they have come from the
edges of the earth.

The sun sets
Covering the fields,
The canals, the entire town,

D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

With hyacinthe and gold;
The world falls asleep
in a warm light!
There, all is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm, and pleasure.

Quanto e Bella

Quanto è bella, quanto è cara,
Piú la vedo e piú mi piace,

Ma in quel cor, non son capace
Lieve affetto ad inspirar.

How beautiful and how dear she is,
The more I see her, the more I am
happy,
But in her heart I am not able
To inspire any affection.

Essa legge, studia, impara,
Non vi'ha cosa ad essa ignota,
Io son sempre un idiota
Io non so che sospirar.

She reads, studies, and learns,
Nothing is unknown to her,
I am forever an idiot
Knowing nothing but to sigh.

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.

From the homeland, behind the red
lightning,
The clouds are coming here.
But Father and Mother are long
dead,
And no one knows me there
anymore.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die
stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auf, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Walteinsamkeit,

Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

How soon, ah how soon comes the
quiet time,
And I shall rest, and over me
Rustles the beautiful solitude of the
forest,
And no one will know me here
anymore.

Die Stille

Es weiß und rãth es doch Keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüßt' es nur Einer, nur Einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!

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

Ich wünscht', ich wãre ein Võglein
Und zõge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis da ich im Himmel wãr'!

No one knows or could guess,
How happy I am, so happy!
Ah, if only one person knew, only
one,
No other person would know!

It is less quiet out in the snow,
But less silent and discreet
Are the stars in the sky,
Compared to my thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird
And could fly over the sea,
so far over the sea, and farther
Until I was in heaven!

Mondnacht

Es war, als hãtt' der Himmel
Die Erde still geküt,
Da sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nun trãumen müt'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Åhren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis' die Wãlder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

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

It was as if the heavens
Had silently kissed the earth,
So that in the shimmer of flowers
The earth could only dream of it.

The breeze blew through the fields,
The corn gently rippled,
The forest softly rustled,
So clear and starry was the night.

And my soul spread out
Its wide wings,
Flying though the still lands,
As though it were flying home.