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Elective Recital: Ryan Mitchell, tenor

Ryan Mitchell

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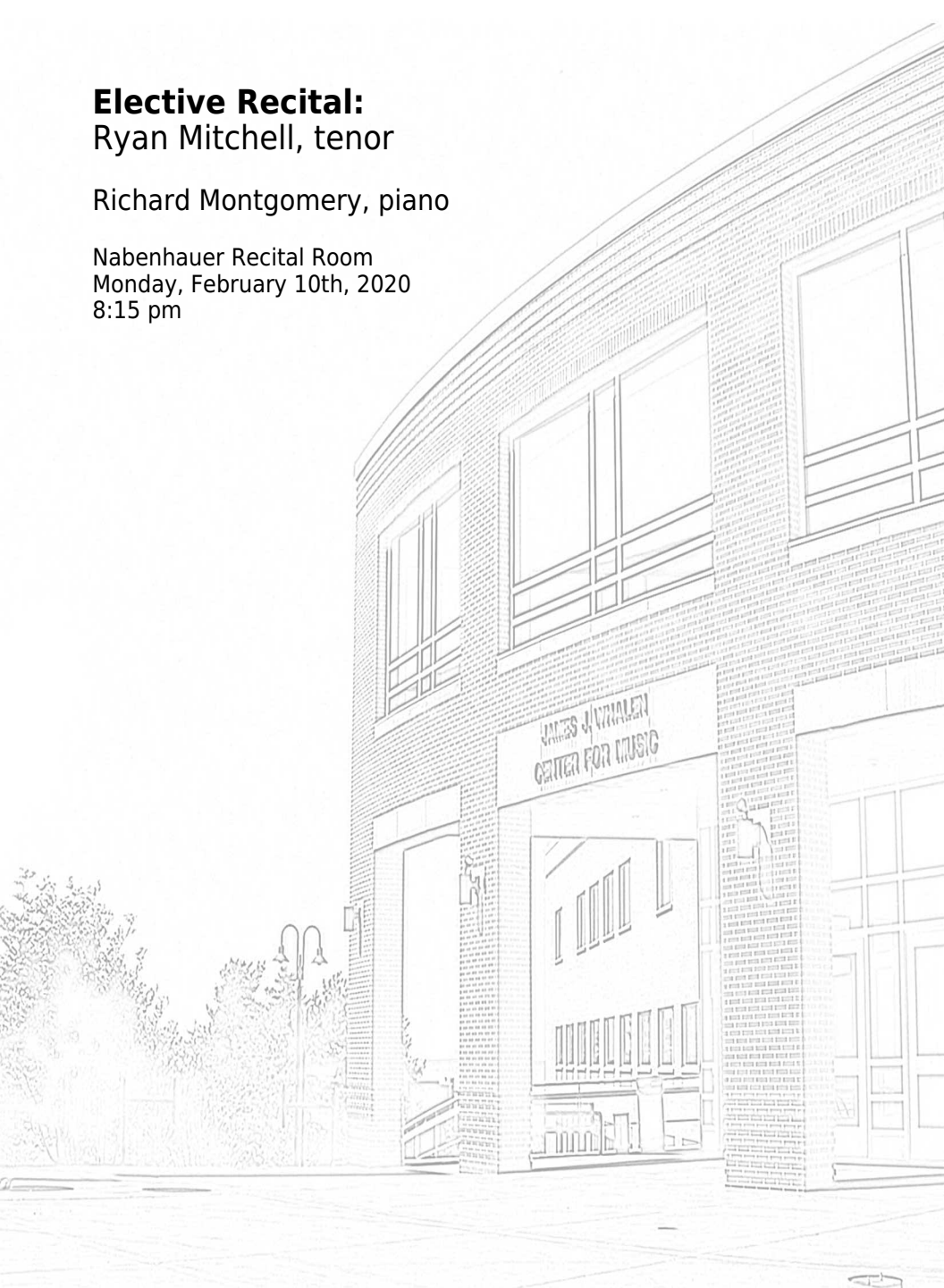
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Elective Recital:
Ryan Mitchell, tenor

Richard Montgomery, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Monday, February 10th, 2020
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Where'er you walk" from <i>Semele</i>	George Handel (1685-1759)
"O del mio dolce ardor" from <i>Paride ed Elena</i>	Christoph Gluck (1714-1787)
"Ià il sole dal Gange" from <i>L'honestà negli amori</i>	Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)
"Sebben, crudele" from <i>La costanza in amor vince l'inganno</i>	Antonio Caldara (ca. 1671-1736)
<i>Lydia</i>	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
<i>Après un rêve</i>	Gabriel Fauré
<i>Beau Soir</i>	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Intermission

"The Monk and His Cat" from <i>Hermit Songs</i>	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
<i>An die Musik</i>	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
<i>Greisengesang</i>	Franz Schubert
"Quanto è bella, quanto è cara!" from <i>L'elisir d'amore</i>	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Translations

O del mio dolce ardor

O del mio dolce ardor
Bramato oggetto,
L'aura che tu respiri,
Alfin respiro.

Oh, desired object
Of my sweet ardor,
The air which you breathe,
At last I breathe.

O vunque il guardo io giro,
Le tue vaghe sembianze
Amore in me dipinge:
Il mio pensier si finge
Le più liete speranze;
E nel desio che così
M'empie il petto
Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e
sospiro.

Wherever I turn my glance
Your lovely features
Paint love for me:
My thoughts imagine
The most happy hopes,
And in the longing which
Fills my bosom
I seek you, I call you, I hope,
and I sigh.

Già il sole dal Gange

Già il sole dal Gange
Più chiaro sfavilla,
E terge ogni stilla
Dell'alba che piange.

Already, from over the
Ganges, the sun
Sparkles more brightly
And dries every drop
of the dawn, which weeps.

Col raggio dorato
Ingemma ogni stelo,
E gli astri del cielo
Dipinge nel prato.

With the gilded ray
It adorns each blade of grass;
And the stars of the sky
It paints in the field.

Sebben, crudele

Sebben, crudele,
Mi fai languir,
Sempre fedele
Ti voglio amar.

Although, cruel love,
you make me languish,
I will always
love you true.

Con la lunghezza
Del mio servir
La tua ferezza
Saprò stancar.

With the patience
of my serving
I will be able to tire out
your pride.

Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,	Lydia, on your rosy cheeks, And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Que le lait, coule étincelant L'or fluide que tu dénoues;	Flow sparkingly The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.
Le jour qui luit est le meilleur, Oublions l'éternelle tombe.	This shining day is the best of all; Let us forget the eternal grave,
Laisse tes baisers de colombe Chanter sur tes lèvres en fleur.	Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove, Sing on your blossoming lips.
Un lys caché répand sans cesse Une odeur divine en ton sein;	A hidden lily spreads unceasingly A divine fragrance on your breast;
Les délices comme un essaim Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.	Numberless delights Emanate from you, young goddess,
Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.	I love you and die, oh my love;
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!	Kisses have carried away my soul!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie, Que je puisse mourir toujours!	Oh Lydia, give me back life, That I may die, forever die!

Après un rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image	In a slumber which held your image spellbound
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,	I dreamt of happiness, passionate mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,	Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and sonorous,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;	You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;
Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre	You called me and I left the earth

Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la
lumière,
Les cieux pour nous
entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs
divines entrevues,

To run away with you towards
the light,
The skies opened their clouds
for us,
Unknown splendours, divine
flashes glimpsed,

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des
songes
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi
tes mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

Alas! Alas! sad awakening
from dreams
I call you, O night, give me
back your lies,
Return, return radiant,
Return, O mysterious night.

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

When rivers are pink in the
setting sun,
And a slight shiver runs
through fields of wheat,
A suggestion to be happy
seems to rise up from all
things

Et monter vers le cœur
troublé;

And ascends toward the
troubled heart;

Un conseil de goûter le charme
d'être au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et
que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons
comme s'en va cette onde:

A suggestion to taste the
charms of the world
While one is young and the
evening is fair,
For we are on our way just as
this wave is:

Elle à la mer, -- nous au
tombeau!

It is going to the sea, -- and
we, to the grave!

An die Musik

Du holde Kunst, in wie viel grauen Stunden, Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt, Hast du mein Herz zu [warmer]1 Lieb entzunden, Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt.	Oh sacred art, how oft in hours blighted, While into life's untamed cycle hurled, Hast thou my heart to warm love reignited To transport me into a better world!
Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen, Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir, Den Himmel [beßrer Zeiten]2 mir erschlossen, Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür.	So often has a sigh from thy harp drifted, A chord from thee, holy and full of bliss, A glimpse of better times from heaven lifted. Thou sacred art, my thanks to thee for this.

Greisengesang

Der Frost hat mir bereifet Des Hauses Dach; Doch warm [ist mir's]1 geblieben Im Wohngemach.	Frost has covered the roof of my house; but I have stayed warm in the living room.
Der Winter hat die Scheitel Mir weiß gedeckt. Doch fließt das Blut, das rothe, Durch's Herzgemach.	Winter has covered in white the crown of my head; yet blood flows - red blood - through my heart's chamber.
Der Jugendflor der Wangen, Die Rosen sind Gegangen, all' gegangen Einander nach.	The youthful blossom of my cheeks - the roses are gone, all gone, one after another -
Wo sind sie hingegangen? In's Herz hinab. Da blühh sie nach Verlangen,	Where have they gone? into my heart: there they bloom as they

Wie vor so nach.	desire, just as they did before.
Sind alle Freudenströme Der Welt versiegt? Noch fließt mir durch den Busen Ein stiller Bach.	Have all the joyous streams in the world dried up? Yet a quiet brook still flows through my breast.
Sind alle Nachtigallen Der Flur verstummt? Noch ist bei mir im Stillen Hier eine wach.	Have all the nightingales in the meadow been silenced? Yet here with me in the silence, one is awake.
Sie singet: Herr des Hauses! Verschleuß dein Thor, Daß nicht die Welt, die kalte, Dring in's Gemach.	It sings: "Lord of the house! lock your gate, so that the cold world does not come into your chamber.
Schleuß aus den rauhen Odem Der Wirklichkeit, Und nur dem Duft der Träume Gib Dach und Fach.	Shut out the raw breath of reality, and give roof and room only to the fragrance of dreams!"

Quanto è bella, quanto è cara!

Quanto è bella, quanto è cara!	How beautiful she is, how expensive she is!
Più la vedo e più mi piace ...	The more I see it, the more I like it...
Ma in quel cor non son capace	But in that heart I am not capable
Lieve affetto d'inspirar. Essa legge, studia, impara ... Non vi ha cosa ad essa ignota ...	Mild affection to inspire. It reads, studies, learns ... He has nothing to do with it ...
Io son sempre un idiota, Io non so che sospirar.	I am always an idita I do not know what to sigh.