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Elective Recital: Heartbeats, Justin Zelamsky, baritone

Justin Zelamsky

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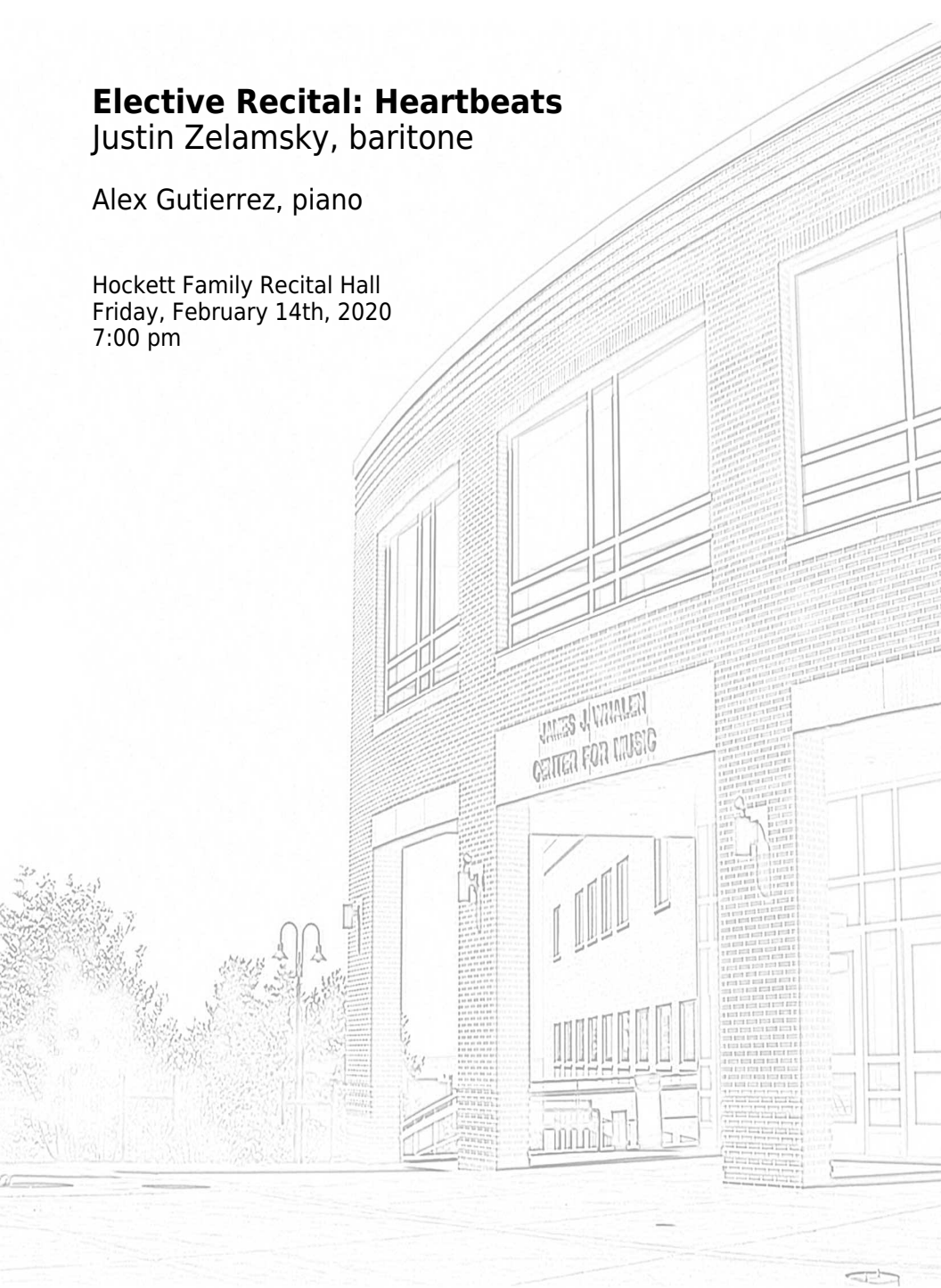
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Elective Recital: Heartbeats

Justin Zelamsky, baritone

Alex Gutierrez, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday, February 14th, 2020
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Sogno

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Nimmersatte Liebe
Um Mitternacht
Abschied

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Soave sia il vento

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Danielle Roach, soprano
Allie Castle, mezzo-soprano

Too Young to Go Steady

Harold Adamson (1906-1980)
Jimmy McHugh (1894-1969)

Intermission

Everything Has Changed

Taylor Swift (b. 1989)
Ed Sheeran (b. 1991)

Kristen Petrucci, soprano
Allie Castle, guitar
Ian Lisi, cajón

You Gotta Die Sometime

William Finn
(b. 1952)

Heartbeats

John Musto
(b. 1954)

What Would I Do?

William Finn
(b. 1952)

Sam Sauer, baritone

I Never Knew

Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)

I'll Be Seeing You

arr. Darmon Meader
(b. 1961)

Danielle Roach, soprano
Michelle Shaubi, alto
Nate Finke, tenor

Words

Anders Edenroth
(1963)

Danielle Roach, soprano
Michelle Shaubi, alto
Nate Finke, tenor
Sam Sauer, bass
Erin Smith, vocal percussion
Abby Ferri, vocal percussion
Kevin DeLisa, vocal percussion
Gavin Tremblay, vocal percussion

Translations

Sogno

Ho sognato che stavi a'
ginocchi,
Come un santo che prega il
Signor...
Mi guardavi nel fondo degli
occhi,
Sfavillava il tuo sguardo
d'amor.

I've dreamed of you on your
knees
like a saint who prays to the
Lord,
you gazed at me and in your
eyes.
your glance of love sparkled.

Tu parlavi e la voce
sommessa...
Mi chiedea dolcemente
mercè...
Solo un guardo che fosse
promessa,
Imploravi, curvata al mio piè.

You spoke and your soft
voice...
asked me sweetly for mercy...
Only a glance that is
promised...
did you implore bended at my
foot.

Io tacevo e coll'anima forte
Il desio tentatore lottò.
Ho provato il martirio e la
morte
pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di no.

I was silent and with my strong
soul
struggled to resist temptation
I have felt martyrdom and
death,
yet you conquered me and
said no.

Ma il tuo labbro sfiorò la mia
faccia...
E la forza del cor mi tradì.

But your lips touched my
face...
and the force of your heart
betrayed me.

Chiusi gli occhi, ti stesi le
braccia...
Ma, sognavo... E il bel sogno
svanì.

You closed your eyes, you
stretched out your arms,
but I was dreaming and the
beautiful dream vanished.

-Olindo Guerrini

Translation: Anne Evans

Nimmersatte Liebe

So ist die Lieb'! So ist die Lieb'!	Thus is love! Thus is love!
Mit Küßen nicht zu stillen:	It cannot be satiated with kisses:
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb	Who is such a fool as to try to fill
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?	A sieve with nothing but water?
Und schöpfst du an die tausend Jahr;	And if you scooped water for a thousand years;
Und küßest ewig, ewig gar,	And kissed for ever and ever,
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.	You would never manage to satisfy love.
Die Lieb', die Lieb' hat alle Stund'	Love, love has strange new yearnings
Neu wunderlich Gelüsten;	Every hour of the day;
Wir bißen uns die Lippen wund,	We wounded our lips with bites
Da wir uns heute küßten.	When we kissed each other today.
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh',	The maiden held perfectly still,
Wie's Lämmlein unter'm Messer;	Like a little lamb under the knife;
Ihr Auge bat: nur immer zu,	Her eyes pleaded: just continue,
Je weher, desto beßer!	The more it hurts, the better!
So ist die Lieb', und war auch so,	Thus is love, and has been thus
Wie lang es Liebe giebt,	As long as there has been love,
Und anders war Herr Salomo,	And Solomon, the wise one, was
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.	Not in love any differently.
-Eduard Mörike	Translation: Sharon Krebs

Um Mitternacht

Gelassen stieg die Nacht an's
Land,
Lehnt träumend an der Berge
Wand,
Ihr Auge sieht die goldne
Wage nun
Der Zeit in gleichen Schalen
stille ruhn;
Und kecker rauschen die
Quellen hervor,
Sie singen der Mutter, der
Nacht, in's Ohr
Vom Tage,
Vom heute gewesenem Tage.

Das uralte alte Schlummerlied,
Sie achtet's nicht, sie ist es
müd';
Ihr klingt des Himmels Bläue
süßer noch,
Der flücht'gen Stunden
gleichgeschwung'nes Joch.
Doch immer behalten die
Quellen das Wort,
Es singen die Wasser im
Schläfe noch fort
Vom Tage,
Vom heute gewesenem Tage.

-Eduard Mörike

Night stepped on land at
measured pace,
Leans dreaming on the
mountains' face,
Her eye beholds time's golden
pair of scales
Completely balanced at that
time of day.
More boldly the springs rush
forth and they ring,
In the ear of the night, their
mother, they sing
Of the day
that was today.

That age-old, ancient lullaby,
It tires her, shuts ear and eye;
To her the heaven's blue still
sounds more sweet
And all the curvèd spans of
hours that fleet.
But ever the springs their
carols repeat,
The waters continually sing in
their sleep
Of the day
that was today.

Translation: Bertram
Kottmann

Abschied

Unangeklopft ein Herr tritt
Abends bei mir ein:

"Ich habe die Ehr', Ihr
Rezensent zu sein!"

Sofort nimmt er das Licht in
die Hand,
besieht lang meinen Schatten
an der Wand,
rückt nah und fern: "Nun,
lieber junger Mann,

sehn Sie doch gefälligst mal
Ihre Nas' so von der Seite an!

Sie geben zu, daß das ein
Auswuchs is'."

Das? Alle Wetter - gewiß!

Ei Hasen! ich dachte nicht, all'
mein Lebtage nicht,

daß ich so eine Weltnase
führt' im Gesicht!

Der Mann sprach noch
Verschiedenes hin und her,
ich weiß, auf meine Ehre, nicht
mehr;

meinte vielleicht, ich sollt' ihm
beichten.

Zuletzt stand er auf; ich tat
ihm leuchten.

Wie wir nun an der Treppe
sind,

da geb' ich ihm, ganz
frohgesinnt,

einen kleinen Tritt,
nur so von hinten aufs Gesäße
mit -

alle Hagel! ward das ein
Gerumpel,

ein Gepurzel, ein Gehumpel!

Dergleichen hab' ich nie
gesehn,

all' mein Lebtage nicht gesehn

Without knocking, a gentleman
comes visiting me evening:

"I have the honor to be your
critic!" [he says.]

Immediately he takes the light
in his hand,
gazes long at my shadow on
the wall,

stepping close and then
stepping back: "Now, my
good young man,

kindly see how your nose
looks from the side!

You must admit that it is a
protuberance."

This? Good gracious - so it is!

My word! I never imagined -
my whole life long -

that such a world-sized nose I
bore on my face!

The man said various other
things about this and that,
and on my honour, I remember
no more;

perhaps he thought I should
give him a confession.

Finally he stood up and I lit his
way out.

As we stood at the top of the
stairs,

I gave him, cheerfully,

a small kick
from behind, on the backside,

and by hail! what a jolting,

tumbling, and hobbling!

The equal have I never seen,

my whole life long,

einen Menschen so rasch die
Trepp' hinabgehn!

of a man going so quickly
down the stairs!

-Eduard Mörike

Translation: Emily Ezust

Soave sia il vento

Soave sia il vento,
Tranquilla sia l'onda,
Ed ogni elemento
Benigno risponda
Ai nostri {vostri} desir.

Gentle is the wind,
Calm is the wave,
And every one of the elements
Answer warmly
To our (your) desire.

-Lorenzo Da Ponte