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Senior Elective Recital: Jeremy Lovelett, baritone

Jeremy Lovelett

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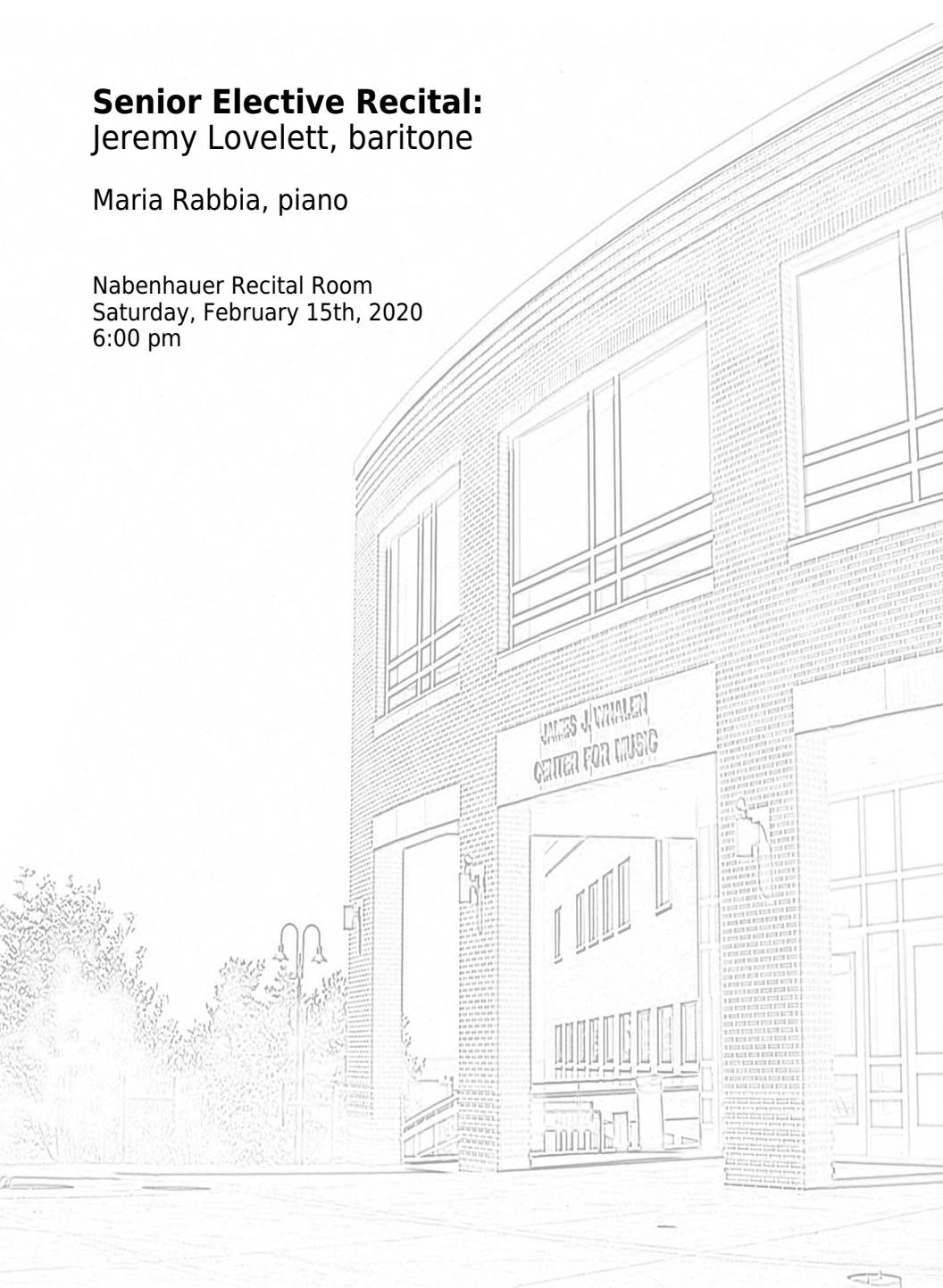
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Senior Elective Recital:

Jeremy Lovelett, baritone

Maria Rabbia, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Saturday, February 15th, 2020
6:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Tardi s'avvede"
from *La Clemenza di Tito* W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Dichterliebe, op. 48 Robert Schumann
1. *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai* (1810-1856)
3. *Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne*
7. *Ich grolle nicht*
16. *Die alten, bösen Lieder*

Die beiden Grenadiere Robert Schumann

Pause

"Revenge, Timotheous Cries"
from *Alexander's Feast* G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

The House of Life (1903) R.V. Williams
2. Silent Noon (1872-1978)
3. Love's Minstrels
5. Death in Love

Les berceaux, op. 23, no. 1 Gabriel Fauré
Mandoline, op. 58, no. 1 (1845-1924)

Translations

Tardi s'avvede

Tardi s'avvede d'un tradimento
chi mai di fede mancar non sa.
Un cor verace, pieno d'onore
non è portento se ogn'altro core
crede incapace d'infedeltà.

Too late he realizes a deception
who never lacks faith.
A true heart, full of honor,
doesn't suspect if other hearts
he believes are incapable of
treachery.

Trans. Jeremy Lovelett

Dichterliebe

Trans. Richard Stokes, 2005

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die
Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in
Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe
alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die
Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und
Sonne.

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of
love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

7. Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht, Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht. Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht, Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.	I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking, O love forever lost! I bear no grudge. However you gleam in diamond splendour, No ray falls in the night of your heart.
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Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traume, Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume, Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst, Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.	I've known that long. For I saw you in my dreams, And saw the night within your heart, And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart; I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
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16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder, Die Träume bö's und arg, Die lasst uns jetzt begraben, Holt einen grossen Sarg.	The bad old songs, The bad and bitter dreams, Let us now bury them. Fetch me a large coffin.
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Hinein leg' ich gar manches, Doch sag' ich noch nicht was; Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser, Wie's Heidelberger Fass.	I have much to put in it, Though what, I won't yet say; The coffin must be even larger Than the vat at Heidelberg.
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Und holt eine Totenbahre Und Bretter fest und dick; Auch muss sie sein noch länger, Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.	And fetch a bier Made of firm thick timber: And it must be even longer Than the bridge at Mainz.
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Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen, Die müssen noch stärker sein Als wie der starke Christoph Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.	And fetch for me twelve giants; They must be even stronger Than Saint Christopher the Strong In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.
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Die sollen den Sarg forttragen, Und senken ins Meer hinab; Denn solchem grossen Sarge Gebührt ein grosses Grab.	They shall bear the coffin away, And sink it deep into the sea; For such a large coffin Deserves a large grave.
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Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl So gross und schwer mag sein? Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe Und meinen Schmerz hinein.	Do you know why the coffin Must be so large and heavy? I'd like to bury there my love And my sorrow too.
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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.	Two grenadiers were marching back to France They had been held captive in Russia, And when they reached German lands They hung their heads in shame.
Da hörten sie beide die traurige Mär: Dass Frankreich verloren gegangen, Besiegt und geschlagen das tapfere Heer— Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.	For here they learnt the sorry tale That France had been conquered in war, Her valiant army beaten and shattered, And the Emperor, the Emperor captured.
Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier' Wohl ob der kläglichen Kunde. Der eine sprach: "Wie weh wird mir, Wie brennt meine alte Wunde!"	The grenadiers then wept together, As they heard of these sad tidings. The first said: "Ah, the agony; How my old wound is burning!"
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."	The second said: "This is the end; If only we could die together. But I've a wife and child at home, And they would perish without me."
"Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind, Ich trage weit bess'res Verlangen; Lass sie betteln gehn, wenn sie hungrig sind— Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!"	"To hell with wife, to hell with child, My aims are for far higher things; Let them beg, if they've nothing to eat— My Emperor, my Emperor captured!"
"Gewähr mir, Bruder, eine Bitt': Wenn ich jetzt sterben werde, So nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich mit, Begrab mich in Frankreichs Erde.	"Grant me, brother, one request, If I am now to die. Take my corpse with you to France; Bury me in French soil.
"Das Ehrenkreuz am roten Band Sollst du aufs Herz mir legen; Die Flinte gib mir in die Hand, Und gürt mir um den Degen.	"You shall lay upon my heart The Cross of Valour with its red ribbon; And place my musket in my hand And gird my sword about me.
"So will ich liegen und horchen still, Wie eine Schildwach, im Grabe, Bis einst ich höre Kanonengebrüll	"So I shall lie and listen Like a silent sentry in my grave, Until I hear the cannons' roar

Und wiehernder Rosse Getrabe.

And the horses gallop and neigh.

"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!"

"That will be my Emperor riding by
my grave;
Swords will be clashing and flashing;
And armed, I'll rise up from the grave
To defend the Emperor, my
Emperor!"

Trans. Richard Stokes, 2005

Revenge, Timotheus Cries

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash in their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts,
That in battle were slain,
And unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain.

The House of Life

1. Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragonfly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

3. Love's Minstrels

One flame-winged brought a white-winged harp player
Even where my lady and I lay all alone;
Saying: "Behold this minstrel is unknown;
Bid him depart, for I am minstrel here:
Only my songs are to love's dear ones dear."
Then said I "Through thine hautboy's rapturous tone
Unto my lady still this harp makes moan,
And still she deems the cadence deep and clear."

Then said my lady: "Thou art passion of Love,
And this Love's worship: both he plights to me.
Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea:
But where wan water trembles in the grove,
And the wan moon is all the light thereof,
This harp still makes my name its voluntary."

5. Death in Love

There came an image in Life's retinue
That had Love's wings and bore his gonfalon:
Fair was the web, and nobly wrought thereon,
O soul-sequestered face, thy form and hue!
Bewildering sounds, such as Spring wakens to,
Shook in its folds; and through my heart its power
Sped trackless as the memorable hour
When birth's dark portal groaned and all was new

But a veiled woman followed, and she caught
The banner round its staff, to furl and cling,
Then plucked a feather from the bearer's wing,
And held it to his lips that stirred it not,
And said to me, "Behold, there is no breath:
I and this Love are one, and I am Death."

Les berceaux

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux, Que la houle incline en silence, Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux Que la main des femmes balance.	Along the quay the great ships, Listing silently with the surge, Pay no heed to the cradles Rocked by women's hands.
Mais viendra le jour des adieux, Car il faut que les femmes pleurent, Et que les hommes curieux Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.	But the day of parting will come, For it is decreed that women shall weep, And that men with questing spirits Shall seek enticing horizons.
Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux, Fuyant le port qui diminue, Sentent leur masse retenue Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.	And on that day the great ships, Leaving the dwindling harbour behind, Shall feel their hulls held back By the soul of the distant cradles.

Trans. Richard Stokes, 2000

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades Et les belles écouteuses Échangent des propos fades Sous les ramures chanteuses.	The gallant serenaders and their fair listeners exchange sweet nothings beneath singing boughs.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte, Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre, Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.	Tircis is there, Aminte is there, and eternal Clitandre too, and Damis who for many a cruel maid writes many a tender song.
Leurs courtes vestes de soie, Leurs longues robes à queues, Leur élégance, leur joie Et leurs molles ombres bleues	Their short silken doublets, their long trailing gowns, their elegance, their joy, and their soft blue shadows
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase D'une lune rose et grise, Et la mandoline jase Parmi les frissons de brise.	Whirl madly in the ecstasy of a pink and grey moon, and the mandolin chatters in the shivering breeze.

Trans. Richard Stokes, 2000