Graduate Recital: Nick Reynolds, tenor

Nick Reynolds

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Graduate Recital:
Nick Reynolds, tenor
Elena Nezhdanova, piano

Ford Hall
Tuesday, April 10, 2012
7:00 p.m.
Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.
Program

Caldo Sangue
from *Il sedicia, re di gerusalemme*
Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

O wüsst' ich doch den weg
Erinnerung
Botschaft
In Waldeseinsamkeit
Meine liebe ist grün
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Ah, mes amis
Pour mon âme
from *La fille du régiment*
Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Intermission

Will There Really Be a Morning?
Waterbird
Awake the Sleeping Sun
When Children Are Playing Alone On The Green
Lions
Richard Hundley
(b. 1931)

Lamento
Phidylé
Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Au fond du temple saint
from *Les pêcheurs de perles*
Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Nick Reynolds, tenor
Stephen Wilkins, baritone
Elena Nezhdanova, piano

This Graduate Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Masters of Voice Performance. Nick Reynolds is from the studio of Carol McAmis.
Caldo Sangue  
Caldo sangue, che bagnando il sen mi 
vai e d'amore fai gran fede al genitore,  
fuggi pur, fuggi a me, ch'io già moro e resto e sangue.

Forse un dì risorgerai per vendetta della man,  
che mi saetta; e il vigor, che in me già manca, caldo sangue,  
passerà più saldo, più saldo in te.

O wüsst' ich doch den weg  
O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück,  
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!  
O warum sucht' ich nach dem Glück

Und ließ der Mutter Hand?

O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,  
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,  
Die müden Augen zuzutun,  
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!

Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähn,  
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind;  
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,  
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!

O zeigt mir doch den Weg zurück,  
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!  
Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück,  
Ringsum ist öder Strand!

Warm Blood  
Warm Blood, which continues to soak my breast and serves as proof of my love for my father,

flow then, flow from me, for I am already dying and bloodless!

Perhaps one day you-will rise again in order to take revenge on the hand which wounds me; and the strength which in me already fails, warm blood, will pass stronger into you.

O knew I but the path  
Oh, knew I but the path back,  
the dear path to the childhood land!  
Oh, why I sought after the happiness

and let go of my mother's hand?

Oh, how I long to be at rest,  
Not to be awakened by anything,  
To shut my weary eyes,  
With love gently surrounding!

And nothing to search for, nothing to beware of,  
Only dreams, sweet and mild;  
Not to notice the changes of time,  
To be once more a child!

Oh, do show me the road back,  
The dear road to childhood's land!  
In vain I search for happiness,

Around me naught but deserted beach and sand!
Erinnerung

Ihr wunderschönen Augenblicke, die
Lieblichste der ganzen Welt hat
euch mit ihrem ew’gen Glücke, mit
ihrem süßen licht erhellt.
Ihr stellen, ihr geweihten plätze, ihr
trugt ja das geliebte Bild, was
wunder habt ihr, was für schätze
vor meinen augen dort enthüllt!

Ihr Gärten all, ihr grünen Haine, du
Weinberg in der süßen zier, es
nahte sich die hehre, Reine, in
züchten gar zu freundlich mir.

Ihr worte, die sie da gesprochen, du
schönstes, halbverhauchtes wort, dein
Zauberbann wird nie
gebrochen, du klingst und wirkest
fort und fort.

Ihr wunderschönen Augenblicke, ihr
lacht und lockt in ew’gem Reiz.
Ich schaue sehnsuchtsvoll zurücke
voll schmerz und Lust und
Liebesgeiz.

Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich um
die wange der Geliebten, Spiele
zart in ihrer locke, eile nicht
hinwegzufliehn!

Tut sie dann viechle die Frage, wie
es um mich Armen stehe; sprich:
“Unendlich war sein wehe,höchst
dencklich seine Lage; Aber jetzto
kann er hoffen wieder herrlich
aufzuleben, denn du, Holde, denkst
an ihn!”

Remembrance

You simply beautiful moments, the
most lovely girl in the entire world
has you with her eternal happiness,
with her sweet, brightened light.
You places, you consecrated places,
you certainly bore the beloved
image, what wonders have you,
what kind of treasures before my
eyes there revealed!

You gardens all, all green groves,
you vineyards in the sweet
adornment, she approached me the
glorious one, pure one in propriety
even too friendly to me.

You words, that she then spoke, you
beautiful, half-spoken word, your
magical spell will never be broken,
you will resound and have
continuous effect.

You simply beautiful moments, you
smile and lure with eternal charm. I
gaze full of longing back full of
pain and joy and desire for love.

Message

Waft, little breeze, gently and
lovingly about the cheeks of my
beloved; play gently in her locks,
hasten not to flee away!

She proposes then perhaps the
question, how I and the poor one
stand; say: “unending was his pain,
highly critical his condition; but
now can he hope again
wonderfully to revive, for you,
lovely one, are thinking of him!”
In Waldeseinsamkeit

Ich sass zu deinem füssen
in waldeseinsamkeit;
Windesatmen, sehnen ging durch die
wipfel breit.
In stummen ringen senkt’ ich das
haupt in deinen schoss,    Und meine bebenden Hände
um deine knie ich schloss,

Die Sonne ging hinunter, der Tag
verglühte all, ferne sang eine
Nachtigall.

Meine liebe ist grün

Meine liebe ist grün der
Fliederbusch, und mein lieb ist
schön wie die Sonne;
die glänzt wohl herab auf den
Fliederbusch und füllt ihn mit duft
und mit Wonne.

Meine Seele hat schwingen der
Nachtigall und wiegt sich in
blühendem Flieder,
und jauchzet und singet vom Duft
berauscht viel Liebestrunkene
Lieder.

Ah, mes amis/Pour mon âme

Ah, mes amis quel jour de fête! Je
vais marcher sous vos drapeaux!

L’amour qui m’atourné la tète
désormais, désormais me rend un
héros. Ah! quel bonheur, oui mes
amis, je vais marcher sous vos
drapeaux!

Oui, celle pour qui je respire, à mes
voeux a daigné sourire, et ce doux

My Love is Green

My love is green like the lilac bush,
and my love is beautiful like the
Sun;
which gleams down on the lilac-bush
and fills it with fragrance and with
bliss.

My soul has the wings of the
Nightingale and rocks itself in the
blossoming Lilac,
and, intoxicated by the fragrance,
rejoices and sings many love drunk
songs.

Ah, my friends/For my soul

Ah, my friends what a day of
celebration! I go to march under
your flag!

The love which has turned my head
henceforth, henceforth makes me a
hero. Ah! What happiness! I go to
march under your flag!

Yes, she for whom I breathe, on my
vows has deigned to smile, and that
espoir de bonheur, trouble ma raison et mon Coeur!  
sweet hope of happiness, troubles my mind and my heart!

Pour mon âme quel destin! J’ai sa flamme et j’ai sa main! Jour prospère! Me voici militaire et mari!

For my soul what a destiny! I have her flame and I have her hand! Day thriving! I am here a soldier and husband!

**Will There Really Be a Morning?**

Will there really be a morning?  
Is there such a thing as day?  
Could I see it from the mountains;  
if I were as tall as they?  
Has it feet like water lilies?  
Has it feathers like a bird?  
Is it brought from famous countries of which I have never heard?  
Oh, some scholars! Oh, some sailor!  
Oh, some wise man from the skies!  
Please to tell a little pilgrim where that place called morning lies!  
Will there really be a morning?  
Is there such a thing as day?

**Waterbird**

Waterbird, waterbird gently afloat.  
Know you my yearning for places remote?

Waterbird, waterbird under the sea.  
Keep you my kingdom for sleepers like me?

**Awake the Sleeping Sun**

Come ye shepherds who have seen day’s King deposed by night’s queen!  
Come lift we up our lofty song, to wake the sun that sleeps too long.

Welcome to our wondering sight.  
Eternity shut in a span!  
Summer in winter and day in night, Heaven in Earth and God in man!

**When Children are Playing Alone on the Green**

When children are playing alone on the green.  
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good.
The friend of the children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw.
His is a picture you never could draw.
But he’s sure to present abroad and at home.
When children are happy and playing alone.

**Lions**

Lions have lain in grasses before
and pale hares in lonely lanes.
But the trees and the leaves
and the leaves and the trees
are choicer and much more fair.
Abandon, then lions.
Ignore pale hares.
For with the trees and the leaves
and the leaves and the trees you’ve
found your choicest fair.
Choicest and fair.

**Lamento**

Connaissiez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if? Sur l'if une pâle colombe, Triste et seule au soleil couchant, Chante son chant:

Oh! jamais plus, près de la tombe, Je n'irai, quand descend le soir Au manteau noir, Écouter la pâle colombe Chanter sur la branche de l'if Son chant plaintif!

**Lament**

Do you know the white tomb, where floats with a plaintive sound, The shadow of a yew? On the yew a pale dove, Sad and alone under the setting sun, Sings its song:

One would say that an awakened soul is weeping under the earth in unison With this song, and from the misfortune of being forgotten, it complains in a very soft coo.

Oh! Never again very near the tomb, I will not go, when the night falls in its cloak black, To hear the pale dove sing on the branch of the yew Its song plaintive!
Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais peupliers,  
Aux pentes des sources moussues, qui dans les prés en fleur germant par mille issues,  
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!  
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil. Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil, Chantent les abeilles volages. Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers, La rouge fleur des blés s'incline, Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline, cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,  
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser, Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser me récompensent de l'attente!

Au fond du temple saint

Nadir:  
Au fond du temple saint paré de fleurs et d’or, une femme apparait! Je crois la voir encore!

Zurga:  
Une femme apparait! Je crois la voir encore!

Nadir:  
La foule prosternée la regarde etonnée et murmure tous bas: voyez, c'est la déesse qui dans l'ombre se dresse et vers nous tend les bras!

Phidylé

The grass is soft for sleeping under the cool poplars,  
on the slopes of the mossy banks, which in the meadows that flower formed from a thousand sources, get lost under the dark thickets.

Rest, oh Phidylé!  
Noon on the leaves shines and invites you to sleep. In the clover and the thyme, alone, in plain sun, sings the fickle bees. A warm perfume circles around the bend of the paths, the red flower of the grain droops, And the birds, skimming with the wing the hillside, searches the shadows of the wild rose.

But, when the star, sinks on its curve dazzling,  
sees its ardor subside, let your best beautiful smile and your best kiss reward me for waiting!

At the back of the holy temple

Nadir:  
At the back of the holy temple adorned with flowers and with gold, a woman appears! I think to see her again!

Zurga:  
A woman appears! I think to see her again!

Nadir:  
The crowd bows down looks at her amazed, and murmurs very low: look, it is the goddess who in the shadows rises and towards us hold out the arms!
Zurga:
Son voile se soulève! Ô vision! ô rêve! La foule est à genoux!

Zurga et Nadir:
Oui, c’est elle! C’est la déesse plus charmant et plus belle! C’est la déesse qui descend parmi nous!
Son voile se soulève et la foule est à genoux!

Nadir:
Mais à travers la foule elle s’ouvre un passage!

Zurga:
Son long voile déjà nous cache en vain!

Nadir:
Mon regard, hélas, la cherche en vain!

Zurga and Nadir:
Oui, c’est elle! C’est la déesse en ce jour qui vient nous unir, et fidèle à ma promesse, comme un frère je veux te chérir! C’est elle, c’est la déesse qui vient en ce jour nous unir! Oui, partageons le même sort, soyons unis jusqu’à la mort!

Zurga:
Her veil is lifted! Oh, vision! oh, dream! The crowd is on its knees!

Zurga and Nadir:
Yes, it is she! It is the goddess most charming and most beautiful! It is the goddess who descends among us!
Her veil she lifts and the crowd is on its knees!

Nadir:
But through the crowd she opens a pathway!

Zurga:
Her long veil now hides her face from us!

Nadir:
My gaze, alas, seeks her in vain!

Zurga and Nadir:
Yes, it is she! It is the goddess on this day which comes to unite us, and faithful to my promise, as a brother I want to cherish! It is she, it is the goddess who comes on this day to unite us! Yes, let us share the same fate, let us unite until the death!
Ithaca College School of Music

Ever since its founding in 1892 as a Conservatory of Music, Ithaca College has remained dedicated to attracting the most talented young musicians, and then immersing these students in an advanced culture of musical learning that positions them to be leading professionals in music. As the conservatory evolved into a comprehensive college with expanded academic offerings, the School of Music has continued to earn its reputation as one of the best in the nation.

Through a blend of world-class faculty, state-of-the-art facilities, professional performance opportunities, access to liberal arts classes, and a beautiful campus setting, students grow in a challenging yet supportive community.

Not only do students have access to our broad music curriculum, but they can also take classes in any of the College’s other schools and divisions. As a result, graduates are well prepared for a host of careers and work in almost every music field imaginable. School of Music alumni include symphony, opera, and Broadway performers; faculty members and deans at prestigious universities and colleges; teachers in school systems through the country; music therapists, composers; publicists; audio engineers in professional studios; and managers in the music industry. The School of Music boasts a consistent 100% job placement for music education graduates actively seeking employment, and 98% placement for other graduates into jobs or graduate schools.

Since 1941, the Ithaca College School of Music has been accredited by the National Association of Schools of Music.

For more information regarding the Ithaca College School of Music, please visit us on the web at http://www.ithaca.edu/music
Upcoming Events

April

12 - Nabenhauer - 7:00pm - Improv Ensemble

13 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Talea

16 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Frank Campos, trumpet/Nicholas Walker, bass

17 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Ensemble

18 - Hockett - 10:00am - Honors Convocation

18 - Ford - 8:15pm - Sinfonietta - Webstreamed at http://www.ithaca.edu/musci/live/

19 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Opera Workshop

19 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Sophomore Percussion Students

20 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Vocal Masterclass: Nedda Casei

21 - Hockett - 4:00pm - Yusheng Li and the New Continent Saxophone Quartet

21 - Ford - 8:15pm - Chamber Orchestra - Webstreamed at http://www.ithaca.edu/musci/live/

22 - Ford - 3:00pm - Chorus - Webstreamed at http://www.ithaca.edu/musci/live/

22 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble (GS)

23 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Woodwind Chamber Ensemble

23 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab

24 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Recital: Ivy Walz/Brad Hougham/Jean Radice

24 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble (CA)

25 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band - Webstreamed at http://www.ithaca.edu/musci/live/

25 - Hockett - 9:00pm - Piano Ensemble

26 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano Chamber Ensembles

26 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band