

3-27-2011

Elective Recital: Elizabeth Calabro, soprano and Michael Lewis, bass

Elizabeth Calabro

Michael Lewis

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Recommended Citation

Calabro, Elizabeth and Lewis, Michael, "Elective Recital: Elizabeth Calabro, soprano and Michael Lewis, bass" (2011). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 109.

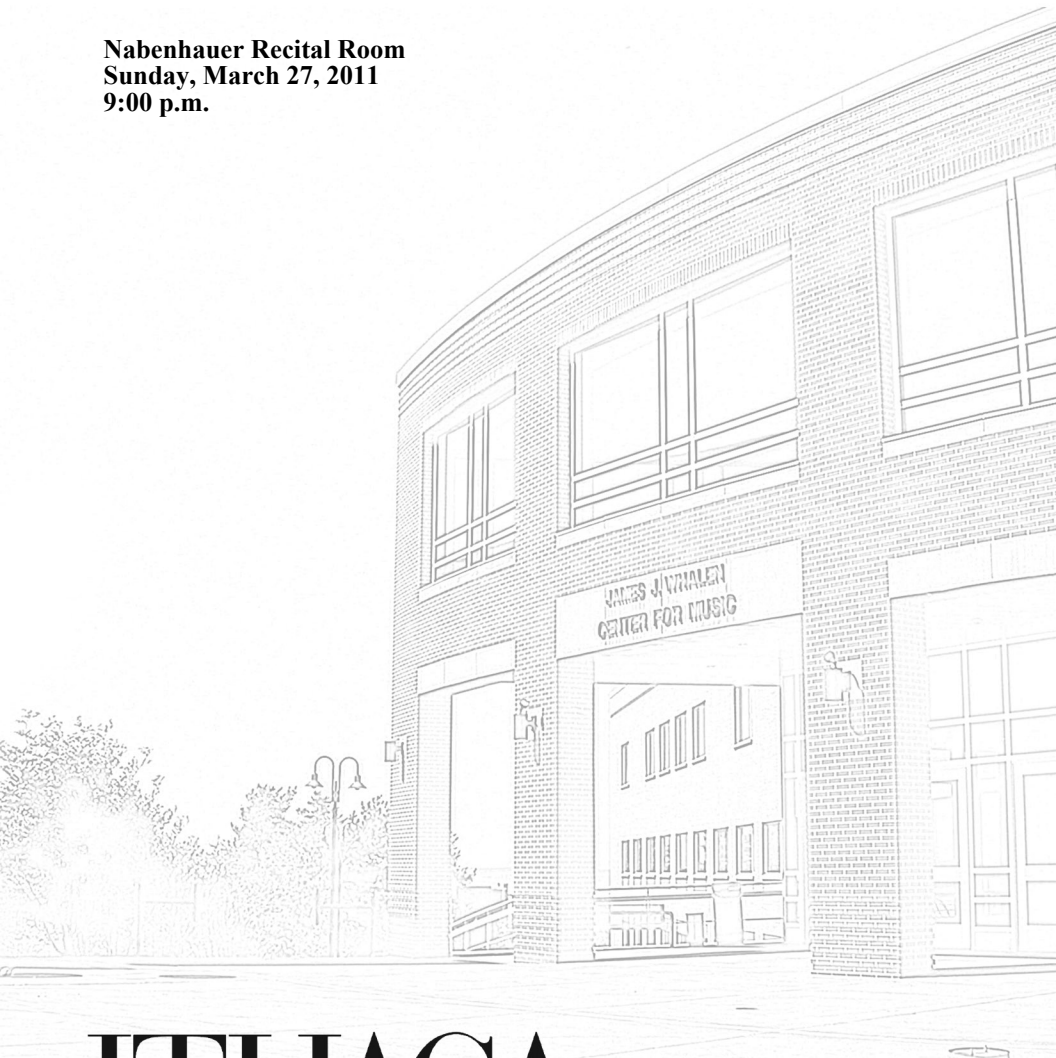
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**Joint Recital:
Elizabeth Calabro, soprano
Michael Lewis, bass**

**Mary Holzhauer, piano and organ
Candace Crawford, oboe
Madeleine Wething, violin**

**Nabenhauer Recital Room
Sunday, March 27, 2011
9:00 p.m.**



ITHACA
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Cantata 58 - "Ach Gott, wie manches
Herzeleid" Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Ich bin vergnügt in meinem Leiden

Madeleine Wething, violin

Cantata 78 - "Jesu, der du meine Seele"

Nun du wirst mein Gewissen stillen

Candace Crawford, oboe

Cantata 63, "Christen, ätzt diesen Tag"

Gott, du hast es wohl gefügt

Candace Crawford, oboe

Break

Chanson d'amour Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Clair de Lune

Fleur Jetée

Gretchen am Spinnrade Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Bella siccome un angelo Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

In uomini, in soldati Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen

Amabel Gerald Finzi
(1901 -1956)

Break, Break, Break Michael Lewis
(b. 1991)

Michael Lewis, piano

Translations

Cantata 58 - "Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid"

Ich bin vergnügt in meinem Leiden,
Denn Gott ist meine Zuversicht.
Ich habe sichern Brief und Siegel,
Und dieses ist der feste Riegel,
Den bricht die Hölle selber nicht.

I am content in my suffering,
for God is my confidence.
I have the secure letter and seal,
and this is the firm bolt,
that even Hell itself cannot break.

Cantata 78 - "Jesu, der du meine Seele"

Nun du wirst mein Gewissen stillen,
So wider mich um Rache schreit,

Now You will still my conscience,
which clamors for vengeance against
me,

Ja, deine Treue wird's erfüllen,
Weil mir dein Wort die Hoffnung
beut.

Yes, Your love will fulfill it,
since Your word builds up hope in
me.

Wenn Christen an dich glauben,
Wird sie kein Feind in Ewigkeit
Aus deinen Händen rauben.

If Christians believe in You,
no enemy will ever
steal them out of Your hands.

Cantata 63, "Christen, ätzt diesen Tag"

Gott, du hast es wohl gefüget,
Was uns itzo widerfährt.
Drum laßt uns auf ihn stets trauen

God, you have well accomplished,
what now has happened to us.
Therefore let us always trust in
Him

Und auf seine Gnade bauen,
Denn er hat uns dies beschert,
Was uns ewig nun vergnüget.

and rely upon His grace,
for He has bestowed this upon us,
which now will delight us for ever.

Chanson d'amour

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,

Love Song

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
oh my rebellious one, oh my wild
one,

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

I love your eyes, I love your mouth
where my kisses exhaust themselves.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,

I love your voice, I love the strange
gracefulness of all that which you
say.

Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,

oh my rebellious one, oh my dear
angel,

Mon enfer et mon paradis!

my hell and my paradise!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,

I love all that makes you beautiful,

De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,

Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

Clair de Lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmants masques et
bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et
quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode
mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie
opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de
lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et
beau,
Qui fait rêver, les oiseaux dans les
arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets
d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi
les marbres.

Fleur Jetée

Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent,
Fleur en chantant cueillie
Et jetée en rêvant.
- Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent!

Comme la fleur fauchée
Périt l'amour.
La main qui t'a touchée
Fuit ma main sans retour.
- Comme la fleur fauchée

from your feet up to your hair,
oh you towards whom rises my
desires,
oh my wild one, oh my rebellious
one!

Light of the Moon

Your soul is a chosen landscape
charmed by masques and
bergamasques,
playing on the lute and dancing and
almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

While singing in a minor mode,
of love the conqueror and of
favorable life,
they do not have seem to believe in
their happiness
and their song it mingles with the
light of the moon,

With the calm light of the moon, sad
and beautiful,
which makes the birds dream in the
trees
and makes the fountains sob with
ecstasy,
the tall, slim fountains among the
marble statues.

Discarded Flower

Carry away my madness
at the whim of the wind,
flower picked while singing
and discard while dreaming.
- Carry away my madness
at the whim of the wind!

Like a flower scythed down
perishes the love.
The had that touched you
shuns my hand forever.
- Like a flower scythed down

Périt l'amour!

Que le vent qui te sèche,
O pauvre fleur,
Tout à l'heure si fraîche
Et demain sans couleur!
- Que le vent qui te sèche,
Sèche mon coeur!

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seine Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach! sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,

perishes the love!

May the wind that withers you,
oh poor flower,
a short time ago so fresh
and tomorrow faded,
- May the wind that wither you,
Wither my heart!

Gretchen and the Spinning wheel

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy,
I will never find peace
And never more.

Where I do not have him,
that is the grave to me,
the whole world
has for me turned bitter.

My poor head
has to me gone mad,
my poor mind
is to me torn apart.

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy,
I will never find peace
And never more.

I look only for him
out the window,
only for him do I go
out of the house.

His superior way of walking,
his noble figure,
his mouth's smile,
his eyes' power,

and his speech
magic flow,
his handclasp,
And ah! His Kiss!

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy,

Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach, dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn!

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

O könnt ich ihn küssen,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

Bella siccome un angelo

Bella siccome un angelo
In terra pellegrino.
Fresca siccome un giglio
Che s'apre sul mattino.
Ochio che parla e ride,
Sguardo che i cor conquide,
Chioma che vince l'ebano,
Sorriso incantator!

Alma innocente, ingenua,
Che se medesma ignora.
Modestia impareggiabile,
Bontà che v'innamora.

Ai miseri pietoso,
Gentil, dolce, amoroso! Ah!
Il ciel l'ha fatta nascere
Per far beato un cor!

In uomini, in soldati

In uomini, in soldati, sperare
fedelta?
Non vi fate sentir, per carita!

Di pasta simile son tutti quanti,
Le fronde mobili, l'aure incostanti

I will never find peace
And never more.

My bosom urges itself
onward to him.
ah, might I grasp
and hold him!

and kiss him,
as much I want,
from his kisses
I would die!

Oh could I kiss him,
as much I want,
from his kisses
I would die!

Beautiful as an angle
On earth as a pilgrim.
Fresh as a lily
that opens upon morning.
Eyes that speak and laugh,
a glance that the heart conquers,
hair that surpasses ebony,
an enchanting smile!

An innocent and naïve soul,
who cares little for herself.
Modesty incomparable,
Goodness that will make you fall in
love.

For the poor she is full of pity,
Gentle, sweet, loving! Ah!
Heaven has created her
To bless one heart!

In men, in soldiers you hope for
fidelity?
Don't let anyone hear you, for pities
sake!
They're all made of the same dough.
the branches movable, the breezes
fickle

Han piu degli uomini stabilita!
Mentite lagrime, fallaci sguardi
Voci ingannevoli, vezzi bugiardi
Son le primarie lor qualita!
In noi non amano che il lor diletto,
Poi ci dispregiano, neganci
affetto,
Ne val da barbari chieder pieta!
Paghiam o femmine, d'ugual
moneta
Questa malefica razza
indiscreta.
Amiam per comodo, per vanita!

have more stability than men!
Lying tears, false glances,
voices deceiving, charms lying
these are their primary qualities!
They love us only for their pleasure,
Than us they do not respect, deny us
affection,
It's useless to ask their pity!
Let us pay of women, with the same
coin
Let women pay back this evil,
indiscreet breed in the like manner.
Let us love for convenience, for
vanity!

Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen

Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen,
Fehlt auch ein gutes Herze nicht.

With men, who feel love,
will not lack a good heart.

Die süssen Triebe mitzufühlen,
Ist dann der Weiber erste Pflicht

The sweet desires to feel with him,
is then the women's first duty.

Wir wollen uns der Liebe freun,
Wir leben durch die Lieb' allein.

We wish to enjoy life in love,
we live through love alone.

Die Lieb' versüset jede Plage,
Ihr opfert jede Kreatur.

Love sweetens every trouble,
every creature gives it its due.

Sie würzet unsre Leben stage,
Sie wirkt im kreise der Natur.

It gives spice to our daily life,
it is a part of nature.

Ihr hoher Zweck zeigt deutlich an,
Nichts Edler's sei, als Weib und
Mann,
Mann und Weip, und Weib und
Mann,
Reichen an die Gotthelt an.

Its high purpose is clear to all,
there is nothing more noble than wife
and husband,
husband and wife, and wife and
husband,
they reach for a divine state.

Upcoming Events

April

2 - 8:15pm - Ford - *Enduring Masters*: Stanley Drucker, clarinet

4 - 7:00pm - Hockett - Flute Ensemble

5 - 7:00pm - Ford - *Immaculate Conception School Spring Concert*, led by Junior Choral Student Teachers

5 - 8:15pm - Hockett - *Faculty Showcase*

6 - 8:15pm - Hockett - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, *Jorge Grossman and Jeffrey Meyer, conductors*

7 - 8:15pm - Hockett - Faculty Recital: Ivy Walz

8 - 7:00pm - Hockett - Tuba Ensemble

9 - 7:00pm - Hockett - Faculty/Guest Recital: Dolce Flutes

9 - 8:15pm - Ford - High School Gospel Invitational Concert

10 - 4:00pm - Ford - Wind Ensemble, *Jonathan Musgrave, graduate conductor*

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You can find the complete listing of concerts at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/calendar/>