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## Graduate Recital: Michael Roddy, baritone

Michael Roddy

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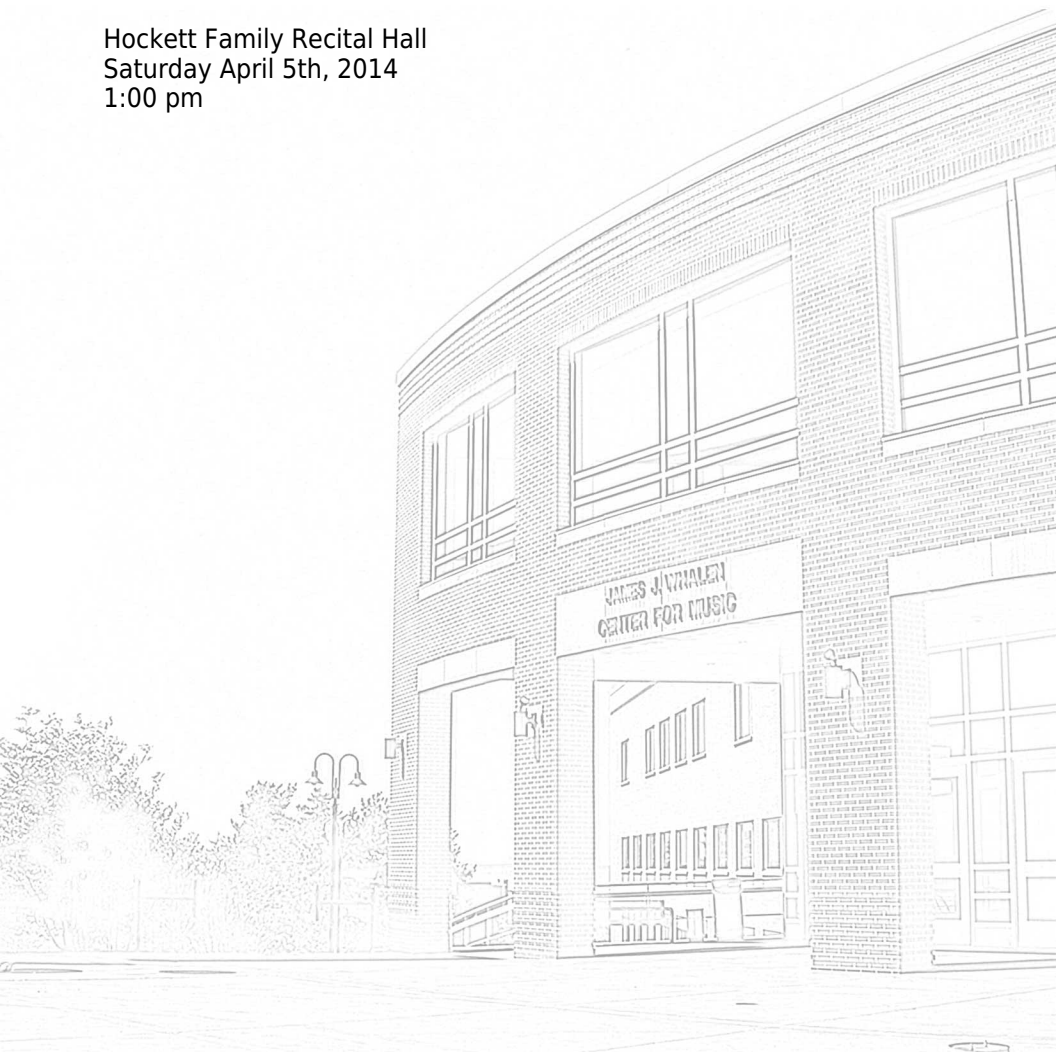
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# Graduate Recital:

Michael Roddy, baritone

Richard Montgomery, accompanist

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Saturday April 5th, 2014  
1:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Selections from *An die ferne Gelibte*

Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

- I. Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
- II. Wo die Berge so blau
- III. Leichte Segler in den Höhen
- IV. Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

L'ultima canzone

Francesco Paolo Tosti  
(1846-1916)

Core 'ngato

Salvatore Cardillo  
(1874-1947)

Rondine al nido

Vincenzo de Crescenzo  
(1913-1987)

## Intermission

*Cinq mélodies populaires grecques*

Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

1. Chanson de la mariée
2. Là-bas, vers l'église
3. Quel Galant m'est comparable
4. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
5. Tout gai!

Down by the Sally Gardens  
She Moved Through the Fair  
I Hear You Calling Me

arr. Herbert Hughes  
(1882-1937)

Charles Marshall  
(1857-1927)

Tigaree Torum Orum

arr. H. Hughes

## Translations

### **Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend**

In das blaue Nebelland,  
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,  
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,  
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal  
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,  
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht  
sehen,  
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,  
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen  
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir  
dringen,  
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?  
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,  
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht

Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

### **Wo die Berge so blau**

Aus dem nebligen Grau  
Schauen herein,  
Wo die Sonne verglüht,  
Wo die Wolke umzieht,  
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal  
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.  
Wo im Gestein  
Still die Primel dort sinnt,  
Weht so leise der Wind,  
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald  
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,  
Innere Pein.  
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,

### **On the hill sit I, peering**

Into the blue, hazy land,  
Toward the far away pastures  
Where I you, beloved, found.

Far am I, from you, parted,  
Separating us are hill and valley  
Between us and our peace,  
Our happiness and our sorrow.

Ah! The look can you not see,  
That to you so ardently rushes,  
And the sighs, they blow away  
In the space that separates us.

Will then nothing more reach you,  
Nothing be messenger of love?  
I will sing, sing songs,  
That to you speak of my pain!

For before the sound of love  
escapes  
Every space and every time,  
And a loving heart reaches,  
What a loving heart has  
consecrated!

### **Where the mountains so blue**

Out of the foggy gray  
Look down,  
Where the sun dies,  
Where the cloud encircles,  
I wish I were there!

There is the restful valley  
Stilled are suffering and sorrow  
Where in the rock  
Quietly the primrose meditates,  
Blows lightly the wind,  
I wish I were there!

There to the thoughtful wood  
The power of love pushes me,  
Inward sorrow,  
Ah! This moves me not from here,

Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir  
Ewiglich sein!

Could I, dear, by you  
Eternally be!

**Leichte Segler in den Höhen,**  
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,  
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,  
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

**Light veils in the heights,**  
And you, brook, small and narrow,  
Should my love spot you,  
Greet her, from me, many times.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen  
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,  
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen  
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

See you, clouds, her go then,  
Meditating in the quiet valley,  
Let my image stand before her  
In the airy heavenly hall.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,  
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.

If she near the bushes stands,  
Now that autumn is faded and  
leafless,

Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,

Lament to her, what happened to  
me,

Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Lament to her, birds, my suffering!

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen  
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl  
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen  
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Quiet west, bring in the wind  
To my heart's chosen one  
My sighs, that pass  
As the last ray of the sun.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,

Whisper to her of my love's  
imploring,

Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,

Let her, little brook, small and  
narrow,

Treu in deinen Wogen sehen  
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Truly, in your waves see  
My tears without number!

**Nimm sie hin denn, diese  
Lieder,**

Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,  
Singe sie dann abends wieder  
Zu der Laute süßem Klang.

**Take, then, these songs,**

That I to you, beloved, sang,  
Sing them again in the evenings  
To the sweet sounds of the lute!

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann  
zieht  
Nach dem stillen blauen See,  
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet  
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

When the red twilight then moves  
toward the calm, blue lake,  
And the last ray dies  
behind that hilltop;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,  
Was mir aus der vollen Brust  
ohne Kunstgepräg erklingen,  
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

And you sing, what I have sung,  
What I, from my full heart,  
Artlessly have sounded,  
Only aware of its longings.

Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht  
Was geschieden uns so weit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

### **L'ultima canzone**

#### **M'han detto che domani**

Nina vi fate sposa,  
Ed io vi canto ancor la serenata.  
Là nei deserti piani  
Là, ne la valle ombrosa,  
Oh quante volte a voi l'ho  
ricantata!

Foglia di rosa  
O fiore d'amaranto  
Se ti fai sposa  
Io ti sto sempre accanto.

Domani avrete intorno  
Feste sorrisi e fiori  
Nè penserete ai nostri vecchi  
amori.  
Ma sempre notte e giorno  
Piena di passione  
Verrà gemendo a voi la mia  
canzone.

Foglia di menta  
O fiore di granato,  
Nina, rammenta  
I baci che t'ho dato!

### **Core 'ngrato**

Catari, Catari, pecche me dice sti  
parole amare,  
pecche me parle e 'o core me  
turmiente, Catari?  
Nun te scurda ca t'aggio date 'o  
core, Catari,  
nun te scurda!

Catari, Catari, che vene a dicere stu  
parla ca me da spaseme?

Tu nun'nce pienze a stu dolore mio,

For before these songs yields,  
What separates us so far,  
And a loving heart reaches  
For what a loving heart has  
consecrated.

### **The Last Song**

They told me that tomorrow  
Nina, you will be a bride.  
Yet still I sing my serenade to you!  
Up on the barren plateau,  
down in the shady valley,  
Oh, how often I have sung it to  
you!

Rose-petal  
O flower of amaranth,  
though you marry,  
I shall be always near.

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded by  
celebration, smiles and flowers,  
and will not spare a thought for our  
past love;  
yet always, by day and by night,  
with passionate moan  
my song will sigh to you.

Mint-flower,  
O flower of pomegranate,  
Nina, remember  
the kisses I gave you!

### **Ungrateful Heart**

Caterina, Caterina, why do you say  
those bitter words?  
Why do you speak and torment my  
heart, Caterina?  
Don't forget, I gave you my heart,  
Caterina,  
don't forget.

Caterina, Caterina, why do you  
come and say those words  
that hurt me so much?  
You don't think of my pain,

tu nun'nce pienze, tu nun te ne  
cure.

Core, core, 'ngrato,  
t'aje pigliato 'a vita mia,  
tutt'e passato e  
nun'nce pienze chiu!

### **Rondine al nido**

Sotto la gronda de la torre  
antica  
Una rondine amica,  
Allo sbocciare del mandorlo è  
tornata.  
Ritorna tutti gli anni,  
Sempre alla stessa data,  
Monti e mare essa varcav per  
tornar.

Solo amore  
Quando fugge e va lontano  
Speri invano  
ma non torna più,  
Speri invano  
Ma non torna più.

Ne la penombra dolce della sera  
Passa la primavera.  
Cinguettano le rondini nel volo,  
Ebbre di luce e d'aria.  
Ed io son triste e solo;  
Monti e mare tu non varchi per  
tornar.

Mia piccina,  
Fosti tutta la mia vita;  
Sei fuggita  
E non torni più.  
Sei fuggita  
E non torni più.

### **Chanson de la mariée**

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi,  
perdrix mignonne,

you don't think, you don't care.

Ungrateful heart,  
you have stolen my life.  
Everything is finished  
and you don't care any more!

### **Return of the swallows**

Under the eaves of the old  
tower,  
as the almond tree blossoms,  
a friendly swallow has returned.

Every year she returns,  
always in the same day.  
She crosses mountains and sea to  
get back here.

Only love flees  
and does not return.  
It makes you hope in vain,  
but it does not return.  
It makes you hope in vain,  
but it does not return.

In the soft twilight of evening  
springtime is passing.  
The swallows chatter in their flight  
they are drunk with light and air.  
But I am sad and lonely.  
You do not cross mountains and  
sea to come back to me.

My little one,  
You were my whole life,  
but you ran away,  
never to return.  
You ran away,  
never to return!

### **The Song to the Bride**

Awake, awake,  
my darling partridge,

Ouvre au matin tes ailes.  
Trois grains de beauté,  
mon coeur en est brûlé!

Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,  
Pour le nouer autour de tes  
cheveux.

Si tu veux, ma belle,  
viens nous marier!  
Dans nos deux familles,  
tous sont alliés!

### **Là-bas, vers l'église**

Là-bas, vers l'église,  
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,  
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,  
L'église Ayio Costanndino,  
Se sont réunis,  
Rassemblés en nombre infini,  
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,  
Du monde tous les plus braves!

### **Quel galant m'est comparable?**

Quel galant m'est comparable,  
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?  
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,  
pistolets et sabre aigu...  
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

### **Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques**

O joie de mon âme,  
Joie de mon coeur,  
Trésor qui m'est si cher;  
Joie de l'âme et du coeur,  
Toi que j'aime ardemment,  
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

O lorsque tu parais,  
Ange si doux  
Devant nos yeux,  
Comme un bel ange blond,

Open to the morning your wings.  
Three beauty marks;  
my heart is on fire!

See the ribbon of gold that I bring  
To tie round your hair.

If you want, my beauty,  
we shall marry!  
In our two families,  
everyone is related!

### **Yonder by the church**

Yonder, by the church,  
By the church of Ayio Sidero,  
The church, o blessed Virgin,  
The church of Ayio Costanndino,  
There are gathered,  
Assembled in numbers infinite,  
The world's, o blessed Virgin,  
All the world's most decent folk!

### **What Gallant compares with me?**

What gallant compares with me,  
Among those one sees passing by?  
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!

See, hanging on my belt,  
My pistols and my curved sword.  
And it is you whom I love!

### **Song of the Girls Collecting Mastic**

O joy of my soul,  
joy of my heart,  
treasure which is so dear to me,  
joy of my soul and heart,  
you whom I love ardently,  
you are more handsome than an  
angel.

O when you appear,  
angel so sweet,  
Before our eyes,  
Like a fine, blond angel,



Sous le clair soleil,  
Hélas! tous nos pauvres coeurs  
sopirent!

**Tout gai!**

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!  
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;  
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,  
Tra la la la la.

under the bright sun,  
Alas! all of our poor hearts sigh!

**Everyone is joyous!**

Everyone is joyous, joyous!  
Beautiful legs, which dance,  
Beautiful legs; even the dishes  
are dancing!  
Tra la la, la la la!