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4-29-2014

Elective Recital: Ariana Warren, mezzo-soprano and Michael Palmer, baritone

Ariana Warren

Michael Palmer

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Joint Recital:

Ariana Warren, mezzo-soprano

Michael Palmer, baritone

Accompanied by:

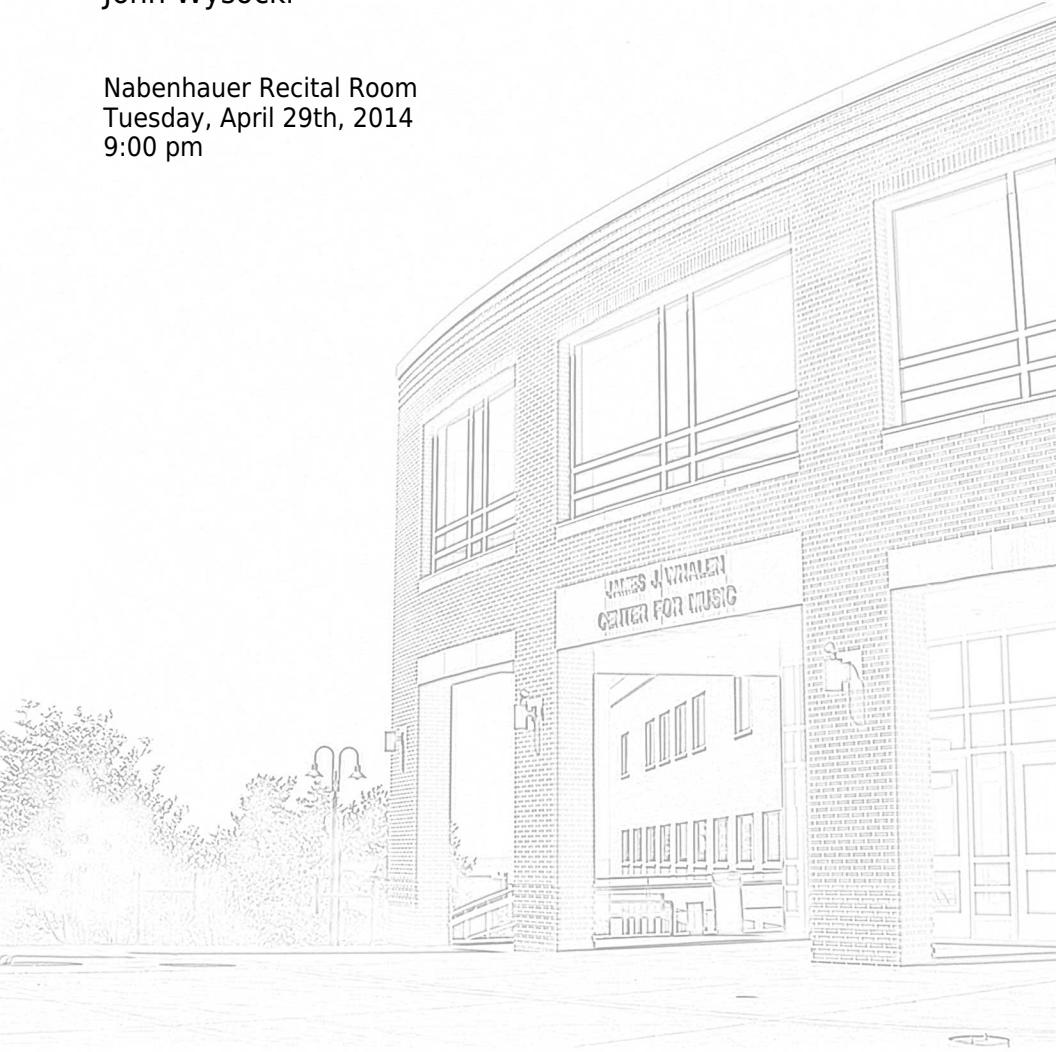
Samuel Martin

John Wysocki

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Tuesday, April 29th, 2014

9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

My Name is John Wellington
Wells
The Sorcerer

W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan
(1836-1911)
(1842-1900)

Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques
1. Xypnise pe
2. An pas pera kato
3. Pios allos
4. O! Gli kia chara mou
5. Yaroumbi, yaroumbi!

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Recontre
Adieu

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio
Le Nozze di Figaro

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

Morning After Omelette
If She Were Coming Home
Next Thing You Know
Goodbye
I Love You Because
Pioneer Child's Doll
Little Elegy
The Sunflowers

Joshua Salzman and Ryan
Cunningham

Move on
Sunday in the Park with George

Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930)

Translations

Xypnise pe

Ξυπνησε πετροπερδιχα
τιναξε τα φτεραδου

τρεις ελιες χαι μια αμενη

την χαρδια μου χεις χαμενη
χρυση χορδλα σουφερα

ναπλεξης τα μαλλιασου
βρ`ελα να γινουμεν ταΐρια

χ` οι γονιοι μας συμπεθέρια

Wake up, wake up lovely
Open your wings to the
morning,
Three olives and my heart is
blown,
You've captured my heart.
The golden ribbon that I brought
you,
To braid your hair.
If you want my lovely, Let's get
married, And so our families
can be united.

An pas pera kato

κάτω στόν Αχάτω στόν Αγιο
Σίδερο
στόν Αγιο παναγιάμου

στόν Αγιο Κωσταντινο

μαζεύγουνται σωριάζουνται
του χόσμου Ιλαναγιάμου
του χόσμου γοι άντριωμένοι

Down to Saint Sidero,
Where we will see Our sacred
Virgin Mary, The church of
Saint Constantine,
They're gathering, falling in a
heap,
The world of Virgin Mary,
The bravest of people.

Pios allos

Ποιός άσίχης σάν χ'εμένα
στό μπαζάρι περ'πατεί
χαπετάν Βασιλική
Μέ χουμπούρια δυο σ'τη μέση
χαί με δίχανω σπαθι
Γιά σ'αγάπη μου, χρυσή

What dandy can compare to me
On my way to the bazaar.
Tell me, captain Vassiliki!
See, hanging on my belt a
saber.
My golden love.

O! gli kia chara mou

Ω νάντζελος είσαι, μάτιαμου
ω, τσ'άντζελιχά φορένεις τήγνή.
ή χι ο λες τάς νιές μαραίννεις.

O joy to my soul,
o joy to my eyes
You who I love passionately,
You are more, angelic.
Like a beautiful, blonde angel,
beneath the bright sun,
You step on the Earth like a
beautiful angel,
Walking through my life.

Yaroumbi, yaroumbi!

Γιαρούμπι, γιαρούμπι
Εχεις γάμπα, τίχ'ε τίχ ε σπάσ'τα
Εχεις γάμπα, τά ποτήρια
σπάσ'τα, Βάι δάνάμα
λα, ρα, λα, λαι, λα, μάν, á μάν
άμα

Ah, all are merry!
Beautiful legs, tralala,
Which break glasses.
La, ra, la, lai, la!

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je
t'ai rencontrée
Je sens moins, aujourd'hui, mon
obstiné tourment.
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme
inespérée
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi
vainement?
Ô, passante aux doux yeux,
serais-tu l'aimie

Qui rendrait le bonheur au
poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme
affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un
coeur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la
mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur
la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase
s'éveille,
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle
âme est cher.
Une mystérieuse et douce
sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme
un vivant lien,

Et mon âme frémît, par l'amour
envahie,
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te
connaître bien!

I was sad and pensive when I
met you:
I feel less, today, my persistent
torment.
Oh tell me, could you be the
women unhoped for
and the ideal dream I pursued in
vain?
Oh passer-by with gentle eyes,
could you be then the
friend
who restores the happiness to
the lonely poet,
and will you shine upon my
strengthened soul,
like the sky native on the heart
of an exile?

Your shy sadness, similar to my
own,
loves to watch the sun set on
the sea!
Before its vastness your ecstasy
is awakened,
and the charm of the evening is
dear to your lovely soul.
A mysterious and gentle
sympathy
already chains me to you like a
living bond, and my soul
trembles, overcome by love,

and my heart cherishes you,
without knowing you well!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
déclose,
et les frais manteaux diaprés
des prés;
les longs soupirs, les
bienaimées,
fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger
changer,
plus vite que les flots des
grèves,
nos rêves,
plus vite que le givre en fleurs,
nos coeurs!

À vous l'pn se croyait fidèle,
cruelle,
Mais hélas! Les plus longs
amours sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos
charmes,
sans larmes,
presqu'au moment de mon
aveu,
adieu!

How everything dies quickly,
the rose opens,
and the fresh dappled mantle
of the meadows;
the long sighs, the loved-ones,
gone up in smoke!

One sees in this fickle world
change,
more quickly than the waves on
the shore,
our dreams,
more quickly than the frost on
the flowers,
our hearts!

One believed oneself faithful to
you, cruel-one,
But alas! the most long loves
are short!

And I say on taking leave of
your charms,
without tears,
almost at the moment of my
avowal,
farewell!

Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio

Non so piu cosa son, cosa
faccio,
Or di foco, ora sono di ghiacco,
Ogni donna cangiar di colore,

Ogni donna mi fa palpitar.
Solo ai nomi d'amor, di diletto,

Mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto,

E a parlare mi sforza d'amore
Un desio ch'io non posso
spiegar.
Parlo d'amore vegliando,
Parlo d'amore songnando,
All,acqua, all'ombra, ai monti,

Ai fiori, all'erbe, ai'fonti,
All'eco, all'erbe, ai venti,

Che il suon de'vani accenti
Portano via con se.
E se non ho chi m'oda,

Parlo d'amor con me!

I don't know any more what I
am, what I'm doing,
Now I'm fire, now I'm ice,
Any woman makes me change
color,
Any woman makes me quiver.
At just the names of love, of
pleasure,
My breast is stirred up and
changed,
And a desire I can't explain
Forces me to speak of love.

I speak of love while awake,
I speak of love while dreaming,
To the water, the shade, the
hills,
The flowers, the grass, the
fountains,
The echo, the air, and the winds

Which carry away with them
The sound of my vain words.
And if there's nobody to hear
me,
I speak of love to myself!