

3-24-2012

## Senior Recital: Ted Zimnicki, tenor

Ted Zimnicki

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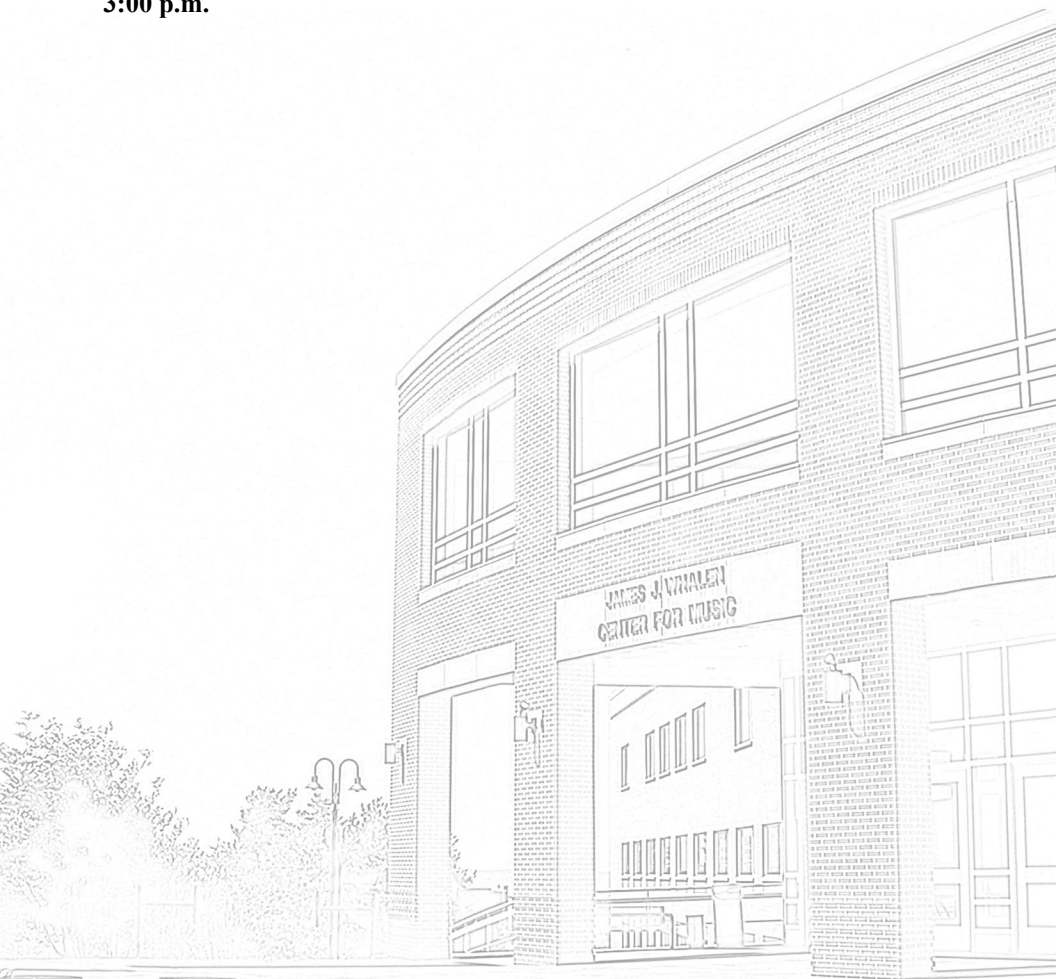
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**Senior Recital:  
Ted Zimmnicki, tenor**

**Matthew Holehan, piano**

**Ford Hall  
Saturday, March 24, 2012  
3:00 p.m.**



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

**School of Music**

## Program

Tu, Preparati A Morire  
From *Ariodante*

George Fredrick Handel  
(1685-1758)

Im Frühling

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Der Gärtner  
Er ist's

La Donna è Mobile  
From *Rigoletto*

Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

## Intermission

L'enlèvement

Camille Saint-Saëns  
(1835-1921)

Aimons-Nous  
Danse Macabre

Another Reason Why I Don't Keep a Gun in the House

Tom Cipullo  
(b. 1968\_

Desire

Embrace

Cancer

Flames

Putting Down the Cat

Another Reason Why I Don't Keep a Gun in the House

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This Senior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance.  
Ted Zimnicki is from the studio of Randie Blooding.

## Notes/Translations

### **Tu, Preparati A Morire**

Tu, preparati a morire,  
se mentire ti vedrò.

Se la bella m'ha ingannato,  
disperato io morirò.

### **Im Frühling**

Hier lieg' ich auf dem Frühlingshügel;  
die Wolke wird mein Flügel,  
ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.  
Ach, sag' mir, all einzige Liebe,  
wo du bleibst, daß ich bei dir bliebe!

Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt kein  
Haus.

Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein  
Gemüte offen,  
sehnd,  
sich dehnend  
in Lieben und Hoffen.  
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?  
Wenn werd' ich gestillt?

Die Wolke seh' ich wandeln und den  
Fluß,  
es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuß  
mir tief bis in's Geblüt hinein;  
die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,  
tun, als schliefen sie ein,  
nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene  
lauschet.

Ich denke Diess und denke Das,  
ich sehne mich, und weiß nicht recht,  
nach was:  
halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage:  
  
mein Herz, o sage,  
was webst du für Erinnerung  
in golden grünen Zweige Dämmerung?  
  
Alte unnennbare Tage!

### **George Fredrick Handel**

You, prepare to die,  
if I find you are lying.

But if beauty deceived me,  
I will die in despair.

### **Hugo Wolf**

Here I lie on the hill of spring;  
The clouds become my wings,  
a bird flies ahead of me.  
Oh tell me, all unique love,  
where you live, that I may dwell with  
you!  
But you and the breezes have no home.

Like a sunflower my mind stands open,  
  
yearning,  
expanding  
in love and hope.  
Spring, what is it you want of me?  
When shall I be stilled?

I see the cloud moving, and the river;  
  
the golden kiss of the sun  
drives deep into my veins;  
my eyes, wondrously intoxicated,  
close as if in sleep.  
Only my ears still catch the hum of the  
bee.

I think of this and think of that,  
I yearn without quite knowing why.

Half is my half pleasure, half my  
lament.  
My heart, tell me,  
what memories you are weaving  
here in the twilight shade of golden-green  
boughs?  
Old unnameable days!

## **Der Gärtner**

Auf ihrem Leibrößlein  
So weiß wie der Schnee,  
Die schönste Prinzessin  
Reit't durch die Allee.

Der Weg, den das Rößlein  
Hintanzet so hold,  
Der Sand, den ich streute,  
Er blinket wie Gold!

Du rosenfarb's Hütlein  
Wohl auf und wohl ab,  
O wirf eine Feder,  
Verstohlen herab!

Und willst du dagegen  
Eine Blüte von mir,  
Nimm tausend für eine,  
Nimm alle dafür!

## **Er ist's**

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab ich vernommen!

On her favorite pony  
as white as snow,  
the fairest princess  
rides down the avenue.

On the path down which her steed  
so finely prances,  
the sand that I strewed there  
glitters like gold!

You rose-colored little hat,  
bobbing up and down,  
O toss a feather  
stealthily down!

and if, for that, you would like  
a little flower from me,  
take a thousand for one -  
take all of them!

Spring lets its blue ribbon  
flutter again in the breeze;  
a sweet, familiar scent  
sweeps with promise through the land.

Violets are already dreaming,  
and will soon arrive.  
Hark! In the distance - a soft harp tone!  
Spring, yes it is you!  
It is you that I have heard!

### **La Donna è Mobile**

La donna è mobile  
Qual piuma al vento,  
Muta d'accento e di pensiero.  
Sempre un amabile,  
Leggiadro viso,  
In pianto o in riso, è menzognero.

La donna è mobile  
Qual piuma al vento,  
Muta d'accento e di pensiero.

È sempre misero  
Chi a lei s'affida,  
Chi le confida mal cauto il core!

Pur mai non sentesi  
Felice appieno  
Chi su quel seno non liba amore!

La donna è mobile  
Qual piuma al vento,  
Muta d'accento e di pensiero.

### **Giuseppe Verdi**

Woman is flighty  
Like a feather in the wind,  
She changes her voice and her mind.  
Always a sweet,  
Pretty face,  
In tears or in laughter, she is always  
lying.

Woman is fickle  
Like a feather in the wind,  
She changes her voice and her mind.

Always miserable  
Is he who trusts her,  
He who confides in her his unwary  
heart!

Yet one never feels  
Fully happy  
Who on that bosom does not drink love!

Woman is frivolous  
Like a feather in the wind,  
She changes her voice and her mind.

## L'enlèvement

Si tu veux, faisons un rêve:  
Montons sur deux palefrois;  
Tu m'emmènes, je t'enlève.  
L'oiseau chante dans les bois.

Je suis ton maître et ta proie;  
Partons, c'est la fin du jour;  
Mon cheval sera la joie,  
Ton cheval sera l'amour.

Viens! Nos doux chevaux mensonges  
Frappent du pied tous les deux,  
Le mien au fond de mes songes,  
Et le tien au fond des cieus.

Un bagage est nécessaire;  
Nous emporterons nos vœux,  
Nos bonheurs, notre misère,  
Et la fleur de tes cheveux.

Viens! Le soir brunit les chênes;  
Le moineau rit ; ce moqueur  
Entend le doux bruit des chaînes  
Que tu m'as mises au cœur.

Ce ne sera point ma faute  
Si les forêts et les monts,  
En nous voyant côte à côte,  
Ne murmurent pas : Aïmons!

Allons-nous-en par l'Autriche!  
Nous aurons l'aube à nos fronts;  
Je serai grand, et toi riche,  
Puisque nous nous aimerons.

Allons-nous-en par la terre,  
Sur nos deux chevaux charmants,  
Dans l'azur, dans le mystère,  
Dans les éblouissements!

Tu seras dame, et moi comte;  
Viens, mon cœur s'épanouit;  
Viens, nous conterons ce conte  
Aux étoiles de la nuit.

## Camille Saint-Saëns

If you want, let us make a dream:  
Let us mount two horses;  
You lead me, I kidnap you,  
The birds singing in the woods

I am your master and your prey;  
Let us depart! It's the ending of the day;  
My horse will be joy,  
Your horse will be love

Come! Our two imaginary horses  
Hit the ground with all their feet,  
Mine in the depths of my dreams,  
And yours in the depths of the sky.

Luggage is necessary,  
We will carry our desires,  
Our happy times, our miseries,  
And the flower for your hair

Come! The evening darkens the oaks;  
The sparrow laughs; this mocking  
Hears the sweet sound of chains  
That you have put around my heart.

It is not my fault  
If the forests and the mountains,  
Upon seeing us side by side,  
Never murmur: Let us love!

Let us go to Austria!  
We will have the dawn on our foreheads;  
I will be grand, and you rich,  
because we love each other.

Let us go across the earth,  
On our two charming horses,  
Into the blue, into the sky,  
Into the brilliance!

You will be a lady, and I a count;  
Come, my heart blossoms;  
Come, we will see this story  
to the stars of the night.

### **Aimons-Nous**

Aimons-nous et dormons  
Sans songer au reste du monde!  
Ni le flot de la mer, ni l'ouragan des  
monts  
Tant que nous nous aimons  
Ne courbera ta tête blonde,  
Car l'amour est plus fort  
Que les Dieux et la Mort!

Le soleil s'éteindrait  
Pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure,  
Le vent qui jusqu'à terre incline la forêt,

En passant n'oserait  
Jouer avec ta chevelure,  
Tant que tu cacheras  
Ta tête entre mes bras!

Et lorsque nos deux coeurs  
S'en iront aux sphères heureuses  
Où les célestes lys écloront sous nos  
pleurs,  
Alors, comme deux fleurs,  
Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,  
Et tâchons d'épuiser  
La mort dans un baiser!

### **Danse Macabre**

Zig et zig et zig, la mort en cadence  
Frappant une tombe avec son talon,  
La mort à minuit joue un air de danse,  
Zig et zig et zag, sur son violon.

Le vent d'hiver souffle, et la nuit est  
sombre,  
Des gémissements sortent des tilleuls;  
Les squelettes blancs vont à travers  
l'ombre  
Courant et sautant sous leurs grands  
linceuls,

Zig et zig et zig, chacun se trémousse,  
On entend claquer les os des danseurs,

Un couple lascif s'assoit sur la mousse  
Comme pour goûter d'anciennes  
douceurs.

### **Camille Saint-Saëns**

Let us love and sleep  
Without a care for the rest of the world!  
Neither ocean waves nor mountain  
storms,  
While we still love each other,  
Can bow your golden head,  
For love is more powerful  
Than Gods and death!

The sun would extinguish its rays  
To make your purity more pure,  
The wind which inclines to earth the  
forest  
Would not in passing dare  
To play with your hair,  
While you nestle  
Your head in my arms.

And when our two hearts  
Shall ascend to paradise,  
Where celestial lilies shall open beneath  
our tears,  
Then, like flowers,  
Let us join our loving lips  
And try to exhaust  
Death in a kiss!

### **Camille Saint-Saëns**

Tap, tap, tap - Death rhythmically,  
Taps a tomb with his heel,  
Death at midnight plays a dance,  
Tap, tap, tap, on his violin.

The winter wind blows, the night is  
dark,  
The lime-trees groan aloud;  
White skeletons go across the gloom,

Running and leaping beneath their huge  
shrouds.

Tap, tap, tap, everyone's dancing,  
You hear the bones of the dancers  
knock,  
A lustful couple sits down on the moss,  
As if to taste ancient delights.



Zig et zig et zag, la mort continue  
De racler sans fin son aigre instrument.  
Un voile est tombé! La danseuse est nue!  
Son danseur la serre amoureusement.

La dame est, dit-on, marquise ou  
baronne.  
Et le vert galant un pauvre charron:  
Horreur! Et voilà qu'elle s'abandonne  
Comme si le rustre était un baron!

Zig et zig et zag, quelle sarabande!  
Quels cercles de morts se donnant la  
main!  
Zig et zig et zag, on voit dans la bande  
Le roi gambader auprès du vilain!

Mais psit! Tout à coup on quitte la  
ronde,  
On se pousse, on fuit, le coq a chanté;

Oh! La belle nuit pour le pauvre monde!

Et vive la mort et l'égalité!

Tap, tap, tap, Death continues,  
Endlessly scraping his shrill violin.  
A veil has slipped! The dancer is naked!  
Her partner clasps her amorously.

The lady, they say, is a marchioness or a  
baroness,  
And the green gallant a poor cartwright.  
Horror! And now she's giving herself,  
As though the peasant were a baron!

Tap, tap, tap, what a saraband!  
Circles of the dead all holding hands!

Tap, tap, tap, in the throng you can see  
King and peasant gambol together!

But shh! Suddenly the dance is ended,  
They run, they fly - the cock has crowed;

Ah! A beautiful night for the poor of the  
world!  
And long live death and equality!