

4-25-2015

Junior Recital: Michael Palmer, baritone

Michael Palmer

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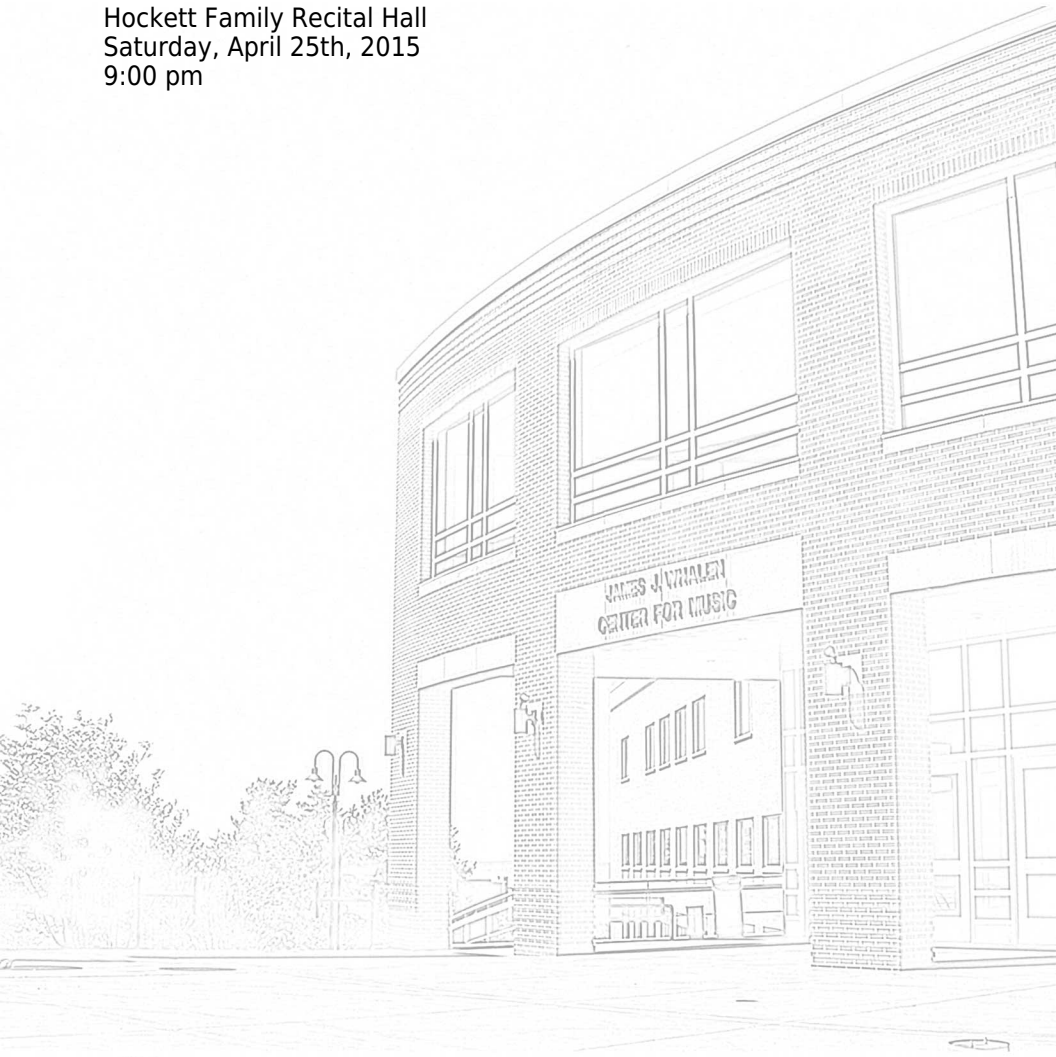
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Junior Recital:
Michael Palmer, baritone

Jon Vogtle, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, April 25th, 2015
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Filli di gioia vuoi farmi morir
Piango, gemo, sospiro e peno

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Une Chanson de Porcelaine

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Monologue from: Knee Deep in Fish
A Sa Guitare
Épitaphe
La Grenouillère

Kevin Schwendeman
Francis Poulenc

Three Songs of the Sea, Op. 1

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

I. The Sea-Bird
II. Moonlight
III. By the Sea

Intermission

An eine Stadt
Die Maske des Bösen
An den kleinen Radioapparat
Berlin im Licht

Hanns Eisler
(1898-1962)

Letting Go
If I Had Met You First
You'll Never Walk Alone

Alexander Sage Oyen
Caleb Hoyer
Words by Oscar Hammerstein
(1895-1960)
Music by Richard Rodgers
(1902- 1979)

Translations

Filli di gioia vuoi farmi morir

Filli di gioia vuoi farmi
morir,
ed io di pena mi sento languir,

Donar mi vuoi un ben che non
puoi
e ch'io non posso già mai
consequir.

Piango, gemo, sospiro e peno

Piango, gemo, sospiro e peno,
e la piaga rinchiusa è nel cor.
Solo chiedo per pace del seno,
che m'uccida più fiero dolor.

Une chanson de porcelaine

Une chanson de porcelaine bat
des mains

Puis en morceaux mendie et
meurt

Tu te souviendras d'elle pauvre
et nue

Matin des loups et leur morsure
est un tunnel

D'où tu sors en robe de sang

A rougir de la nuit

Que de vivants à retrouver

Que de lumières à éteindre

Je t'appellerai Visuelle

Et multiplierai ton visage.

Filli with joy you make me want to die

Filli with joy you make me
want to die,
and my heart languishes in
pain,

Give me to me the gift

that I cannot attain on my own.

I Weep, I Groan, I Sigh and I Suffer

I weep, I groan, I sigh and I
suffer,

and the wound is in my heart.
I ask only for the peace of my
heart,

that an even more fierce pain
might kill me.

A song of porcelain

A song of porcelain claps hands

then in pieces begs and dies

you will remember it poor and
denuded

morn of the wolves and their
bite is a tunnel

out of which you come robed in
blood

to blush for the night

so many living beings to find
again

so many lights to extinguish

I will call you Visual

and will replicate your face.

A Sa Guitare

Ma guitare, je te chante,
Par qui seule je déçois,
Je déçois, je romps, j'enchanté
Les amours que je reçois.

Au son de ton harmonie
Je rafraîchis ma chaleur,
Ma chaleur, flamme infinie,
Naissante d'un beau malheur.

Épitaphe

Belle âme qui fus mon
flambeau,
Reçois l'honneur qu'en ce
tombeau
Le devoir m'oblige à te rendre;
Ce que je fais te sert de peu,
Mais au moins tu vois en la
cendre
Que j'en aime encore le feu.

La Grenouillère

Au bord de l'île on voit
Les canots vides qui
s'entre-cognent,
Et maintenant
Ni le dimanche, ni les jours de la
semaine,
Ni les peintres ni Maupassant ne
se promènent
Bras nus sur leurs canots avec
des femmes à grosses
poitrines
Et bêtes comme chou.
Petits bateaux vous me faites
bien de la peine
Au bord de l'île.

To Her Guitar

My guitar, I sing to you,
through whom alone I deceive,
I deceive, I break off, I enchant
the loves that I receive.

At the sound of your harmony
I refresh my warmth,
my warmth, an infinite flame,
born of a beautiful sorrow.

Epitaph

Beautiful soul that was my
torch,
receive the homage that in this
tomb
duty obliges me to render to
you;
that which I do is of little use to
you,
but at least you will see in your
ashes
that I still love their flame.

The Froggery

By the shore of the island one
sees
The empty boats which bump
against each other,
And now
Neither on Sundays, nor on
weekdays,
Neither painters nor
Maupassant promenade
With bare arms on their boats
with women of full-bosom
who are stupid like cabbages.
Little boats, you make me very
sorrowful
By the shore of the island.

An eine Stadt

Lange lieb' ich dich schon,
möchte dich mir zur Lust
Mutter nennen und dir schenken
ein kunstlos Lied,

du der Vaterlandsstädte
Ländlichschönste, so viel ich
sah.

Wie der Vogel des Wald's über
die Gipfel fliegt,
schwingt sich über den Strom,
wo er vorbei dir glänzt,
leicht und kräftig die Brücke, die
von Wagen und Menschen
tönt.

Da ich vorüber ging, fesselt' der
Zauber auch mich,
da herein in die Berge mir die
reizende Ferne schien.

Du hast dem Flüchtigen
kühlenden Schatten geschenkt
und die Gestade sahen ihm alle
nach
und es tönnte aus den Wellen
das liebliche Bild.

Sträucher blühten herab, bis wo
im heiteren Tal
an den Hügel gelehnt oder dem
Ufer hold,

deine fröhlichen Gassen unter
duftenden Gärten ruhn.

In the City

Long have I loved you. I should
like, for my pleasure,
to call you "Mother" and to
present to you an artless
song,

to you, the most beautiful city
of the Fatherland, As far as
I have seen.

As the bird of the forest flies
over the peaks,
swings the current, where the
bridge shines over you,
lightly and powerfully, with the
sound of cars and people.

I walked the past, the magic
captured me as well,
as the lovely distance shone
into the mountain for me.

You're the fugitive cooling
shade given
and the shore saw it all
and the lovely picture sounded
from the waves.

Shrubs bloomed all the way, to
the joyful valley
where leaned against the
hillside or the caressing
shore,

Your merry streets rest among
the scented gardens.

Die Maske des Bösen

An meiner Wand hänget ein
japanisches Holzwerk,
Maske eines bösen Dämons,
bemalt mit Goldlack.
Mitfühlend sehe ich die
geschwollenen Stirnadern,
andeutend:
wie anstrengend ist es, böse zu
sein.

The Mask of Evil

On my wall hangs a Japanese
wood work,
mask of an evil demon, Painted
with gold paint.
Compassionate I see the
swollen forehead veins,
suggesting:
how exhausting it is to be evil.

An den kleinen Radioapparat

Du kleiner Kasten, den ich
flüchtend trug,
daß meine Lampen mir auch
nicht zerbrächen,
besorgt vom Haus zum Schiff,
vom Schiff zum Zug,
daß meine Feinde weiter zu mir
sprächen,

an meine Lager und zu meiner
Pein
der letzten nachts, der ersten in
der Früh',
von ihren Siegen und von
meiner Müh.
Versprich mir, nicht auf einmal
stumm zu sein.

To the Little Radio

You little box that I carried
fleeing,
that my lamps I also do not
break,
anxious from house to ship,
from ship to train,
that my enemies continue to
speak to me,

on my bed and to my pain
the last thing every night, the
first thing every morning,
from their victories and from my
toil.
Promise me not to be silent at
once.

Berlin im Licht

Und zum Spazierengehn genügt
das Sonnenlicht,
doch um die Stadt Berlin zu
sehen, genügt die Sonne
nicht,
das ist kein lauschiges
Plätzchen,
das ist 'ne ziemliche Stadt.
Damit man da alles gut sehen
kann,
da braucht man schon einige
Watt.
Na wat denn? Was ist das für
'ne Stadt denn?

Komm, mach mal Licht, damit
man sehn kann, ob was da
ist,
komm, mach mal Licht und rede
nun mal nicht.
Komm, mach mal Licht, dann
wollen wir doch auch mal
sehen,
ob das 'ne Sache ist: Berlin im
Licht.

Berlin in Lights

When you go for a walk
sunshine is enough,
but to see the city of Berlin, the
sun is not enough,

it's not some little hick-town,

it's one hell of a city.

If you want to see everything
there is,
it takes quite a few watts.

So what then? What kind of city
is it?

Come on, turn on the lights, so
we can see what there is
to see,

Come on, turn on the lights, and
don't say another word.

Come on, turn on the lights, so
that we can see for sure.

What the big deal is: Berlin in
Lights.