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Junior Recital: Michael Lewis, baritone

Michael Lewis

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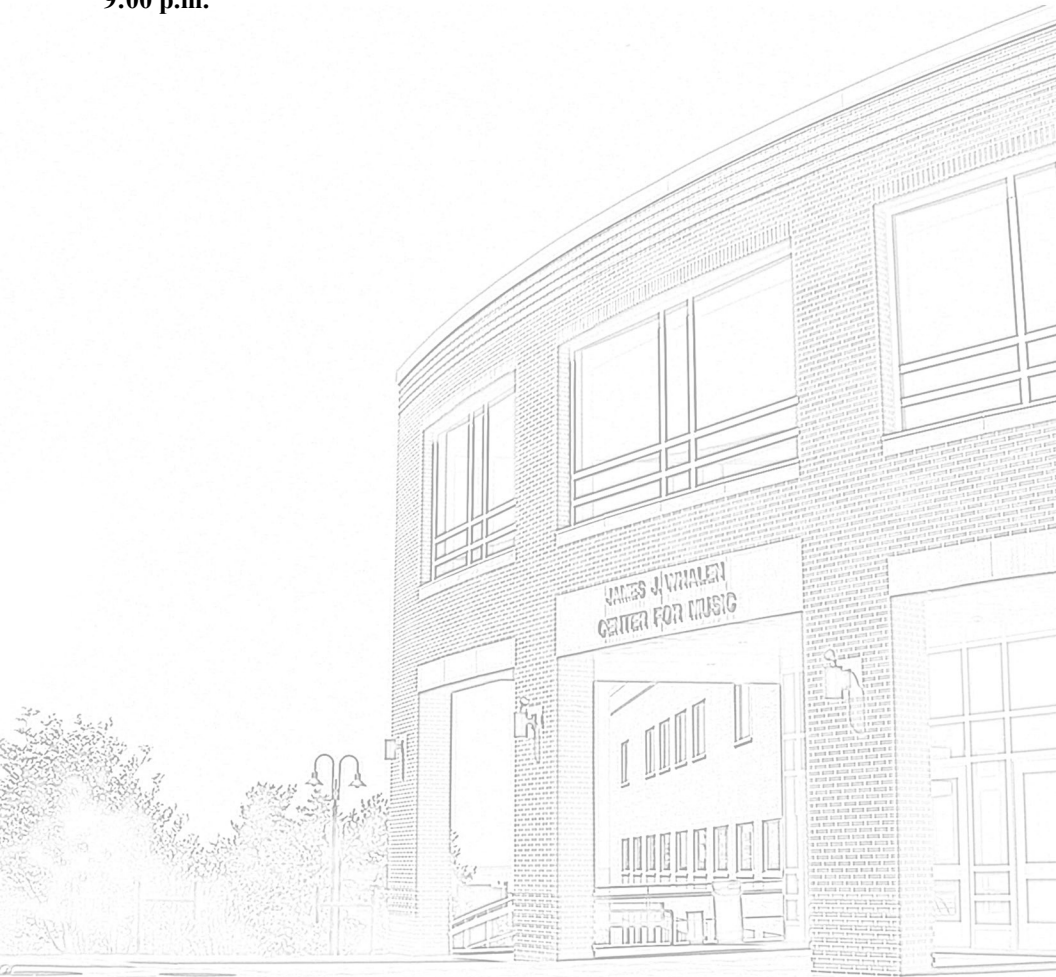
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**Junior Recital:
Michael Lewis, baritone**

Mary Holzhauser, piano

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday, April 2, 2012
9:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

This Poet Sings
Bacchus is a Power Divine

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

3 Harp Player's Songs from Goethe's *Wilhelm
Meister*

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass
Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt
An die Türen will ich schleichen

Madamina, il catalogo è questo

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

La Mi Sola Laureola

Fernando Obradors
(1897-1945)

Llueve sobre el rio

Federico Mompou
(1893-1987)

The Daisies
With Rue My Heart is Laden
I Hear an Army

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
Chanson Romanesque
Chanson Épique
Chanson à Boire

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance.
Michael Lewis is from the studio of Dr. David Parks.

Notes

This Poet Sings

This poet sings the Trojan wars,
Another of the Theban jars,
In rattling numbers, verse that dares.

Whilst I, in soft and humble verse,
My own captivities rehearse;
I sing my own defeats, which are
Not the events of common war.

Not fleets at sea have vanquish'd me,
Nor brigadiers, nor cavalry,
Nor ranks and files of infantry.

No, Anacreon still defies
All your artillery companies
Save those encamp'd in killing eyes;
Each dart his mistress shoots, he dies.

Bacchus is a Pow'r Divine

Bacchus is a pow'r divine,
For he no sooner fills my head
With mighty wine,
But all my cares resign,
And droop, then sink down dead.
Then the pleasing thoughts begin,
And I in riches flow,
At least I fancy so.
And without thought of want I sing,
Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around
With flowers weav'd into a garland crown'd.
Then I begin to live,
And scorn what all the world can show or give.
Let the brave fools that fondly think
Of honour, and delight,
To make a noise and fight
Go seek out war, whilst I seek peace and drink.
Then fill my glass, fill it high,
Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die,
But when the bottles rang'd make war with me,
The fighting fool shall see, when I am sunk,
The difference to lie dead, and lie dead drunk.

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend saß,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen
Mächte.

Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,
Ihr laßt den Armen schuldig werden,
Dann überlaßt ihr ihn der Pein:
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt,
Ach! der ist bald allein;
Ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt
Und läßt ihn seiner Pein.
Ja! Laßt mich meiner Qual!
Und kann ich nur einmal
Recht einsam sein,
Dann bin ich nicht allein.

Es schleicht ein Liebender lauschend
sacht,
Ob seine Freundin allein?
So überschleicht bei Tag und Nacht
Mich Einsamen die Pein,
Mich Einsamen die Qual.

Ach, werd ich erst einmal
Einsam in Grabe sein,
Da läßt sie mich allein!

An die Türen will ich schleichen

An die Türen will ich schleichen,
Still und sittsam will ich stehn,
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung reichen,
Und ich werde weitergehn.

Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm erscheint,
Eine Träne wird er weinen,
Und ich weiß nicht, was er weint.

He who never ate his bread with tears

He who never ate his bread with tears,
he who never, through miserable nights,
sat weeping on his bed -
he does not know you, Heavenly
Powers.

You lead us into life,
you let the wretched man feel guilt,
and then you leave him to his pain -
for all guilt avenges itself on earth.

He who gives himself over to solitude

He who gives himself over to solitude,
ah! he is soon alone;
everyone lives, everyone loves,
and everyone leaves him to his pain.
Yes! Leave me to my torment!
And can I only once
be truly lonely,
then I will not be alone.

A lover creeps up and listens softly -
is his beloved alone?
So, both day and night, does
the pain creep up on my solitude,
and the torment creep up on my
loneliness.
Ah! only once, when
I am alone in my grave,
will it then truly leave me alone!

I will creep from door to door

I will creep from door to door;
quiet and humble will I stand.
A pious hand will give me food,
and I shall go on my way.

Everyone will think himself lucky
when he sees me before him;
a tear will he shed,
but I won't know why he weeps.

Madamina, il catalogo è questo

Eh, consolatevi; non siete voi, non foste,
e non sarete né la prima, né l'ultima.
Guardate! questo non picciol libro
è tutto pieno dei nomi di sue belle.
Ogni villa, ogni borgo, ogni paese
è testimon di sue donnesche imprese.

Madamina, il catalogo è questo
delle belle che amò il padron mio;
un catalogo egli è che ho fatt'io.
osservate, leggete con me.
In Italia seicento e quaranta,
in Almagna duecento e trentuna,
cento in Francia, in Turchia novantuna,

ma in Ispagna son già mille e tre!

V'han fra queste contadine,
cameriere e cittadine,
v'han contesse, baronesse,
marchesane, principesse,
e v'han donne d'ogni grado,
d'ogni forma, d'ogni età.

Nella bionda egli ha l'usanza
di lodar la gentilezza,
nella bruna la costanza,
nella bianca la dolcezza.

Vuol d'inverno la grassotta,
vuol d'estate la magrotta;
è la grande maestosa,
la piccina è ognor vezzosa...
Delle vecchie fa conquista
pel piacer di porle in lista:

sua passion dominante
è la giovin principiante.
Non si picca se sia ricca,
se sia brutta, se sia bella;
purché porti la gonnella,
voi sapete quel che fa!

My lady, this is the list

Console yourself, for you are not, nor
have you been,
and neither will be the first or last.
Look here, see this not so small book,
it is full of the names of his beauties.
Every town, every village, every country
is witness to his female exploits.

My lady, this is the list
of the beauties that my master has loved;
a list that I made myself;
Look here, read with me.
In Italy sixhundred and forty;
In Germany twohundred and thirtyone;
Onehundred in France, in Turkey
ninetyone;

But in Spain there are already a thousand
and one.

There are among these peasant girls,
Servants, townspeople,
There are countesses, baronesses,
Marquesses, princesses.
And there are women of every class,
Of every shape, of every age.

With the blondes he usually
Praises their manners,
With the brunettes their faithfulness,
With the gray-haired ones their
sweetness.

In the winter he wants the heavy ones,
In the summer he wants the slim ones;
The big ones are majestic,
the little ones are charming,
He goes after the old ones
for the pleasure of putting them on the
list;

His overriding passion
are the young beginners
He doesn't care if a woman is rich
if she's ugly, if she's pretty;
as long as she has a skirt on,
you know what he does.

La Mi Sola Laureola

La mi sola, Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola.
Yo el cautivo Leriano
Aunque mucho estoy ufano
Herido de aquella mano
Que en el mundo es una sola.
La mi sola, Laureola
La mi sola, sola.

Llueve Sobre el Rio

Llueve sobre el río...
El agua estremese
los fragantes juncos
de la orilla verde...
¡Ay, qué ansioso olor
a pétalo frío!

Llueve sobre el río...

Mi barca parece mi sueño,
en un vago mundo.
¡Orilla verde!
¡Ay, barca sin junco!
¡Ay, corazón frío!

Llueve sobre el río...

Chanson Romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang

My Only Laureola

My only Laureola,
My only, only, only.
I, the captive Leriano,
Although much I am proud,
Wounded by that hand
That in the world is unique.
My only Laureola,
My only, only.

It Rains on the River

It rains on the river...
The water shakes
the fragrant reeds
on the green shore...
Oh that anxious smell
of the cold petal!

It rains on the river...

My boat seems like a dream,
in a vague world.
Green Bank!
Oh, no reed boat!
Oh, cold heart!

It rains on the river...

Romanesque Song

If you told me the eternal turning
Of the world, offended you.
I would send Panza:
you would see it motionless and silent.

If you told me you were bored by
the number of stars in the sky.
I would tear the heavens apart,
Erase the night in one swipe.

If you told me that the now-empty
space doesn't please you,
Chevalierdieu, with a lance at hand
I would fill the wind with stars.

But, my Lady, if you told me

Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blémirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée.

Chanson Épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir

De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir

Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame

Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame,

Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

Chanson à Boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
Lorsque j'ai ... lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!...

that my blood is more mine than yours.
That reprimand would turn me pale
And, blessing you, I would die.

Oh, Dulcinée.

Epic Song

Good Saint Michael, who gives me the
chance

to see my Lady and to hear her.
Good Saint Michael who deigns to
choose me

to please and defend her.
Good Saint Michael will you descend
With Saint George to the altar
Of the Virgin in the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven, bless my
sword

And his equal in purity
And his equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

O Great Saint George and Saint Michael
The angel who guards my watch
My sweet Lady, so much like you
Virgin in the blue mantle.
Amen.

Drinking Song

Fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady
Who, for losing me in your sweet eyes
Tells me that love and old wine
Put my heart and soul in mourning.

I drink to pleasure!
Pleasure is the only goal,
To which I go straight...
When I've drunk !

Fig for the jealous, dark-haired mistress
who moans, who cries and swears
Always being the pallid lover,
Watering down his intoxication

I drink to pleasure!...

Upcoming Events

April

- 3 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase Recital
- 4 - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble
- 5 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Sean Duggan, piano
- 6 - Hockett - 10:00am - Sean Duggan, piano masterclass
- 9 - Iger - 8:15pm - Guest Lecture: Husa Visiting Professor of Composition
- 10 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble
- 12 - Nabenhauer - 7:00pm - Improv Ensemble
- 13 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Talea
- 16 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Frank Campos, trumpet/Nicholas Walker, bass
- 17 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Ensemble
- 18 - Hockett - 10:00am - Honors Convocation
- 18 - Ford - 8:15pm - Sinfonietta - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*
- 19 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Opera Workshop
- 19 - Nabenhauer - 9:00pm - Sophomore Percussion Students
- 20 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Vocal Masterclass: Nedda Casei
- 21 - Hockett - 4:00pm - Yusheng Li and the New Continent Saxophone Quartet
- 21 - Ford - 8:15pm - Chamber Orchestra - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*
- 22 - Ford - 3:00pm - Chorus - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*
- 22 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble (GS)
- 23 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Woodwind Chamber Ensemble
- 23 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab
- 24 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Recital: Ivy Walz/Brad Hougham/Jean Radice
- 24 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble (CA)
- 25 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*
- 25 - Hockett - 9:00pm - Piano Ensemble