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Junior Recital: Michael Lewis, baritone

Michael Lewis

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Junior Recital:
Michael Lewis, baritone
Mary Holzhauer, piano

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

This Poet Sings
Bacchus is a Power Divine

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

3 Harp Player’s Songs from Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister*
Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass
Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergiebt
An die Türen will ich schleichen

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Madamina, il catalogo è questo

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

La Mi Sola Laureola
Llueve sobre el rio

Fernando Obradors
(1897-1945)

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.
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 diff'rence 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 überläßt 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 testimone di sue donne che imprese.

Eh, consolez-vous; vous n’êtes pas, ni n’avez été,
ni n’allez être ni le premier, ni le dernier.
Regardez! ce n’est pas un petit livre
qui soit tout plein de ses belles.
Chaque villa, chaque bourg, chaque pays
est témoin de ses femmes qui ont accompli des exploits.

Madamina, il catalogo è questo
delle belle che amò il padron mio;
osservate, leggete con me.
In Italia seicento e quaranta,
in Almagna duecento e trentuna,
ma in Ispagna son già mille e tre!

V’han fra queste contadine,
cameriere e cittadine,
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 predominante
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 overiding 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.

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.

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

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!

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

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

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang

But, my Lady, if you told me
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame, 
Je blèmirais 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 bâtar, illustre Dame, 
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux 
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux 
Mettent en deuill 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, brute 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