

4-22-2016

Senior Recital/Cabaret: Michael Palmer, baritone

Michael Palmer

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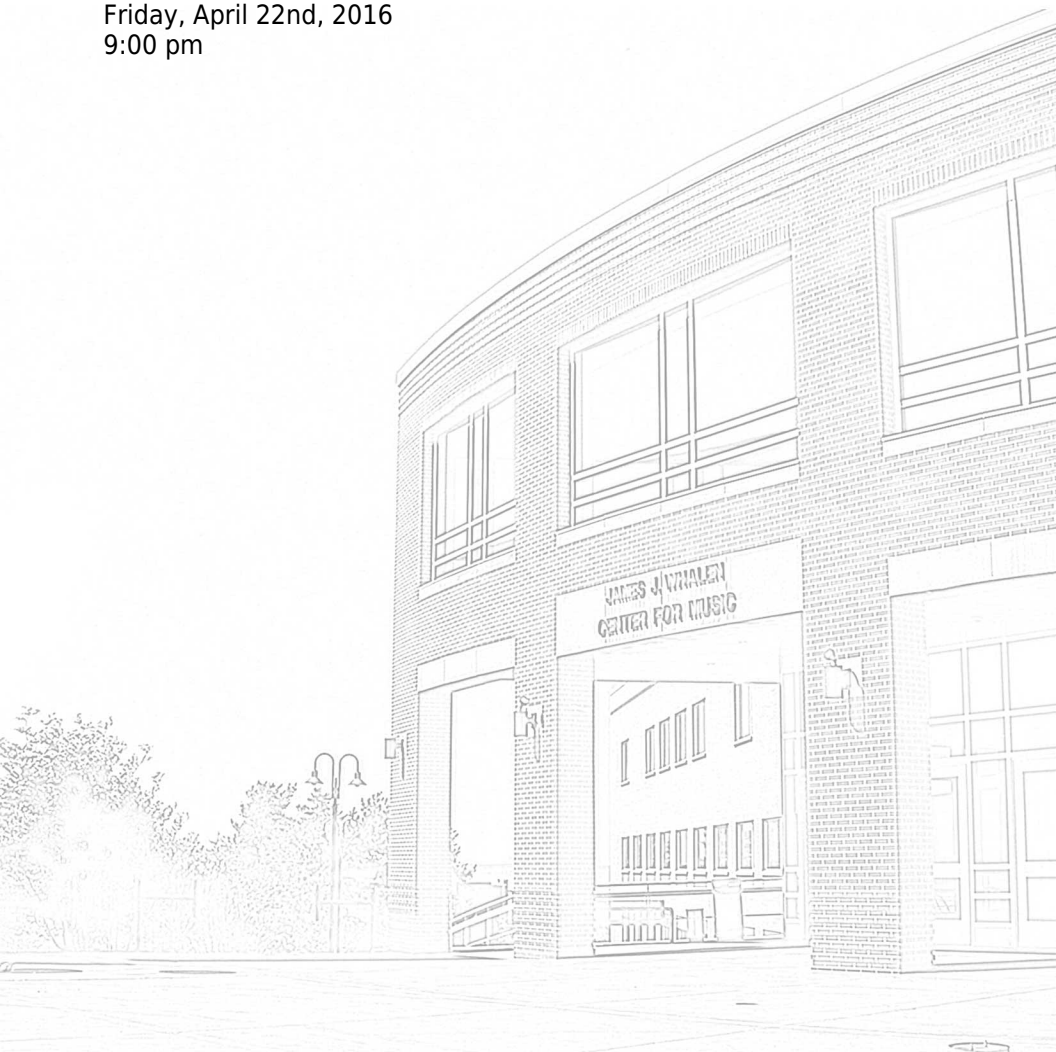
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Senior Recital/Cabaret:
Michael Palmer, baritone

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano
Zach Brown, cello

Ford Hall
Friday, April 22nd, 2016
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Quand on n'a que l'amour
J'arrive

Jacques Brel
(1963-1978)

An Sylvia, D. 891
Wandrer's Nachtlied, D. 224
Mein! from *Die Schöne Müllerin*, D.795

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Sogno
Core 'ngrato

Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)
Salvatore Cardillo
(1874-1947)

Intermission

Further Away

Ben Howard
(b.1987)

"Finishing The Hat"
from *Sunday In The Park With George*

Stephen Sondheim
(b.1930)

Songs of an Unmade Bed:
Perfect Finite
The Other Other Women
I Miss New York
He Plays The Cello

Mark Campbell lyrics
Chris Miller music
Jake Heggie music
Peter Golub music
Jeffery Stock music

"It All Fades Away"
from *The Bridges Of Madison County*

Jason Robert Brown
(b. 1970)

Old Pine

Ben Howard
(b. 1987)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance.
Michael Palmer is from the studio of Carol McAmis.

Translations

Quand on n'a que l'amour

Quand on n'a que l'amour À s'offrir en partage Au jour du grand voyage Qu'est notre grand amour	When we have only love To offer in share On the day of the great journey That is our great love
Quand on n'a que l'amour, Mon amour toi et moi Pour qu'éclatent de joie, Chaque heure et chaque jour.	When we have only love, My love, you and me, So that each hour and each day Burst with joy.
Quand on n'a que l'amour Pour vivre nos promesses Sans nulle autre richesse Que d'y croire toujours	When we have only love To live our promises With no other resource Than always believing
Quand on n'a que l'amour Pour meubler de merveilles Et couvrir de soleil La laideur des faubourgs	When we have only love To furnish with wonders And cover with sunlight The suburbs' ugliness
Quand on n'a que l'amour Pour unique raison Pour unique chanson Et unique secours	When we have only love As a single reason As a single song And single relief
Quand on n'a que l'amour Pour habiller matin Pauvres et malandrins De manteaux de velours	When we have only love To provide, in the morning, The poor and the highwayman With velvet coats
Quand on n'a que l'amour À offrir en prière Pour les maux de la terre, En simple troubadour	When we have only love To offer as a prayer To the earth's pains, As a simple troubadour
Quand on n'a que l'amour À offrir à ceux-là Dont l'unique combat Est de chercher le jour	When we have only love To offer to those Whose sole struggle Is to look for daylight

Quand on n'a que l'amour
Pour tracer un chemin
Et forcer le destin
À chaque carrefour

When we have only love
To show the way
And change the course of fate
At every crossroad

Quand on n'a que l'amour
Pour parler aux canons
Et rien qu'une chanson
Pour convaincre un tambour

When we have only love
To talk to guns
And just a song
To convince a drum

Alors, sans avoir rien
Que la force d'aimer,
Nous aurons dans nos mains,
Ami, le monde entier

So, having nothing
But the strength to love,
We will have in our hands,
My friend, the whole world

J'arrive

De chrysanthèmes en
chrysanthèmes
Nos amitiés sont en partance
De chrysanthèmes en
chrysanthèmes
La mort potence nos dulcinées
De chrysanthèmes en
chrysanthèmes
Les autres fleurs font ce qu'elles
peuvent
De chrysanthèmes en
chrysanthèmes
Les hommes pleurent les
femmes pleuvent

Of chrysanthemums in
chrysanthemums
Our friends are departing
Of chrysanthemums in
chrysanthemums
Death in brackets, our Dulcineas
Of chrysanthemums in
chrysanthemums
Other flowers do what they can
Of chrysanthemums in
chrysanthemums
Men cry, women rain

J'arrive, j'arrive
Mais qu'est-ce que j'aurais bien
aimé
Encore une fois traîner mes os
Jusqu'au soleil jusqu'à l'été
Jusqu'au printemps, jusqu'à
demain
J'arrive, j'arrive

I arrived, I arrived
But I would have liked
One more time to drag my
bones
Towards sunlight, until summer
Towards spring, until tomorrow
I arrived, I arrived

Mais qu'est-ce que j'aurais bien aimé

Encore une fois voir si le fleuve

Est encore fleuve voir si le port

Est encore port m'y voir encore

J'arrive, j'arrive

Mais pourquoi moi pourquoi maintenant

Pourquoi déjà et où aller

J'arrive bien sûr, j'arrive

N'ai-je jamais rien fait d'autre qu'arriver

De chrysanthèmes en chrysanthèmes

A chaque fois plus solitaire

De chrysanthèmes en chrysanthèmes

A chaque fois surnuméraire

J'arrive, j'arrive

Mais qu'est-ce que j'aurais bien aimé

Encore une fois prendre un amour

Comme on prend le train pour plus être seul

Pour être ailleurs pour être bien

J'arrive, j'arrive

Mais qu'est-ce que j'aurais bien aimé

Encore une fois remplir d'étoiles

Un corps qui tremble et tomber mort

Bûlé d'amour le cœur en cendres

J'arrive, j'arrive

C'est même pas toi qui est en avance

C'est déjà moi qui suis en retard

J'arrive, bien sûr j'arrive

N'ai-je jamais rien fait d'autre qu'arriver

But I would have liked

One more time to see if the river

Is still a river, to see if the port

Is still a port, to see me there again

I arrived, I arrived

But why me? Why now?

Why already and where do I go?

I arrived of course, I arrived

I have never done anything else but arrive

Of chrysanthemums in chrysanthemums

Each time more alone

Of chrysanthemum in chrysanthemums

Each time more numerous

I arrived, I arrived

But I would have liked

One more time to take love

Like one takes the train to be more alone

To be elsewhere. To be content.

I arrived, I arrived

But I would have liked

One more time to fill a body with stars

That trembles and falls death

Burnt from love, the heart in ashes

I arrived, I arrived

It's not even you who is ahead

It's again me who is late

I arrived, of course I arrived

I have never done anything else but arrive

An Sylvia

Was ist Sylvia, saget an,
Das sie die weite Flur preist?

Schön und zart seh ich sie
nahn,
Auf Himmelsgunst und Spur
weist,
Dass ihr alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit
Und verweilt in süßer Ruh.

Darum Silvia tön, o Sang,
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren:
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

What is Silvia? announce it,
that she the wide world
praises?

Fair and tender I see her
approach,
by heaven's-favor and sign is
shown
that to-her all are-subject.

Is she beautiful and good as
well?

Charm refreshing like gentle
childhood;
to her eyes hurries Cupid,
there he heals his blindness
and lingers in sweet rest.

Therefore to Silvia, oh song,
ring honors to the fair Silvia;
every charm has conquered
her since,
that earth can grant:
gralands to her and sounding
strings!

Wandrers Nactlied

Der du von dem Himmel bist,
alles Leid und Schmerzen
stillest,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,

Doppelt mit Entzückung
füllest,
Ach! ich bin des Treibens
müde!
Was soll all der Schmerz und
Lust?

You who from the heaven
are,
all sorrow and pain quiet,

And he who is doubly
wretched,
fill with a double measure of
comfort.

Ah! I am tired of life's drives!

What is all this pain and joy?

Süßer Friede,
Komm, ach komm in meine
Brust!

Sweet peace,
Come, ah, come into my
heart!

Mein!

Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen
sein!
Räder, stellt euer Brausen
ein!
All ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
Groß und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!
Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut ein Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist
mein!
Mein!

Little brook, leave your
babbling be!
Wheels, cease your roaring!
All you cheerful wood-birds,
large and small,
end your melodies!
Through the grove,
out and in,
sing today one song only:
the beloved miller's daughter
is mine!
Mine!

Frühling, sind das alle deine
Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen
hellern Schein?
Ach, so muß ich ganz allein
Mit dem seligen Worte mein
Unverstanden in der weiten
Schöpfung sein!

Spring, are all of those your
little flowers?
Sun, have you no brighter
shine?
Ah, so I must be all alone
With the blissful word,
not understood in all of
creation!

Sogno

Ho sognato che stavi a'
ginocchi,
Come un santo che prega il
Signor,
Mi guardavi nel fondo
degli'occhi,
Sfavillava il tuo sguardo d'amor.

I've dreamed of you on your
knees
like a saint who prays to the
Lord,
you gazed at me and in your
eyes,
your glance of love sparkled.

Tu parlavi e la voce sommessa
Mi chiedea dolcemente mercè,

You spoke and your soft voice
asked me sweetly for mercy,

Solo un guardo che fosse
promessa
Imploravi, curvata al mio piè.

Only a glance that is promised
did you implore bended at my
foot.

Io tacevo e coll'anima forte
Il desio tentatore lottò.
Ho provato il martirio e la
morte,
pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di no.

I was silent and with my strong
soul
struggled to resist temptation.
I have felt martyrdom and
death,
yet you conquered me and said
no.

Ma il tuo labbro sfiorò la mia
faccia
E la forza del cor mi tradì.
Chiusi gli occhi, ti stesi le
braccia,
Ma, sognavo e il bel sono svanì.

But your lips touched my face
and the force of your heart
betrayed me.
You closed your eyes, you
stretched out your arms,
but I was dreaming and the
beautiful dream vanished.

Core 'Ngrato

Catari, Catari, pecche me dice
sti parole amare,
pecche me parle e 'o core me
turmiente, Catari?
Nun te scurda ca t'aggio date 'o
core,
Catari, nun te scurda!

Caterina, Caterina, why do you
say those bitter words?
Why do you speak and torment
my heart, Caterina?
Don't forget, I gave you my
heart, Caterina,
don't forget.

Catari, Catari, che vene a dicere
stu parla ca me da
spaseme?
Tu nun'nce pienze a stu dolore
mio,
tu nun'nce pienze, tu nun te ne
cure.

Caterina, Caterina, why do you
come and say those words
that hurt me so much?
You don't think of my pain,
you don't think, you don't care.

Core, core, 'ngrato,
t'arie pigliato 'a vita mia,
tutt'e passato e
nun'nce pienze chiu!

Ungrateful heart,
you have stolen my life,
everything is finished
and you don't care any more!