

10-26-2013

## Graduate Recital: Michael Roddy, baritone

Michael Roddy

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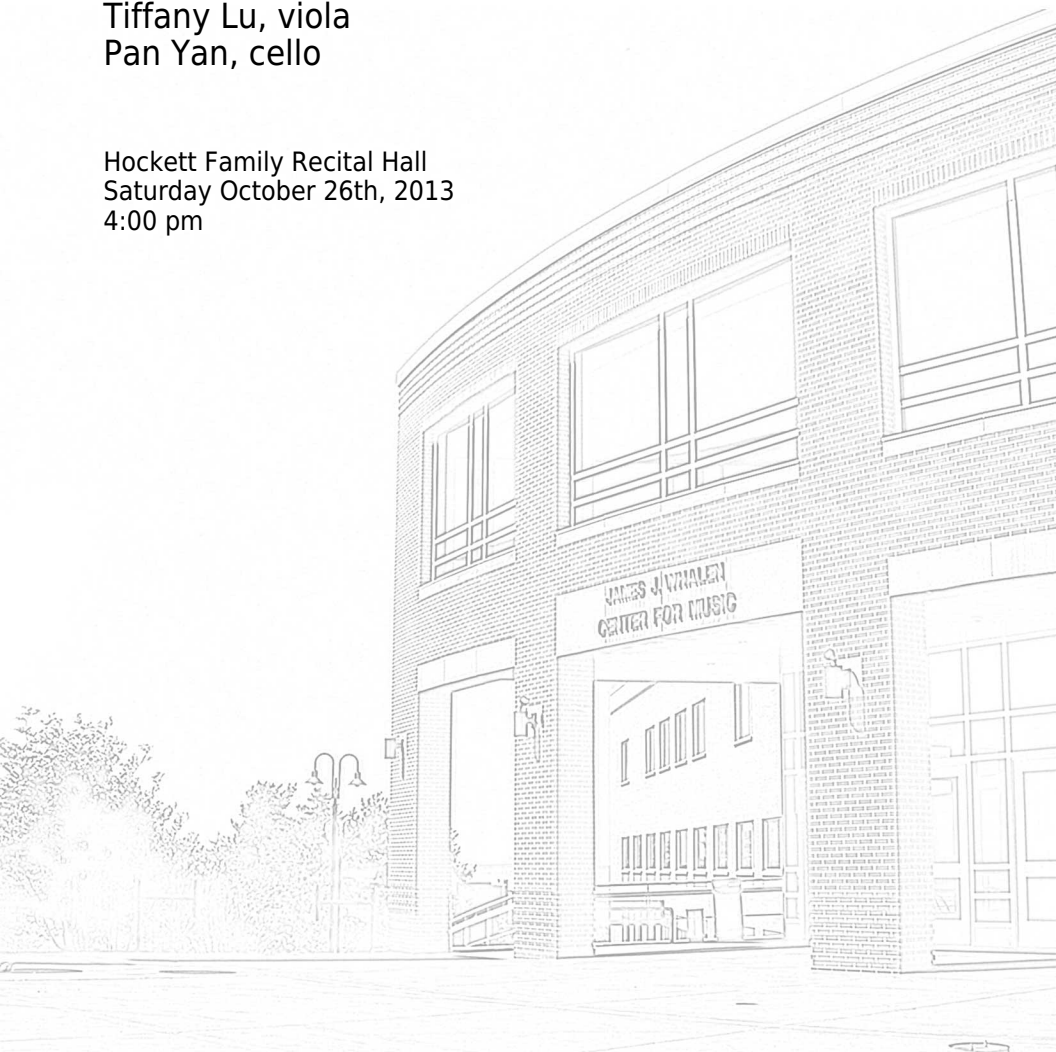
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# Graduate Recital:

Michael Roddy, baritone

Richard Montgomery, piano and harpsichord  
Daniel Venora, trumpet  
Stephanie Dumais, flute  
Laura Sciavolino, violin  
Tiffany Lu, viola  
Pan Yan, cello

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Saturday October 26th, 2013  
4:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music



# Program

- Großer Herr und starker König  
from *Weihnachts-Oratorium*, BWV 248  
*Richard Montgomery, harpsichord*  
*Daniel Venora, trumpet*  
*Stephanie Dumais, flute*  
*Laura Sciavolino, violin*  
*Tiffany Lu, viola*  
*Yan Pan, cello*  
Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)
- Fußreise  
Verborgeneheit  
Zueignung  
Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)  
Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)
- Three Songs, opus 10*  
texts by James Joyce from *Chamber Music*  
Sleep  
Rain Has Fallen  
I Hear an Army  
Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

## Intermission

- Come paride vezzoso  
from *L'elisir d'amore*  
Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1948)
- Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*  
I. Chanson romanesque  
II. Chanson épique  
III. Chanson à boire  
Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)
- Mattinata  
Ruggiero Leoncavallo  
(1857-1919)  
E l'uccellino  
Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)  
Lasciati amar  
Ruggiero Leoncavallo  
(1857-1919)

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Master of Music in Vocal Performance. Michael Roddy is from the studio of Randie Blooding.

## Translations

### **Großer Herr, und starker König,**

Liebster Heiland, o wie wenig  
Achtest du der Erden Pracht!  
Der die ganze Welter erhält,  
Ihre Pracht und Zier erschaffen  
Muss in harten Krippen schlafen.

### **Fußreise, Eduard Mörike**

Am frischgeschnittenen Wanderstab,  
Wenn ich in der Frühe  
So durch Wälder ziehe,  
Hügel auf und ab:

Dann, wie's Vöglein im Laube  
Singet und sich rührt,  
Oder wie die gold'ne Traube  
Wonnegeister spürt  
In der ersten Morgensonne:

So fühlt auch mein alter, lieber  
Adam Herbst und Frühlingfieber,  
Gottbeherzte,  
Nie verscherzte  
Erstlings Paradieswonne.

Also bist du nicht so schlimm, o alter  
Adam, wie die strengen Lehrer sagen;  
Liebst und lobst du immer doch,  
Singst und preisest immer noch,  
Wie an ewig neuen Schöpfungstagen,  
Deinen lieben Schöpfer und Erhalter.

Möcht' es dieser geben  
Und mein ganzes Leben  
Wär' im leichten Wanderschweiß  
Eine solche Morgenreise!

### **Verborgtheit, Eduard Mörike**

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiß ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

### **Great Lord, O mighty King,**

dearest Saviour, O how little  
You regard earthly splendour  
He who maintains the whole world  
and created its glory and adornment  
must sleep in a hard crib.

### **Journey on Foot**

With a freshly cut walking stick,  
in the early morning,  
I walk through the woods,  
up hill and down.

Then, like the little bird in the bower  
who sings and stirs itself,  
or as the golden grapes  
felt the joyous bliss  
in the first morning light:

So feels also my old, dear inner  
Adam feels Autumn and Spring fever,  
Inspired by God,  
Never forsaken  
The first bliss of paradise.

After all, you are not so bad, oh old  
Adam, as the strict teachers say;  
Keep on loving and rejoicing then,  
Singing and praising,  
As if each day were the first day of  
creation,  
My beloved Creator and Preserver.

Would that this be given to me  
Then my whole life  
Could pass in the light sweat  
Of such a morning journey!

### **Seclusion**

Leave, oh world, leave me be!  
Tempt me not with the gift's of love.  
Leave this heart alone to have  
It's joy, it's pain!

Why I grieve, I do not know,  
It is an unknown pain.  
At all times I look through tears  
At the sun's lovely light.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewußt,  
Und die helle Freude zücket  
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket,  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

**Zueignung**, Hermann von Gilm

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele  
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,

Liebe macht die Herzen krank,  
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,  
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,  
Und du segnestest den Trank,  
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,  
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,  
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,  
Habe Dank!

**Come paride vezzoso**, Felice  
Romani

Come Paride vezzoso  
porse il pomo alla più bella,

mia diletta villanella,  
io ti porgo questi fior.  
Ma di lui più glorioso,  
più di lui felice io sono,  
poiché in premio del mio dono  
ne riporto il tuo bel cor.

Veggio chiaro in quel visino  
ch'io fo breccia nel tuo petto.  
Non è cosa sorprendente;  
son galante, son sergente;  
non v'ha bella che resista  
alla vista d'un cimiero;  
cede a Marte iddio guerriero,  
fin la madre dell'amor.

Often, when I am scarcely expecting it,  
Pure joy flashes,  
Through the difficulties that oppress me,  
Blissfully in my heart.

Leave me, oh world, leave me be!  
Tempt me not with the gifts of love.  
Leave this heart alone to have  
It's joy, it's pain!

**Dedication**

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,  
How I suffer when I am from away from  
you.

Love makes the heart sick.  
Have thanks.

I once held, I who toasted freedom,  
High the amethyst beaker,  
And you blessed the drink.  
Have thanks.

And with it you exorcised all evils,  
Until I, as never before,  
Blest, blest sank upon your heart,  
Have thanks!

As handsome Paris  
gave the apple to the most beautiful  
one,  
my delightful village-girl,  
I give you this flower.  
But I am more glorious,  
and happier than him,  
since as a reward for my gift,  
I take your lovely heart.

I see clearly in that little face  
that I made a breach into her heart.  
Not that it's surprising;  
I am gallant! I am a sergeant!  
There is no beauty who can resist  
A man in uniform.  
To Mars, the god of war,  
even the mother of love yielded.

**Chanson romanesque, Paul Morand**

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

Ô Dulcinée.

**Chanson épique, Paul Morand**

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.

**Romantic Song**

If you told me the eternal turning  
 Of the world, offended you  
 I would dispatch 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,  
 knight of God, with a lance at hand  
 I would fill the wind with stars.

But, my Lady, if you told me  
 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.

### **Chanson à boire, Paul Morand**

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!...

### **Mattinata, Ruggiero Leoncavallo**

L'Aurora, di bianco vestita,  
Già l'uscio dischiude al gran sol,  
Di già con le rose sue dita  
Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!  
Commosso da un fremito arcano  
Intorno il creato già par,  
E tu non ti desti, ed invano  
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar:  
Metti anche tu la veste bianca  
e schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!  
Ove non sei la luce manca,  
Ove tu sei nasce l'amor!

### **E l'uccellino, Renato Fucini**

E l'uccellino canta sulla fronda:  
Dormi tranquillo, boccuccia d'amore:  
Piegala giù quella testina bionda,  
Della tua mamma posala sul cuore.

E l'uccellino canta su quel ramo:  
Tante cosine belle imparerai,  
Ma se vorrai conoscer quant'io t'amo,

Nessuno al mondo potrà dirlo mai!

E l'uccellino canta al ciel sereno:  
Dormi, tesoro mio, qui sul mio seno.

### **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! ...

### **Morning**

The dawn, dressed in white,  
has already opened the door to the sun,  
and with pink fingers  
caresses the myriads with flowers.  
A mysterious trembling seems  
to disturb all nature,  
yet you will not get up, and vainly  
I stand here sadly and sing.  
Dress yourself, too, in white  
and open the door to your serenader!  
Where you are not, all is dark,  
where you are, love is born!

### **And the little bird**

And the little bird sings on the branch:  
Sleep calmly, Boccuccia my love:  
Rest your little, blond head  
on your mother's heart.

And the little bird sings on that branch:  
You will learn so many beautiful things,  
But if you want to know how much I love  
you,  
No-one in the world can ever tell you!

And the bird sings to the serene sky:  
Sleep, my treasure, here on my breast.



**Lasciati amar, Ruggiero Leoncavallo**

Forse in fondo al tuo core  
(Non lo negar!),  
Come un raggio d'amore,  
Sta per spuntar.  
È un moto strano,  
Un senso arcano,  
Che un nuovo palpito fa in te vibrar!

Come un'alba novella  
Surge per te,  
Tutto intorno s'abbella  
né sai perché!  
Tutto è fiorito,  
E il cor smarrito  
Non sa se gaudio o duolo egli è  
Dal sogno tuo novello  
Lasciati alfin cullar,  
Schiudi le braccia  
D'amore in traccia,  
L'amore è bello,  
lasciati amar!

**Let yourself be loved**

Perhaps in the depths of your heart  
(do not deny it!)  
love, like a ray of light  
may be grown.  
It is a strange state of being,  
a mysterious feeling,  
that with new palpitation begins to  
vibrate in you!  
Like a new dawn  
breaking in you,  
all about you is made beautiful  
and you do not know why!  
Everything is in bloom,  
and the bewildered heart  
does not know if it is happy or sorrowful.  
By your new dream  
let yourself be rocked,  
open your arms  
to the signs of love,  
love is beautiful,  
Let yourself be loved!