

5-15-2013

Elective Recital: Adam Zimmer, baritone

Adam Zimmer

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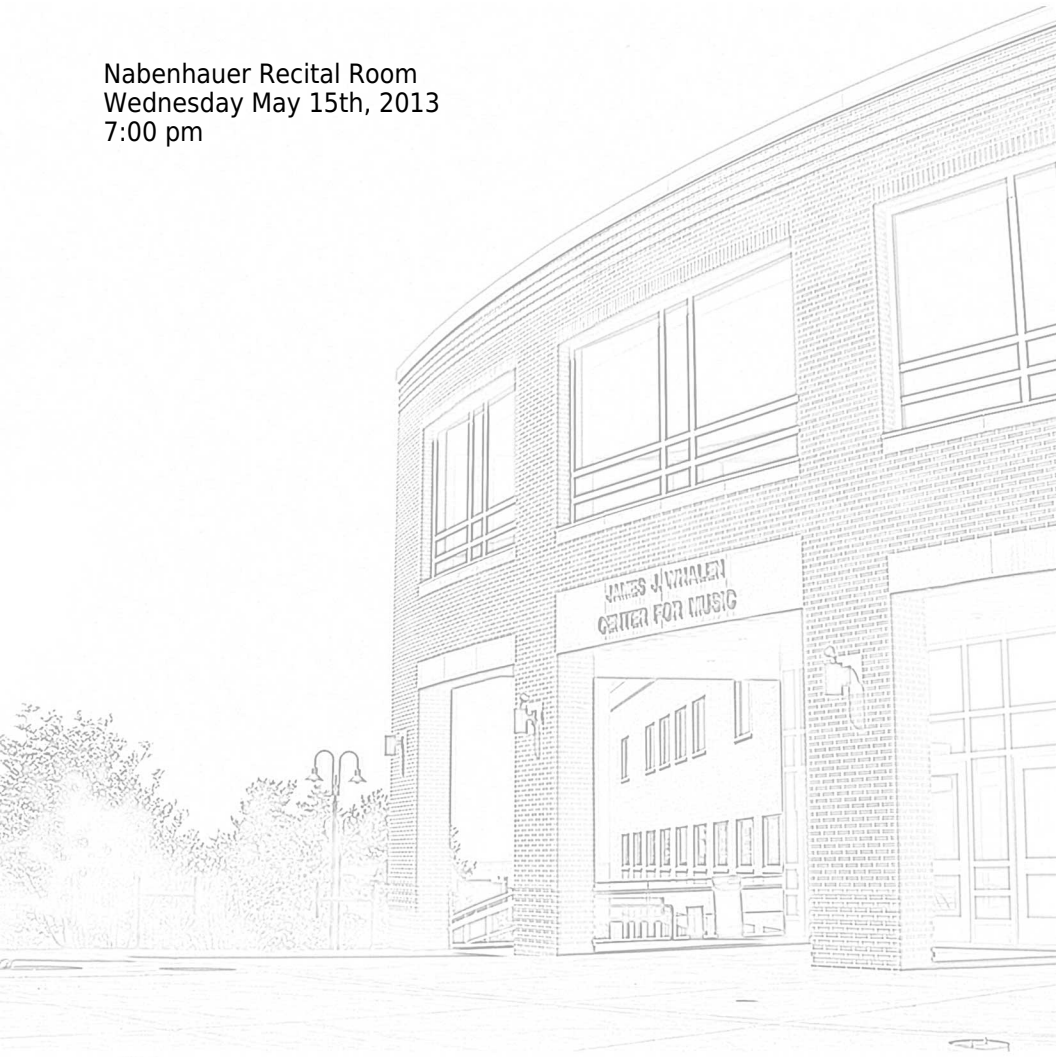
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Elective Recital: Adam Zimmer, baritone

Chris LaRosa, piano
William Shishmanian, guitar

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Wednesday May 15th, 2013
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Crudel! Perchè finora
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*
Janine Colletti, soprano W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Die Dreigroschenoper
Die Moritat von Mackie Messer
Seeraüberjenny Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

Two Folksongs of the New Palestine
Havu l'venim
Ba'a M'nucha Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

Intermission

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
Chanson romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Oh my goodness!
from *Flight*
Shaylyn Gibson, soprano
Jaime Guyon, soprano
Kevin Fortin, tenor Jonathan Dove
(b. 1959)

Already Gone
William Shishmanian, guitar
Erin Snedecor, cello Sugarland

Translations

Crudel! Perchè finora

SUSANNA
Signor...

SUSANNA
Signor ...

IL CONTE
Cosa bramate?

COUNT
What do you want?

SUSANNA
Mi par che siete in collera!

SUSANNA
It seems to me that you are angry!

IL CONTE
Volete qualche cosa?

COUNT
Do you want anything?

SUSANNA
Signor... la vostra sposa
ha i soliti vapori,
e vi chiede il fiaschetto degli odori.

SUSANNA
Signor ... your bride
has the vapors,
and asks for the smelling salts.

IL CONTE
Prendete.

COUNT
Take them.

SUSANNA
Or vel riporto.

SUSANNA
I'll return them soon.

IL CONTE
Ah no, potete
Ritenerlo per voi.

COUNT
Oh no, you can
keep them for yourself.

SUSANNA
Per me?
Questi non son mali
da donne triviali.

SUSANNA
For me?
These are not ills
of working women.

IL CONTE
Un'amante, che perde il caro sposo

sul punto d'ottenerlo.

COUNT
Even a lover who loses her dear
 husband
on the wedding day.

SUSANNA
Pagando Marcellina
colla dote che voi mi promettete...

SUSANNA
We will pay Marcellina
with the dowry that you promised me ...

IL CONTE
Ch'io vi promisi, quando?

COUNT
When did I promise?

SUSANNA
Credea d'averlo inteso.

SUSANNA
I thought we were understood.

IL CONTE
Sì, se voluto aveste intendermi voi
stessa.

SUSANNA
È mio dovere,
e quel di Sua Eccellenza il mio volere.

IL CONTE
Crudel! Perché finora
farmi languir così?

SUSANNA
Signor, la donna ognora
tempo ha dir di sì.

IL CONTE
Dunque, in giardin verrai?

SUSANNA
Se piace a voi, verrò.

IL CONTE
E non mi mancherai?

SUSANNA
No, non vi mancherò.

IL CONTE
Mi sento dal contento
pieno di gioia il cor.

SUSANNA
Scusatemi se mento,
voi che intendete amor.

COUNT
Yes, if you had wanted to understand
me.

SUSANNA
It is my duty,
Your Excellency's will is mine.

COUNT
Heartless! Why until now
do you make me languish so?

SUSANNA
Sir, the woman has her
time to say yes.

COUNT
So you will come to the garden?

SUSANNA
If you wish it, I will come.

COUNT
And you will not fail me?

SUSANNA
No, I will not fail you.

COUNT
I feel content
My heart is full of joy.

SUSANNA
Forgive me if I am lying,
you who want to love.

Moritat von Mackie Messer

Und der Haifisch, der hat Zähne
Und die trägt er im Gesicht
Und MacHeath, der hat ein Messer
Doch das Messer sieht man nicht

An 'nem schönen blauen Sonntag
Liegt ein toter Mann am Strand
Und ein Mensch geht um die Ecke,
Den man Mackie Messer nennt

Und Schmul Meier bleibt verschwunden
Und so mancher reiche Mann
Und sein Geld hat Mackie Messer
Dem man nichts beweisen kann

And the shark, he has teeth
And he wears them in his face
And MacHeath, he has a knife
But the knife you don't see

On a beautiful blue Sunday
Lies a dead man on the beach
And a man goes around the corner
Whom they call Mack the Knife

And Schmul Meier is missing
And many a rich man
And his money has Mack the Knife,
On whom they can't pin anything.

Jenny Towler ward gefunden
Mit 'nem Messer in der Brust
Und am Kai geht Mackie Messer,
Der von allem nichts gewußt

Und die minderjährige Witwe
Deren Namen jeder weiß
Wachte auf und war geschändet
Mackie welches war dein Preis?

Jenny Towler was found
With a knife in her chest
And on the wharf walks Mack the Knife,
Who knows nothing about of all this.

And the underage widow,
Whose name everyone knows,
Woke up and was violated
Mackie, what was your price?

Seeraüberjenny

Meine Herren, heute sehen Sie mich
Gläser abwaschen
Und ich mache das Bett für jeden.
Und Sie geben mir einen Penny
und ich bedanke mich schnell
Und Sie sehen meine Lumpen und dies
lumpige Hotel
Und Sie wissen nicht, mit wem Sie
reden.
Aber eines Abends wird ein Geschrei
sein am Hafen
Und man fragt: Was ist das für ein
Geschrei?
Und man wird mich lächeln sehn bei
meinen Gläsern
Und man sagt: Was lächelt die dabei?

Und ein Schiff mit acht Segeln
Und mit fünfzig Kanonen
Wird liegen am Kai.

Man sagt: Geh, wisch deine Gläser, mein
Kind
Und man reicht mir den Penny hin.
Und der Penny wird genommen,
Und das Bett wird gemacht!
(Es wird keiner mehr drin schlafen in
dieser Nacht.)
Und sie wissen immer noch nicht, wer
ich bin.
Aber eines Abends wird ein Getös sein
am Hafen
Und man fragt: Was ist das für ein
Getös?
Und man wird mich stehen sehen
hinterm Fenster
Und man sagt: Was lächelt die so böß?

Und das Schiff mit acht Segeln
Und mit fünfzig Kanonen
Wird beschossen die Stadt.

Gentleman, today you see me washing
glasses
And I make the beds for everyone.
And you give me a penny
and I quickly thank you
And you see my rags and this ragged
hotel
And you don't know who you're talking
to.
But one evening there'll be shouting at
the harbor
And people will ask: What's all the
shouting about?
And people will see me smiling while I
do the glasses
And people will say: What's there to
smile about?

And a ship with eight sails
And with fifty cannons
Will lie at the waterfront.

They say: Go clean your glasses, my
child
And hand me the penny.
And the penny is accepted,
And the bed is made!
(Nobody will sleep in it tonight.)

And they still don't know who I am.

But one evening there'll be a ruckus at
the harbor
And they'll ask: What's all the ruckus?

And they'll see me standing behind the
window
And they'll say: Why the evil smile?

And the ship with eight sails
And with fifty cannons
Will fire on the town.

Und es werden kommen hundert gen
Mittag an Land
Und werden in den Schatten treten
Und fangen einen jeglichen aus jeglicher
Tür
Und legen ihn in Ketten und bringen vor
mir
Und fragen: Welchen sollen wir töten?
Und an diesem Mittag wird es still sein
am Hafen
Wenn man fragt, wer wohl sterben
muss.
Und dann werden Sie mich sagen hören:
Alle!
Und wenn dann der Kopf fällt, sag ich:
Hoppla!

Und das Schiff mit acht Segeln
Und mit fünfzig Kanonen
Wird entschwinden mit mir.

And hundreds will come ashore around
noon
And will step into the shadows
And will catch anyone in any door
And lay him in chains and bring him
before me
And ask: Which one should we kill?
And at that midday it will be quiet at the
harbor
When they ask, who has to die.
And then they'll hear me say: All of
them!
And when the heads roll, I'll say: Hurray!

And the ship with eight sails
And with fifty cannons
Will disappear with me.

Havu L'venim

Havu l'venim,
ein p'nai la'amod af rega
b'nu habana'im,
al pachad ve'al yega
kir el kir narim,
me'al mich'shol vafega
kulanu nashir,
himnon binyan artzeinu
bim'kom etmol yesh lanu machar
uve'ad kol kir,
behenef binyaneinu
atid amenu lanu sachar.

Havu, havu l'venim
k'far, moshav vakeret
shiru zemer habonim
shir binyan vameretz.

Bring us bricks,
No time to stand still,
Builders go build,
with no fear or trouble,
We will bring up wall to wall,
above obstacle and offence,
We will all sing,
our land's rebuilding anthem,
In yesterday's place, we have a future,
and for every wall,
among our buildings,
the future of our nation people is our
pay.

Bring, bring us bricks,
village and city,
sing the builder's song,
a song of renew and vigor!

Ba'a M'nucha

Ba'a m'nucha layagea
Umargoa leamel
Laila chiver mistarea
Al s'dot emek yizr'el
Tal milmata ul'vana meal

Mibeitalfa ad nahalal

Ma, ma laila mileil?
D'mama b'yizr'el
Numa, emek, eretz tif'eret
Anu l'cha mishmeret

Yam hadagan mitnoe'a,
Shir haeder m'tzaltzel
Zohi artzi us'doteha
Zehu emek yizr'el.
T'vorach artzi v'tithalal
Mibeitalfa ad nahalal.

Ofel b'har halgiboa,
Sus doher mitzelel tzel.

Kol z'aka af gavao,
Mi s'dot emek yizr'el.
Miyara umi zeh sham nafal
Bein beitalfa v'nahalal?

There comes rest unto the weary
And rest unto the toiler
A bright night is spreading
Over the fields of Emek Jezreel
The dew glistens below and the moon
shines above
From Beth-alpha to Nahalal.

What of the night
Silence reigns in Jezreel
Slumber, Emek, land of splendor
We are thy sentinels

The sea of corn is swaying
The song of the flock is ringing
This is my land and its fields
This is Emek Jezreel.
Blessed and lauded may you be
From Beth-alpha to Nahala

Darkness wraps Mount Gilboa
A horse is galloping from shade to
shade,
A cry of lament is borne aloft
From the fields of Emek Jezreel.
Who fired the shot and who fell slain
Between Beth-alpha and Nahalal?

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

Ô Dulcinée.

If you told me the eternal turning
Of the world, offended you.
I would send Pança:
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 blow.

If you told me that the now-empty space

doesn't please you,
As a knight of God, with a lance at hand
I would fill the wind with stars.

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

Oh, Dulcinée.

Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir	Good Saint Michael, who gives me the chance
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre, Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir	to see my Lady and to hear her. Good Saint Michael who deigns to choose me
Pour lui complaire et la défendre, Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel De la Madone au bleu mantel.	to please and defend her. Good Saint Michael will you descend With Saint George to the altar Of the Virgin in the blue mantle.
D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame	With a beam from heaven, bless my sword
Et son égale en pureté Et son égale en piété Comme en pudeur et chasteté: Ma Dame,	And his equal in purity And his equal in piety As in modesty and chastity: My Lady.
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.	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

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!	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.
Ah! Je bois à la joie! La joie est le seul but Où je vais droit... Lorsque j'ai ... lorsque j'ai bu!	Ah! I drink to joy! Joy is the only goal, To which I go... When I... When I've drunk!
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!	Fig for the jealous, dark-haired mistress Who moans, who cries and swears Always being the pallid lover, Watering down his wine!
Ah! Je bois à la joie!...	I drink to pleasure! ...