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Senior Recital: Michael Lewis, baritone

Michael Lewis

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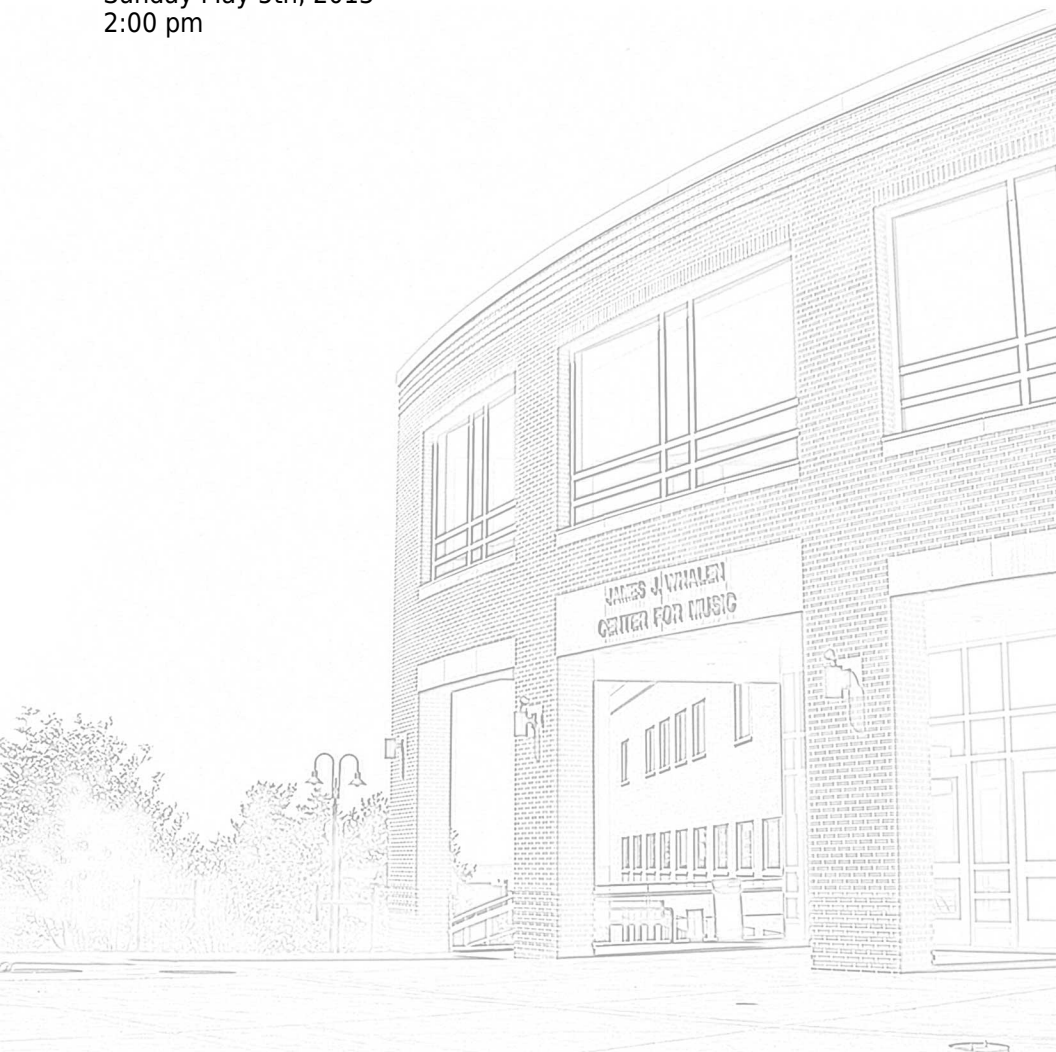
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Senior Recital:
Michael Lewis, baritone

Blaise Bryski, pianist

Ford Hall
Sunday May 5th, 2013
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.

Program

Der Tambour
Um Mitternacht
Verborgenheit
Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen
Zur Ruh, zur Ruh

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Priez pour paix
Nuit d'etoiles
Reves
La belle au bois dormant

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)
Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)
Maurice Ravel
(1875-1953)
C. Debussy

Intermission

Oscuro è il ciel
L'assiuolo
Mattinata

Ildebrando Pizzetti
(1880-1968)
Riccardo Zandonai
(1883-1944)
Ruggiero Leoncavallo
(1857-1917)

Night
Rain in Spring
He Walks Beneath the Stars
Ferry Me Across the Water
Early in the Morning

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

The Masochism Tango
from *Too Many Songs*

Tom Lehrer
(b. 1928)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Michael Lewis is from the studio of David Parks.

Hugo Wolf

Der Tambour

Wenn meine Mutter hexen könnt,

Da müßt sie mit dem Regiment,
Nach Frankreich, überall mit hin,
Und wär die Marketenderin.
Im Lager, wohl um Mitternacht,
Wenn Niemand auf ist als die Wacht,
Und Alles schnarchet, Roß und Mann,
Vor meiner Trommel säß' ich dann:
Die Trommel müßt' eine Schüssel sein,
Ein warmes Sauerkraut darein,
Die Schlegel Messer und Gabel,
Eine lange Wurst mein Sabel,
Mein Tschako wär' ein Humpen gut,
Den füll' ich mit Burgunderblut.
Und weil es mir an Lichte fehlt,
Da scheint der Mond in mein Gezelt;
Scheint er auch auf Franzö'sch herein,
Mir fällt doch meine Liebste ein:
Ach weh!
Jetzt hat der Spaß ein End!
Wenn nur meine Mutter hexen könnt!

Um Mitternacht

Gelassen stieg die Nacht an's Land,
lehnt träumend an der Berge Wand,
ihr Auge sieht die goldne Wage nun
der Zeit in gleichen Schalen stille ruhn;
und kecker rauschen die Quellen hervor
sie singen der Mutter, der Nacht in's Ohr
vom Tage, vom heute gewesenem Tage.

Das uralt alte Schlummerlied,
sie achtet's nicht, sie ist es müd';
ihr klingt des Himmels Bläue süßer noch
der flüchtgen Stunden
gleichgeschwung'nes Joch.
Doch immer behalten die Quellen das
Wort
es singen die Wasser im Schlafe noch
fort
vom Tage, vom heute gewesenem Tage.

Verborgtheit

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

The Drummer Boy

If my mother could work magic
she would go off with the regiment
to France. She would travel with them
and be a camp follower selling supplies.
In camp at midnight
when there is no one up but the watch
and all are snoring, horses and men,
that's when I'd sit in front of my drum.
The drum would turn into a bowl
with warm sauerkraut in it
The drumsticks, knife and fork,
a long sausage - that was my sabre.
My shako would be a good mug
that I would fill with burgundy's blood.
And because I would not have a light
the moon would shine into my tent.
Even if it was shining in French
I would still be reminded of my love.
Oh dear!
That's brought the fun to an end.
If only my mother could work magic.

At Midnight

The night ascends calmly over the land,
leaning dreamily against the mountain,
its eyes now on the golden scales of
time, in a similar poise of quiet peace;
and boldly murmur the springs,
singing to Mother Night, in her ear,
of the day that was today.

To the ancient lullaby
she pays no attention; she is weary.
To her, the blue heaven sounds sweeter,
the curved yoke of fleeing hours.

Yet the springs keep murmuring,
and the water keeps singing in slumber
of the day that was today.

Seclusion

Oh, world, let me be!
Entice me not with gifts of love.
Let this heart in solitude have
Your bliss, your pain!

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

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewußt,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, die 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!

Nun laß uns Frieden schließen ,
liebstes Leben,

Zu lang ist's schon daß wir in Fehde
liegen.

Wenn du nicht willst, will ich mich dir
ergeben;

Wie könnten wir uns auf den Tod
bekriegen?

Es schließen Frieden Könige und
Fürsten,

Und sollen Liebende nicht darnach
dürsten?

Es schließen Frieden Fürsten und
Soldaten,

Und sollt' es zwei Verliebten wohl
mißraten?

Meinst du, daß, was so großen Herrn
gelingt,

Ein Paar zufriedner Herzen nicht
vollbringt?

Zur Ruh', zur Ruh',

Ihr müden Glieder!

Schließt fest euch zu,

Ihr Augenlider!

Ich bin allein,

Fort ist die Erde;

Nacht muß es sein,

Daß Licht mir werde;

O führt mich ganz,

Ihr innern Mächte!

Hin zu dem Glanz

Der tiefsten Nächte.

Der Erdenschmerzen

Durch Nacht und Traum

Zum Mutterherzen!

What I mourn, I know not.

It is an unknown pain;

Forever through tears shall I see

The sun's love-light.

Often, I am scarcely conscious

And the bright joys break

Through the pain, thus pressing

Delightfully into my breast.

Oh, world, let me be!

Entice me not with gifts of love.

Let this heart in solitude have

Your bliss, your pain!

Now let us make peace, dearest life.

It's been too long that we have feuded.

If you are unwilling, I will yield to you;

How could we wage war to the death?

Kings and princes make peace,

And should not lovers crave it?

Princes and soldiers make peace -

Should two who are in love fail to do
likewise?

Do you think that what such great men
succeed in,

A pair of contented hearts shall not
accomplish?

To sleep, to sleep,

you exhausted limbs!

Close fast,

you eyelids!

I am alone

the world has gone on without me;

It must be night

that becomes my lantern;

O guide me well,

inner powers!

to the splendour

of deepest night -

out of the realm

of earthly pain

through night and dream

to the heart of life!

Rêver

Priez pour paix Douce Vierge Marie
Reyne des cieulx et du monde maîtresse
Faictes prier par vostre courtoisie
Saints et saintes et prenez votre
adresse

Vers vostre Fils Requerant sa haultesse
Qu'il Lui plaise son peuple regarder
Que de son sang a voulu racheter
En déboutant guerre qui tout desvoye
De prières ne vous vueillez lasser
Priez pour paix, priez pour paix
Le vray trésor de joye.

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie vient éclore
au fond de mon coeur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cettes rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Rêves

Un enfant court

Autour des marbres...
Une voix sourd
Des hauts parages...
Les yeux si tendres
De ceux qui t'aiment
Songent et passent
Entre les arbres...
Aux grandes orgues
De quelque gare
Gronde la vague
Des grands départs...
Dans un vieux rêve
Au pays vague
Des choses brèves
Qui meurent sages...

Pray for peace, sweet Virgin Mary,
Queen of Heaven, mistress of the world.
In your courtesy, have
the saints pray too,

and address your Son,
begging to look on His people,
whom He redeemed with His blood,
and to banish war which destroys all.
Do not weary of our prayers.
Pray for peace, pray for peace,
the true treasure of joy.

Night of stars, beneath your veils,
Beneath your breezes and your scents,
A sad lyre that sighs,
I dream of dead loves.

The serene melancholy comes bursting
In the depth of my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Tremble in the dreaming woods.

I see again at our fountain
Your gaze, blue as the sky;
This rose, it is your breath,
And these stars are your eyes.

Dreams

A child runs
around the marble statue...
A voice rises up
from the vicinity...
The tenderest eyes
of those who love you
think and pass
between the trees...
From the great organs
of some railway station
rumbles the wave
of great departures...
In an old dream
in a vague countryside
some brief things
which die quietly...

La Belle au Bois dormant

Des trous à son pourpoint vermeil,
Un chevalier va par la brune,
Les cheveux tout pleins de soleil,
Sous un casque couleur de lune.
Dormez toujours, dormez au bois,
L'anneau, la Belle, à votre doigt.

Dans la poussière des batailles,
Il a tué loyal et droit,
En frappant d'estoc et de taille,
Ainsi que frapperait un roi.
Dormez au bois, où la verveine,
Fleurit avec la marjolaine.

Et par les monts et par la plaine,
Monté sur son grand destrier,
Il court, il court à perdre haleine,
Et tout droit sur ses étriers.
Dormez la Belle au Bois, rêvez
Q'un prince vous épouserez.

Dans la forêt des lilas blancs,
Sous l'éperon d'or qui l'excite,
Son destrier perle de sang
Les lilas blancs, et va plus vite.
Dormez au bois, dormez, la Belle
Sous vos courtines de dentelle.

Mais il a pris l'anneau vermeil,
Le chevalier qui par la brune,
A des cheveux pleins de soleil,
Sous un casque couleur de lune.
Ne dormez plus, La Belle au Bois,
L'anneau n'est plus à votre doigt.

Sleeping Beauty in the Wood

Holes in his vermilion doublet,
A knight goes by in the dusk,
His hair very full of sun
Under a helmet the colour of the moon.
Always sleep, sleep in the wood,
The ring, Beauty, on your finger.

In the dust of the battles,
He killed honest and right,
By cut and thrust,
As a king would strike.
Sleep in the wood, where verbena
flowers with the marjoram.

Through the mountains and the plain,
Mounted on his large charger, he races,
He races breathless,
Straight ahead on his stirrups.
Sleep, Beauty in the Wood,
Dream that a prince will marry you.

In the forest of white lilacs,
Under the golden spur that excites him,
The charger beads with blood
the white lilacs, and goes more quickly.
Sleep in the wood, sleep, Beauty,
Under your lace curtains.

But he took the vermilion ring,
The knight in the dusk,
With hair full of sun,
Under a moon-colored helmet.
Sleep no more, Beauty in the Wood,
the ring is no longer on your finger.

Italian Art Songs of the 20th Century

Oscuro è il ciel;

Nell'onde la luna già s'asconde
E in seno al mar le Plejadi
Già discendendo van.
È mezzanotte,
E l'ora passa frattanto,
E sola qui sulle piume
Ancora veglio ed attendo in van.

L'assiuolo

Dov'era la luna? Ché il cielo

notava in un'alba di perla,
ed ergersi il mandorlo e il melo
parevano a meglio vederla.
Venivano soffi di lampi
da un nero di nubi laggiù:
veniva una voce dai campi:
chiù...
Le stelle lucevano rare
tra mezzo alla nebbia di latte:
sentivo il cullare del mare,
sentivo un fru fru tra le fratte;
sentivo nel cuore un sussulto,
com'eco d'un grido che fu.
Sonava lontano il singulto:
chiù...
Su tutte le lucide vette
tremava un sospiro di vento;
squassavano le cavallette
finissimi sistri d'argento
(tintinni a invisibili porte
che forse non s'aprono più?...);
e c'era quel pianto di morte...
chiù...

Mattinata

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! etc.

Dark is the sky;

The moon is hidden in the waves
And into the sea the Pleiades sink
Already descending.
It's midnight,
And time passes meanwhile,
And only here on the feathers
Still awake and waiting in vain.

The Scops Owl

Where was the moon? Since the sky
showed a pearl-coloured halo
and the almond and pear trees
seemed to rise up to see it.
Breaths of lightning came
from a dark cloud in the distance;
and a voice rose up from the fields;
twoo...
Only a few stars shone
in the midst of the milk-like mist:
I heard the rocking sound of the sea,
I heard a rustling in the thickets
I felt a leap in my heart
like the echo of a long-past cry.
Distant sounded the sobbing:
twoo...
On all the bright peaks
there trembled a breath of wind:
the grasshoppers shook
their fine silvery rattles
(perhaps the tinkling of invisible doors
that no longer opened?)
and the cry of death continued,
twoo...

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! etc.