

4-15-2012

## Graduate Recital: Michael J. Rosenberg, baritone

Michael J. Rosenberg

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music\\_programs](https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs)



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

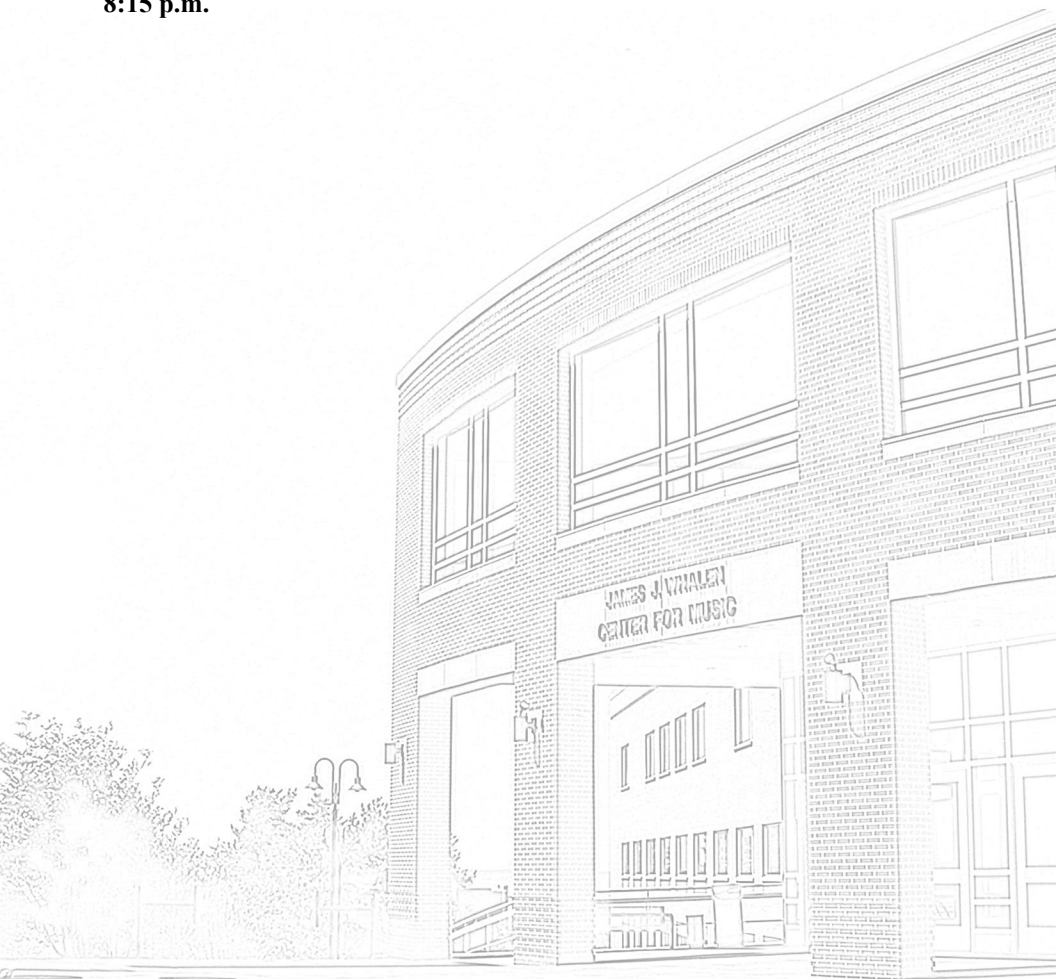
Rosenberg, Michael J., "Graduate Recital: Michael J. Rosenberg, baritone" (2012). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 4064.  
[https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music\\_programs/4064](https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/4064)

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

**Graduate Recital:  
Michael J. Rosenberg, baritone**

**Blaise Bryski, piano**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Sunday, April 15, 2012  
8:15 p.m.**



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

**School of Music**

## Program

L'intendo e non l'intendo  
from *Tito Manlio*

Antonio Vivaldi  
(1678-1741)

An die ferne Geliebte  
I. Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend  
II. Wo die Berge so blau  
III. Leichte Segler in den Höhen  
IV. Diese Wolken in den Höhen  
V. Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au  
VI. Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

## Intermission

Banalités  
I. Chanson d'Orkenise  
II. Hotel  
III. Fagnes de Wallonie  
IV. Voyage a Paris  
V. Sanglots

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

Four Early Songs  
I. Night  
II. A Summer Vacation  
III. My Heart is in the East  
IV. Alone

Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

Poisoning Pigeons in the Park

Tom Lehrer  
(b. 1928)

---

This Graduate Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Masters of Music in  
Vocal Performance. Michael J. Rosenberg is from the studio of Carol  
McAmis.

## Notes

### L'intendo e non L'intendo (from Tito Manlio) Act 1, Scene 12

Geminio, Captain of the Latins, and Vitellia are apparent lovers. Manlio is the son of Tito Manlio, the Consul of Rome. Servilia, the sister of Geminio, is set to marry Manlio. Meanwhile, Vitellia is having an affair with a man named Lucio. If that didn't make sense, don't worry! Lindo, the servant to Vitellia, tries to sort out love and deception for you here, in one of Vivaldi's few humorous arias.

L'intendo e non l'intendo  
Mi par, e non mi par:  
Vi trovo un certo imbroglio di morte,  
e di Cordoglio,  
D'amori, e di penar.  
Fatto li conti col mio cervello, trovo  
bel bello,  
Ch'a tutti i patti siete ben matti,

Voi altri amanti.  
Voi siete pronti cercar la morte  
quando la sorte non vi contenta.  
Ma poi si stenta dir da dovero,  
Ch'in voi la voglia, quando  
s'imbrogia cangia il pensiero  
d'esser galanti.

I understand and I do not understand  
I think, and I do not think:  
I find a certain cheat of death and of  
mourning,  
Of love and of sufferings.  
Taken into account my brain, I find it  
pretty good,  
And at all terms you are completely  
mad,  
You other lovers.  
You are ready to seek death when the  
fate does not satisfy you.  
But then it's hard to tell the truth,  
About who wants her, when you  
cheat the thought of being joyful  
changes.

## **An die Ferne Geliebte**

I.

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend  
In das blaue Nebelland,  
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,  
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,  
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal  
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,  
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht  
sehen,  
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,  
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen  
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir  
dringen,  
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?  
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,  
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht  
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

II.

Wo die Berge so blau  
Aus dem nebligen Grau  
Schauen herein,  
Wo die Sonne verglüht,  
Wo die Wolke umzieht,  
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal  
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.  
Wo im Gestein  
Still die Primel dort sinnt,  
Weht so leise der Wind,  
Möchte ich sein!

## **To the Distant Beloved**

I.

On the hill sit I, peering  
Into the blue, hazy land,  
Toward the far away pastures  
Where I you, beloved, found.

Far am I, from you, parted,  
Separating us are hill and valley  
Between us and our peace,  
Our happiness and our sorrow.

Ah! The look can you not see,  
That to you so ardently rushes,  
And the sighs, they blow away  
In the space that separates us.

Will then nothing more be able to  
reach you,  
Nothing be messenger of love?  
I will sing, sing songs,  
That to you speak of my pain!

For before the sound of love escapes  
every space and every time,  
And a loving heart reaches,  
What a loving heart has consecrated!

II.

Where the mountains so blue  
Out of the foggy gray  
Look down,  
Where the sun dies,  
Where the cloud encircles,  
I wish I were there!

There is the restful valley  
Stilled are suffering and sorrow  
Where in the rock  
Quietly the primrose meditates,  
Blows so lightly the wind,  
I wish I were there!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald  
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,  
Innere Pein.  
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,  
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir  
Ewiglich sein!

III.

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,  
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,

Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,  
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen  
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,  
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen  
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,  
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.

Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,

Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen  
Hin zu meiner Herzenswarm  
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen  
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,

Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,

Treu in deinen Wogen sehen  
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

IV.

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,  
Dieser Vöglein munterer Zug,  
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.  
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

There to the thoughtful wood  
The power of love pushes me,  
Inward sorrow,  
Ah! This moves me not from here,  
Could I, dear, by you  
Eternally be!

III.

Light veils in the heights,  
And you, little brook, small and  
narrow,  
Should my love spot you,  
Greet her, from me, many thousand  
times.

See you, clouds, her go then,  
Meditating in the quiet valley,  
Let my image stand before her  
In the airy heavenly hall.

If she near the bushes stands,  
Now that autumn is faded and  
leafless,  
Lament to her, what has happened to  
me,  
Lament to her, little birds, my  
suffering!

Quiet west, bring in the wind  
To my heart's chosen one  
My sighs, that pass  
As the last ray of the sun.

Whisper to her of my love's  
imploring,  
Let her, little brook, small and  
narrow,  
Truly, in your waves see  
My tears without number!

IV.

These clouds in the heights,  
These birds gaily passing,  
Will see you, my beloved.  
Take me with you on your flight!

Diese Weste werden spielen  
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,

In den seidnen Locken wühlen.  
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln  
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.  
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,  
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

V.  
Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die  
Au,  
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so  
lau,  
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum  
wirtlichen Dach,  
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich  
Gemach,  
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig von kreuz  
und von quer  
Manch weiches Stück zu dem  
Brautbett hieher,  
Manch wärmendes Stück für die  
Kleinen.

Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen  
so treu,  
Was Winter geschieden, verband nun  
der Mai,  
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die  
Au.  
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so  
lau.  
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von  
hinnen.

These west winds will play  
Joking with you about your cheek  
and breast,

In the silky curls will dig.  
I share with you this pleasure!

There to you from this hill  
Busily, the little brook hurries.  
If your image is reflected in it,  
Flow back without delay!

V.  
May returns, the meadow blooms,  
The breezes they blow so softly, so  
mildly,  
Chattering, the brooks now run.

The swallow, that returns to her  
hospitable roof,  
She builds, so busily, her bridal  
chamber,  
Love must dwell there.

She brings, so busily, from all  
directions,  
Many soft pieces for the bridal bed,  
Many warm pieces for the little  
ones.

Now live the couple together so  
faithfully,  
What winter has separated is united  
by May,  
What loves, that he knows how to  
unite.

May returns, the meadow blooms,  
The breezes they blow so softly, so  
mildly,  
Only I cannot go away from here.

Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling  
vereint,  
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling  
erscheint,  
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

VI.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,  
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,  
Singe sie dann abends wieder  
Zu der Laute süßem Klang.

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann zieht  
Nach dem stillen blauen See,  
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet  
Hinter jener Bergeshöhe;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,  
Was mir aus der vollen Brust  
ohne Kunstgepräng erklingen,  
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht  
Was geschieden uns so weit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

When all that loves, the spring  
unites,  
Only to our love no spring appears,  
And tears are our only consolation.

VI.

Take, then, these songs,  
That I to you, beloved, sang,  
Sing them again in the evenings  
To the sweet sounds of the lute!

When the red twilight then moves  
toward the calm, blue lake,  
And the last ray dies  
behind that hilltop;

And you sing, what I have sung,  
What I, from my full heart,  
Artlessly have sounded,  
Only aware of its longings.

For before these songs yields,  
What separates us so far,  
And a loving heart reaches  
For what a loving heart has  
consecrated.

— translation provided by Lynn  
Thompson



## Banalités

I.

Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut entrer un charretier.  
Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:  
"Qu'emportes-tu de la ville?"

"J'y laisse mon coeur entier."

Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au charretier:  
"Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?"

"Mon coeur pour me marier."

Que de coeurs dans Orkenise!  
Les gardes riaient, riaient,  
Va-nu-pieds, la route est grise,  
L'amour grise, ô charretier.

Les beaux gardes de la ville  
Tricotaient superbement;  
Puis les portes de la ville  
Se fermèrent lentement.

II.

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage,  
Le soleil passe son bras par la  
fenêtre.  
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire  
des mirages  
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette.

Je ne veux pas travailler - je veux  
fumer.

III.

Tant de tristesses plénières  
Prirent mon coeur aux fagnes  
désolées

## Triteness

I.

Through the gates of Orkenise  
a carter wants to enter.  
Through the gates of Orkenise  
a tramp wants to leave.

And the guards of the town,  
rush up to the tramp and ask:  
"What are you taking out of the  
town?"

"I'm leaving my heart behind."

And the guards of the town,  
rush up to the carter and ask:  
"What are you bringing into the  
town?"

"My heart: I'm getting married."

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!  
The guards laughed and laughed.  
Oh tramp, the road is dreary;  
love is heady, oh carter.

The handsome guards of the town  
knitted superbly;  
Then the gates of the town  
slowly swung shut.

II.

My room has the form of a cage.  
The sun reaches its arm in through  
the window.  
But I want to smoke and make  
shapes in the air,  
and so I light my cigarette on the  
sun's fire.

I don't want to work, I want to  
smoke.

III.

So much deep sadness  
seized my heart on the desolate  
moors

Quand las j'ai reposé dans les  
sapinières  
Le poids des kilomètres pendant que  
râlait  
le vent d'ouest.

J'avais quitté le joli bois  
Les écureuils y sont restés  
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages  
au ciel  
Qui restait pur obstinément.

Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une  
chanson énigmatique  
Aux tourbières humides

Les bruyères fleurant le miel  
Attiraient les abeilles  
Et mes pieds endoloris  
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles  
Tendrement mariée  
Nord  
Nord  
La vie s'y tord  
En arbres forts et tors.  
La vie y mord  
La mort  
À belles dents  
Quand bruit le vent.

IV.  
Ah! la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris  
Paris joli  
Qu'un jour dût créer l'Amour.

V.  
Notre amour est réglé par les calmes  
étoiles  
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup  
d'hommes respirent  
Qui vinrent de très loin  
et sont un sous nos fronts

when I sat down weary among the  
firs, unloading  
the weight of the kilometers  
while the west wind growled.

I had left the pretty woods.  
The squirrels stayed there.  
My pipe tried to make clouds of  
smoke in the sky  
which stubbornly stayed blue.

I murmured no secret except an  
enigmatic song  
which I confided to the peat bog.

Smelling of honey, the heather  
was attracting the bees,  
and my aching feet  
trod bilberries and whortleberries.  
Tenderly she is married  
North!  
North!  
There life twists  
in trees that are strong and gnarled.  
There life bites  
bitter death  
with greedy teeth,  
when the wind howls.

IV.  
Ah, how delightful it is  
to leave a dismal place  
and head for Paris!  
Beautiful Paris,  
which one day Love had to create!

V.  
Human love is ruled by the calm  
stars.  
We know that within us many people  
breathe  
who came from afar and are  
united behind our brows.

C'est la chanson des rêveurs  
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur  
Et le portaient dans la main droite  
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous  
ces souvenirs  
Des marins qui chantaient comme  
des conquérants.  
Des gouffres de Thulé,  
des tendres cieux d'Ophir  
Des malades maudits,  
de ceux qui fuient leur ombre  
  
Et du retour joyeux des heureux  
émigrants.  
De ce coeur il coulait du sang  
Et le rêveur allait pensant  
À sa blessure délicate  
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces  
causes  
Et douloureuse et nous disait:  
  
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes  
  
Mon pauvre coeur, mon coeur brisé  
  
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes  
Voici nos mains que la vie fit  
esclaves  
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout  
comme  
Est mort d'amour et le voici.  
Ainsi vont toutes choses  
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi!  
Et rien ne sera libre jusq'à la fin des  
temps  
Laissons tout aux morts  
Et cachons nos sanglots.

This is the song of that dreamer  
who had torn out his heart  
and was carrying it in his right hand  
Remember, oh dear pride, all those  
memories:  
the sailors who sang like  
conquerors,  
the chasms of Thule,  
the tender skies of Ophir,  
the accursed sick,  
the ones who flee their own  
shadows,  
and the joyful return of the happy  
emigrants.  
Blood was flowing from that heart;  
and the dreamer went on thinking  
of his wound which was delicate  
You will not break the chain of those  
causes  
and painful; and he kept saying to  
us:  
which are the effects of other  
causes.  
My poor heart, my heart which is  
broken  
like the hearts of all men  
Look, here are our hands which life  
enslaved.  
has died of love or so it seems,  
  
has died of love and here it is.  
That is the way of all things.  
So tear your hearts out too!  
And nothing will be free until the  
end of time.  
Let us leave everything to the dead,  
and let us hide our sobbing.

— translation provided by  
*Peter Low*



## Upcoming Events

### April

- 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
- 26 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano Chamber Ensembles
- 26 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band
- 27 - Hockett - 6:30pm - String Quartet Seminar Concert
- 27 - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble