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Elective Recital: Adam Zimmer, baritone

Adam Zimmer

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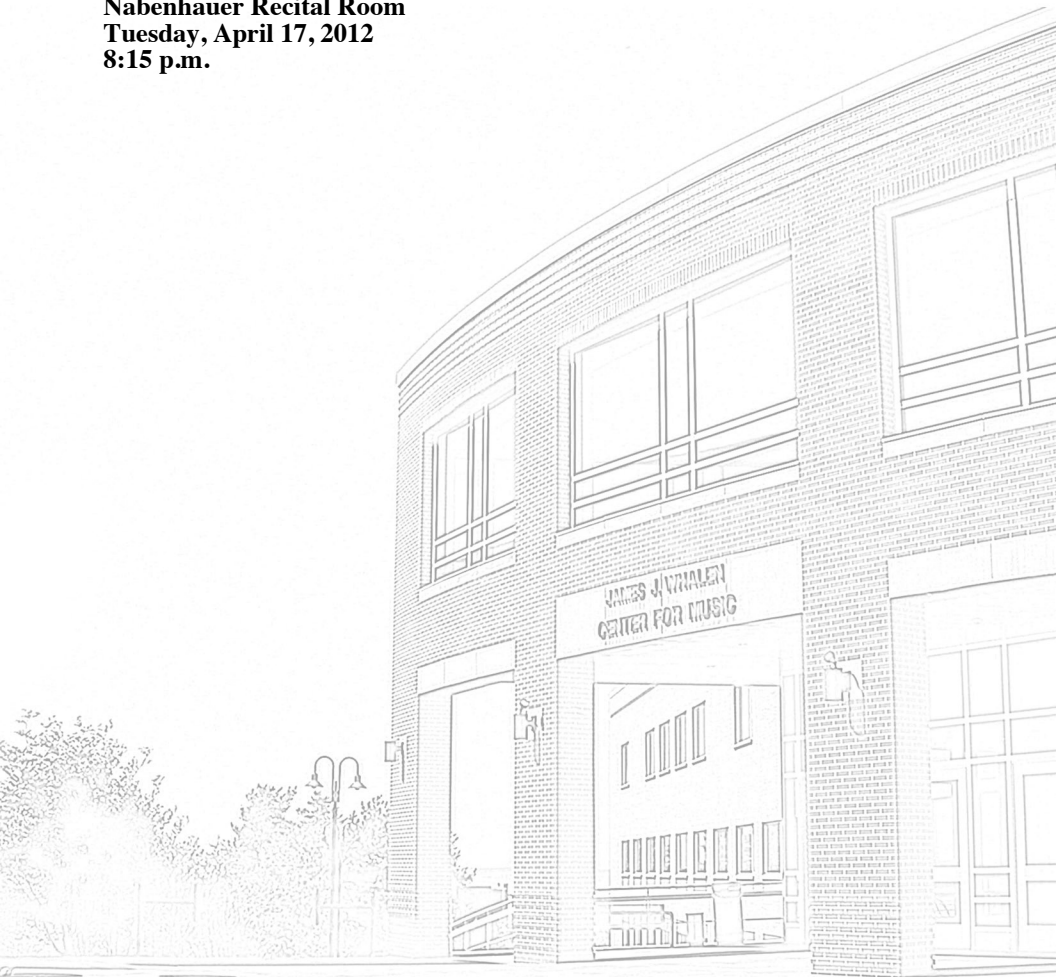
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**Elective Recital:
Adam Zimmer, baritone**

**Matthew Holehan, piano
Will Shishmanian, guitar
Erin Snedecor, cello**

**Nabenhauer Recital Room
Tuesday, April 17, 2012
8:15 p.m.**



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

The French Officer

Die beiden Grenadiere
An die Türen will ich schleichen
Die Lotosblume

Robert A. Schumann
(1810-1856)

The Country Peasant Boy

Bergerettes
Bergère légère
Chaque chose a son temps
Chantons les amour de Jeanne

Anon. 1700s French Folk Songs
arr. J.B. Weckerlin
(1821-1910)

Pause

The Irish Lover

O Good Ale
I will make you brooches
The Falcon
Black Stichel

John Jeffreys
(1927-2010)

The Guatemalan Youth

Jacaltenango
Despierta

Will Shishmanian
(b. 1991)

This Elective Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Arts in Music. Adam Zimmer is from the studio of Jennifer Kay.

Notes and Translations

The French Officer: Die beiden Grenadiere

Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier, Die waren in Russland gefangen, Und als sie kamen ins deutsche Quartier, Sie ließen die Köpfe hangen.	To France marched two grenadiers, They had been captured in Russia, And as they came into the German quarters, They let their heads hang.
Da hörten sie beide die traurige Mär, Dass Frankreich verloren gegangen, Besiegt und geschlagen das Tapfere Heer, Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.	There they heard the sad tale, That France had been lost, Defeated and bruised, the large army and the the Emperor, the Emperor captured.
Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier, Wohl ob der kläglichen Kunde, Der eine sprach: "Wie weh' wird mir, Wie brennt meine alte Wunde!"	The grenadiers wept together, At the wretched tidings, The one said, "How hurt am I! How my old wounds burn!"
Der andere sprach: "Das lied is aus, Auch ich möcht' mit dir sterben, Doch hab ich Weib und Kind zu Haus, Die ohne mich verderben."	The other said, "The song is done, And I would like to die with you, But I have a wife and child at home, Who without me would go to ruin."
"Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind, Ich trage weit besser verlangen, Lass sie betteln geh'n, wenn sie hungrig sind- Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!"	"What do I care for a wife, what do I care for children? I have far better cares, Let them go begging if they are hungry- My Emperor, my Emperor captured!"
Gewähr' mir Bruder eine Bitte, Wenn ich jetzt sterben werde, Si nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich mit, Begrab mich in Frankreichs Erde.	Grant me, Brother, a request, If I should die now, Take my corpse to France with you, Bury me in France's earth.
Das Ehrenkreuz am roten Band, Sollst du auf Herz mir legen;	The Cross of Valor on a red ribbon, Shall you lay on my heart,

Die Flinte gib mir in die Hand,
Und gürt mir um den Degen.

Place my musket in my hand,
And fasten my sword around me.

Soll will ich liegen und horchen
still,
Wie eine Schildwach, im Grabe,
Bis einst ich höre Kanongengebrüll,
Und wiehernder Rosse getrabe.

So I will lie still and listen,
Like a watchman, in the grave,
Until once more I hear the cannons'
roar
And the whinnying horses' gallop.

Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über
mein Grab,
Viel Schwerter klirren und blitzen,
Dan stieg ich gewaffnet hervor aus
dem Grab-
Den Kaiser, den Kaiser zu
schützen!"

Then my emperor will ride over my
grave,
Many swords clashing and flashing,
Then I will rise up armed out of the
grave,
The emperor, the emperor to
protect!"

The soldier is left to bury his companion. He returns home to France to discover his old life is gone:

An die Türen will ich schleichen

An die Türen will ich schleichen,
Still und sittsam will ich stehn,
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung
reichen,
Und ich werde weitergehn.

To the doors I shall steal,
Silent and humble I will stand,
A pious hand will offer
nourishment,
And I will move on.

Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm erscheint,

Everyone shall consider himself
fortunate,
When my image appears before him,

Eine Träne wird er weinen,
Und ich weiß nicht, was er weint.

A tear shall he shed,
But I know not why he weeps.

They weep for it is their lost soldier returned home. The soldier and his wife reunite at last, and they share love as if for the first time:

Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet,
Und starret stumm in die Höh;
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

The Lotus-flower is afraid
Of the sun's radiance,
And with bowed head
She dreamily awaits the night.

The moon, he is her lover,
He wakes her with his light,
And to him she happily unveils
Her lovely flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and shines,
And stares silently into the heavens;
She exhales and weeps and trembles
For love and love's first pain.

The Country Peasant Boy: Bergère Légère

Bergère Légère,
Je crains tes appas;
Ton âme s'enflamme,
Mais tu n'aimes pas.

Ta mine mutine
Prévient et séduit;
Mais vaine, Hautaine,
Tu fuis qui te suit.

Tu chantes, Tu vantes,
L'amour et sa loi,
Paroles Frivoles
Tu n'aimes que toi.

Fickle Shepherdess,
I fear your charms.
Your spirit sets one aflame,
But you do not love.

Your expression mischievous,
Telling and charming;
But all is in vain; Haughtily,
You flee from the one who follows
you.

You sing, You boast,
Of love and its law.
Frivolous words,
You love only yourself.

Jean tries to convince his shepherdess love, Jeanne, that love only lasts for a short while:

Chaque chose a son temps

Chaque chose a son temps, Fillette,
Chaque chose a son temps.

Everything has its time, girl.
Everything has its time.

Dans l'hiver des ans l'on regrette
Les faveurs de printemps.

In the years of winter we regret
The joys of spring

La saison de la violette
Ne dure pas longtemps.

The season of the violet
Does not last long.

Mariez vous, jeune fillette,
A l'âge du printemps.

Marry, young girl,
In your springtime.

Jeanne reveals her love for Jean and consents to marry him:

Chantons les amour de Jeanne

Chantons les amour de Jeanne,
Chantons les amour de Jean.
Rien n'est si charmant que Jeanne,
Rien plus aimable que Jean.

I sing of the love of Jeanne
I sing of the love of Jean.
Nothing is as charming as Jeanne,
Nothing is more lovable than
Jeanne.

Jean aime Jeanne,
Jeanne aime Jean,
Jean aime Jeanne,
Jeanne aime joli Jean.

Jean loves Jeanne,
Jeanne loves Jean,
Jean love Jeanne,
Jeanne loves her handsome Jean!

Dans une simple cabane,
Comme en un palais tout d'or
brilliant,
Jean reçoit l'amour de Jeanne,
Et Jeanne celui de Jean.

In a simple cottage,
As if in a palace of brilliant gold,
Jean is showered in the love of
Jeanne,
And Jeanne that of Jean.

Si l'amour de Jeanne est grande,
Non moins grande est l'amitié de
Jean;
Ce que l'en des deux demande,
L'autre aussitôt y consent:

If the love of Jeanne is great,
No less is the affection of Jean.
Whatever one of them enquires,
The other at once replies:

The Irish Lover: O Good Ale

The landlord he looks very big,
With his high cocked hat and his powdered wig;
Me thinks he looks both fair and fat
But he may thank for and me for that!

For 'tis O good ale, O good ale,
Thou art my darling and my joy
Both night and morning.

The brewer brewed thee in his pan,
The tapster draws thee from his can;
Now I with thee will play my part
And lodge thee next to my heart!

Thou oft hast made my friends my foes,
And often made me pawn my clothes;
But since thou art so nigh my nose
Come up, my friend, and down she goes!

The upright Irishman has discovered his love of beer, but also of the married brewer:

I will make you brooches

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight,
Of birdsong at morning and starshine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
ANd you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dew-fall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear,
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches, and the roadside fire.

The brewer joins his fellows in fighting the British and is killed, leaving the Irishman to mourn from afar:

The Falcon

Lullay, lullay, lullay, lullay
The Falcon hath borne my mak away.

He bear him up, he bear him down,
He bear him into an orchard brown.
In that orchard there was an hall,
It was hanged with purple and pall.

And in that hall there was a bed;
It was hangid with gold so red.
And in that bed there lyeth a knight,
His woundès bleeding day and night.

By that bedside there kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth both night and day.
And by that bedside standeth a stone;
'Corpus Christi' written thereon.

The Irishman climbs Black Stichel to see the bloody battlefield and
curses the world for his loss:

Black Stichel

As I was lying on Black Stichel
The wind was blowing from the South:
And I was thinking of the laughters
Of my love's mouth.

As I was lying on Black Stichel
The wind was blowing from the West:
And I was thinking of the quiet
Of my love's breast.

As I was lying on Black Stichel
The wind was blowing from the North:
And I was thinking of the countries
Black with wrath.

As I was lying on Black Stichel
The wind was blowing from the East:
And I could think no more for pity
Of man and beast.

The Guatemalan Youth: Jacaltenango

Jacaltenango tierra de amor
con sus montañas alrededor
el río Azul es un primor
lindas mujeres de mi corazón.

Pido permiso a Santa Eulalia
para cantar esta canción
de Jacaltenango tierra de amor
tierra bendita de mi corazón.

Rincón del cielo le llamo yo
por su belleza y su gran paz
solo en las noches oyen sonar
tiernas marimbas al despertar

The youth from Jacaltenango finds his love for home is soon replaced
by the love of a beautiful Mayan girl:

Despierta

Despierta dulce amor de mi vida
despierta si te encuentras dormida
escucha mi voz vibrar bajo tu
ventana
en esta canción te vengo a entregar el
alma

Perdona que interrumpa tu sueño
pero no pude más
y esta noche te vine a decir
te quiero, te quiero, te adoro

Jacaltenango, land of love
with its surrounding mountains
The Blue River is a beauty
beautiful women of my heart.

I beg leave to Santa Eulalia
to sing this song
of Jacaltenango, land of love
blessed land of my heart.

Corner I call heaven
by its beauty and great peace
The only sound heard at night
are tender marimbas waking

Awake, sweet love of my life
Awake if you're asleep
Hear my voice vibrate under your
window
In this song I come to give up my
soul

Sorry to interrupt your dreams
But I could not help it
And tonight I came to say
I love you, I love you, I adore you

Ithaca College School of Music

Ever since its founding in 1892 as a Conservatory of Music, Ithaca College has remained dedicated to attracting the most talented young musicians, and then immersing these students in an advanced culture of musical learning that positions them to be leading professionals in music. As the conservatory evolved into a comprehensive college with expanded academic offerings, the School of Music has continued to earn its reputation as one of the best in the nation.

Through a blend of world-class faculty, state-of-the-art facilities, professional performance opportunities, access to liberal arts classes, and a beautiful campus setting, students grow in a challenging yet supportive community.

Not only do students have access to our broad music curriculum, but they can also take classes in any of the College's other schools and divisions. As a result, graduates are well prepared for a host of careers and work in almost every music field imaginable. School of Music alumni include symphony, opera, and Broadway performers; faculty members and deans at prestigious universities and colleges; teachers in school systems through the country; music therapists, composers; publicists; audio engineers in professional studios; and managers in the music industry. The School of Music boasts a consistent 100% job placement for music education graduates actively seeking employment, and 98% placement for other graduates into jobs or graduate schools.

Since 1941, the Ithaca College School of Music has been accredited by the National Association of Schools of Music.

For more information regarding the Ithaca College School of Music, please visit us on the web at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music>

Upcoming Events

April

- 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
- 28 - Ford - 12:00pm - Campus Band - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*
- 28 - Ford - 2:00pm - Campus Choral Ensemble - *Webstreamed at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/>*
- 28 - Ford - 4:00pm - Conducting Masterclass Concert
- 28 - Ford - 8:15pm - Choir/Madrigal Singers