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Junior Recital: Michael Galvin, bass

Michael Galvin

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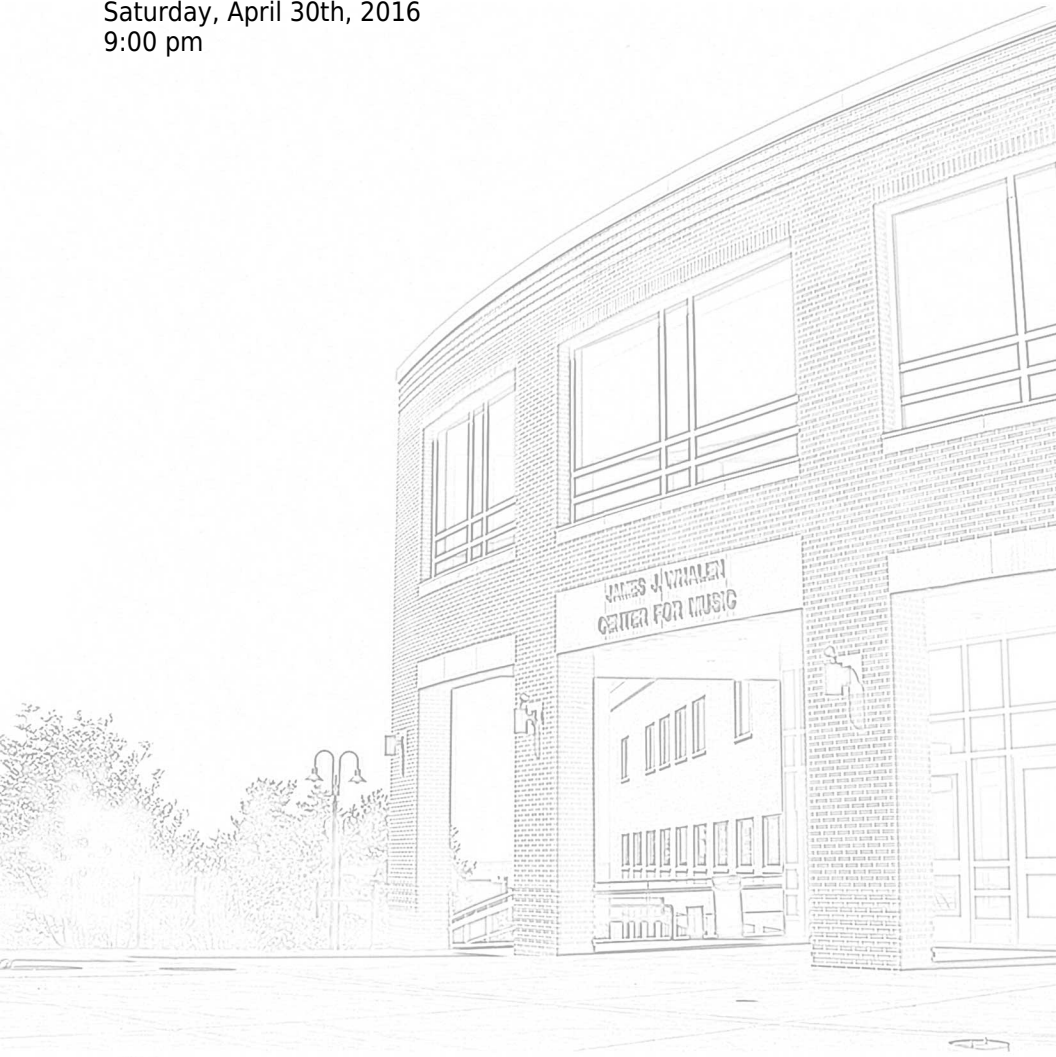
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Junior Recital:
Michael Galvin, bass

Benjamin Pawlak, piano
Josi Petersen, soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, April 30th, 2016
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Fünf Lieder, op. 105

- I. Wie melodien zieht es mir
- II. Immer leiser wird mein Schummer
- III. Klage
- V. Verrat

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Jenny

Morning
Love's Flame

Dmitri Shostakovich
(1906-1975)
Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

"Il core vi dono"
from *Così fan tutte*

Josi Petersen, soprano

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

"Là ci darem la mano"
from *Don Giovanni*

Josi Petersen, soprano

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Quatre chansons pour voix grave
La douceur de tes yeux
Derrière murcie en fleurs
Un grand sommeil noir
La terre les eaux va buvant

Arthur Honegger
(1892-1955)

The Bachelor's Lay
The Old Woman's Courtship
California
The Ocean Burial

Steven Mark Kohn
(b. 1957)

Translations

Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Wie Melodien zieht es
mir leise durchden Sinn,
wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es,
und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

It moves like a melody,
gently through my mind;
it blossoms like spring flowers
and wafts away like a fragrance.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

But when it is captured in words,
and placed before my eyes,
it turns pale like a gray mist
and disappears like a breath.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
den mild aus stillem Keime
ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

And yet, remaining in my rhymes
there hides still a fragrance,
which mildly from the quiet bud
my moist eyes call forth.

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
rufen drauß' vor meiner Tür:
niemand wach und öffnet dir,
ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.

My slumber grows ever more
peaceful;
and only like a thin veil now does
my anxiety
lie trembling upon me.
Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door;
no one is awake to let you in,
and I wake up and weep bitterly.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
eine Andre wirst du küssen,
wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte weh'n,
eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:

Yes, I will have to die;
another will you kiss,
when I am pale and cold.
Before the May breezes blow,
before the thrush sings in the
forest:

Willst du mich noch einmal seh'n,
komm', o komme bald.

if you wish to see me once more,
come, o come soon!

Klage (Lament)

Feins Liebchen, trau du nicht,
daß er dein Herz nicht bricht!
Schön Worte will er geben,
es kostet dein jung Leben,
glaubs sicherlich, glaubs sicherlich!

Ich werde nimmer froh,
denn mir ging es also:
di Blätter vom Baum gefallen,
mit den schönen Worten allen,
ist Winterzeit, ist Winterzeit!

Es ist jetzt Winterzeit,
die Vögelein sind weit,
die mir im Lenz gesungen,
Mein Herz ist mir gesprungen
vor Liebesleid, vor Liebesleid.

My fine darling, trust not
that he will not break your heart!
Fair words will he speak,
but they will cost you your young
life,
believe it as the truth!

I will never delight again,
for that is what happened to me
too:
the leaves have fallen from the
tree
together with all the pretty words.
It is wintertime, wintertime!

It is now wintertime,
the birds are far away,
those birds that sang to me in
Spring.
My heart has broken
from love's pain, from love's pain

Verrat (Betrayal)

Ich stand in einer lauen Nacht
an einer grünen Linde,
der Mond schien hell, der wind ging
sacht,
der Gießbach floß geschwinde.

Die Linde stand vor Liebchens
Haus,
die Türe hört' ich knarren.
Mein Schatz ließ sacht ein
Mannsbild raus:
"Laß morgen mich nicht harren;

Laß mich nicht harren, süßer Mann,
wie hab ich dich so gerne!
Ans Fenster klopfle leise an,
mein Schatz is in der Ferne, ja
Ferne!"

I stood, on warm night,
by a green linden-tree;
the moon shone brightly, the wind
blew gently,
the torrent flowed swiftly.

The linden-tree stood before my
darling's house,
and I heard the door creak.
My sweetheart quietly let out a
man's form:
"Tomorrow don't keep me waiting;

don't keep me waiting, sweet man,
how I love you!
Knock gently on the window,
for my sweetheart is far away!"

Las ab vom Druck und Kuß,
feinslieb,
du Schöner im Sammetkleide,

nun spute dich, du feiner Dieb,
ein mann hartt auf der Heide.

Der Mond scheint hell, der Rasen
grün
ist gut zu unsrem Beegnen,
du trägst ein Schwert und nickst so
kühn,
dein Liebschaft will ich segnen!

Und als erschien der lichte Tag,

was fand er auf der Heide?
Ein Toter in den Blumen lag
zu einer Falschen Leide.

Cease your hugging and kissing,
dear,
and you, you handsome lad in
velvet,
you fine thief, make haste now,
for a man is waiting for you on the
heath.

The moon shines brightly, the green
grass
is just right for our encounter.
You wear a sword and nod so
audaciously;
Come, let me bless your wooing!

And when the light of day
appeared,
what did it find on the heath?
A dead man lay in the flowers
to the grief of a false woman.

Jenny

пробираясь до калики
полем, вдоль межи,
джени вымокла до нитки
вечером во ржи

Очень холодно девчонке,
бёт девчонку дрожь:
замочила все юбочки,
идя через рожь.

Если кто-то звал кого-то
сквозь густую рожь
и кого-то обнял кто-то,
что с него возьмёшь?

И какая нам забота,
если у межи
целовался с кем-то кто-то
вечером во ржи!

Coming through the rye, poor body,
coming through the rye,
she dragged all her petticoats,
coming through the rye.

Jenny's a wet, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
she dragged all her petticoats,
coming through the rye.

Should a body meet a body
coming through the glen,
should a body kiss a body,
need a body cry?

Should a body meet a body
coming through the glen,
should a body kiss a body,
need the world know?

Morning

"Люблю тебя!"
Шепнула дню заря
и, небо обхватив, зарделась от
признанья,
и солнца луч, природу озаря,
с улыбкой посылал ей жгучие
лобзанья.

А день, как бы ещё не доверяя,
осуществлению своих заветных
грёз,
спускался на землю, с улыбкой
утирая
блестевшие вокруг ряды
алмазных слёз...

"I love you!"
Dawn whispered to day
and, embracing the skies, blushed
from the confession,
and a sunbeam, illuminating
nature,
with a smile sent her a burning kiss.

And the day, as if still doubting
the fulfillment of his most cherished
dreams,
descended over the land, and with
a smile dried
her glittering tears like rows of
diamonds.

Love's Flame

В моей душе любовь восходит,
Как солнце, в блеске красоты,
и песни стройныя рождает,
как ароматные цветы.

В моей душе твой взор холодный
то солнце знойное зажжёт.
Ах, если-б я тем знойным
солнцем
зажечь твой взор холодный мог.

Within my soul love is rising,
like the sun in the brilliance of its
beauty,
and evokes harmonious songs,
like fragrant flowers.

Within my soul your cold glance
has fired up this sun.
Ah, if only I could with that sultry
sun
fire up your cold glance!

Il core vi dono

Guglielmo:
Il core vi dono,
bell'idolo mio;
ma il vostro vo' anch'io,
via datelo a me.

Dorabella:
Mel date lo prendo,
ma il mio non vi rendo,
invan mel chiedete,
più meco ei non è.

Guglielmo:

Guglielmo:
This heart I give you,
lovely idol of mine;
but yours I also want,
come give it to me.

Dorabella:
Give it to me, I'll take it,
but mine I won't give,
in vain you ask me,
it is no longer mine.

Guglielmo:

Se teco non l'hai
perchè batte qui?

Dorabella:

Se a me tu lo dai
che mai balza lì?

Dorabella e Guglielmo:

È il mio coricino
che più non è meco,
ei venne a star teco,
ei batte così.

Guglielmo:

Qui lascia che il metta.

Dorabella:

Ei qui non può star.

Guglielmo:

T'intendo, furbetta.

Dorabella:

Che fai?

Guglielmo:

Non guardar.

Dorabella:

(Nel petto un Vesuvio
d'avere mi par.)

Guglielmo:

(Ferrando meschino!
Possibil non par.)
L'occhietto a me gira.

Dorabella:

Che brami?

Guglielmo:

Rimira,
se meglio può andar.

Dorabella e Guglielmo:

Oh cambio felice
di cori e d'affetti!
Che nuovi di letti,
che dolce penar.

If you dont have it,
why does it beat here?

Dorabella:

If you give it to me
what is beating there?

Dorabella and Guglielmo:

It's my little heart,
no longer with me,
it came to be with you,
it beats like that.

Guglielmo:

Let me put it there.

Dorabella:

It can't stay here.

Guglielmo:

I understand you, cunning one.

Dorabella:

What are you doing?

Guglielmo:

Don't look.

Dorabella:

(I feel as if I have Vesuvius
in my breast.)

Guglielmo:

(Poor Ferrando!
It seems impossible.)
Turn to me with your little eye.

Dorabella:

What do you want?

Guglielmo:

Look again,
could anything be better?

Dorabella and Guglielmo:

Oh happy exchange
of hearts and affections!
What new delights,
what sweet suffering.

La ci darem la mano

Giovanni:

La ci darem la mano,
là mi dirai di sì;
vedi, non è lontano,
partiam, ben mio, da qui.

Zerlina:

(Vorrei, e non vorrei,
mi trema un poco il cor;
felice, è ver, sarei,
ma può burlarmi ancor.)

Giovanni

Vieni, mio bel diletto;

Zerlina:

(Mi fa pietà Masetto;)

Giovanni:

lo cangierò tua sorte.

Zerlina:

(presto non son più forte.)

Giovanni:

Andiam!

Zerlina:

Andiam!

Zerlina and Giovanni:

Andiam, andiam, mio bene,
a ristorar le pene
d'un innocente amor.

Giovanni:

There we will hold hands,
there you will say "yes!"
see, it is not far,
let us depart, my dear, from here.

Zerlina:

(I want to, and I don't want to,
my heart trembles a bit;
happy, it's true, I would be,
but he could be mocking my
innocence.)

Giovanni:

Come, my beautiful beloved;

Zerlina:

(It makes me pity Masetto;

Giovanni:

I will change your fate.

Zerlina:

Soon I won't be able to resist.)

Giovanni:

Let us go!

Zerlina:

Let us go!

Zerlina and Giovanni:

Let us go, let us go, my love,
to comfort the pains
of an innocent love.

I.

La douceur de tes yeux peut guérir
la plus mortelle des blessures.
Mais moi, hélas! À ma terrible
blessure où trouverai-je un remède.
Puisqu'en mon cœur,
elle fut ouverte,
ô cruelle! par la douceur
même de tes yeux.

The sweetness of your soul can heal
the most deadly of wounds.
But I, alas, for my terrible
wound where shall I find a remedy.
Since in my heart
it was opened
o cruel one, by the very
sweetness of your eyes.

II.

Derrière. Murcie en fleurs
je connais un chemin
qui mène jusqu'à toi
parmi les orangers.
Que fais-tu toute seule si loin.

Pourquoi t'ai-je quittée.
Ah! si tu me voyais tu t'assierais

en pleurs parmi les grenadiers.

Behind. Walled in flowers
I know a path
which leads to you
among the orange trees.
What are you doing all alone so far.

Why did I leave you.
Ah! If you could see me you would
sit down
in tears among the pomegranate
trees.

III.

Un grand sommeil noir
tombe sur ma vie:
dormez, tout espoir,
dormez toute envie!

Je ne vois plus rien,
je perds la mémoire
du mal et du bien
O la triste histoire!

Je suis un berceau
qu'une main balance
au creux d'un caveau:
silence, silence!

A great black sleep
falls on my life:
sleep, all hope,
sleep all desire!

I see nothing more,
I am losing my memory
of the pain and the good
O the sad story!

I am the cradle
that a hand rocks
in the depth of a vault:
silence, silence!

IV.

La terre les eaux va buvant,
L'arbre la boit par sa racine,
la mer éparsse boit le vent,
et le Soleil boit la marine;

Le soleil est bu par la Lune:
tout bois, soit en haut ou en bas:
suivant cette règle commune
pourquoi donc ne boirons-nous
pas?

The earth goes drinking the waters,
the tree drinks it through its roots,
the wide sea drinks the wind,
and the Sun drinks the ocean;

the sun is drunk by the Moon;
all drinks, be it above or below:
following this common law
why then would we not drink?