

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

4-8-2017

Senior Recital: Michael Galvin, bass

Michael Galvin

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

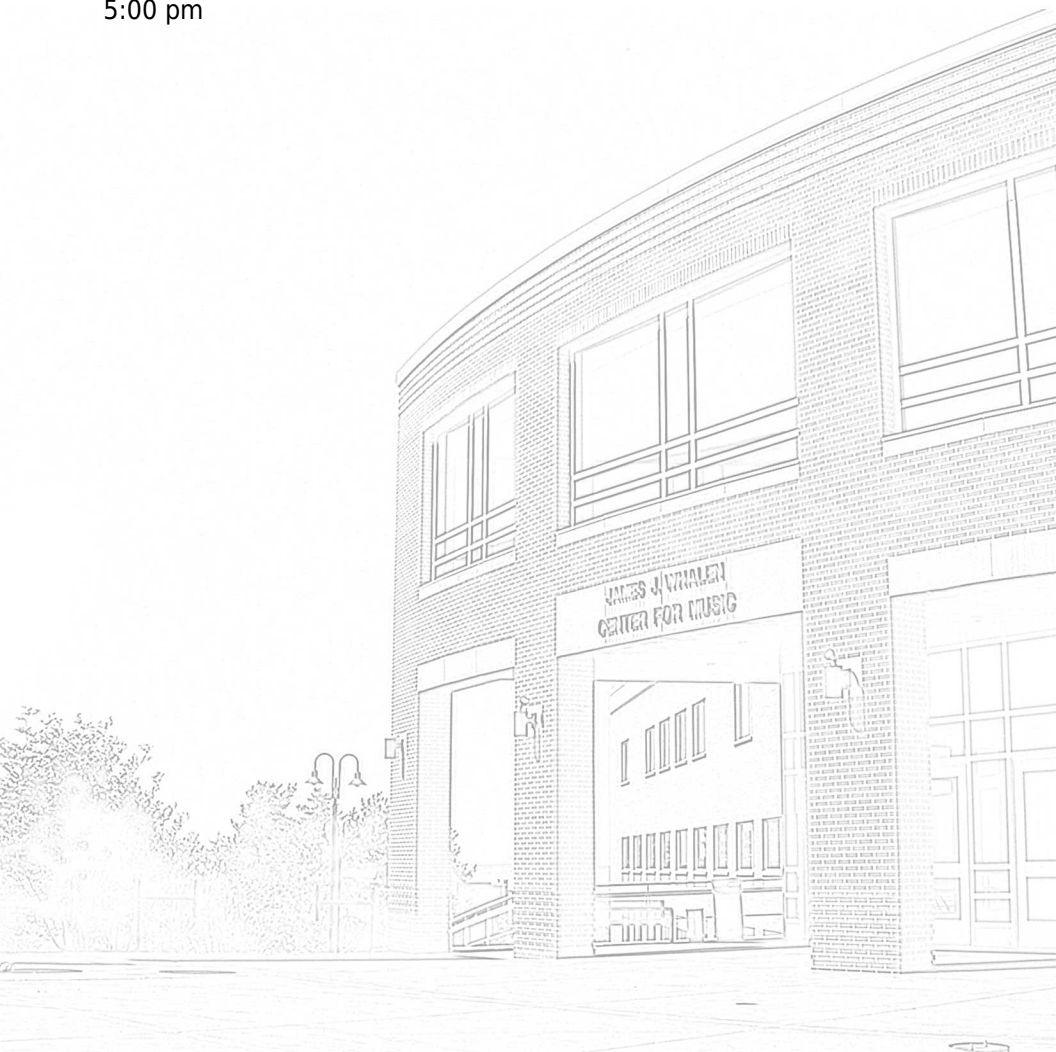
Galvin, Michael, "Senior Recital: Michael Galvin, bass" (2017). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 2052.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/2052

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.

Senior Recital:
Michael Galvin, bass

Benjamin Pawlak, piano

Ford Hall
Saturday, April 8th, 2017
5:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

- Alcandro lo confesso...Non so donde viene
W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)
- Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
I. Chanson Romanesque
II. Chanson épique
III. Chanson à boire
Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)
- An Schwager Kronos
Wanderers Nachtlid
Erkönig
Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Intermission

- I canti della sera
I. L'assiolo canta
II. Alba di luna sul bosco
III. Tristezza Crepuscolare
IV. L'incontro
Francesco Santoliquido
(1883-1971)
- Flight for Heaven
I. To Music, to becalm his Fever
II. Cherry-Ripe
III. Upon Julia's Clothes
IV. To Daises, not to shut so Soon
V. Epitaph (upon a Child that died)
VI. Another Epitaph
VII. To the Willow-Tree
VIII. Comfort to a Youth that had lost his Love
IX. (Piano Interlude)
X. To Anthea, who may command him Anything
Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

Translations

Alcandro lo confesso...Non so donde viene

Alcandro, lo confesso,
Stupisco di mi stesso. Il volto, il
ciglio,
La voce di costui nel cor mi desta

Un palpito improvviso,
Che lo risente in ogni fibra il
sangue.
Fra tutti i miei pensieri
La cagion nel ricerca,
e non la trovo.
Che sarà, giusti Dei, questo ch'io
provo?

Non so d'onde viene
Quel tenero affetto.
Quel moto che ignoto
Mi nasce nel petto,
Quel giel, che le vene
Scorrendo mi va.
Nel seno a destarmi
Si fieri contrasti
Non parmi che basti
La sola pietà. No.

Alcandro, I confess,
I am astonished at myself. The face,
the eye,
the voice of him awaken in my
heart
an unexpected palpitation,
which my blood feels in its every
fiber.
Among my thoughts
I seek the reason for it,
and cannot find it.
What can be, just gods, this that I
feel?

I do not know from whence comes
that tender affection.
That unknown affection
Which is born in my breast,
that chill,
which through my veins runs.
In the breast it awakens in me
such fierce contrasts
it does not seem to be
to be pity alone. No.

Chanson Romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dèpêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vien 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.

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

If you told me that the now-empty
space doesn't please you,
As a holy knight, with a lance at
hand
I would fill the wind with stars.

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.

But, my Lady, if you told me
that my blood is more mine than
yours.

That reprimand would turn me pale
And, blessing you, I would die.

Oh, Dulcinée.

Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez
loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez
choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre

Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma
lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame,

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.

Good Saint Michael, who gives me
the chance
to see my Lady and to hear her.
Good Saint Michael who deigns to
choose me
to please and defend her.
Good Saint Michael will you
descend

With Saint George to the altar
Of the Virgin in the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven, bless my
sword
And his equal in purity
And his equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

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!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but Où je vais
droit...
Lorsque j'ai ...
lorsque j'ai bu!

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.

I drink to pleasure!
Pleasure is the only goal,
To which I go straight...
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!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!...

Fig for the jealous, dark-haired
mistress
who moans, who cries and swears

Always being the pallid lover,
Watering down his his intoxication

I drink to pleasure! ...

An Schwager Kronos

Spute dich, Kronos!
Fort den rasselnden Trott!
Bergab gleitet der Weg;
Ekles Schwindeln zögert
Mir vor die Stirne dein Zaudern.
Frisch, holpert es gleich,
Über Stock und Steine den Trott
Rasch ins Leben hinein!

Nun schon wieder
Den eratemden Schritt
Mühsam berghinauf.
Auf denn, nicht träge denn,
Strebend und hoffend hinan!

Weit, hoch, herrlich Rings der Blick
ins Leben hinein,
Vom Gebirg zum Gebirg

Schwebet der ewige Geist,
Ewigen Lebens ahndevoll.

Seitwärts des Überdachs Schatten
Zieht dich an
Und ein Frischung verheißender
Blick
Auf der Schwelle des Mädchens da.

Labe dich! - Mir auch, Mädchen,

Diesen schäumenden Trank,
Diesen frischen Gesundheitsblick!

Ab denn, rascher hinab!
Sieh, die Sonne sinkt!
Eh sie sinkt, eh mich Greisen
Ergreift im Moore Nebelduft,
Entzahnte Kiefer schnattern
Und das schlotternde Gebein,

Make haste, Chronos!
Forth, into a rattling trot!
Downhill slides the path;
A repulsive dizziness slowly
seizes my mind at your dallying.
Quick, jolting equally
over sticks and stones - trot
quickly into life!

Now, already again we are
breathless, at a walking pace,
struggling uphill.
Up then, don't be sluggish then,
striving and hoping onwards!

Wide, tall and splendid
is the panoramic view of life,
from mountain-range to
mountain-range
floats the eternal spirit,
full of promise of eternal life.

To the side, a shady over-roof
draws you;
and a gaze of warm freshness
from a maiden on the threshold
there.

Refresh yourself! For me, too,
maiden,
this foaming drink,
this fresh healthy look!

Down then, down faster!
Look, the sun is sinking!
Before it sets, before I, an old man,
am seized by a mist on the moor,
my toothless jaw chattering
and my limbs trembling,

Trunken vom letzten Strahl
Reiß mich, ein Feuermeer
Mir im schäumenden Aug,
Mich geblendeten Taumelnden
In der Hölle nächtliches Tor.

drunk from the last ray -
pull me, a sea of fire
foaming in my eye,
blinded, reeling,
through Hell's nocturnal gate.

Töne, Schwager, ins Horn,
Rassle den schallenden Trab,
Daß der Orkus vernehme: wir
kommen,
Daß gleich an der Tür
Der Wirt uns freundlich empfangen.

Sound your horn, Coachman,
rattle with a noisy trot,
so that Orcus can hear that we're
coming,
so that immediately at the door
the innkeeper can give us a friendly
welcome.

Wanderers Nachtlied

Über allen Gipfeln
ist Ruh,
in allen Wipfeln
spürest du
kaum einen Hauch;
die Vögelein schweigen im Walde,
warte nur, balde
ruhest du auch!

Over all the peaks
it is peaceful,
in all the treetops
you feel
hardly a breath of wind;
the little birds are silent in the
forest...
only wait - soon
you will rest as well.

Erkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und
Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem
Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Who's riding so late through night,
so wild?
It is the father who's holding his
child;
He's tucked the boy secure in his
arm,
He holds him tight and keeps him
warm.

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang
dein Gesicht?"
"Siehst, Vater, du den Erkönig
nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und
Schweif?"
"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."

"My son, why hide you your face in
fear?"
"See you not, father, the Erl King
near?
The Erl King in his crown and train?"
"My son, 'tis but a foggy strain."

"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;

Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erenkönig mir leise verspricht?"

"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."

"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort"

"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."

"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"

"Sweet lovely child, come, go with me!
What wonderful games I'll play with thee;

Flowers, most colorful, yours to behold.
My mother for you has garments of gold."

"My father, my father, and can you not hear
What Erl King is promising into my ear?"

"Be calm, stay calm, o child of mine;
The wind through dried leaves is rustling so fine."

"Wouldst thou, fine lad, go forth with me?
My daughters should royally wait upon thee;
My daughters conduct each night their song fest
To swing and to dance and to sing thee to rest."

"My Father, my father, and can you not see
Erl King's daughters, there by the tree?"

"My son, my son, I see it clear;
The ancient willows so grey do appear."

"I love thee, I'm aroused by thy beautiful form;
And be thou not willing, I'll take thee by storm."

"My father, my father, he's clutching my arm!
Erl King has done me a painful harm!"

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet
geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,

Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not:

In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

The father shudders and onward
presses;
The gasping child in his arms he
caresses;
He reaches the courtyard, and
barely inside,
He holds in his arms the child who
has died.

L'assiolo canta

Vieni! Sul bosco splende serena
la notte dell'estate e l'assiolo canta.

Come! On the forrest shines serene
the summer night and the
horned-owl sings.

Vieni, ti volgio dir quel che non dissi
mai.

Come, I wish to tell you what I've
never said before.

E sul sentiero fioriscono le stelle,

magici fiori.

And above our path blooms the
stars,
like magic flowers.

Inoltriamoci insieme e là nel folto ti
dirò

We'll enter together and in the thick
I'll tell you.

perchè piansi una triste sera che
non c'eri.

why I cried a sad tear when you
were gone.

Inoltriamoci insieme. Un mistero
c'invita,

We'll enter together. A mystery
invites us,

Odi: l'assiolo canta.

O hear: the horned-owl sings.

Alba di luna sul bosco

Guarda, la luna nasce tutta rossa
come una fiamma congelata nel
cielo,

Look, the moon appears all red
like a flame frozen in the heavens,

Lo stagno la riflette
e l'acqua mossa dal vento
par rabbrivire al gelo.

The pond it reflects
and the water moves in the wind
as if shivering from the cold.

Che pace immensa!
il bosco addormentato,
si riflette nello stagno.

Such immense peace!
The forest is sleeping,
itself reflected in the pool.

Quanto silenzio intorno!

Such great silence surrounds us!

Dimmi: È un tramonto
o un'alba per l'amor?

Tell me: is it twilight
or the dawning of love?

Tristezza Crepuscolare

È la sera.
Dalla terra bagnata sale l'odore

It is the evening.
Out of the damp earth rises the
odor

delle foglie morte.
È l'ora delle campane,
è l'ora in cui respiro
il vano profumo d'un amore
passato.

of dead leaves.
It is the hour of bells,
It is the hour to breathe
the perfumed wind of a love
passed.

E sogno e piango.

I dream and I cry.

È la sera.
È la sera, una sera piena di
campane,
una sera piena di profumi,
una sera piena di ricordi
e di tristezze morte.
Piangete, piangete campane della
sera,
empite tutto il cielo di malinconia.
Ah! Piangete ancor...
Questa é l'ora dei ricordi,
é l'ora in cui l'antica fiamma
s'accende
nel cuore disperatamente e lo
brucia.
Campane.
Odore di foglie morte.
Tristezze dissepolte!

It is the evening.
It is the evening, an evening full of
bells,
an evening full of smells,
an evening full of memories
and of death's own sadness.
Weep, weep bells of the evening,
fill all the heavens with melancholy.
Ah! Weep again...
This is the hour of remembrance,
it is the time when the old flame
engulfs
my desperate heart and ignites it.
Peeling bells.
The smell of dead leaves.
Sorrows unearthed!

L'incontro

Non mi ricordo più
quando noi c'incontrammo la prima
volta
ma fu certo una lontana sera
tutta soffusa di pallide tristezze
lungo un benigno mar!
A noi giungevano di lontano
suoni di campane e di greggi
ed una pace strana ci veniva dal
mare.
Questo rammento!
Cosa dicemmo quel giorno, lo
rammentate?
Io non ricordo più.
Ma che importa?
Oggi mi fiorisce in cuore
la dolcezza appassita di quell'ora
lontana.
E m'è dolce stringere nella mia
la vostra mano bianca
e parlarvi d'amor,
anch'oggi vengono di lontano
suoni di campane e di greggi
e anch'oggi il mar come allora ci
sorride lontano.
Ma oggi forse m'amate un poco,
non sorridete più.
Ah! La vostra mano trema.

I do not remember anymore
when we first met
but certainly it was an evening long
gone
full of faded sadness
along a friendly sea!
To us came from afar
the sounds of bells and of birds
and a strange peace reached us
from the sea.
This I remember!
What did we say that day, do you
recall?
I don't remember anymore.
But who cares?
Today in my heart blooms
with sweet passions of an this
bygone hour.
And it is so sweet to grasp in mine
your pale, white hand
and speak to you of love,
for today, just as then there comes
from afar
the sounds of bells and of birds
and the sea, just as then, to smiles
at us from the distance.
But maybe today you love me a
little,
you're not smiling anymore.
Ah! Your hand trembles.

Se oggi le belle labbra voi mi darete

non scorderemo più questa dolce
ora d'amor!

If today you'll give me your
beautiful lips

we'll never forget this sweet
moment of love!