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Graduate Recital: Michael J. Rosenberg, baritone

Michael J. Rosenberg

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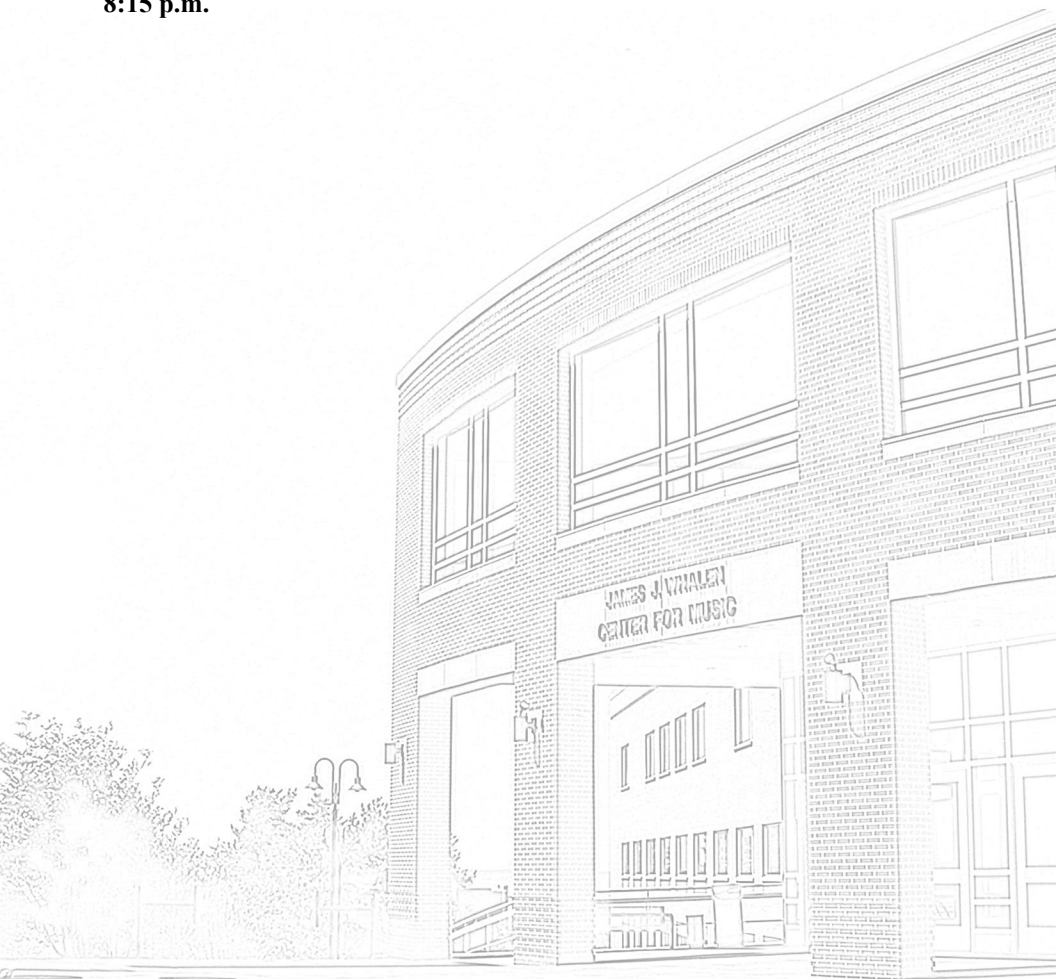
Rosenberg, Michael J., "Graduate Recital: Michael J. Rosenberg, baritone" (2012). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 4064.
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**Graduate Recital:
Michael J. Rosenberg, baritone**

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'imbrogli 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