

3-27-2015

Senior Recital: Torrance Gricks, tenor

Torrance Gricks

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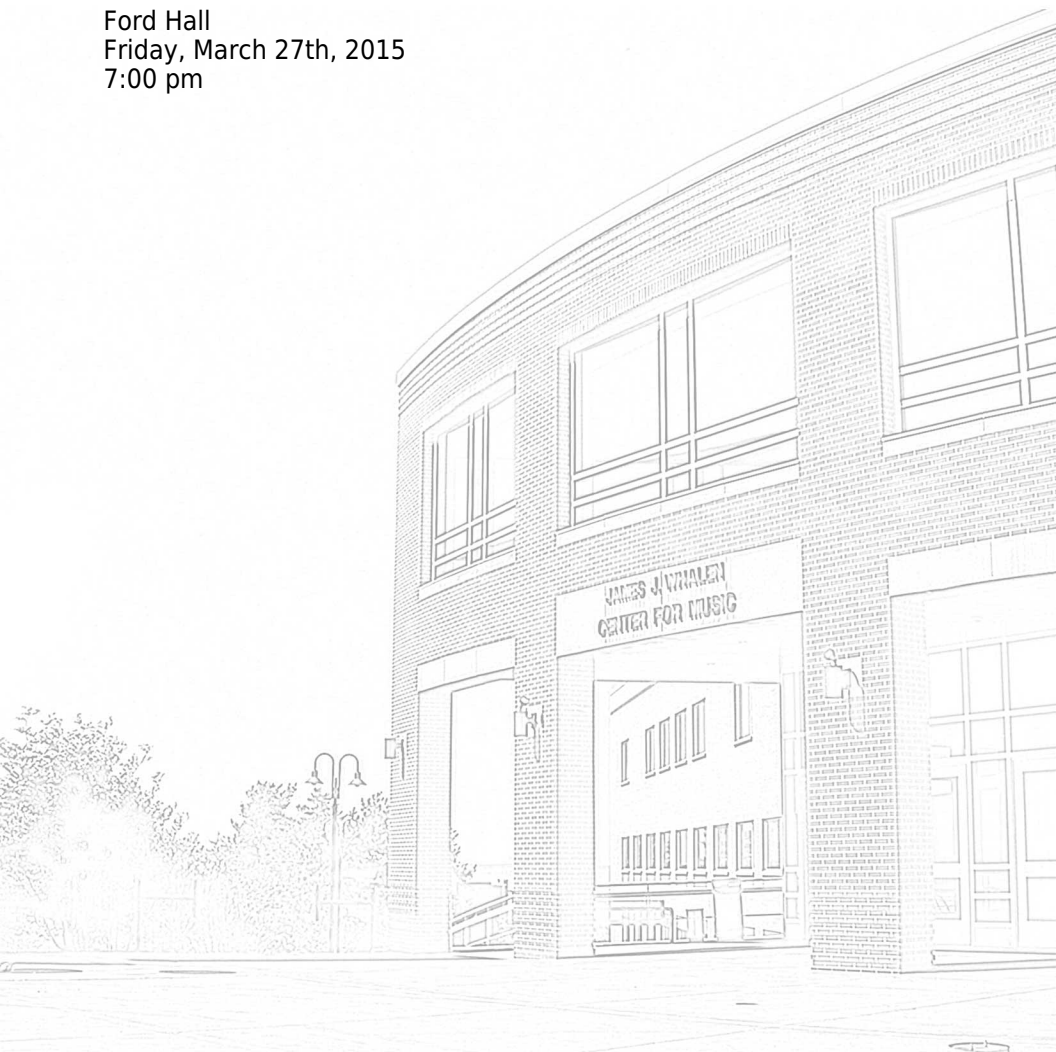
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Senior Recital:
Torrance Gricks, Tenor

Blaise Bryski, pianist collaborator
Ellen Jackson, soprano
Elidoro Castillo, bass-baritone

Ford Hall
Friday, March 27th, 2015
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Per pietà, non ricercate, KV420

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome
Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh
Die Lorelei

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Tous les trois réunis
from *La fille du régiment*

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Ellen Jackson, soprano
Eliodoro Castillo, bass-baritone

Intermission

Romance
Les Cloches

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Ghosts
Snowflakes
Irish Love Song
Love is Everywhere

Margaret Ruthven Lang
(1867-1972)

Anthem
from *Chess*

Benny Andersson and Björn
Ulvaeus
(1946 -) and (1945 -)

Translations

Per pietà, non ricercate

Per pietà, non ricercate La cagion del mio tormento, Sì crudele in me lo sento, Che neppur lo so spiegar! Vo pensando; ma poi come? Per uscir; ma che mi giova Di far questa, o quella prova, Se non trovo in che sperar?	For pity, do not seek The reason of my torment, so cruel within me I feel it, that not even I can explain it! I think; but then how? to escape; but what good is it to me to make this or that attempt, If I find nothing to hope for?
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Ah, tra l'ire e tra gli sdegni Della mia funesta sorte, Chiamo solo, oh Dio, la morte, Che mi venga a consolar!	Ah, between anger and scorn for my woeful fate, I call only, Oh God, for death, That it may come to console me!
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Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh, in allen Wipfeln spürest du kaum einen Hauch; die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.	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.
Warte nur, balde, ruhest du auch.	Only wait, soon, you will rest as well.

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome, Da spiegelt sich in den Wellen Mit seinem großen Dome Das große, das heil'ge Cöln.	In the Rhine, in the holy stream Is it mirrored in the waves With its great cathedral That great, holy city Cologne.
Im Dome steht ein Bildnis, Auf goldnem Leder gemalt; In meines Lebens Wildniss Hat's freundlich hinein gestrahlt.	In the Cathedral stands an image, Painted on golden leather; Into the wildness of my life Has it shone, friendly.
Es schweben Blumen und Englein Um unsre liebe Frau, Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein, Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.	Flowers and little cherubs hover Around our beloved Lady, The eyes, the lips, the cheeks, They match my beloved's exactly.

Die Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll's bedeuten
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

I do not know, what the reason is
That I am so sad;
A fairytale from time before
Will not allow me to rest.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

The air is cool and is getting dark.
And quietly flows the Rhine;
The mountain top glows with a
highlight
From the evening sun's last shine.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

The fairest of maiden's reposing
So wonderously up there.
Her golden jewelry shines
She's combing her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewaltige Melodei.

She combs it with a golden comb
And meanwhile sings a song
With melody strangely bold
And overpoweringly strong.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
ergreift es mit wildem Weh,
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.

The boatman in his small boat
Is seized with longings, and sighs.
He sees not the rocky reef;
He looks only up towards the skies.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

I believe, that the waves shall
devour
Both vessel and man to their end;
That must have been what with her
singing
The Lorelei had done.

Tous les trois réunis Trio from La Fille du Régiment

Ensemble

Tous les trois réunis,
Quel plaisir, mes amis!
Quel bonheur, quelle ivresse!
Doux instants de tendresse!

Ensemble

The three of us together,
What a pleasure, my friends!
What joy, what intoxication!
Sweet moments on tenderness!

Sulpice

Doux souvenir!

Sulpice

Sweet memory!

Tonio

Tonio

Beau temps de guerre!

Marie

Ah! loin de nous...

Sulpice

Vous avez fui!

Tonio

Il reviendra...

Sulpice

Je n'y crois guère...

Marie

Ce temps passé...mais le voici...
Près de toi, Sulpice, et près de lui

Ensemble

Tous les trois réunis,
Quel plaisir, mes amis!

Tonio

Tu parleras pour moi!

Marie

Tu parleras pour lui!

Tonio

Tu combleras mes vœux!

Marie

Tu le dois, mon ami.

Sulpice

Mais vous ne savez pas...
écoutez-moi...

Marie Et Tonio

Il me faut ta promesse,
Puisque j'ai sa tendresse...
Et puisque j'ai sa foi!

Ensemble

Tous les trois réunis,
Quel plaisir, mes amis!
Quel bonheur, quelle ivresse!
Doux instants de tendresse!
Nous voilà réunis.

Fog of war!

Marie

Ah! far from us...

Sulpice

You fled!

Tonio

It will return...

Sulpice

I hardly believe it...

Marie

That's in the past...but now...
Near you, Sulpice, and near him

Ensemble

The three of us together,
What pleasure, my friends!

Tonio

You will speak for me!

Marie

You will speak for him!

Tonio

You will fulfill my wishes!

Marie

You have to, my friend.

Sulpice

But you do not know... Listen to
me...

Marie Et Tonio

I need your promise,
Because I have tenderness...
And because I have faith!

Ensemble

The three of us together,
What a pleasure, my friends!
What joy, what intoxication!
Sweet moments on tenderness!
Here we are together.

Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante, L'âme douce, l'âme odorante Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis Dans le jardin de ta pensée, Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée, Cette âme adorable des lys?	The vanishing and suffering soul, The sweet soul, the fragrant soul Of divine lilies that I have picked In the garden of your thoughts, Where, then, have the winds chased it, This charming soul of the lilies?
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N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste De la suavité céleste Des jours où tu m'enveloppais D'une vapeur surnaturelle, Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle, De béatitude et de paix?...	Is there no longer a perfume that remains Of the celestial sweetness Of the days when you enveloped me In a supernatural haze, Made of hope, of faithful love, Of bliss and of peace?
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Les Cloches

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des branches Délicatement. Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches, Dans le ciel clément.	The leaves opened on the edge of the branches delicately. The bells tolled, light and free, in the clear sky.
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Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne, Ce lointain appel Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne Des fleurs de l'autel.	Rhythmically and fervently, like an antiphon, this far-away call reminded me of the Christian whiteness of altar flowers.
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Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années, Et, dans le grand bois, Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées, Des jours d'autrefois.	These bells spoke of happy years, and in the large forest they seemed to revive the withered leaves of days gone by.
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This recital is given in memory of Darlene Gricks (July 21, 1938 - April 12, 2005) & Thomas Gricks (September 4, 1935 - March 11, 2015)