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Junior Recital: Thomas Riley, tenor

Thomas Riley
Ithaca College

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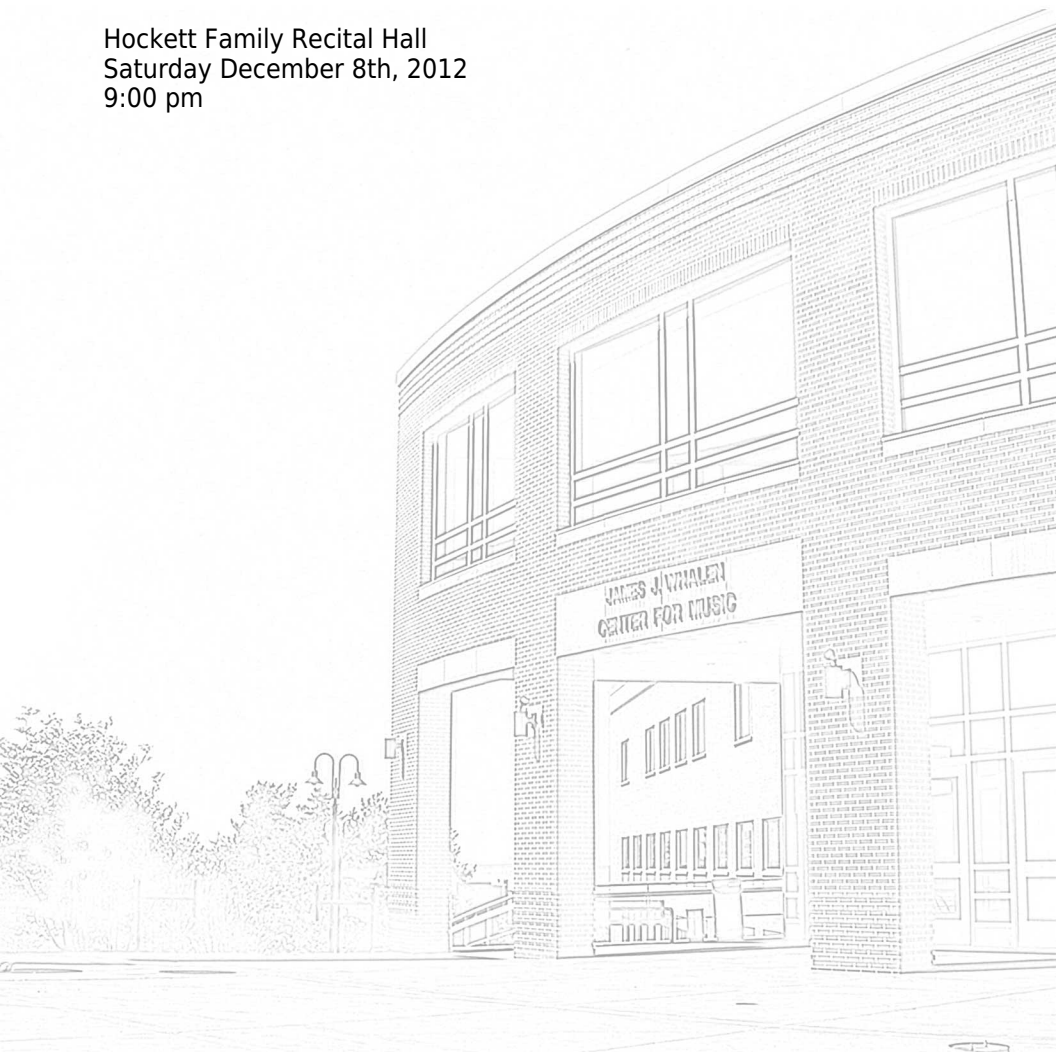
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Junior Recital:
Thomas Riley, tenor

Samuel Martin, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday December 8th, 2012
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Die schöne Müllerin

Das Wandern

Wohin?

Halt!

Danksagung an den Bach

Am Feierabend

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Consolazione

1. Non pianger più

2. Ancóra qualche rose è ne' rosai...

3. Tanto accadrà, ben che non sia d'aprile...

4. Perché ti neghi con lo sguardo stanco?

5. Sogna, sogna, mia cara anima!

6. Settembre (di': l'anima tua m'ascolta?...)

7. Quanto ha dormito, il cembalo!...

8. Mentre che fra le tende scolorate...

Francesco Paolo Tosti

(1846-1916)

Intermission

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

Le réveil de la mariée

Là-bas, vers l'église

Quel galant m'est comparable?

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Tout gai!

Maurice Ravel

(1875-1937)

A Young Man's Exhortation

2. Ditty

7. The Sigh

Gerald Finzi

(1901-1956)

Outside This House

from *Vanessa*

Samuel Barber

(1910-1981)

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree of Vocal Performance and Music Education. Thomas Riley is from the studio of Marc Webster.

Translations

Die schöne Müllerin

Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern.
Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.
Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn,
Die Rädern.
Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,

Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.
O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Laßt mich in Frieden weiterziehn
Und wandern.

Wohin?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.
Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Ich mußte auch hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.
Hinunter und immer weiter
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer heller rauschte
Und immer heller der Bach.
Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.
Was sag ich denn von Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen

The fair miller-maid

Wandering

Wandering is the miller's joy,
Wandering!
He must be a miserable miller,
Who never likes to wander.
Wandering!
We've learned this from the water,
From the water!
It does not rest by day or night,
It's always thinking of its journey,
The water.
We see this also with the wheels,
With the wheels!
They don't like to stand still,
And turn all day without tiring.
With the wheels!
The stones themselves, heavy though
they are,
The stones!
They join in the cheerful dance,
And want to go yet faster.
The stones!
Oh, wandering, wandering, my joy,
Oh, wandering!
Oh, Master and Mistress,
Let me continue in peace,
And wander!

Where to?

I hear a brooklet rushing
Right out of the rock's spring,
Down there to the valley it rushes,
So fresh and wondrously bright..
I know not, how I felt this,
Nor did I know who gave me advice;
I must go down
With my wanderer's staff.
Down and always farther,
And always the brook follows after;
And always rushing crisply,
And always bright is the brook.
Is this then my road?
O, brooklet, speak! where to?
You have with your rushing
Entirely intoxicated my senses.
But why do I speak of rushing?
That can't really be rushing:
Perhaps the water-nymphs

Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

Halt!

Eine Mühle seh ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.
Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süßer Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!
Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

Danksagung an den Bach

War es also gemeint,
Mein rauschender Freund?
Dein Singen, dein Klingen, War es also
gemeint?
Zur Müllerin hin!
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
Zur Müllerin hin!
Hat sie dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möcht ich noch wissen,
Ob sie dich geschickt.
Nun wie's auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich such', hab ich funden,
Wie's immer mag sein.
Nach Arbeit ich frug,
Nun hab ich genug
Für die Hände, fürs Herze
Vollauf genug!

Am Feierabend

Hätt ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnt ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnt ich wehen

are singing rounds down there in the
deep.

Let it sing, my friend, let it rush,
And wander joyously after!
Mill-wheels turn in each clear brook.

Halt!

I see a mill looking
Out from the alders;
Through the roaring and singing
Bursts the clatter of wheels.
Hey, welcome, welcome!
Sweet mill-song!
And the house, so comfortable!
And the windows, how clean!
And the sun, how brightly
it shines from Heaven!
Hey, brooklet, dear brook,
Was this, then, what you meant?

Giving Thanks to the Brook

Was this, then, what you meant,
My rushing friend?
Your singing and your ringing? Was this
what you meant?
To the Millermaid!
it seems to say...
Have I understood?
To the Millermaid!
Has she sent you?
Or am I deluding myself?
I would like to know,
Whether she has sent you.
Now, however it may be,
I commit myself!
What I sought, I have found.
However it may be.
After work I ask,
Now have I enough
for my hands and my heart?
Completely enough!

At the End of the Workday

If only I had a thousand
arms to move!
I could loudly
drive the wheels!
I could blow

Durch alle Haine!
Könnt ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Daß die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!
Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut mirs nach.
Und da sitz ich in der großen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister spricht zu allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

Consolazione

Non pianger più.
Torna il diletto figlio a la tua casa.
È stanco di mentire.
Vieni; usciamo. Tempo è di rifiorire.
Troppo sei bianca: il volto è quasi un
giglio.
Vieni; usciamo. Il giardino
abbandonato
serba ancora per noi qualche
sentiero.
Ti dirò come sia dolce il mistero
che vela certe cose del passato.

Ancora qualche rose è ne' rosai,
ancora qualche timida erba odora.
Ne l'abbandono il caro luogo ancora
sorriderà,
se tu sorriderai.
Ti dirò come sia dolce il sorriso
di certe cose che l'oblio afflisse.
Che proveresti tu se fiorisse
la terra sotto i piedi,
all'improvviso.

Tanto accadrà,
ben che non sia d'aprile.
Usciamo.
Non copirti il capo.
È un lento sol di settembre;
e ancor non vedo argento
su 'l tuo capo,
e la riga è ancor sottile.

Through all the groves!
I could turn All the stones!
If only the beautiful Millermaid
Would notice my faithful thoughts!
Ah, why is my arm so weak?
What I lift, what I carry,
What I cut, what I beat,
Every lad does it just as well as I do.
And there I sit in the great gathering,
In the quiet, cool hour of rest,
And the master speaks to us all:
Your work has pleased me;
And the lovely maiden says
"Good night" to everyone.

Consolation

Do not cry anymore.
Return, beloved son, back home.
I am tired of the lies.
Come, let's leave. Time is flourishing
around us.
You are too white: your face is as a
lily.
Come, let's leave. The garden
neglected
still holds for us the pathway.
I'll tell you about the sweet mystery
which veils certain things of the past.

Still some pink roses,
Still some timid grass smells,
Do not leave this dear place where I
smile
when you smile.
I will tell you how sweet your smile is
in certain things that caused
affliction.
And you will feel me if
the earth beneath your feet
flourishes,
suddenly.

So much happens,
although April has gone.
We leave.
No need to cover your head.
It is a slow September sun;
and I do not see the sliver
on your head,
and the line is still thin.

Perché ti neghi con lo sguardo
stanco?
La madre fa quel che il buon figlio
vuole.
Bisogna che tu prenda un po' di sole,
un po' di sole su quel viso bianco.
Bisogna che tu sia forte;
bisogna che tu non pensi a le cattive
cose...
Se noi andiamo
verso quelle rose,
io parlo piano,
l'anima tua sogna.

Sogna, sogna, mia cara anima!
Tutto, tutto sarà come al tempo
lontano.
Io metterò ne la tua pura mano
tutto il mio cuore. Nulla è ancor
distrutto!
Sogna, sogna! Io vivrò de la tua vita.
In una vita semplice e profonda
io rivivrò. La lieve ostia che monda
io la riceverò da le tue dita.
Sogna, ché il tempo di sognare è
giunto.
Io parlo. Di': l'anima tua m'intende?
Vedi? Ne l'aria fluttua e s'accende
quasi il fantasma d'un april defunto.

Settembre (di': l'anima tua
m'ascolta?)
ha ne l'odore suo, nel suo pallore,
non so, quasi l'odore ed il pallore
di qualche primavera dissepolta...
Sogniamo, poi ch'è tempo di sognare.

Sorridiamo.
È la nostra primavera, questa.
A casa, più tardi, verso sera,
vo' riaprire il cembalo e sonare.

Quanto ha dormito, il cembalo!
Mancava, *allora*, qualche corda;
qualche corda ancora manca...
E l'ebano ricorda
le lunghe dita ceree de l'ava.

Mentre che fra le tende scolorate
vagherà qualche odore delicato,
(m'odi tu?)
qualche cosa come un fiato
debole di viole un po' passate,
sonerò qualche vecchia aria di danza,

Why do you deny it with a tired gaze?
Your mother does what her good son
wants.
You must take a bit of sun,
a bit of sun on that white face.
You must be strong;
You must not think of the bad
things...
let's go
to those roses,
and I will speak softly to you
in your dreams.

Dream, dream, my dear soul!
Everything will be as a time ago.
I will put in thy pure hand
all of my heart. Nothing is gone!
Dream! And I shall experience your
life.
In a life simple and profound
I live through you and cleanse you.
I receive this gift from your fingers.
Dream, now is the time to dream!
I speak. Does your soul understand?
See? In the air floating and kindled
almost like a ghost of late April.

September (does your soul hear me?)
has the scent of it in its pallor,
I don't know, I almost smell the pallor
of some spring unearthed...
We dream, when it is time to dream.
We smile.
And this is our spring.
At home very late in the evening,
you open the harpsichord and play.

As he slept, the harpsichord!
Missing, then, some chord;
some chord still missing...
But the blackness remembers
the long waxy fingers which played.

While among the colored veils
some vague, mild odor, (do you hear
me?)
is something like a breath
weak of violets, and a bit from the
past,

assai vecchia, assai nobile,
anche un poco triste;
e il suono sarà velato, fioco,
quasi venise da quell'altra stanza...
Poi per te sola io vo' comporre un
canto
che ti raccolga come in una cuna,
sopra un antico metro,
ma con una grazia che sia vaga e
negletta alquanto.
Tutto sarà come al tempo lontano.
L'anima sarà semplice com'era;
e a te verrà, quando vorrai,
leggera come vien l'acqua al cavo de
la mano.

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix
mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon coeur en
est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous
marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont
alliés!

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costanndino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture, pistolets
et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

some old air dance,
very old, very noble,
but also a little sad;
and the sound will be veiled
like it is coming from another room...
For you alone I compose a song
that could cradle you,
above an old meter,
but with a grace that is vague and
neglected.
Everything will be as a distant time,
the soul will be easy as it was;
and you will be, when you so choose,
light as the water which comes to the
hollow of my hand.

Five Popular Greek Melodies

Awake, awake, my darling partridge,
Open to the morning your wings.
Three beauty marks; my heart is on
fire!
See the ribbon of gold that I bring
To tie round your hair.
If you want, my beauty, we shall
marry!
In our two families, everyone is
related!

Yonder, by the church,
By the church of Ayio Sidero,
The church, o blessed Virgin,
The church of Ayio Costanndino,
There are gathered,
Assembled in numbers infinite,
The world's, o blessed Virgin,
All the world's most decent folk!

What gallant compares with me,
Among those one sees passing by?
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!
See, hanging on my belt, My pistols
and my curved sword.
And it is you whom I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

O joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
O lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs
soupirent!

Tout gai! gai,
Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, *tireli*, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la la...

The Song of the Girls Collecting Mastic

O joy of my soul,
joy of my heart,
treasure which is so dear to me,
joy of my soul and heart,
you whom I love ardently,
you are more handsome than an
angel.
O when you appear,
angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a fine, blond angel,
under the bright sun,
Alas! all of our poor hearts sigh!

Everyone is joyous,
joyous!
Beautiful legs, *tireli*, which dance,
Beautiful legs; even the dishes are
dancing!
Tra la la, la la la!