

12-5-2015

Junior Recital: Patrick Starke, Tenor

Patrick Starke

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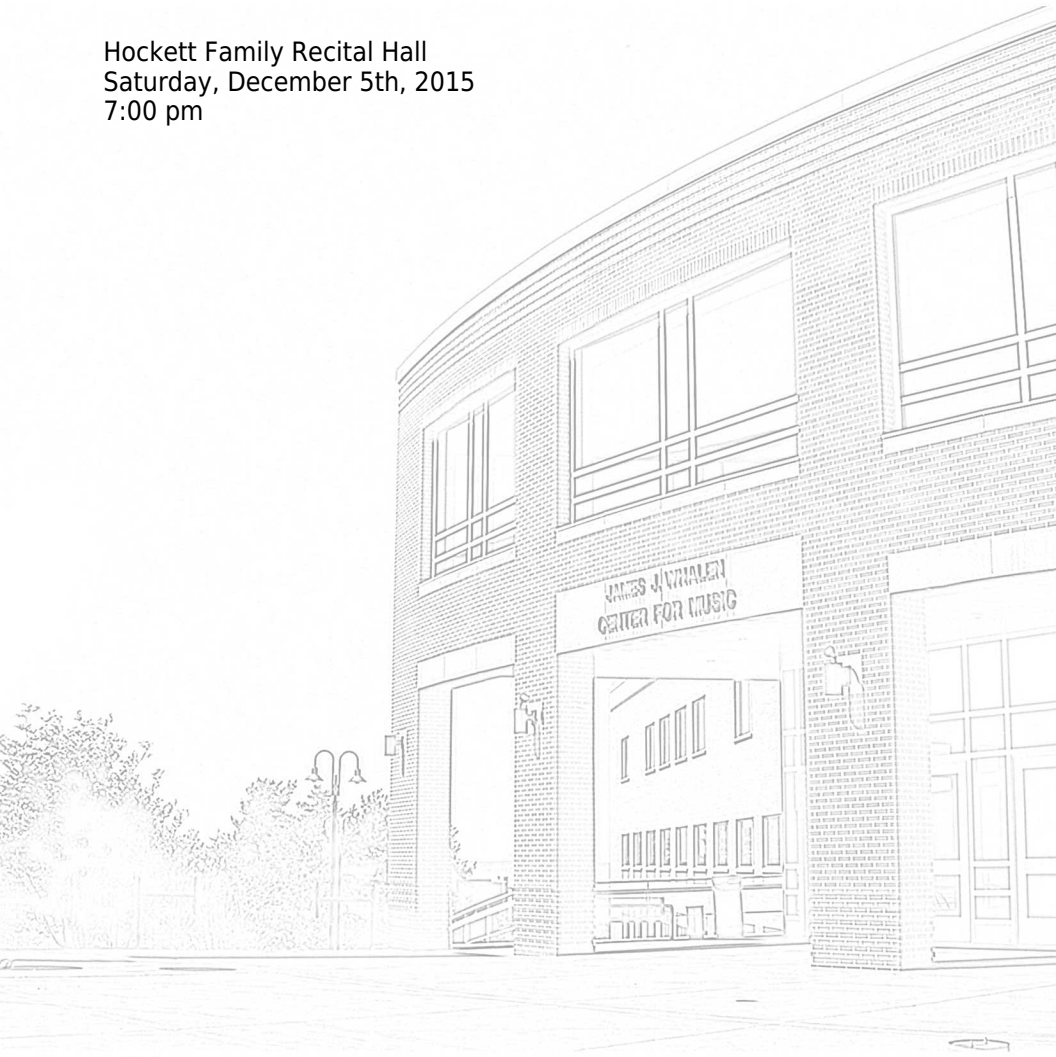
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Junior Recital:
Patrick Starke, Tenor

Alexander Greenberg, Piano
Jonathan Vogtle, Harpsichord
Zachary Brown, Cello
Kai Hutchinson, Guitar

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, December 5th, 2015
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Die schöne Müllerin (op.25)

2. Wohin?
3. Halt!
4. Dankgesang an den Bach
5. Am Feierabend
6. Der Neugierige
7. Ungeduld

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Prigioniero ho l'alma in pena
from *Rodelinda* (HWV 19)

Georg Friedrich Händel
(1685-1759)

Jonathan Vogtle, Harpsichord
Zachary Brown, Cello

Intermission

Les nuits d'été (op.7)

1. Villanelle
4. Absence
6. L'île inconnue

Hector Berlioz
(1804-1869)

Anon. in Love

1. Fain would I change that note
2. O stay, sweet love
4. My Lover in her attire
6. To couple is a custom

William Walton
(1902-1983)

Kai Hutchinson, Guitar

Die schöne Müllerin

Whereto?

I heard a little brook babbling
from its rocky source,
babbling down to the valley,
so bright, so wondrously clear.

I know not what came over me,
nor who prompted me;
but I too had to go down
with my wanderer's staff.

Down and ever onwards,
always following the brook,
as it babbled ever brighter
and ever clearer.

Is this, then, my path?
O brook, say where it leads.
With your babbling
you have quite befuddled my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling?
That is no babbling,
it is the water nymphs singing
as they dance their round far below.

Let them sing, my friend, let the brook babble,
and follow it cheerfully.
For mill-wheels turn
in every clear brook.

Halt!

I see a mill gleaming
amid the alders;
the roar of mill-wheels
cuts through the babbling and singing.

Welcome, welcome
sweet song of the mill.
How inviting the house looks,
how sparkling its windows!

And how brightly the sun
shines from the sky.
Now, dear little brook,
Is this what you meant?

Thanksgiving to the Brook

Is this what you meant,
my babbling friend?
Your singing, your murmuring,
is this what you meant?

To the maid of the mill!
This is your meaning;
Have I understood you?
To the maid of the mill!

Did she send you,
or have you entranced me?
I should like to know this, too:
did she send you?

However it may be,
I yield to my fate:
I have sought, what I have found,
however it may be.

I asked for work
now I have enough
for the hands and the heart;
Enough, and more besides.

After Work

If only I had a thousand
arms to wield!
If only I could drive
the rushing wheels!
If only I could blow like the wind
through every wood,
and turn every millstone,
so that the fair maid of the mill
would see my true love.

Ah, how weak my arm is!
What I lift and carry,
what I cut and hammer-
any apprentice could do the same.
And there I sit with them, in a circle,
in the quiet, cool after work hour.
And the master says to us all:
"I am pleased with your work."
And the sweet maid says,
"Goodnight to all."

The Inquisitive One

I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
none of them can tell me
what I would so dearly like to hear.

For I am no gardener,
and the stars are too high;
I will ask my little brook
if my heart has lied to me.

O brook of my love,
how silent you are today!
I wish to know just one thing,
one small word, over and over again.

One word is yes;
the other word is no;
these two words contain for me
the whole world.

O brook of my love,
how strange you are.
I will tell no one else:
say, brook, does she love me?

Impatience

I should like to carve it in the bark of every tree, I should like to inscribe it on every pebble, sew it in every fresh plot with cress seed that would quickly reveal it; I should like to write it on every scrap of white paper: My heart is yours, and shall it ever remain so.

I should like to train a young starling until it spoke the words, pure and clear, until it spoke with the sound of my voice, with my heart's full, ardent yearning: then it would sing brightly at her window: My heart is yours, and shall it ever remain so.

I should like to breathe it to the morning winds, and whisper it through the rustling grove; if only it shone from every flower, if only fragrant scents could bear it to her from near and far. Waves, can you drive only the mill wheels? My heart is yours, and shall it ever remain so.

I should have thought it would show in my eyes, could be seen buring on my cheeks, could be read on my silent lips; I should have thought my every breath would proclaim it to her; but she notices none of these anxious signs: My heart is yours, and shall it ever remain so!

Prigioniero ho l'alma in pena

My soul is a tormented prisoner,
but so lovely is the chain,
therefore it does not seek freedom.
Sad and sick my heart remains,
but the pain pleases it,
so it does not wish to seek relief.

Les nuits d'été

Villanelle

When verdant spring again approaches,
When winter's chills have disappeared,
Through the woods we shall stroll, my darling,
The fair primrose to cull at will.
The trembling bright pearls that are shining,
Each morning we shall brush aside;
We shall go to hear the gay thrushes Singing.

The flowers are abloom, my darling,
Of happy lovers 'tis the month;
And the bird his soft wing englossing, Sings within his nest.
Come with me on the mossy bank,
Where we'll talk of nothing else but love,
And whisper with thy voice so tender: Always!

Far, far off let our footsteps wander,
scaring the hiding hare away,
While the deer at the spring is gazing,
Admiring his reflected horns.
Then back home, with our hearts rejoicing,
And fondly our fingers entwined,
Lets return, let's return bringing fresh wild berries Wood-grown.

Absence

Come back, come back, my dearest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life has closed,
far from your smile of crimson.

Between our hearts how long a distance!
What a wide space our kisses divide!
O bitter fate! O cruel absence! O longing desires, unsatisfied!

From here to there, how wide the country,
so many towns and hamlets.
So many winding valleys and rugged mountains
that tire the feet of horses.

The Unknown Island

Say, young beauty, Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells, The breeze will blow.

The oar is made of ivory, The flag is of silk,
The helm is of fine gold; I have for ballast an orange,
For a sail, the wing of an angel, For a deck boy, a seraph.

Is it to the Baltic? To the Pacific Ocean?
To the island of Java? Or else to Norway,
To gather the flower of the snow, Or the flower of Angsoka?

"Lead me," says the beauty, "To the faithful shore
Where one loves always! This shore, my darling,
We hardly know at all In the land of Love."