

11-14-2016

Senior Recital: Patrick Starke, tenor

Patrick Starke

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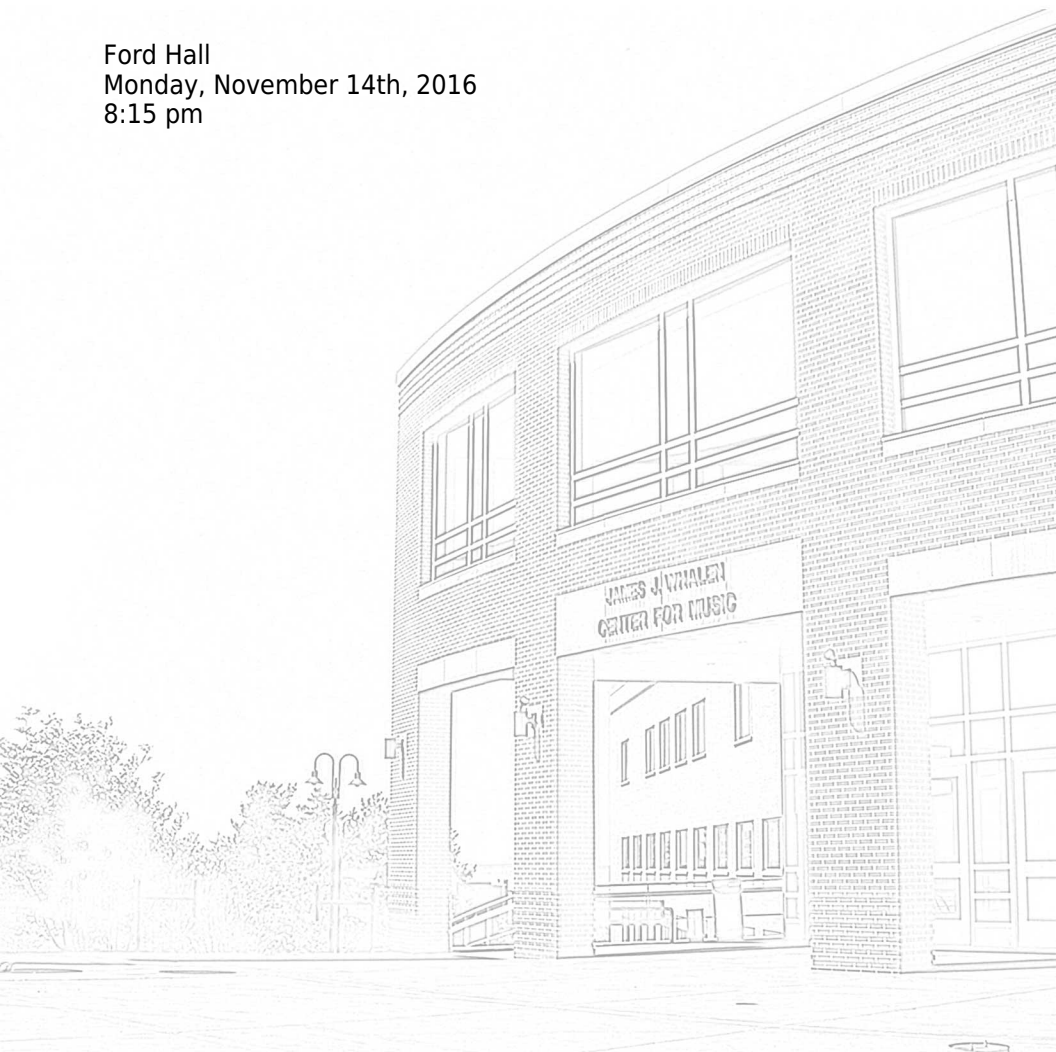
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Senior Recital:
Patrick Starke, tenor

Blaise Bryski, piano
Ellen O'Neill, oboe
Kevin Covney, guitar
Woody Minshew, speaker

Ford Hall
Monday, November 14th, 2016
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

36 Arie di Stile Antico
VII. Ah, mai non cessate
III. O del mio amato ben

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Ten Blake Songs
Infant Joy
A Poison Tree
The Piper
London*
The Lamb
The Shepherd*
Ah! Sun-lower
Cruelty has a Human Heart*
The Divine Image*
Eternity

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Ellen O'Neill, oboe
**Woody Minshew, speaker*

"Del più sublime soglio"
from *La Clemenza di Tito* (KV 621)

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

"Ah, se fosse intorno al trono"
from *La Clemenza di Tito* (KV 621)

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Four French Folk Songs
Réveillez - vous
J'ai descendu
Le Rossignol
Marguerite, elle est malade

Mátyás György Seiber
(1905-1960)

Kevin Covney, guitar

Eichendorff - Lieder
II. Der Musikant
III. Verschwigene Liebe
IV. Das Ständchen
VIII. Nachtzauber
XVII. Seemans Abschied

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Voice Performance.
Patrick Starke is from the studio of Marc Webster.

Translations

36 Arie di Stile Antico

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro
parlar,
o labbra desiate ond'io folle vo'
col miel delle vostre parole vo' far
un dolce guanciale su cui dormirò.
O sonni beati da niun mai sognati
che su quel guanciale dormendo
farò,
dormendo e sognando, vicino al tuo
cor,
il dolce, desiato mio sogno d'amor.
Ah! dormendo, sognando,
sognando d'amor!

O del mio amato ben perduto
incanto!

Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre la cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni
loco.

Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lei, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

Ah, never cease from your
talking,
oh desired lips which I madly want;
with your words I want to make
a sweet pillow on which I will sleep.
Oh blessed dreams that no one
ever dreamed,
that, sleeping on that pillow, I will
make;
sleeping and dreaming, close to
your heart,
the sweet, desired dream of love.
Ah! Sleeping, dreaming of love!

**Oh, lost enchantment of my
dearly beloved!**

Far from my eyes is her
who was, to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms
I always seek her and call her
with a heart full of hopes?
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
that with weeping alone I nourish
my heart.

It seems to me, without her, sad
everywhere.

The day seems like night to me;
the fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope
to give myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me:
But without her, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
without my beloved.

La Clemenza di Tito

Del più sublime soglio

l'unico frutto e questo:
tutto e tormento il resto,
e tutto è servitù.

Che avrei, se ancor perdessi
le sole ore felici,
ch'ho nel giovar gli oppressi,
nel sollevar gli amici;
nel dispensar tesori
al merto, e alla virtù?

Ah, se fosse intorno al trono

ogni cor così sincero,
non tormento un vasto impero,
ma saria felicità.

Non dovrebbero i regnanti
tollerar sì grave affanno,
per distinguer dall'inganno
l'insidiata verità.

Of the most high office

the only fruit is this;
all the rest is torment,
all else is servitude.

What should I have, were I also
to lose the only happy hours I have
in helping those in distress,
in raising up my friends,
in awarding riches
to merit and to valour?

Ah, if about a throne

every heart were so sincere,
a vast empire would be
not a torment but bliss.

Rulers should not have
to suffer such deep anxiety
to distinguish hidden truth
from deception.

Four French Folk Songs

Réveillez-vous, belle endormie

Réveillez-vous, car il est jour
mettez la tête à la fenêtre
vous entendrez parler de nous

La belle a mis le pied à terre

tout doucement s'en est allée
d'une main elle ouvre la porte
entrez galant si vous m'aimez

Mais la belle s'est endormie
entre les bras de son amant
et celui-ci qui la regarde
en lui voyant ces yeux mourants

Que les étoiles sont brillantes
et le soleil est éclatant
mais les beaux yeux de ma
maîtresse
en sont encore les plus charmants

Wake up, my beautiful sleeper,

Wake up, because it's daytime
Put your head out the window
You'll hear us talk about you

The beauty put her foot on the
floor,

slowly made her way;
with one hand she opens the door:
Come in, Galant one, if you love me

But the beauty fell asleep
between the arms of her lover
and he, who watched her
saw his dying eyes reflected in
hers,

Oh, that the stars are brilliant
and the sun is blazing;
but the beautiful eyes of my
mistress
are even more charming.

J'ai descendu dans mon jardin
Pour y cueillir du romarin

Gentil coquelicot, Mesdames
Gentil coquelicot nouveau

J'n'en avais pas cueilli trois brins
Qu'un rossignol vint sur ma main

Il me dit trois mots en latin
Que les hommes ne valent rien

Que les hommes ne valent rien
Et les garçons encore moins bien

Des dames, il ne me dit rien
Mais des d'moiselles beaucoup de
bien

Rossignolet des bois,
rossignolet sauvage,
apprends-moi ton langage,
apprends-moi-z à parler;
apprends-moi la manière
comment il faut aimer.

La belle on dit partout
que vous avez des pommes,
des pommes de renettes,
qui sont dans vot' jardin;
Permettez-moi la belle
que j'y porte la main.

Non, je ne permets pas
que l'on touche à mes pommes.
Apportez moi la lune,
le soleil à la main.
Vous toucherez les pommes
qui sont dans mon jardin.

Marguerite, elle est malade,
il lui faut (ho! ho!) le médecin!

Médecin par sa visite
Lui a de(hé hé)fendu le vin

I went down to my garden
to pick rosemary

Sweet poppy, my ladies,
Sweet new poppy

I hadn't even picked three sprigs
when a nightingale alighted onto
my hand

He said three words in Latin:
That men aren't worth anything

That men aren't worth anything,
and young men are worth even less

Of the ladies he didn't tell me
anything,
but of damsels he spoke very
highly.

Nightingale of the woods,
Wild nightingale,
teach me your language,
teach me to speak;
teach me the way
how to love

They told me, beautiful one,
that you had some apples,
some renette apples,
that are in your garden;
let me, beautiful one,
lay my hand on them.

No, I won't let you
touch my apples.
Bring me the moon,
and the sun in your hand.
You will then touch the apples
that are in my garden.

Marguerite is ill,
she needs a doctor!

The doctor says in his visit
that wine is off limits!

Médecin, va-t'en au diable
puisque tu(hu hu) défend le vin

Doctor, go to the Devil
as long as you keep wine from me!

J'en ai bu toute ma vie
J'en boirai (hé hé) jusqu'à la fin.

I've drunk all my life
I will drink until the very end!

Eichendorff Lieder

Der Musikant

Wandern lieb' ich für mein Leben,
Lebe eben wie ich kann,
Wollt ich mir auch Mühe geben,
Paßt es mir doch gar nicht an.

Schöne alte Lieder weiß ich;
In der Kälte, ohne Schuh,
Draußen in die Saiten reiße ich,
Weiß nicht, wo ich abends ruh!

Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen,
Meinet, ich gefiel ihr sehr,
Wenn ich nur was wollte taugen,
So ein armer Lump nicht wär.

Mag dir Gott ein'n Mann bescheren,
Wohl mit Haus und Hof versehn!
Wenn wir zwei zusammen wären,
Möcht mein Singen mir vergehn.

Verschwiegene Liebe

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht

The Musician

I love the wandering life:
I live how I can.
If I were to trouble myself about
anything,
it would not suit me at all.

I know lovely old songs;
in the cold, without shoes,
I pluck my strings out there
and do not know where I'll sleep in
the evening!

Many a lovely girl makes eyes at
me,
as if to say she would like me well
if I only made something of myself
and were not such a poor beggar.

May God provide you with a
husband,
and a house and yard!
If we two were together,
my singing would die.

Secretive Love

Over treetops and corn
and into the splendor
who may guess them,
who may catch up with them?
Thoughts sway,
the night is mute;
thoughts run free.

Only one guesses,
one who has thought of her
by the rustling of the grove,
when no one was watching any
longer

Als die Wolken, die fliegen
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schön wie die Nacht.

except the clouds that flew by.
My love is silent
and as fair as the night.

Das Ständchen

Auf die Dächer zwischen blassen
Wolken schaut der Mond herfür,
Ein Student dort auf den Gassen
Singt vor seiner Liebsten Tür.

Und die Brunnen rauschen wieder
Durch die stille Einsamkeit,
Und der Wald vom Berge nieder,
Wie in alter, schöner Zeit.

So in meinen jungen Tagen
Hab ich manche Sommernacht
Auch die Laute hier geschlagen
Und manch lust'ges Lied erdacht.

Aber von der stillen Schwelle
Trugen sie mein Lieb zur Ruh,
Und du, fröhlicher Geselle,
Singe, sing nur immer zu!

The Serenade

Over the roofs between pale
clouds, the moon gazes across;
a student there in the street
is singing at his beloved's door.

And the fountains murmur again
through the still loneliness,
as do the woods, from the mountain
down,
just as in the good old times.

So in my young days,
would I often on summer nights
also play my lute here
and invent many merry songs.

But from her silent threshold
they have carried my love away to
rest.
And you, happy fellow,
sing, sing ever on!

Nachtzauber

Hörst du nicht die Quellen gehen
zwischen Stein und Blumen weit
nach den stillen Waldeseen,
wo die Marmorbilder stehen
in der schönen Einsamkeit?
Von den Bergen sacht hernieder,
weckend die uralten Lieder,
steigt die wunderbare Nacht,
und die Gründe glänzen wieder,
wie du's oft im Traum gedacht.

Night-Magic

Do you not hear the spring running
between the stones and flowers far
toward the quiet wood lakes,
where the marble statues stand
in fine solitude?
From the mountains, gently
awakening ancient songs,
the wondrous night descends
and the earth gleams again
as you often see in a dream.

Kennst die Blume du, entsprossen
in dem mondbeglänzten Grund
Aus der Knospe, halb erschlossen,
junge Glieder blühendsprossen,
weiße Arme, roter Mund,
und die Nachtigallen schlagen
und rings hebt es an zu klagen,
ach, vor Liebe todeswund,
von versunk'nen schönen Tagen
komm, o komm zum stillen Grund!
Komm! Komm!

Seemans Abschied

Ade, mein Schatz, du mocht'st mich
nicht,
ich war dir zu geringe.
Einst wandelst du bei Mondenlicht
und hörst ein süßes Klingen:
Ein Meerweib singt, die Nacht ist
lau,
die stillen Wolken wandern,
da denk' an mich, 's ist meine Frau,
nun such' dir einen Andern!

Ade, ihr Landsknecht!, Musketier!
wir zieh'n auf wildem Roße,
das bäumt und überschlägt sich
schier
vor manchem Felsenschloße.
Der Wassermann bei Blitzesschein
taucht auf in dunklen Nächten,
der Haifisch schnappt, die Möven
schrei'n,
das ist ein lustig Fechten!

Streckt nur auf eurer Bärenhaut
daheim die faulen Glieder,
Gott Vater aus dem Fenster schaut,
schickt seine Sündflut wieder!
Feldwebel, Reiter, Musketier,
sie müssen all' ersaufen,
derweil mit frischem Winde wir
im Paradies einlaufen.

Do you know the flower that blooms
in the moonlit land,
from whose buds, half-open,
young limbs bloom with
white arms and red mouth?
And the nightingale sings,
and all around, a lament is raised;
alas, wounded fatally by love,
by lovely days now gone forever
come, o come to the silent land!
Come! come!

Seaman's Farewell

Adieu, my love, you do not want
me,
I was too low for you.
One day you will wander by
moonlight
and hear sweet sounds:
a mermaid is singing, the night is
mild,
the quiet clouds are drifting;
you will think of me. It is my wife,
so go find yourself someone else!

Adieu, soldiers and musketeers!
we ride a wild horse
that rears up and almost flips over
before many a rocky castle.
The merman in the lightning flash
surfaces in dark nights,
the shark snaps and the seagulls
cry:
this is a merry struggle!

Stretch out your lazy legs
on your bearskin at home,
Father God gazes out of his window
and sends his Floods again!
Fieldmarshals, cavalymen and
musketeers,
all must drown,
while with a fresh wind
we will land in paradise.