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10-5-2019

### Senior Recital: Erin O'Rourke, soprano

Erin O'Rourke

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## Senior Recital:

Erin O'Rourke, soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano

Julia Plato, violin

Katelyn Tai, violin

Sarah Nichols, viola

Charlie Siegener, cello

Kristy Shuck, soprano

Adam Tarpey, tenor

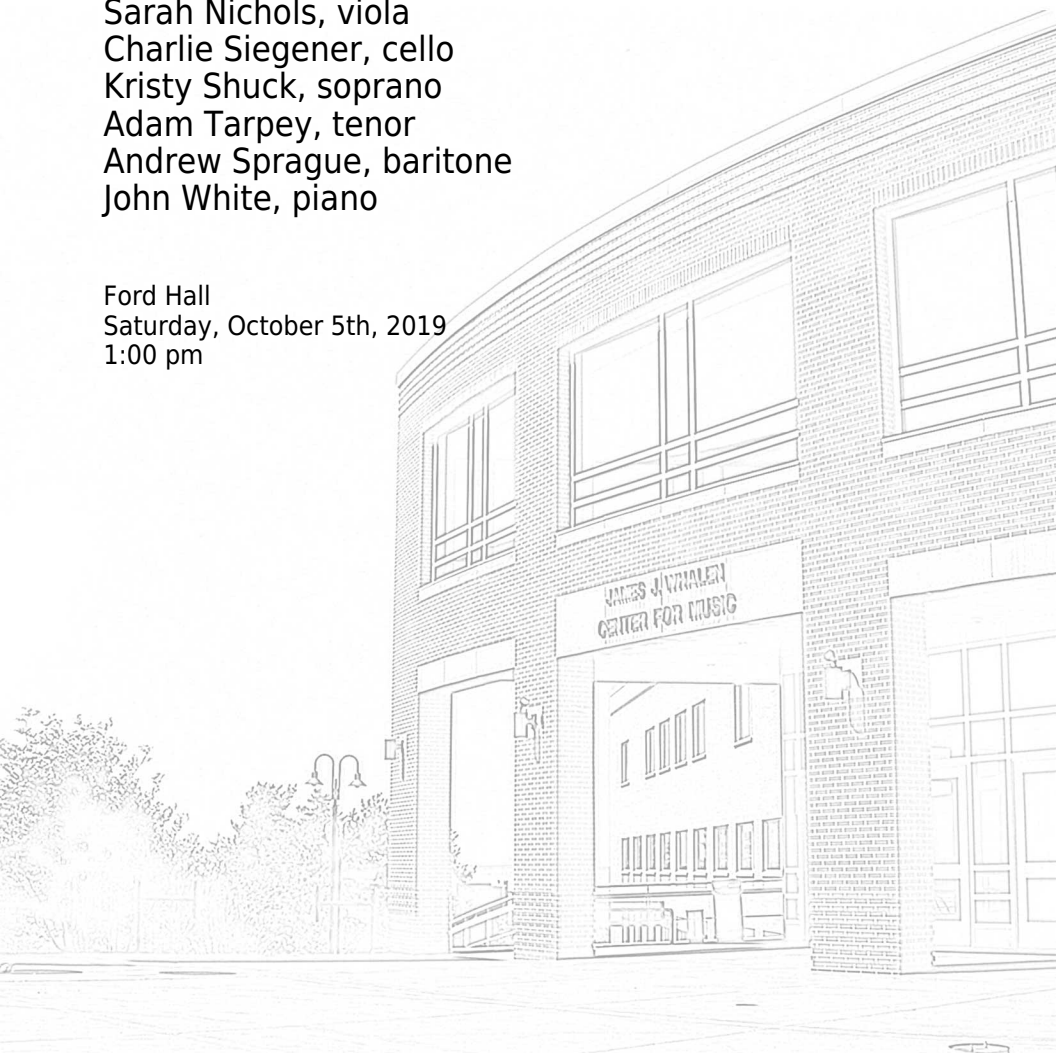
Andrew Sprague, baritone

John White, piano

Ford Hall

Saturday, October 5th, 2019

1:00 pm



# ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

# Program

- "Willow Song"  
from *The Ballad of Baby Doe* Douglas Moore  
(1893-1969)
- Ariettes oubliées Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)  
I. *C'est l'extase*  
II. *Il pleure dans mon cœur*  
III. *L'ombre des arbres*  
V. *Aquarelles: Green*
- 6 Lieder, op. 17 Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)  
II. *Ständchen*  
V. *Nur Mut!*

## Intermission

- Joni Mitchell Suite Joni Mitchell Arr. Liam Wade  
(b. 1943)  
I. *A Case of You*  
II. *Blue*  
III. *Cactus Tree*  
*Julia Plato, violin*  
*Katelyn Tai, violin*  
*Sarah Nichols, viola*  
*Charlie Siegener, cello*
- "Quando me'n vo"  
from *La Bohème* Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)  
*Kristy Shuck, soprano*  
*Adam Tarpey, tenor*  
*Andrew Sprague, baritone*
- I've got a Crush on You* George Gershwin  
(1898-1937)
- Water Under Bridges* Gregory Porter  
(b. 1971)  
*John White, piano*

## Translations C'est l'extase

C'est l'extase langoureuse, C'est la fatigue amoureuse, C'est tous les frissons des bois Parmi l'étreinte des brises, C'est, vers les ramures grises, Le chœur des petites voix.	It is languorous rapture, It is amorous fatigue, It is all the tremors of the forest In the breezes' embrace, It is, around the grey branches, The choir of tiny voices.
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Ô le frêle et frais murmure!  Cela gazouille et susurre, Cela ressemble au cri doux Que l'herbe agitée expire ... Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,  Le roulis sourd des cailloux.	O the delicate, fresh murmuring! The warbling and whispering, It is like the soft cry The ruffled grass gives out ... You might take it for the muffled sound Of pebbles in the swirling stream.
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Cette âme qui se lamente En cette plainte dormante C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas? La mienne, dis, et la tienne, Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?	This soul which grieves In this subdued lament, It is ours, is it not? Mine, and yours too, Breathing out our humble hymn On this warm evening, soft and low?
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### Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur Comme il pleut sur la ville; Quelle est cette langueur Qui pénètre mon cœur?	Tears fall in my heart As rain falls on the town; What is this torpor Pervading my heart?
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Ô bruit doux de la pluie Par terre et sur les toits! Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie Ô le bruit de la pluie!	Ah, the soft sound of rain On the ground and roofs! For a listless heart, Ah, the sound of the rain!
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Il pleure sans raison  
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.  
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...

Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine  
De ne savoir pourquoi  
Sans amour et sans haine,

Mon cœur a tant de peine.

Tears fall without reason  
In this disheartened heart.  
What! Was there no treason?

...

This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all  
Must be not to know why  
Without love and without  
hate

My heart feels such pain.

### **L'ombre des arbres**

L'ombre des arbres dans la  
rivière embrumée  
Meurt comme de la fumée  
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les  
ramures réelles,  
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce  
paysage blême  
Te mira blême toi-même,  
Et que tristes pleuraient dans  
les hautes feuillées  
Tes espérances noyées!

The shadow of trees in the  
misty stream  
Dies like smoke,  
While up above, in the real  
branches,  
The turtle-doves lament.

How this faded landscape, O  
traveller,  
Watched you yourself fade,  
And how sadly in the lofty  
leaves  
Your drowned hopes were  
weeping!

### **Green**

Voici des fruits, des fleurs,  
des feuilles et des  
branches  
Et puis voici mon cœur qui  
ne bat que pour vous.  
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos  
deux mains blanches  
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux  
l'humble présent soit  
doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore  
de rosée  
Que le vent du matin vient

Here are flowers, branches,  
fruit, and fronds,  
And here too is my heart that  
beats just for you.  
Do not tear it with your two  
white hands  
And may the humble gift  
please your lovely eyes.

I come all covered still with  
the dew  
Frozen to my brow by the

glacer à mon front.  
Souffrez que ma fatigue à  
vos pieds reposée  
Rêve des chers instants qui  
la délasseront.

morning breeze.  
Let my fatigue, finding rest  
at your feet,  
Dream of dear moments that  
will soothe it.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez  
rouler ma tête  
Toute sonore encore de vos  
derniers baisers;  
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la  
bonne tempête,  
Et que je dorme un peu  
puisque vous reposez.

On your young breast let me  
cradle my head  
Still ringing with your recent  
kisses;  
After love's sweet tumult  
grant it peace,  
And let me sleep a while,  
since you rest.

### Ständchen

Mach auf, mach auf! doch  
leise, mein Kind,  
Um Keinen vom Schlummer  
zu wecken!  
Kaum murmelt der Bach,  
kaum zittert im Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und  
Hecken;  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen,  
daß nichts sich regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die  
Klinke gelegt!

Open up, open up! but softly,  
my child,  
So that no one's roused from  
slumber!  
The brook hardly murmurs,  
the breeze hardly moves  
A leaf on the bushes and  
hedges;  
Gently, my love, so nothing  
shall stir,  
Gently with your hand as you  
lift the latch!

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der  
Elfen so sacht,  
Um über die Blumen zu  
hüpfen,  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die  
Mondscheinnacht,  
Zu mir in den Garten zu  
schlüpfen!  
Rings schlummern die Blüten  
am rieselnden Bach  
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die

With steps as light as the  
steps of elves,  
As they hop their way over  
flowers,  
Flit out into the moonlit  
night,  
Slip out to me in the garden!  
The flowers are fragrant in  
sleep  
By the rippling brook, only

Liebe ist wach.

love is awake.

Sitz nieder! Hier dämmerts  
geheimnisvoll  
Unter den Lindenbäumen.  
Die Nachtigall uns zu  
Häupten soll  
Von unseren Küssen träumen  
Und die Rose, wenn sie am  
Morgen erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den  
Wonneschauern der Nacht.

Sit down! Dusk falls  
mysteriously here  
Beneath the linden trees.  
The nightingale above us  
Shall dream of our kisses  
And the rose, when it wakes  
at dawn,  
Shall glow from our night's  
rapture.

### **Nur Mut!**

Laß das Zagen, trage mutig  
Deine Sorgen, deine Qual,  
Sei die Wunde noch so blutig,  
Heilen wird sie doch einmal.

Banish timidity, boldly  
endure  
Your worries, your torment!  
However bloody the wound,  
It shall one day heal.

Unter tiefer Eisesdecke  
Träumt die junge Knospe  
schon,  
Daß der Frühling sie erwecke  
Mit der Lieder holdem Ton.

Beneath a deep layer of ice  
The young bud already  
dreams  
That spring is waking it  
With the lovely sound of  
song.

Nur empor den Blick  
gewendet,  
Und durch düst'res  
Wolkengrau  
Bricht zuletzt, daß es dich  
blendet,  
Glorreich noch des Himmels  
Blau!

Just turn your gaze aloft,  
And through the grey of  
gloomy clouds  
The sky's glorious blue  
Will finally break and dazzle  
you!

Aber auch die trüben  
Stunden  
Und die Tränen, die du  
weinst,  
Glaub, wie Freuden, die  
entschwunden,

But those gloomy hours too,  
And the tears that you  
weep—  
They shall, believe me, like  
vanished joys,

Süß erscheinen sie dir einst,

One day sweetly shine on  
you again,

Und mit Wehmut, halb nur  
heiter,

And with melancholy, only  
half-cheerful,

Scheidest du für immerdar

You shall forever say  
goodbye

Von dem Leiden, dem  
Begleiter,

To sorrow, your companion,

Der so lange treu dir war.

Who was faithful to you for  
so long.

### **Quando me'n vo'**

Quando men vo soletta per  
la via,

When walking alone on the  
streets,

La gente sosta e mira

People stop and stare

E la bellezza mia tutta  
ricerca in me

And examine my beauty

Da capo a pie'...

From head to toe

Ed assaporo allor la bramosia

And then I savor the cravings

Sottil, che da gli occhi  
traspira

which from their eyes  
transpires

E dai palesi vezzi intender sa

And from the obvious charms  
they perceive

Alle occulte beltà.

The hidden beauties.

Così l'effluvio del desìo tutta  
m'aggira,

So the scent of desire is all  
around me,

Felice mi fa!

It makes me happy!

E tu che sai, che memori e ti  
struggi

And you who know, who  
remembers and yearns,

Da me tanto rifuggi?

You shrink from me?

So ben:

I know why this is:

le angoscie tue non le vuoi  
dir,

You do not want to tell me of  
your anguish,

Ma ti senti morir!

But you feel like dying!