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Senior Recital: Anthony Pilcher, baritone

Anthony Pilcher

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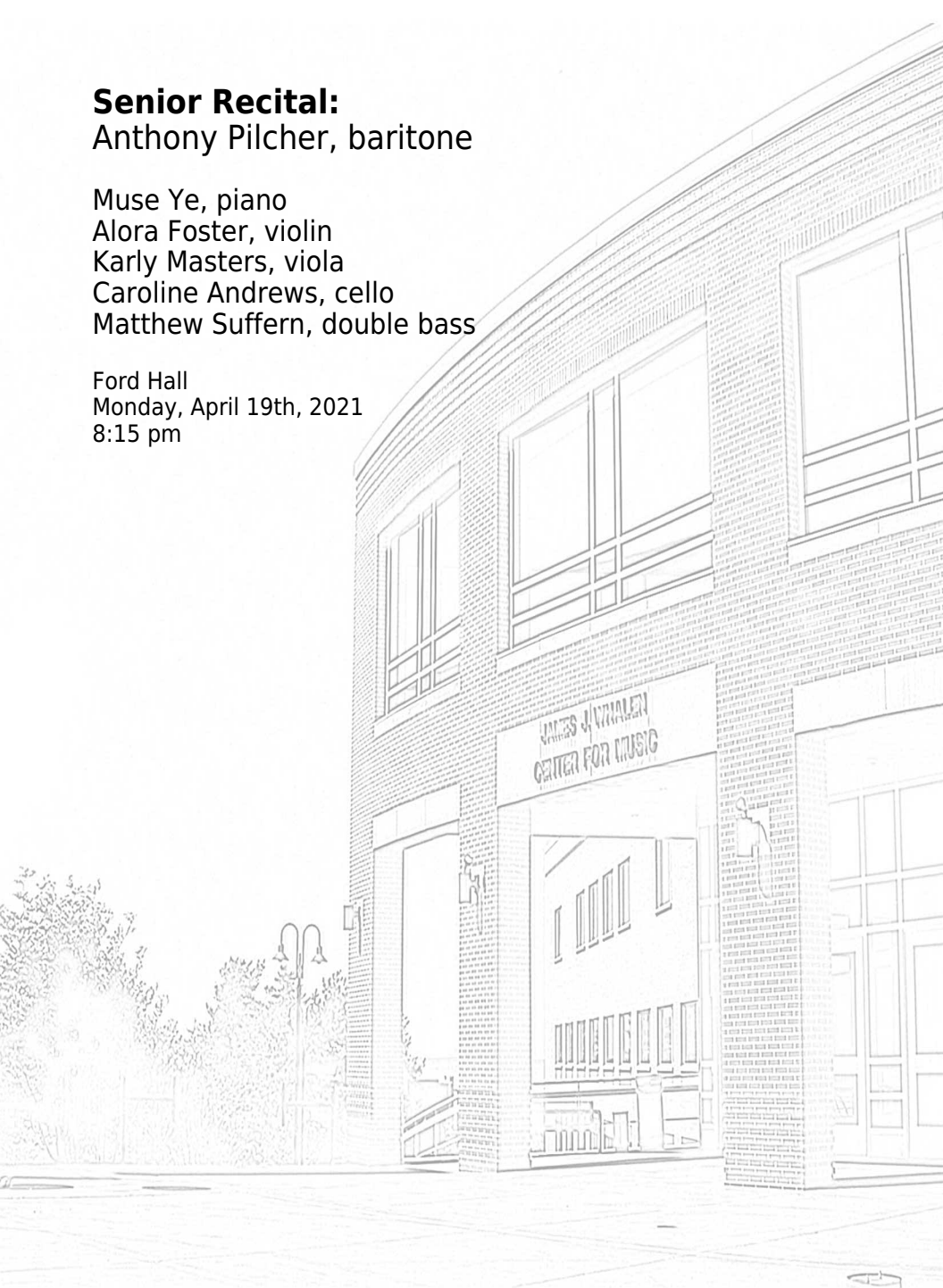
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Senior Recital:
Anthony Pilcher, baritone

Muse Ye, piano
Alora Foster, violin
Karly Masters, viola
Caroline Andrews, cello
Matthew Suffern, double bass

Ford Hall
Monday, April 19th, 2021
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

| | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| <i>L'Invitation au voyage</i> <i>Sérénade florentine</i> <i>La Vie antérieure</i> | Henri Duparc (1848-1933) |
| <i>Italienisches Liederbuch</i> 19. <i>Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen</i> 23. <i>Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden</i> 35. <i>Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter</i> 37. <i>Wie viele Zeit verlor ich, dich zu lieben!</i> | Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) |
| "Là del ciel nell'arcano profondo" from <i>La Cenerentola</i> | Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868) |

Intermission

| | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| <i>Manhattan</i> | Sara Bareilles (b. 1979) |
| <i>Without a Believer</i> | Sara Barielles |
| "You Matter to Me" from <i>Waitress</i> <i>Matisse Boor, soprano</i> | Sara Bareilles |
| "It All Fades Away" from <i>The Bridges of Madison County</i> | Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970) |
| "Not My Father's Son" from <i>Kinky Boots</i> | Cyndi Lauper (b. 1953) |
| "Make Them Hear You" from <i>Ragtime</i> | Stephen Flaherty (b. 1960) |

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Performance and Music Education. Anthony Pilcher is from the studio of Marc Webster, and previously from the studio of Brad Hougham.

Translations

L'Invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!
Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

- Charles Baudelaire

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There - nothing but order and beauty
dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.
See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of
The Book of Lieder, published by
Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford
Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Sérénade florentine

Étoile, dont la beauté luit
Comme un diamant dans la nuit,
Regarde vers ma bien-aimée
Dont la paupière s'est fermée,
Et fais descendre sur ses yeux
La bénédiction des cieux.

Elle s'endort: par la fenêtre
En sa chambre heureuse pénètre;
Sur sa blancheur, comme un baiser,
Viens jusqu'à l'aube te poser,
Et que sa pensée alors rêve

Star whose beauty shines
like a diamond in the night
Look upon my beloved
whose eyelids are shut
and upon her eyes let fall
the benediction of the skies.

She sleeps... Through the window
enter her happy chamber;
upon her whiteness, like a kiss,
rest until sunrise
so that she may dream

D'un astre d'amour qui se lève.

of a star of love that is rising.

- Henri Cazalis

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<https://www.lieder.net/>

La vie antérieure

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes
portiques

For long I lived beneath vast colonnades

Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille
feux,

Tinged with a thousand fires by ocean
suns,

Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et
majestueux,

Whose giant pillars, straight and majestic,

Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes
basaltiques.

Made them look, at evening, like basalt
caves.

Les houles, en roulant les images des
cieux,

The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored
skies,

Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et
mystique

Solemnly and mystically interwove

Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche
musique

The mighty chords of their mellow music

Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes
yeux.

With the colours of sunset reflected in my
eyes.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés
calmes

It is there that I have lived in sensuous
repose,

Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des
splendeurs,

With blue sky about me and brightness
and waves

Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés
d'odeurs,

And naked slaves all drenched in perfume.

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des
palmes,

Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm,

Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait
languir.

And whose only care was to fathom
The secret grief which made me languish.

- Charles Baudelaire

Translation © Richard Stokes

Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen

Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen,
Auf einmal kam uns nun die Sprache
wieder.

For a long time we had both been silent,
Now all at once speech has returned.

Die Engel Gottes sind herabgeflogen,
Sie brachten nach dem Krieg den Frieden
wieder.

The angels of God have descended,
They brought back peace after war.

Die Engel Gottes sind herabgeflogen,
Mit ihnen ist der Frieden eingezogen.
Die Liebesengel kamen über Nacht
Und haben Frieden meiner Brust gebracht.

The angels of God have descended
And with them peace has returned.
The angels of love came in the night
And have brought peace to my breast.

- Paul Heyse

Translation © Richard Stokes

Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden

Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden,
Das deiner würdig sei? Wo find ich's nur?

Am liebsten grüb ich es tief aus der Erden,
Gesungen noch von keiner Kreatur.

Ein Lied, das weder Mann noch Weib bis
heute

Hört oder sang, selbst nicht die ältesten
Leute.

- Paul Heyse

What kind of song shall be sung to you
That does you justice? Wherever can I find
it?

I'd prefer to dig it from deep in the earth,
As yet unsung by any creature.

A song that till now no man nor woman

Has ever heard or sung, however old they
be.

Translation © Richard Stokes

Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter

Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter
Die so lieblich dich geboren,
So an Schönheit auserkoren,
Meine Sehnsucht fliegt dir zu!
Du so lieblich von Gebärden,
Du die Holdeste der Erden,
Du mein Kleinod, meine Wonne,
Süsse, benedeit bist du!
Wenn ich aus der Ferne schmachte
Und betrachte deine Schöne,
Siehe wie ich beb' und stöhne,
Dass ich kaum es bergen kann!
Und in meiner Brust gewaltsam
Fühl ich Flammen sich empören,
Die den Frieden mir zerstören,
Ach, der Wahnsinn fasst mich an!

- Paul Heyse

Blessed be your mother in heaven,
Who bore you to be so gracious,
You the paragon of beauty -
My yearning wings its way to you!
You, so gracious of gesture,
You, the fairest on earth,
You, my jewel, my rapture,
A blessing on you, my sweet!
When I languish from afar
And behold your beauty,
See how I tremble and groan,
Till I can hardly hide it!
And powerfully in my breast
I feel the flames rise up
That destroy my peace,
Ah, madness takes hold of me!

Translation © Richard Stokes

Wie viele Zeit verlor ich, dich zu lieben!

Wie viele Zeit verlor ich, dich zu lieben!
Hätt' ich doch Gott geliebt in all der Zeit,
Ein Platz im Paradies wär' mir
verschrieben,
Ein Heilger sässe dann an meiner Seit'.
Und weil ich dich geliebt, schön frisch
Gesicht,
Verscherzt' ich mir des Paradieses Licht,
Und weil ich dich geliebt, schön Veigelein,
Komm' ich nun nicht ins Paradies hinein.

- Paul Heyse

How much time I've lost in loving you!
If only I'd have loved God in all that time,
I should now be allotted a place in
Paradise,
A saint would be seated at my side.
And because I've loved you, fair and fresh
of face,
I have forfeited the light of Paradise,
And because I've loved you, fair violet,
I shall never now gain Paradise.

Translation © Richard Stokes

Là del ciel nell'arcano profondo

Là del ciel nell'arcano profondo,
Del poter sull'altissimo trono
Veglia nume signore del mondo
Al cui piè basso mormora il tuono.
Tutto sa tutto vede e non lascia
Nell'ambascia perir la bontà.
Fra la cenere, il pianto, l'affanno

Ei ti vede o fanciulla innocente,
E cangiando il tuo stato tiranno
Fra l'orror vibra un lampo splendente.

No, no, no, no, non temer.
Si è cambiata la scena:
La tua pena cangiando già va.

Un crescente mormorio
Non ti sembra d'ascoltar.
Ah sta lieta: il cocchio mio
Su cui voli a trionfar!
Tu mi guardi, ti confondi.
Ehi, ragazza, non rispondi?
Sconcertata è la tua testa
E rimbalza qua e là
Come nave in gran tempesta
Che di sotto in su sen va.

Ma già il nembo è terminato
Scintillò serenità.
Il destino s'è cangiato
L'innocenza brillerà.

- Jacopo Ferretti

There in heaven, in the arcane depths,
with the power of the highest throne
The lord of the world watches over
At whose feet the thunder murmurs.
He knows all, sees all, and doesn't allow
Goodness to perish in anguish.
Among the ashes, the weeping, the
distress,
He sees thee, O innocent maiden,
And changing thy tyrant state
Among the horror vibrates a shining flash.

No, no, no, no, fear not.
The scene has changed:
Your pain is already changing.

A growing murmur
You do not seem to hear.
Ah be glad: my chariot
Upon which you fly to triumph!
You look at me, you are confused.
Hey, girl, won't you answer?
Your head is bewildered
And bounces here and there
Like a ship in a storm
That goes up and down

But the storm is over
Serenity sparkled.
Fate has changed
Innocence will shine.