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Senior Recital: Stephen Wilkins, baritone

Stephen Wilkins

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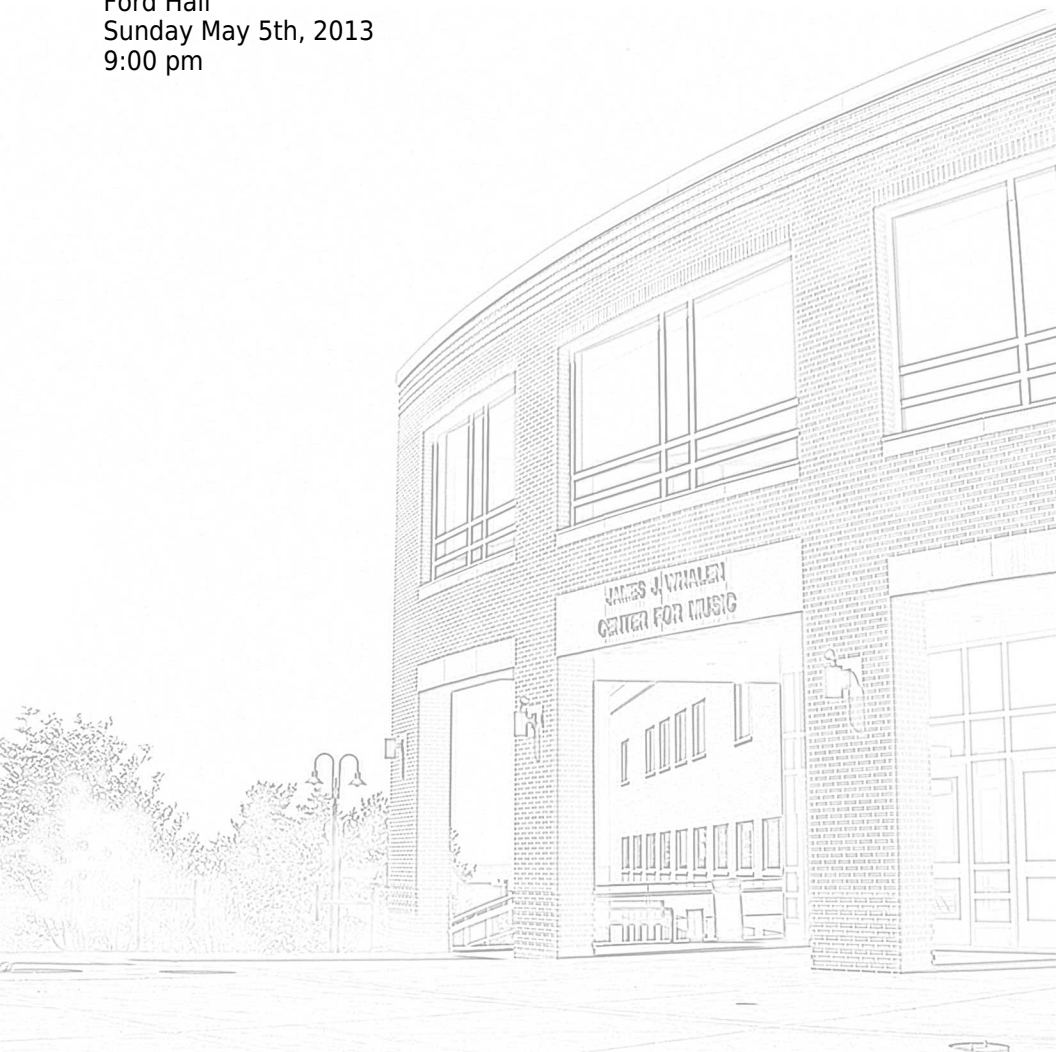
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Senior Recital:

Stephen Wilkins, baritone

Richard Montgomery, piano
DeAnne Stewart, soprano

Ford Hall
Sunday May 5th, 2013
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.

Program

Hai già vinta la causa
from *Le nozze di Figaro* W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Selections from *The Songs of Travel* Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)
1. The Vagabond
2. Let Beauty Awake
3. Whither Must I Wander
4. Bright is the Ring of Words

Assorted Selections by Mahler Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)
1. Phantasie
3. Erinnerung
4. Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Intermission

Sei Liriche, seconda serie Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)
1. Notte
2. Su una violetta morta
3. Les repos en Égypte
4. Noel Ancien
5. Piccola mano bianca...
6. Nel Giardino

Wheels of a Dream
from *Ragtime* DeAnne Stewart, soprano

Rain Stephen Flaherty
from *Once on this Island* (b. 1960)

Lost in the Stars Kurt Weill
from *Lost in the Stars* (1900-1950)

Stars Claude-Michel Schönberg
from *Les Misérables* (b. 1944)

Translations

Phantasie (Fantasy)

Das Mägdlein trat aus dem
Fischerhaus,
Die Netze warf sie ins Meer hinaus!
Und wenn kein Fisch in das Netz ihr
ging,
Die Fischerin doch die Herzen fing!

Die Winde streifen so kühl umher,
Erzählen leis' eine alte Mär!
Die See erglühet im Abendrot,
Die Fischerin fühlt nicht Liebesnot Im
Herzen!
Im Herzen!

The maiden stepped out of the
fisherman's hut,
and cast her nets out into the sea!
And even if no fish entered the net,
the fishergirl yet trapped some
hearts!

The winds blow so coolly about,
softly telling an old folktale!
The sea gleams in the dusk,
the fishergirl does not feel love's
sting in her heart,
in her heart!

Erinnerung (Memory)

Es wecket meine Liebe
Die Lieder immer wieder!
Es wecken meine Lieder Die
Liebe immer wieder!

Die Lippen, die da träumen
Von deinen heißen Küssen,
In Sang und Liedesweisen
Von dir sie tönen müssen!

Und wollen die Gedanken
Der Liebe sich ent schlagen,
So kommen meine Lieder
Zu mir mit Liebesklagen!

So halten mich in Banden
Die Beiden immer wieder!
Es weckt das Lied die Liebe!
Die Liebe weckt die Lieder!

Again and again my love
reawakens my songs!
Again and again my songs
reawaken my love!

The lips that dream
of your ardent kisses
must hymn you in song
and in tuneful lay!

Were I ever to banish
all thoughts of love,
my songs would come to me then
with amorous complaints!

Again and again the two of them
hold me in fetters.
The song reawakens my love!
Love reawakens my songs!

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen (I am lost to the world)

Ich bin der Welt abhanden
gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit
verdorben,
Sie hat so lange von mir nichts
vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei
gestorben.

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran
gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen
dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der
Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem
weltgetummel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.
Ich leb' allein in mir und meinem
Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

I am lost to the world
with which I used to waste so much
time,
It has heard nothing from me for so
long
that it may very well believe that I am
dead!

It is of no consequence to me
Whether it thinks me dead;
I cannot deny it,
for I really am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world's tumult,
And I rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love and in my song!

Notte (Night)

Sul giardino fantastico
Profumato di rosa
La carezza de l'ombra Posa.

Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito
La quiete suprema,
L'aria come per brivido Trema.

La luttuosa tenebra
Una storia di morte
Racconta alle cardenie Smorte?

Forse perché una pioggia
Di soavi rugiade
Entro socchiusi petali Cade,
Su l'ascose miserie
E su l'ebbrezze perdute,

Sui muti sogni e l'ansie Mute.
Su le fugaci gioie
Che il disinganno infrange
La notte le sue lacrime Piange...

In the fantastic garden
Perfumed with roses
The caress of shadows descends.

With both thought and pulse
The supreme stillness
Shakes the air like a shiver.

Does the mournful darkness
Tell a story of death
To the pale gardenias?

Perhaps, because a shower
Of gentle dew falls
Into the half-closed petals.
For rising miseries
And for lost passions,

For mute dreams and mute
anxieties,
For fleeting joys
Shattered by disillusion,
The night weeps her tears.

Su una violetta morta (On a faded violet)

È vanito l'odor di questo fiore,
Che, come il bacio tuo,
tenero ardente respirava su me.
Anche di questo fior fuggì il colore,
Che rilucea deliziosamente di te, solo
di te.

Forma languida e vana ella riposa
Sul mio povero cuore,
Che non oblia, povero stanco cuore;
Immobile, di gel, silenziosa
Ella irride così l'anima mia, l'anima
calda ancor.

In vano, in vano io piango a lei
d'accanto;
E sospirando invan su lei mi chino:
oh! tutto in lei finì!
Il suo destino è muto, senza pianto.
Il suo destino è muto.
Oh! il mio destino dovrebbe esser così!

The odour from the flower is gone
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;

The colour from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form.
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is
warm,

With cold and silent rest.

I weep, -- my tears revive it not!

I sigh, -- it breathes no more on me;

Its mute and uncomplaining lot

Is such as mine should be.

Le repos en Egypte (The rest in Egypt)

La nuit est bleue et chaude, et le
calme infini...
Roulé dans son manteau, le front sur
une pierre,
Joseph dort, le coeur pur, ayant fait
sa prière,
Et l'âne à ses pieds est comme un
humble ami.

Entre les pieds du Sphinx appuyée à
demi,
La vierge pâle et douce, à fermé la
paupière;
Et, dans l'ombre, une étrange et
suave lumière
Sort du petit Jésus dans ses bras
endormi.

Autour d'eux le désert songe
mysterieux;
Et tout est si tranquille a cette heure,
en ces lieux
Qu'on entendrait l'enfant respirer
sous ses voiles.

Nul souffle... La fumée immobile du
feu
Monte ainsi qu'un long fil se perd
dans l'air bleu...
Et le Sphinx éternel atteste les
étoiles.

The night is blue and warm, and calm
is infinite...
Wrapped up in his coat, his forehead
resting on a stone, Joseph is sleeping
with a pure heart, having said his prayer;

And the donkey at his feet is like a
humble friend.

Between the Sphinx's paws,
half-leaning,
The virgin, pale and sweet, has
closed her eyelids;
And in the shade, a strange and
gentle light
Glows from baby Jesus in her arms.

Around them, the desert, a
mysterious dream;
And all is so quiet, at this time, in this
place,
That one could hear the child breathe
under her veils.

No wind... The fire's still smoke

Lifts upwards, like a long thread,
losing itself in the sky...
And the eternal sphinx watches over
the stars.

Noël ancien (Old Christmas)

Noël nouvelet,
Noël chantons ici,
Dévotes gens,
Crions à Dieu merci,
Chantons Noël pour le Roi nouvelet.

Quand m'aveillai,
Ayant assez dormi,
J'ouvris les yeux,
Vis un arbre fleuri,
Dont il sortait un bouton vermeillet.

Quand je le vis,
Mon coeur fut réjoui
Car grand' beauté
Resplendissait en lui,
Comme soleil levant au matin.

D'un angelet
Après les chants ouïs
Qu'aux pasteurs disait:
"Partez d'ici, en Bethléem trouverez
l'agnelet.",
En Bethléem Marie et Joseph Vis,
l'âne et le boeuf Près de l'Enfant au
lit:
La chèche était au lieu d'un bercelet.

L'étoile y vit
Qui dans la nuit éclaircit,
Qui d'Orient
D'où son éclat jaillit
En Bethléem les trois Rois amenait.

L'un portait l'or
Et l'autre offrait la myrrhe,
Et l'autre encens qu'il faisait bon
sentir:
Du Paradis semblait le jardin!

Christmas comes anew,
Christmas sing here
Pious people,
Cry to God thank you,
Christmas Sing for the newborn King.

When I awoke,
Having enough sleep,
I opened my eyes,
Saw a flowering tree,
He came a button.

When I saw him,
My heart was welcomed
For big 'beauty
Shone in him,
As sunrise to evening.

On angels
After praise songs
As pastors said:
"Get out of here, find lamb in
Bethlehem."
in Bethlehem Mary and Joseph
Screws, the ox and the ass
Near the Child in bed
The scarf was instead a necklace.

The star saw
Who in the night brighter,
Who East
Hence its luster springs
In Bethlehem, the Three Kings
brought.

One was gold
And the other offered myrrh,
And the other incense he was feeling
good:
Paradise seemed the garden!

Piccola mano bianca... (Small White Hand...)

Piccola mano bianca,
Che tanto destino racchiudi,
Porgi l'esili dita
Sul mio tumido cuore.

Senti?
Il palpito preme frequente
Con rapidi balzi.
Porgi l'orecchio:
Suona d'amore il canto.

Suona le brevi gioie che limpide teco
Suggeva ne la purezza d'oro
Del meriggio d'estate,
Suona la lunga pena de l'animo
laborioso,
Che ti brama, ti adora e ti venera e
teme.

Oh ne le chiome lunghe,
Fluenti su l'alabastro
De le nitide spalle,
Premere il bacio mio!

Oh a la piccola mano,
Che tanto destino racchiude,
Dare l'ultima gioia
De l'esistenza vana!

Small white hand,
That both enclose fate,
Incline your slender fingers
On my swollen heart.

Do you hear?
The glow frequent press
With rapid strides.
Give ear:
Sounds of love singing.

Sounds brief joys that clear thee
I suckled the purity of gold
Of the summer afternoon,
He plays the long sentence of his
mind laborious,
That longs for you, adores you and
worships you and fears.

Oh do their hair long,
Flowing out of the alabaster
Of the sharp shoulders,
Press the kiss my!

Oh by the little hand,
So that fate holds,
Give the ultimate joy
That existence in vain!

Nel giardino (The Garden)

Mormora nel giardino a piè del colle

Una musica dolce, un'armonia
Di note gravi ne la sera pia,
Mentre l'effluvio de le pie corolle
Sommessamente in lievi onde,
In lievi onde si estolle,
Balsamando di sé tutta la via.

Muore nel cielo e palpita una stria
Ultima d'oro; e su da l'erba molle
I mille trilli tremano dal lago,

Dove l'acqua specchiante
Abbrivisce tacita al suono
Vanescente e vago di quella
Triste musica di sera...
Il giardino nel sonno illanguidisce
Voluttuoso de la primavera.

Murmurs in the garden at the foot of the
hill

Soft music, a harmony
Serious note of it in the evening pious,
While the scent of the pious corollas
Softly in gentle waves,
In mild waves rises,
Purfuming himself all the way.

He died in the sky and beats a trail
Last of gold, and from the grass springs
The thousand trills tremble from the
lake,

Where the water mirror
Ripples tacit sound
Vanishing and vague that
Sad music in the evening ...
The garden languishes in his sleep
Voluptuous of the spring.