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Faculty Recital: David Parks, tenor

David Parks

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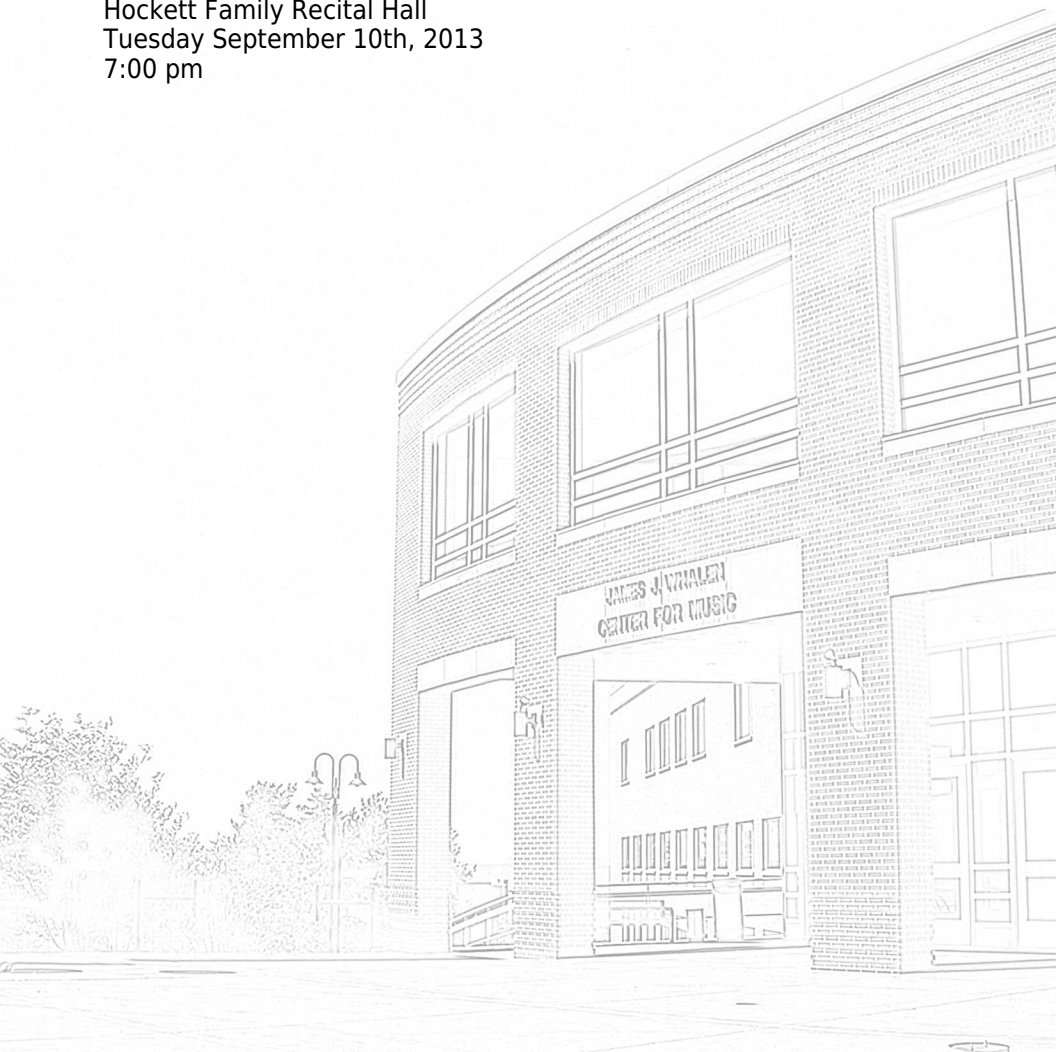
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Faculty Recital:

David Parks, tenor

Blaise Bryski, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Tuesday September 10th, 2013
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Seashore Girls
Maiden Snow
I do

I.

Richard Hundley
(b. 1931)

An die ferne Geliebte

II.

Ludwig von Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Les Roses d'Ispahan
Le Parfum Impérissable
Arpège

III.

Gabriel Faure
(1845-1924)

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal
Come Away, Death.
Fear No More the Heat O' the Sun
Weep You No More

IV.

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

The Green-eyed Dragon

V.

Wolseley Charles

TRANSLATIONS

An die ferne Geliebte - To the beloved afar - Alois Jitteles

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend - On the hill sit I, watching

On the hill sit I, watching into the blue hazy land, toward the far pastures away where I you, beloved, found.

Wide am I, from you, parted, separating lies mountain and valley between us and our peace, our happiness and our sorrow.

Ah, the look can you not see, to you so ardently rushes, and the sighs, they blow away in the space that separates us.

Before love sound escapes every space and every time, and a loving heart reaches, what a loving heart has consecrated!

Wo die Berge so blau - Where the mountains so blue

Where the mountains so blue out of the foggy gray look down, where the sun dies, where the clouds encircles, wish I to be.

There in restful valley stilled suffering and pain, where in the rock, stilly the rose meditates, blows so lightly the wind, wish I to be.

There to the thoughtful wood, pushes me loves power, inward pain. Ah, moves me not from here, could I, dear, by you eternally be!

Leichte Segler in den Höhen - Light veils in the heights

Light veils in the heights, and you brooklet, small and narrow, could my love see you, greet her, for me, many thousand times.

See you clouds her go meditating in the still valley, let my image before her stand in the airy heavenly hall.

If she at the bushes stands, when autumn faded and leafless, lament to her what has happened, lament to her little birds my suffering.

Quiet west, bring in the wind, to my heart's chosen my sighs, that pass, as the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her my love's imploring, let her, brooklet small and narrow, truly in your waves see my tears without number!

Diese Wolken in den Höhen - These clouds in the heights

These clouds in the heights, these birds gaily go by, will see you dearest.

Take me with you in light flight.

These west winds play joking around your cheek and breast, in the silky curls will go. Share I with you this pleasure.

There to you from this hill busily this brooklet hurries. If your image in it reflected, flow back without delay!

Es kehret der Maien - May returns

May returns, blooms the meadow. The breezes they blow so mild, so softly, chatteringly the brook now runs.

The swallow returns to the hospitable roof, she builds so busily her bridal chamber, love must dwell there.

She brings chatteringly from here and there many soft pieces to the bridal bed, many warm pieces for the little ones.

Now live the pair together so truly, what winter has separated is united by May, what loves, that he knows how to unite.

May returns, blooms the meadow. The breezes they blow so mild, only I cannot go away from here.

When all that loves, the spring unites, only our love no spring unites, and tears are all we have to console.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder - Take then, these songs

Take then, these songs, that I to you, beloved, sang, sing them in the evenings again to the lute's sweet sounds.

When the evening red then moves toward the still blue lake, and the last ray dies behind every hilltop:

And you sing, what I have sung, what out of my full heart, without art sounded, only longings aware.

Before these songs yield what separates us so wide, and a loving heart reaches, what a loving heart has consecrated.

Les Roses d'Ispahan - The Roses of Ispahan - Leconte de Lisle

The roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss, the jasmin of Mossoul, the flowers of the orange, have a perfume less fresh, an odor less sweet, o pale Leilah than your light breath.

Your lips are coral and your light laughter sounds lovelier than water rippling and a voice more sweet - lovelier than the joyous breeze that rocks the orange, more than the bird that sings in its nest near the moss.

Oh Leilah! since in their light flight all the kisses have fled from your lips so sweet there is no more perfume of the pale orange, no heavenly aroma of the roses in the moss.

Oh! if your youthful love as a light butterfly, return to my heart on wings swift and sweet, and that perfume again of the orange flower, the rose of Ispahan in their sheath of moss.

Le parfum impérissable - The imperishable perfume Leconte de Lisle

When the flower of the sun, the rose of Lahor, has filled with its fragrant soul drop by drop,

the vial of earthen or crystal or gold, under the sand that burns it can all be scattered.

The rivers and the sea would inundate in vain, this sanctuary narrow which contained it,

It remains through broken its divine aroma and its happy dust remains perfumed.

Since through the open wound of my heart you pour likewise, o celestial liquor, inexpressible love for her that inflamed me!

Let her be forgiven, let my suffering be blessed! Beyond the hour human and time infinite, my heart is embalmed with an immortal odor.

Arpège - Arpeggio Albert Samain

The soul of a flute sighs deep in the park melodious; limped is the shadow where one breathes your silent poem.

Night of languor, night of delusions, placing, with a gesture undulating, in your dreamy hair, the moon, jewel of the Orient.

Sylva, Sylvie and Sylvanire, beautiful with changing blue eyes, the stars are in the fountains mirrored, go follow the silver paths.

Go quickly, the hour is brief to gather in the garden of avowals the hearts which are dying to expire in your hair!