

## Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

---

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

---

9-22-2013

# Senior Recital: Thomas Riley, tenor

Thomas Riley  
*Ithaca College*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music\\_programs](https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs)



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Riley, Thomas, "Senior Recital: Thomas Riley, tenor" (2013). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 3339.  
[https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music\\_programs/3339](https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/3339)

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

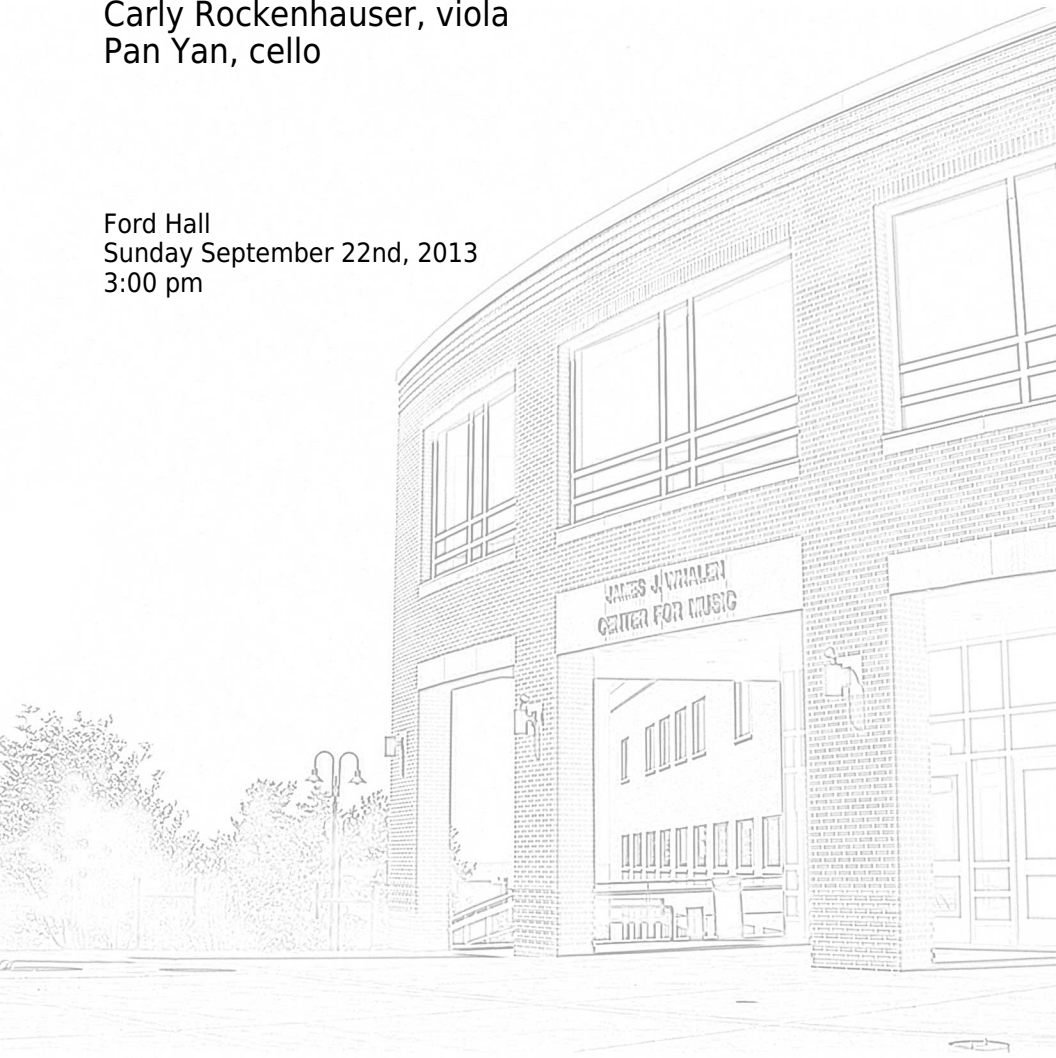
# Senior Recital:

Thomas Riley, tenor

Samuel Martin, piano

Jenna Trunk, violin  
Sarah Hoag, violin  
Carly Rockenhauser, viola  
Pan Yan, cello

Ford Hall  
Sunday September 22nd, 2013  
3:00 pm



# ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

# Program

Vaga luna, che inargenti  
Almen se non poss'io  
Vanne, o rosa fortunata

Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

**Dichterliebe, Op. 48** (Heinrich Heine)  
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai  
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne  
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh  
Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome  
Ich grolle nicht

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

## Intermission

Chanson triste  
La vie antérieure  
Phidylé

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

**On Wenlock Edge** (A. E. Housman)  
I. On Wenlock Edge.  
II. From Far, From Eve and Morning.  
III. Is My Team Ploughing.  
IV. Oh, When I was in Love with You.  
V. Bredon Hill.  
VI. Clun.

Ralph Vaughn Williams  
(1872-1958)

## Translations

### **Vaga luna, che inargenti**

queste rive e questi fiori

ed ispiri agli elementi  
il linguaggio dell'amor;  
testimonio or sei tu sola  
del mio fervido desir,  
ed a lei che m'innamora

conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza  
il mio duol non può lenir,  
che se nutro una speranza,  
ella è sol nell'avvenir.

Dille pur che giorno e sera  
conto l'ore del dolor,  
che una speme lusinghiera  
mi conforta nell'amor.

### **Almen se non poss'io**

seguir l'amato bene,  
affetti del cor mio,  
seguitelo per me.

Già sempre a lui vicino  
raccolti amor vi tiene  
e insolito cammino  
questo per voi non è.

### **Vanne, o rosa fortunata,**

a posar di Nice in petto  
ed ognun sarà costretto  
la tua sorte invidiar.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io  
transformarmi un sol momento;  
non avria più bel contento  
questo core a sospirar.

Ma tu inchini dispettosa,  
bella rosa impallidita,  
la tua fronte scolorita  
dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

Lovely moon, you who shed silver  
light

On these shores and on these  
flowers

And breathe the language  
Of love to the elements,  
You are now the sole witness  
Of my ardent longing,  
And can recount my throbs and  
sighs

To her who fills me with love.  
Tell her too that distance  
Cannot assuage my grief,  
That if I cherish a hope,  
It is only for the future.

Tell her that, day and night,  
I count the hours of sorrow,  
That a flattering hope  
Comforts me in my love.

At least, if I am not able  
to follow my beloved,  
you affections of my heart,  
go with her for me.

Already near her always,  
Love keeps you gathered,  
and the path to her is not  
an unfamiliar one for you.

Go, fortunate rose,  
to rest at Nice's breast  
and all will be forced  
to envy your fate.

Oh, if I could change myself  
into you, but for a moment,  
my heart would long  
for no greater happiness.

But you bow your head with spite,  
fair faded rose,  
your brow loses all colour  
from disdain and pain.

Bella rosa, è destinata  
ad entrambi un'ugual sorte;  
là trovar dobbiam la morte,  
tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

Lovely rose, it is destined,  
that we meet the same fate:  
we shall both meet death there,  
you from envy and I of love.

**Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,**

Als alle Knospen sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

In the wonderfully beautiful month  
of May  
When all the buds are bursting  
open,  
There, from my own heart,  
Bursts forth my own love.

**Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,**

Als alle Vögel sangen,  
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wonderfully beautiful month  
of May  
When all the birds are singing,  
So have I confessed to her  
My yearning and my longing.

**Aus meinen Tränen sprießen**

Viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer werden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

From my tears sprout forth  
Many blooming flowers,  
And my sighing become joined with  
The chorus of the nightingales.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast,  
Kindchen,  
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

And if you love me, dear child,  
I will send you so many flowers;  
And before your window should  
sound  
The song of the nightingale.

**Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube,  
die Sonne,**

Die liebt' ich einst alle in  
Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe  
alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die  
Eine;  
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,  
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und  
Sonne.  
Ich liebe alleine die Kleine,  
die Feine, die Reine, die Eine, die  
EINE!

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
I loved them all once in love's bliss.  
I love them no more, I love only  
The Small, the Fine, the Pure the  
One;  
I love only them. She herself--the  
source of all love--  
Is the rose, lily, dove, sun  
I love only that which is small,  
Fine, pure--the one, the ONE!

**Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',**  
So schwindet all' mein Leid und  
Weh;  
Doch wenn ich küße deinen Mund,  
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

When I gaze into your eyes,  
All my pain and woe vanishes;  
Yet when I kiss your lips,  
I am made wholly and entirely  
healthy.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,  
Kommt's über mich wie  
Himmelslust;  
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe  
dich!  
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

When I lay against your breast  
It comes over me like longing for  
heaven;  
Yet when you say, "I love you!"  
I must cry so bitterly.

**Ich will meine Seele tauchen**  
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;  
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen  
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

I want to delve my soul  
Into the cup of the lily;  
The lily should give resoundingly  
A song belonging to my beloved.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben  
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,  
Den sie mir einst gegeben  
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

The song should shudder and  
tremble  
Like the kiss from her lips  
That she once gave me  
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

**Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,**  
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,  
Mit seinem großen Dome  
Das große, heil'ge Köln.

In the Rhine, in the holy stream  
Is it mirrored in the waves -  
With its great cathedral -  
That great, holy city Cologne.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,  
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;  
In meines Lebens Wildnis  
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

In the Cathedral stands an image  
Painted on golden leather;  
Into the wildness of my life  
Has it shone, friendly.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein  
Um unsre liebe Frau;  
Die Augen, die Lippen, die  
Wänglein,  
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Flowers and little cherubs hover  
Around our beloved Lady;  
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks--  
They match my beloved's exactly.

**Ich grolle nicht** , und wenn das  
Herz auch bricht,  
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle  
nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in  
Diamantenpracht,  
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines  
Herzens Nacht.  
Das weiß ich längst.

I bear no grudge, even when my  
heart is breaking,  
Love lost forever! I bear no grudge.  
Although you shine in diamond  
splendor,  
No beam falls into the night of your  
heart.  
I will know that for a long time.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz  
auch bricht,  
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,  
Und sah die Nacht in deines  
Herzens Raume,  
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am  
Herzen frißt,  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du  
elend bist.

I bear no grudge, and when my  
heart is breaking!  
I truly saw you in my dreams  
And saw the night in the room of  
your heart,  
And saw the snake that bites your  
heart;  
I saw, my dear, how truly miserable  
you are.

### **Chanson Triste**

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,  
Un doux clair de lune d'été,  
Et pour fuir la vie importune,  
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,  
A gentle summer moonlight,  
And to escape the cares of life  
I shall drown myself in your light.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,  
Mon amour, quand tu berceras  
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées  
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

I shall forget past sorrows,  
My sweet, when you cradle  
My sad heart and my thoughts  
In the loving calm of your arms.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,  
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,  
Et lui diras une ballade  
Qui semblera parler de nous;

You will rest my poor head,  
Ah! sometimes on your lap,  
And recite to it a ballad  
That will seem to speak of us;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,  
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai  
Tant de baisers et de tendresses  
Que peut-être je guérirai.

And from your eyes full of sorrow,  
From your eyes I shall then drink  
So many kisses and so much love  
That perhaps I shall be healed.

## La vie antérieure

J'ai longtemps habité sous de  
vastes portiques  
Que les soleils marins teignaient de  
mille feux,  
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et  
majestueux,  
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux  
grottes basaltiques.

Les houles, en roulant les images  
des cieux,  
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et  
mystique  
Les tout puissants accords de leur  
riche musique  
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété  
par mes yeux...

C'est là, c'est là que j'ai vécu  
dans les voluptés calmes  
Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des  
splendeurs,  
Et des esclaves nus tout imprégnés  
d'odeurs

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front  
avec des palmes,  
Et dont l'unique soin était  
d'approfondir  
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait  
languir.

For a long time I lived beneath vast  
porticoes  
That the sea-suns dyed with a  
thousand rays,  
And whose great columns, straight  
and majestic,  
At night seemed just like basalt  
grottoes.

The rolling waves tossing the  
celestial images.  
Blended in a solemn and mystic  
way  
The all-powerful chords of their rich  
music  
Coloured like the sunset reflected in  
my eyes

It is there, there that I lived  
in tranquil luxury  
In the midst of the azure, the waves  
and the wonders,  
And the nude slaves imbued with  
fragrance

Who refreshed my brow with palm  
leaves,  
And whose sole purpose was to  
understand in depth  
the agonizing secret that made me  
suffer.



## Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous  
les frais peupliers,  
Aux pentes des sources moussues,

Qui dans les prés en fleur germant  
par mille issues,  
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les  
feuillages  
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil.  
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en  
plein soleil,  
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour  
des sentiers,  
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,  
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la  
colline,  
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa  
courbe éclatante,  
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,  
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton  
meilleur baiser  
Me récompensent de l'attente!

The grass is soft for slumber  
beneath the fresh poplars,  
on the slopes by the mossy springs,

which, in the meadows flowering  
with many plants,  
lose themselves under dark  
thickets.

Rest, o Phidylé! the midday sun  
shines on the foliage  
and invites you to sleep!  
Among clover and thyme, alone,

in full sunlight hum the fickle  
honeybees.

A warm fragrance circulates about  
the turning paths,  
the red cornflower tilts,  
and the birds, skimming the hill  
with their wings,  
search for shade among the wild  
roses.

Rest, o Phidylé!

But when the sun, turning in its  
resplendent orbit,  
finds its heat abating,  
let your loveliest smile and your  
most ardent kiss  
recompense me for waiting!