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Senior Recital: Liam Duffy, Tenor; Maura Nika, Piano; Ellie Paschall, Soprano; Olivia Crane, Soprano; Milo Cusack, Baritone; November 12, 2023

Liam Duffy Tenor
Illinois State University

Maura Nika Piano
Illinois State University

Ellie Paschall Soprano
Illinois State University

Olivia Crane Soprano
Illinois State University

Milo Cusack Baritone
Illinois State University

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Illinois State University
Wonsook Kim College of Fine Arts
School of Music

Senior Recital
Liam Duffy, *Tenor*
Maura Nika, *Piano*

Ellie Paschall, *Soprano*
Olivia Crane, *Soprano*
Milo Cusack, *Baritone*

Kemp Recital Hall
November 12, 2023
Sunday Evening
8:00 p.m.

This is the sixty-seventh program of the 2023-2024 season.

Program

Please silence all electronics for the duration of the concert. Thank you.

from *The Fairy Queen*

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Hark! The echoing air (Shakespeare)

Hark! now the echoing air a triumph sings.
And all around pleased Cupids clap their wings.

Spirate pur spirate (A. Donaudy)

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Spirate pur, spirate attorno a lo mio bene,
aurette, e v'accertate
s'ella nel cor mi tiene.

Breathe, still breathe, around my beloved,
little breezes and find out
if she holds me in her heart.

Spirate, spirate pur, aurette
se nel suo cor mi tiene, v'accertate,
aure beate, aure lievi e beate!

If she holds me in her heart
find out gentle breezes,
breezes light and blessed!

from *Die schöne Müllerin*

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Mit den grünen Laudenband (Müller)

Schad' um das schöne grüne Band,
Dass es verbleicht hier an der Wand
Ich hab' das Grün so gern!
So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut' zu mir;
Gleich knüpf' ich's ab und send' es dir:
Nun hab' das Grüne gern!

What a pity that the lovely green ribbon,
should fade on the wall here;
I am so fond of green!
that is what you said to me today, my love.
I untied it at once and sent it to you:
Now I delight in green!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiss,
Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,
Und ich auch hab' es gern.
Weil unsre Lieb' ist immergrün,
Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühn,
Drum haben wir es gern.

Though your sweetheart is all in white,
green shall have its reward,
and I, too, am fond of it.
For our love is evergreen,
for distant hope blossoms green,
that is why we are fond of it.

Nun schlinge in die Locken dein
Das grüne Band gefällig ein,
Du hast ja's Grün so gern.
Dann weiss ich, wo die Hoffnung grünt,
Dann weiss ich, wo die Liebe tront,
Dann hab' ich's Grün erst gern

Now plait the green ribbon
prettily into your hair,
for you are so fond of green.
then I shall know where hope dwells,
then I shall know where love reigns,
then I shall truly delight in green.

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach hier?
Bleib', trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich!
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes, für mich.

Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,
So lass deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,

Und lass deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,
Und lass auf dem Horne den Saus und Braus,
Und schere vom Kinne das struppige Haar,
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu,
Und liessest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh'.
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?

Was will denn das Eichhorn im bläulichen Teich?
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain.
Und lass mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein

Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich
machen beliebt,
So wisse, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen betrübt:

Die Eber, die kommen zur Nacht aus dem Hain,
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein,
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:
Die Eber die schiesse, du Jägerheld!

Lydia (de Lisle)

Lydia sur tes roses joues,
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur tes lèvres en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie
Ô Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

What does the hunter seek here by the mill?
Stay in your own territory defiant hunter!
There is no game here for you to hunt!
Here, for me, dwells only a tame fawn.

and should you wish to see that gentle fawn,
leave your guns in the forest.

leave your barking hounds at home,
stop that pealing din on your horn,
and shave that unkempt beard,
or the fawn will be frightened.

It would be better if you stayed in the forest,
and left mills and millers in peace.
How can fish thrive among green branches?

and what could the squirrel want in the blue pond?
Stay in the wood then defiant hunter.
And leave me alone with my three millwheels.

And if you wish to make yourself popular,
then you should know what distresses her,

Wild boars come out of the woods at night,
and break into her cabbage patch,
rooting about and trampling over the field:
Shoot the wild boars hunting hero!

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Lydia on your rosey cheeks,
and on your neck so fresh and white,
flow sparkingly
the fluid golden tresses which you loosen

This shining day is the best of all;
let us forget the eternal grave,
let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
a divine fragrance on your breast:
numberless delights
emanate from you, young goddess.

I love you and die, o my love;
kisses have carried away my soul!
O, Lydia, give me back life,
that I may die, forever die!

from *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Je crois entendre encore (Carré)

Je crois entendre encore,
Caché sous les palmiers,
Sa voix tendre et sonore
Comme un chant de ramiers.

I think I still hear,
hidden among the palm trees,
her voice soft and sweet
like the song of the forest.

Ô, nuit enchanteresse,
Divin ravissement,
Ô, souvenir charmant,
Folle ivresse, doux rêve!

O night of enchantment,
divine bliss,
O sweet memory,
insane intoxication, sweet dream!

Aux clartés des étoiles,
Je crois encore la voir,
Entrouvrir ses longs voiles
Aux vents tièdes du soir.

In the clear starlight,
I think I still see her,
in the gentle sway of movement in the tall sails
in the soft night breeze.

Ô, nuit enchanteresse,
Divin ravissement,
Ô, souvenir charmant.
Folle ivresse, doux rêve

O, night of enchantment,
divine bliss,
O, sweet memory,
insane intoxication, sweet dream!

Charmant souvenir!

Sweet memory!

from *Falsettos*

William Finn
(born 1952)

What more can I say?

from *Hades Town*

Anaïs Mitchell
(born 1981)

Nothing changes

from *Company*

Stephan Sondheim
(1930-2021)

Not getting married today

from *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*

Alan Menken
(born 1949)

Out there (Schwartz)