



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Isaiah Allen, Tenor**  
**Daria Kiseleva, Piano**

Sunday, April 30<sup>th</sup>, 2023

8:30pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

### **Program**

Deposuit Potentes from *Magnificat BWV 243*

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Sweeter than Roses  
Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)  
Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

C (Cé) from *Deux Poemes de Louis Aragon*  
La donna è mobile from *Rigoletto*

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)  
Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

My Lord, What a Mornin'  
Ride on King Jesus!

Hall Johnson (1888-1970)  
Hall Johnson (1888-1970)

Corner the Sky from *Pippin*  
For Forever from *Dear Evan Hansen*

Stephen Schwartz (1948-current)  
Ben Platt (1993-current)

This recital is given as a part of Bachelor of Arts degree curriculum.  
Isaiah Allen is a student of Dr. San-ky Kim.  
The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.  
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

**Deposuit Potentes** from *Magnificat* by Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Latin text:

Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles. Esurientes implevit bonis et divites dimisit inanes.

English text:

He hath put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

Inspired from Luke 1:46-55

**Sweeter than Roses** by Henry Purcell

Richard Norton was an English playwright. He is the author of the play 'Pausanias, The Betrayer of His Country', and had his words set to music by Henry Purcell, of which 'Sweeter Than Roses Z. 585' is the most famous.

Text:

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze  
On a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss,  
First trembling made me freeze,  
Then shot like fire all o'er.  
What magic has victorious love!  
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,  
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

**Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal** by Roger Quilter

"Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" is a poem written by Alfred Tennyson. It is like a sonnet in having fourteen iambic lines, but it is not rhymed (except that the word "me" is repeated at the ends of key lines),

Text:

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;  
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:  
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.  
Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake:  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

**Cé** by Francis Poulenc

Louis Aragon was a French poet and one of the leading voices of the surrealist movement in France.

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé  
C'est là que tout a commencé  
Une chanson des temps passés  
Parle d'un chevalier blessé  
D'une rose sur la chaussée  
Et d'un corsage délacé

I have crossed the bridges of Cé  
It is there that everything began  
A song of bygone days  
Tells of a knight who injured lay  
Of a rose upon the carriage-way  
And a bodice with an unlaced stay

Du château d'un duc insensé  
Et des cignes dans les fossés  
De la prairie où vient danser  
Une éternelle fiancée  
Er j'ai bu comme un lait glacé  
Le long lai des gloires faussées  
La Loire emporte mes pensées  
Avec les voitures versées  
Et les armes désamorçées  
Et les larmes mal effacées  
Ô ma France ô ma délaissée  
J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé

And the castle of an insane duke  
And swans in castle moats  
And of the meadow where  
An eternal fiancée comes to dance  
And I have drunk the long lay  
Of false glories like icy milk  
The Loire bears my thoughts away  
With the overturned jeeps  
And the unprimed arms  
And the ill-dried tears  
O my France O my forsaken one  
I have crossed the bridges of Cé

### **La Donna e mobile** from Rigoletto by Giuseppe Verdi

La donna è mobile  
Qual piuma al vento,  
Muta d'accento — e di pensier.  
Sempre un amabile,  
Leggiadro viso,  
In pianto o in riso, — è menzognero.  
È sempre misero  
Chi a lei s'affida,  
Chi le confida — mal cauto il cuore!  
Pur mai non sentesi  
Felice appieno  
Chi su quel seno — non liba amore!  
La donna è mobile  
Qual piuma al vento,  
Muta d'accento — e di pensier,  
E di pensier,  
E di pensier!

Woman is fickle  
Like a feather in the wind,  
She changes her voice — and her mind.  
Always sweet,  
Pretty face,  
In tears or in laughter, — she is always lying.  
Always miserable  
Is he who trusts her,  
He who confides in her — his unwary heart!  
Yet one never feels  
Fully happy  
Who on that bosom — does not drink love!  
Woman is fickle  
Like a feather in the wind,  
She changes her voice — and her mind,  
And her mind,  
And her mind!

### **My Lord, What a Mornin**

The text is full of biblical imagery of the second coming of Jesus. While it expresses awe and dread of the trumpet and the falling stars, it is also hopeful that God's promised justice has finally arrived, and even “the nations underground” are included in the promise.

My Lord, what a morning;  
my Lord, what a morning;  
Oh, my Lord, what a morning,  
when the stars begin to fall.

You'll hear the trumpet sound,  
to wake the nations underground,  
lookin to my God's right han',  
when the stars begin to fall.

You'll hear the sinners moan

To see the righteous marching home  
lookin to my God's right han',  
when de stars begin to fall.

**Ride on King Jesus!** By Hall Johnson

Jesus was the Savior and a friend, human-and-yet-divine and yet the Son of God. Because of their often brutal treatment, the slaves easily identified with his suffering in a very personal way. 'Were you there when they crucified MY Lord?' they sang. As Howard Thurman (1899-1981) said, 'He suffered, He died, but not alone—they were there with Him. They knew what He suffered; it was a cry of the heart that found a response and an echo in their own woes.

The slaves' imagination was powerfully captivated by the notion of having a king who was powerful enough that absolutely no one could 'hinder' him. If Jesus could not be hindered, then they had agency in terms of their own lives as well. Some versions of this life-affirming song add 'He is the King of Kings, He is the Lord of Lords, Jesus Christ, the First and Last, no man hinders me'! This song captures the aspiration of the hearts of enslaved peoples. Jesus was born a baby, yes, but He was also a king, recalling his triumphal, un-hindered entry into Jerusalem.

**Corner of the Sky** from Pippin

Pippin tells the Players of his wish for satisfaction, believing he must find his purpose in life. This is the first time Pippin has acted on his own, rather than on the advice of someone else, and it is also the first time Pippin hasn't given up on something on the chance something more exciting is somewhere else. For Pippin, being "great" is simply the ability to decide something for himself, as he does when he walks away from the Leading Player.

**For Forever** from Dear Evan Hansen

Isaiah will quickly fabricates a story of how he and someone who will be named at the end are best friends, and that I broke my arm from falling out of a tree while out with this special and most valuable person in my life.

Sources:

The translations are from [oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://oxfordlieder.co.uk).