



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

A Joint Senior Recital

Alyssa Lewis, soprano
Courtney Parnitke, soprano
Vincent Yang, piano
Raul Canosa, piano

Saturday, December 2, 2023

7:00 PM

Pepsico Recital Hall

Program

"Va Godendo"
from, *Serse*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Courtney Parnitke, soprano
Raul Canosa, piano

"Tornami a Vagheggiar"
from, *Alcina*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Alyssa Lewis, soprano
Vincent Yang, piano

"O Luce di Quest'anima"
from, *Linda di Chamounix*

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Courtney Parnitke, soprano
Raul Canosa, piano

"Psyche"

Emile Paladihe
(1844-1926)

“Le Colibri”

Ernest Chausson

(1855-1899)

“Automne”

Gabriel Faure

(1845-1924)

Alyssa Lewis, soprano

Vincent Yang, piano

Souvenances

Camille Saint-Saëns

(1835-1921)

Ouvre ton Cœur

Georges Bizet

(1838-1875)

Courtney Parnitke, soprano

Raul Canosa, piano

“Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen”

Robert Franz

(1815-1892)

“In den Schatten meiner Locken”

Hugo Wolf

(1860-1903)

“Liebst du um Schoenheit”

Gustav Mahler

(1860-1911)

Alyssa Lewis, soprano

Vincent Yang, piano

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Du bist die Ruh

Ständchen

Courtney Parnitke, soprano
Raul Canosa, piano

“I Could Have Danced All Night”

from, *My Fair Lady*

Frederick Loewe
(1901-1988)

“Laura”

David Raksin
(1912-2004)

“Say It Isn’t So”

Irving Berlin
(1888-1989)

Alyssa Lewis, soprano
Vincent Yang, piano
Jack Montesinos, guitar

Till There Was You

from, *The Music Man*

Meredith Willson
(1902-1984)

Courtney Parnitke, soprano
Raul Canosa, piano

Chiquitita

from, *Mamma Mia!*

B. Andersson & B. Ulvaeus
(b. 1946; b. 1945)

Alyssa Lewis, soprano
Courtney Parnitke, soprano
Vincent Yang, piano

Va Godendo

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

“Va Godendo,” from Act 1, Scene 3 of George Frideric Handel’s well-known opera *Serse* (1783), sung by the character of Romilda. This is a lovely, florid aria, through which the composer subtly and simply employs techniques that are hallmarks of Baroque musical style. I especially enjoy the playful dynamic contrast of this piece, which adds more interest for the listener and dramatic depth to a piece that one might assume is quite simple. As in many of my favorite pieces, the accompaniment plays just as important a role as the vocal line in communicating the message of this piece. The text speaks of a flowing river, and I like to imagine the vocal line as the calm, constant stream of water, while the accompaniment in its solo has a sweet, tinkling timbre that brings to mind flashes of sunlight glinting off of the water’s surface.

Va Godendo

Go in Joy

Va godendo vezzoso e bello,
Quel ruscello la libertà.

Go in joy, happy and beautiful
As the free-flowing stream.

E tra l’erbe con onde chiare
Lieto al mare correndo va.

And between the grass with bright waves,
Merrily to the sea, go running.

Text by G. F. Handel

Translation by vmii.org

“Tornami a Vagheggiar”

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Tornami a Vagheggiar is an aria from Handel’s opera, *Alcina*. This opera involves a twisted story of sisters, Alcina and Morgana, and seduction, sorcery, and passion. Alcina seduces heroes who are brave enough to enter their land and eventually tricks a man named Ruggiero, to fall in love with her. Soon his fiancé begins to look for him, and she dresses up as her brother Ricciardo. Morgana then falls in love with Ricciardo. This aria takes place at the end of Act 1, when Morgana passionately proclaims her deep love for Ricciardo. This aria uses an ABA format, also known as Da Capo aria form which Handel, and many other Baroque era composers were quite fond of. The return to A is ornamented and slightly different than the first A section, which is another characteristic of Da capo arias.

Tornami a vagheggiar,

Return to me to languish,

Tornami a vagheggiar,

Return to me to languish,

te solo vuol' amar
quest' anima fedel,
caro, mio bene, caro!

Only you it wants to love,
this faithful heart,
My dear, my good one, my dear!

Gia ti donai il mio cor
fido sara il mio amor;
mai ti sara crudel,
cara mia spene.

Already I gave you my heart.
I trust you will be my love;
but you will be too cruel,
my dear hope.

Text by Antonio Marchi (1670-1725)

Translation by Robert Glaubitz

O luce di quest'anima
from, *Linda di Chamounix*

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

This aria from Gaetano Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix* is a hidden gem in the composer's large catalogue of operatic achievements, and it also exemplifies the overarching theme of love around which this program is centered. In this piece the titular character sings about her overflowing love for her suitor, Carlo, and her regret at missing him at the place they had agreed to meet. The piece captures the passion and melodrama of young love, especially in the recitative, where the lush accompaniment and free use of rubato serve to recreate the push and pull of heightened emotions that come with being in love. Linda's giddiness and excitement is reflected in the quick, energetic melody of the aria, decorated by the ornamentations of the performer as the piece progresses, and in cadenzas which mimic the laughter of a woman who cannot believe her luck with love.

O luce di quest'anima

Oh Light of this Soul

Ah, tardai troppo
e al nostro favorito convegno
io non trovai il mio diletto Carlo;
e chi sa mai quant'egli avrá sofferto!
Ma non al par di me!

Ah, I am too late,
and at our favorite meeting place
I do not see my beloved Carlo;
And who can tell what he has suffered!
But not as much as I have!

Pegno d'amore questi fior mi lasciò!

As a symbol of his love, he left me
these flowers!

Tenero core!
E per quel core io l'amo,
unico di lui bene.
Poveri entrambi siamo,
viviam d'amor, di speme;
pittore ignoto ancora
egli s'innalzerà co suoi talenti!

Oh, tender heart!
I love him for his heart,
the only thing he owns.
We are both poor,
we live on love and hope.
He is an unknown artist,
but he will make himself known
through his talent!

Sarò sua sposa allora.

He will be my husband.

Oh noi contenti!

O luce di quest'anima,
delizia, amore e vita,
la nostra sorte unita,
in terra, in ciel sarà
Deh, vieni a me, riposati
su questo cor che t'ama,
che te sospira e brama,
che per te sol vivrà.

Text by Gaetano Rossi (1774-1855)

Oh, how happy we will be!

Oh light of this soul,
delight, love and life,
Our fate united,
on Earth, in heaven we will be.
Come to me, rest yourself
upon this heart that loves you,
that longs for and desires you,
that lives only for you.

Translation by Charlotte Hoather

Psyche

Emile Paladihe (1844-1926)

Psyche is one of Emile Paladihe's most renowned art songs and won the Prix de Rome in 1860. According to Greek legend, Psyche was one of the most captivating, and beautiful beings at the time, and Venus was upset that Psyche had taken the attention away from her. Venus ordered her son Cupid to make Psyche fall in love with an ugly beast. However, when Cupid saw how beautiful Psyche was, he shot himself with the arrow so he could be in love with her. This song is very romantic in style. Large interval leaps, non-chord tones, dramatic shifts in tone, it is no doubt that this song conveys the feeling of deep love and passion towards another person.

Psyche

Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la nature.
Les rayons du soleil
vous baisent trop souvent,
Vos cheveux souffrent
trop les caresses du vent.
Quand il les flatte
j'en murmure!
L'air même que vous respirez
Avec trop de Plaisir
passe sur votre bouche.
Votre habit
de trop près vous touche!
Et sitôt que vous soupirez
Je ne sais quoi

Psyche

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!
The rays of the sun
Kiss you far too often.
Your locks too often allow
the wind to caress them.
When the wind blows your hair
I am jealous of it!
Even the air you breath
Passes over your lips
With too much pleasure
Your garment
Touches you too closely.
And whenever you sigh,
I do not know

qui m'effarouche
Craint, parmi vos soupirs,
des soupirs égarés!

What grips me with fear;
Perhaps, that of all your sighs,
One may escape me!

Text by Pierre Corneille (1606-1684)

Translation by Christopher Goldsack

Le Colibri

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Le Colibri is an art song composed in 1882 by Ernest Chausson, from *Opus No. 2*. Chausson was inspired by Parnassian poet Charles-Marie-Rene Leconte de Lise. This poetic set, and Opus includes other works, Le Charme, Les Papillons, Le dernière feuille, Serenade italienne, Hebe, and Le colibri. All of these works include luscious harmonies, intense imagery and sensuality, objectivity, and nature. The arpeggios, also give into the imagery of the movement of a Hummingbird. These are characteristic of Romantic era French poetry, which directly applies to Romantic French music. As many French art songs do, Chausson uses these characteristics as an allegory for sensual love.

Le Colibri

The Hummingbird

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
hills,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Corme lm frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

The green hummingbird, the king of the
hills,
On seeing the dew and gleaming sun
Shine in his nest of fine woven grass,
Darts into the air like a shaft of light.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Ou les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Ou l' aoka rouge aux odeurs divines
scent
S'ouvre et porte au cœur un humide éclair.

He hurries and flies to the nearby springs
Where the bamboos sound like the sea,
Where the red hibiscus with its heavenly
scent
Unveils the glint of dew at its heart.

Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,
flower,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir.
dry.

He descends, and settles on the golden
flower,
Drinks so much love from the rosy cup
That he dies, not knowing if he'd drunk it
dry.

Sur ta lèvre pure, o ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

On your pure lips, O my beloved,
My own soul too would sooner have died
From that first kiss which scented it!

Automne

Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)

Automne is a part of *Opus 18*, composed in 1878. It's first debut was at the Societe nationale de musique on January 29th, 1881. This was composed around the middle of Faure's life, which is a time where many people are longing for and remembering their youth. This art song is just that, a memory of what once was. The circular pattern created by the piano gives the feeling of an autumn breeze, with intense articulation and syncopation. The music is eerie in a way, and creates a sense of spiraling, which is reflected in the text. Given when it was composed, Faure himself might have been going through this mid-life spiral. This song expresses the feeling of happiness of a memory, and despair that it is just a memory. The melody of this piece is forte the whole time, and the piano keeps pressing on with that circular pattern, giving us that thought process of spiraling. Faure uses heavy textures, and dramatic melodic lines to give us this intense remembrance.

Automne

Autumn

Automne au ciel brumeux,
aux horizons navrants,
Aux rapides couchants,
aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler,
comme l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Autumn of misty skies
and heartbreaking horizons,
Of swift sunsets
and pale dawns,
I watch flow by
like torrential water
Your days imbued with melancholy.

Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits emportés,
regret,
Comme s'il se pouvait
que notre âge renaisse!
Parcourent, en rêvant, les coteaux enchantés
Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse.

My thoughts, borne away on the wings of
As though our time
could come round again!
Roam in reverie the enchanted hills,
Where long ago my youth once smiled.

Je sens,
au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur
Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes,
qu'en mon cœur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

In the bright sun of triumphant memory.
I feel untied roses reflower in bouquets
And tears rise to my eyes,
which in my heart
At twenty had been forgotten!

Text by Armand Silvestre (1838-1901)

Translation by Richard Stokes

Souvenances

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

While “Souvenances” was the final piece that Camille Saint-Saëns composed for Marie Reiset (or Madame de Grandval, as she had become by that time), it was but one of many that the composer dedicated to his unrequited love. The composition is on the simpler side for Saint-Saëns but still holds complexities in line with the late Romantic style. I enjoy the way that Saint-Saëns creates a musical mood that falls right in line with the feelings evoked in the poem. The piano plays a repetitive, syncopated 16th-note pattern centered mostly in Db major, while the vocal line hovers over the accompaniment with longer note values and a melancholy color to the melody. I find that the combination of these elements, especially within a strophic structure, really serves to highlight the bittersweet nature of the text, the idea of having continuous love for someone even as you watch them become happier with someone else.

Souvenances

Quand mon âme, bercée
Par un doux souvenir,
Laisse errer ma pensée
Loin du sombre avenir;

J'aime à suivre mon rêve
Vers les jours d'autrefois,
Sur la plaine ou la grève
Ou m'entraîne sa voix.

J'aime à revoir encore,
Tout un monde effacé,
Et je suis à l'aurore
D'un jour déjà passé!

O charme de ma vie!
C'est alors que je vois,
Les doux traits d'une amie,
Et que j'entends sa voix.

Que ne puis-je du songe
fixer du moins le cours!
Dans la vie où je plonge,
Ne voir que les amours!

Triste destin des choses,
Qui fait le lendemain,

Recollections

When my soul is rocked
by a sweet memory,
let my thoughts wander
from the bleak future.

I want to follow my dream
back to those days
and to not have to work
To hear her voice.

I would love to see her again,
In that world that no longer exists,
and I'm at dawn
of a day already passed.

Oh love of my life!
This is what I see when I see
the soft features of a friend,
and I hear her voice.

Why can I not think
of living my own course?
When I dive down into life,
I see only loves!

It is the sad fate of those
who on the next day,

Retrouver sur les roses
Les larmes du matin!

find on their roses
the tears of the morning.

Text by Ferdinand Lemaire (1832-1879)

*Translation from
saintsaenscomplete.com*

Ouvre ton cœur

**Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)**

This quick, exciting piece by Georges Bizet is not to be underestimated in terms of its musical depth. Bizet achieves multiple levels of juxtaposition in this piece, reflecting both the obvious longing and the dreamy, floral imagery within the text. Passion sizzles in the strikes of the grace notes in the accompaniment and in the melody in the A sections, though the grace notes in the B sections act rather to create a sweet lilting quality to the melody. The A section feels urgent and intense with quick rhythmic figures and a minor mode, while the B section features a detour to the parallel major key and longer rhythmic values. I feel that the extreme contrast between the two sections of each verse is similar to the extreme contrast one can feel emotionally in the throgs of love. The A section seems to represent the fiery, unpredictable aspect of romance, while the B section sounds like the light, saccharine feeling of extreme infatuation.

Ouvre ton cœur

Open Your Heart

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?

The daisy has closed its petals,
Darkness has closed the eyes of day.
Will you, fair one, be true to your
word?

Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.

Open your heart to my love.

Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange,
à ma flamme,
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.

Open your heart, young angel,
To my ardor,
That a dream may charm your
sleep.

Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

I wish to recover my soul,
As a flower unfolds to the sun!

Text by Louis Delâtre (1815-1893)

Translation by Richard Stokes

Aus meinen großen Schmerzen

Robert Franz (1815- 1892)

Aus meinen großen Schmerzen is a part of s 12 song book *Opus 5, Zwölf Gesänge*, published in 1846. Franz composed 279 lieder in this career, and others were mostly

choral. Franz was an expert at writing piano accompaniment to expressive and rich German poetry. Franz was also friends and collaborated with Robert Schumann, who is also well known for German Lieder. The poem was written by one of the most famous German poets, Henrich Heine. His poetic rhyme form uses ABBA in each stanza. This poem focuses on the idea of rejection and confusion with love.

Aus meinen großen Schmerzen

Aus meinen großen Schmerzen
Mach ich die kleinen Lieder;
Die heben ihr klingend Gefieder
Und flattern nach ihrem Herzen.
Sie fanden den Weg zur Trauten,

Sie fanden den Weg zur Trauten,
Doch kommen sie wieder und klagen,
Und klagen, und wollen nicht sagen,
Was sie im Herzen schauten.

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Out of my great unrest

Out of my great unrest
I make little songs and things;
They lift their tinkling wings

And flutter off to her breast.

To her, to my dear one, they dart
And then they return and complain,
Complain, and will not explain
What they have seen in her heart.

Translation by Hal Draper

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Originally a Spanish text from an anonymous author, this song fuses together German language and Spanish rhythm. *In dem Schatten meiner Locken* was composed in 1889 by Hugo Wolf, and published in 1891 in the *Spanisches Liederbuch*, Spanish Songbook. Hugo Wolf is notorious for being able to set text to song, to create lush, independent melodies, and dissonant and chromatic harmonies. The rhythm featured in the piano line resembles a Spanish bolero rhythm, which ties together the Spanish influence in a German text setting. This rhythm gives into the playful, mischief of the piece. This song represents an internal battle a girl is having about her partner. She goes back and forth between wanting to wake him and not, and eventually decides not to. She doesn't want to have her hair ruined by the wind of passion again, and she doesn't want to hear his complaints.

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schliefe mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!

Sorglich strählt' ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,

In the Shadow of my Tresses

In the shadow of my tresses
My lover has fallen asleep.
Shall I wake him now? – Ah no!

Carefully, I combed my curly
Tresses early each morning,
But my efforts are in vain,

Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.
Lockenschatten, Windessausen
Schlieferten den Liebsten ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!

For the winds tousle them.
Shade-giving tresses, sighing breezes
Have lulled my lover to sleep.
Shall I wake him now? – Ah no!

Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme
Diese meine braune Wange,
Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!

I shall have to hear how he grieves,
How he has languished so long,
How his whole life depends
On these my dusky cheeks.
And he calls me his serpent,
And yet he fell asleep at my side,
Shall I wake him now? – Ah no!

Text by Paul Heyse (1830- 1914)

Translation by Richard Stokes

Liebst du um Schönheit

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

This song is one of the Ruckert-Lieder composed by Mahler in 1901. Mahler's wife, Alma Schindler was in a bad mental state and was conflicted with her love for Mahler. She was bouncing back and forth between loving him and being happy, to feeling nothing at all for him and life. Alma also felt insignificant to him considering his wealth and fame. Mahler could sense his wife's distress and inner conflict, so he composed this song for her. The piece is intended for voice and piano only, given the intimacy related to the song. In the end, he wanted to convey to his wife that he doesn't love her for anything but love, and he asks the same in return. We should not love for wealth, beauty or youth but rather love. The poem written by Friedrich Ruckert perfectly encapsulates the words Mahler needed to express to Alma.

Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.
Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.
Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.
Liebst du um Liebe,

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair.
If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Which is young each year.
If you love for riches
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls.
If you love for love,

O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

Ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more.

Text by Friedrich Ruckert (1788-1866)

Translation by Richard Stokes

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Franz Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade" combines two of my favorite things: beautiful music, and classic literature. The piece's text is taken from Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe epic tragedy *Faust*, which is largely considered one of the greatest literary works to ever come out of Germany. In the play, Gretchen is the love interest of the titular character. Her feelings for Faust spin into obsession as the story progresses, and Schubert manages to deftly capture this both the vicious, cyclical nature of Gretchen's situation, as well as her increasing lack of control over herself. The piano plays a repeating 16th-note sequence, symbolizing both the spinning wheel where Gretchen sits and the uncontrollable spinning of her mind, only stopping once during the piece, when Gretchen's thoughts turn to Faust's kiss. Gretchen's rising emotion is reflected in the ascending melodic contour of each section of the piece, reaching a peak at the end of the last verse as she very nearly loses control of her mind. The final repetition of the initial phrase leaves Gretchen just as we first found her, spinning around and around with no sign of slowing down.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finder sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab',
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave,
The whole world
Is turned to gall.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Is shattered.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finder sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

His proud bearing,
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes,

Und seiner Rede zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

And the magic flow of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finder sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin,
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

My bosom
Years for him,
Ah! If I could clasp
And hold him,

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses,
Perish!

*Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
(1749-1832)*

Translation by Richard Stokes

Du bist die Ruh

**Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)**

The second of this set of songs by Franz Schubert appears unassuming, but has surprised me greatly with its complexity. The text seems to evoke calm, stillness, reverence; feelings which are echoed in languid melody and the fairly predictable harmonic progression of the first two verses, (though the poem hints at the upcoming increasing tension at the end of the second verse). Harmonic tension in the two iterations of the third stanza reveals, along with the text, the true passion of the piece, which, like an undercurrent, fuels the energy of the first two sections. I especially love the juxtaposition

of this piece and the previous selection, through which Schubert deftly showcases his ability to evoke emotion in vastly different contexts.

Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du
Und was sie stillt.
Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schließe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu,
Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust.
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz!

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

You are Repose

You are repose
And gentle peace,
You are longing
And what stills it.
I pledge to you
Full of joy and pain
As a dwelling here
My eyes and heart.

Come in to me,
And softly close
behind you
The gate.
Drive other pain
From this breast!
Let my heart be filled
With your joy.

The temple
Of my eyes is lit
By your radiance alone,
Oh fill it utterly!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Ständchen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

“Ständchen” is one of fourteen songs published in the collection *Schwanengesang* (*Swan Song*), a song cycle Schubert wrote towards the end of his life and which was published posthumously. *Schwanengesang*, unlike some of Schubert’s earlier collections, featured works by multiple poets, though half of the poems, including this one, were written by poet and music critic Ludwig Rellstab. Schubert paints a musical portrait of quiet, growing anticipation and sweet pleading in the repeated verses, and breaks into a more forceful, deliberate approach as the poet more desperately asks for his lover to join him in the grove. The final phrase, “beglücke mich”, is sung twice, leaving the listener to decide how the waiting lover’s story ends.

Ständchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich;
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.
Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre ich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm' beglücke mich!

Text by Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860)

Serenade

Softly my songs plead
Through the night to you;
Down into the silent grove,
Beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops whisper and rustle
In the moonlight;
My darling, do not fear that the
Hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Don't you hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.

They understand the heart's yearning,
They know the pain of love;
With their silvery notes
They touch every tender heart.
Let your heart, too, be moved,
Beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

Translation by Richard Wigmore

Could Have Danced All Night

Frederick Loewe (1901-1988)

I Could Have Danced All Night is from the musical *My Fair Lady*. This song was first performed in 1956, by Julie Andrews on Broadway. Another notable performer of this song is Marni Nixon in the 1964 film version. This version was #17 on AFI's top tunes of America, so it is no doubt that this song holds a special place in many people's hearts. In this scene, Eliza Dolittle had just danced with her tutor Henry Higgins, and her housekeeper tell Eliza that she should go to bed, but Eliza is filled with too much excitement and love to go to sleep.

I Could Have Danced All Night

Bed, bed I couldn't go to bed
My head's too light to try to set it down
Sleep, sleep I couldn't sleep tonight

Not for all the jewels in the crown
I could have danced all night
I could have danced all night
And still have begged for more
I could have spread my wings and done a thousand things
I've never done before
I'll never know what made it so exciting
Why all at once my heart took flight
I only know when he began to dance with me
I could have danced, danced, danced all night.

Text by Alan Jay Lerner (1918-1986)

Laura

David Raksin (1912-2004)

Laura is a jazz song staple written for a movie called Laura in 1944. Raksin composed this song in only one weekend, and it was then used as the song theme for the movie. Many other jazz artists have performed this song such as Frank Sinatra, Woody Herman, Julie London, and Ella Fitzgerald. This performance is in the style of Ella Fitzgerald. The interpretation of this song can swing either way, one of remembrance of a past lover, or fantasizing about a lover that doesn't exist but that you really want to exist. Many jazz instrumentalists reference the first 10 notes of Laura, ever since Dizzy Gillespie did it during one of his solos in 1953.

Laura

Laura, is the face in the misty light.
Footsteps, that you hear down the hall.
The laugh that floats on a summer night
That you can never quite recall
And you see Laura.
On the train that is passing through
Those eyes how familiar they seem.
She gave your very first kiss to you.
That was Laura, but she's only a dream.

Text by Johnny Mercer (1909-1976)

Say it Isn't So

Irving Berlin (1888-1989)

Say it Isn't So was written in 1932 after Berlin himself experienced many setbacks in his life. He originally didn't think the song would have as much success as it did, until his employee showed it to Rudy Vallee, and the song became a hit. Many other popular

artists have performed this song such as Sarah Vaughn, Billie Holiday, Etta James, and Julie London. This performance is inspired by Julie London's version. This song deals with the heartbreak and devastation love can have. To hear such things from everyone else but your partner is truly an earth-shattering experience. With Julie London's version, you can hear the pleading sadness in her voice.

Say it Isn't So

Say it isn't so.
Say it isn't so.
Everyone is saying, you don't love me.
Say it isn't so.
Everywhere I go.
Everyone I see.
They say you're growing tired of me.
Say it isn't so.
People say that you found somebody new.
And it won't be long before you leave me.
Say it isn't true.
Just say that everything is still okay.
That's all I wanna know.
And what they're saying,
Say it isn't so.

Text by Irving Berlin (1888-1989)

Till There Was You
from, *The Music Man*

Meredith Willson
(1902-1984)

"Till There Was You", from Meredith Willson's 1957 musical *The Music Man*, appears in the second act and is sung by the lead female character, Marian, a prim but naive librarian. Marian has fallen in love with the "music man" himself, Harold, who is really a con artist lying to her and everyone in her community. She becomes extremely infatuated with the character Harold presents himself as to the town, and sings about how such was blind to all of the wonders of the world until she loved him. The colorful, dreamy harmonies create a feeling of warmth, of hope, and a slight air of fantasy, as Marian sings about her love for someone she thinks she knows so well.

Till There Was You

There were bells on the hill,
But I never heard them ringing,
No, I never heard them at all
'Til there was you.
There were birds in the sky,
But I never saw them winging,
No, I never saw them at all
'Til there was you.
And there was music,
And there were wonderful roses, they tell me,
In sweet fragrant meadows
Of dawn and dew.
There was love all around,
But I never heard it singing,
No, I never heard it at all
'Til there was you.

Text by Meredith Willson

Chiquitita

from, *Mamma Mia!*

B. Andersson & B. Ulvaeus
(b. 1946; b. 1945)

This final selection from the jukebox musical *Mamma Mia!*, based on the songs by the Swedish pop band ABBA, centers around the theme of love as it is found in friendship. In the musical, this piece is sung by the characters of Tanya and Rosie, who resolve to cheer up their friend Donna, a hardworking single mother, after she comes face-to-face with some old paramours on the eve of the wedding she is hosting for her daughter. Rosie and Tanya sing about the ebbing and flowing of joy and pain in life, aided by a cheerful, punchy melody in the chorus, as they remind their friend that life is full of ups and downs, but that they can overcome anything together so long as they try.

Chiquitita, tell me what's wrong!
I have never seen such sorrow
In your eyes, and the wedding is tomorrow!
How I hate to see you like this.
There is no way you can deny it:
I can see that you're oh so sad, so quiet.

Chiquitita, tell me the truth.
I'm a shoulder you can cry on.
Your best friend, I'm the one you must rely on.
You were always sure of yourself;

Now I see you've broken a feather.
I hope we can patch it up together.

Chiquitita, you and I know,
How the heartaches come and they go and the scars they're leaving
You'll be dancing once again and the pain will end,
You will have no time for grieving.
Chiquitita, you and I cry,
But the sun is still in the sky and shining above you.
Let me hear you sing once more like you did before,
Sing a new song, Chiquitita.
Try once more like you did before,
Sing a new song, Chiquitita.

Text by Benny Andersson

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Degree in Music Education.

Alyssa Lewis and Courtney Parnitke are students of Dr. Gwendolyn Alfred.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.