



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

My Days: Notes on Growing Up
Morgan Drummond, soprano
Elijah Ong, piano

Saturday, November 16, 2024

6:00 pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Oh, had I Jubal's lyre
From *Joshua*

G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Des Liebsten Schwur
Röslein dreie in der Reihe

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Morgen!

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Selections from *Sei canzoncine ou petits airs italiens (1808)*

La speranza al cor mi dice

Isabella Colbran
(1785-1845)

T'intendo, sì, mio cor

Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare

Intermission

Soupir	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Priez pour paix	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Ya me voy a retirar	Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)
Algún Día	Jaime León (1921-2015)
My Days From <i>The Notebook</i>	Ingrid Michaelson (b. 1979)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music Education. Ms. Drummond is a student of Dr. Gwendolyn Alfred.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

Oh, had I Jubal's lyre
From *Joshua*

G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

“Oh, had I Jubal's lyre” is an aria from the oratorio *Joshua* written by George Frideric Handel in 1747. Handel was a German-born Baroque composer known for his operas, oratorios, and concertos. In this piece, Achsah imagines that if she had Jubal's lyre (the instrument of the biblical “father of music”), she could offer an even more powerful song of praise. Handel captures this energy with bright, intricate vocal runs and a lively melody that mirrors her enthusiasm. The aria's light accompaniment enhances Achsah's joyful spirit, showcasing both Handel's skill in expressing emotion through music and the triumphant mood of the oratorio's themes of victory and faith.

Oh, had I Jubal's lyre

Oh, had I Jubal's lyre,
Or Miriam's tuneful voice!
To sounds like his I would aspire,
In songs like hers rejoice.
My humble strains but faintly show,
How much to Heav'n and thee I owe.

-G. F. Handel

Selections by Johannes Brahms

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Johannes Brahms was a German Romantic composer and pianist known for his ingenious craftsmanship and emotional depth. “Des Liebsten Schwur” is a lively piece with text by Josef Wenzig that tells the story of a young girl playfully defying her father. Brahms' writing brings out the youthful energy and rebellious spirit of the character through lively rhythms and an upbeat tempo. This piece, part of Brahms' *9 Gesänge*, draws on folk-like themes common in Romantic music, where love often challenges traditional authority. The music's dance-like and lighthearted melody demonstrate the character's youth and defiance.

Brahms was known for setting his music to folk poetry, and he uses this lighthearted yet touching text to explore themes of innocence and love. “Röslein dreie in der Reihe” is one of Brahms' *5 Lieder* composed in 1873. The lyrics illustrate a playful and tender moment as a young man admires three roses, representing beauty and the development of romantic feelings. The simple melody in the vocal line contrasts with a more expressive piano accompaniment - this song is a fantastic example of Brahms' ability to capture the spirit of German folk traditions while intertwining them with the emotional introspective qualities typical of the Romantic era.

Des Liebsten Schwur

Ei, schmollte mein Vater nicht wach und im
Schlaf,
So sagt' ich ihm, wen ich im Gärtlein traf.

The Lover's Vow

If my father would stop sulking, awake or
asleep,
I'd tell him whom I met in the garden.

Und schmolle nur, Vater, und schmolle nur
fort,
Ich traf den Geliebten im Gärtlein dort.

Ei, zankte mein Vater nicht wieder sich ab,
So sagt' ich ihm, was der Geliebte mir gab.
Und zanke nur, Vater, mein Väterchen du,
Er gab mir ein Küsschen und eines dazu.

Ei, klänge dem Vater nicht staunend das Ohr,
So sagt' ich ihm, was der Geliebte mir schwor.
Und staune nur, Vater, und staune noch mehr,
Du gibst mich doch einmal mit Freuden noch
her.

Mir schwor der Geliebte so fest und gewiss,
Bevor er aus meiner Umarmung sich riss:
Ich hätte am längsten zu Hause gesäumt,
Bis lustig im Felde die Weizensaat keimt.

-Josef Wenzig

Röslein dreie in der Reihe

Röslein dreie in der Reihe blühn so rot,
Daß der Bursch zum Mäd'el gehe, ist kein
Verbot!
Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär,
Ständ die schöne weite Welt schon längst nicht
mehr,
Ledig bleiben Sünde wär!

Schönstes Städtchen in Alföld ist Ketschkemet
Dort gibt es gar viele Mädchen schmuck und
nett!
Freunde, sucht euch dort ein Bräutchen aus,
Freit um ihre Hand und gründet euer Haus,
Freudenbecher leeret aus!

-Hugo Conrat

Morgen!

Sulk away, father, sulk away,
I met my beloved out there in the garden.

If my father would stop scolding,
I'd tell him what my beloved gave me.
Scold away, father, my dear father,
He gave me a kiss, and then another one.

If my father's ears wouldn't ring with
surprise,
I'd tell him what my beloved promised.
Be surprised, my father, as surprised as you
like,
You'll be happy to give me away in the end.

My beloved promised me firmly and surely,
Before he tore himself from my embrace,
I'd only have to stay at home
Till the wheat ripened merrily in the field.

English translation by Richard Stokes

Three little red roses

Three little red roses bloom side by side,
It's no crime for a lad to visit his lass!
Dear God, if that were a crime,
This fair wide world would long ago have
ceased to exist,
Staying single would be a sin!

The loveliest town in Alföld is Kecskemét,
Where many smart and nice girls live!
Friends, find yourselves a young bride there,
Win her hand and set up house,
Drain beakers of joy!

English translation by Richard Stokes

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

“Morgen!” is an art song by German composer Richard Strauss, composed in 1894 as part of his *Vier Lieder*, Op. 27, and set to text by John Henry Mackay. Strauss was known for his operas, tone poems, and orchestral works that expanded Romantic tradition and through innovative orchestration and expressivity. This song reflects

Strauss' sensitivity and personal connection to the text, as it was written as a wedding gift for his wife, soprano Pauline de Ahna. The poem expresses the hope of a future spent in a blissful union, where two lovers find peace in being together. The soaring melody and gentle, flowing piano accompaniment mirror the poem's meditative tone. "Morgen!" is remembered as one of Strauss' most beloved songs and a lasting expression of Romantic ideals of love and contentment.

Morgen!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen...

Tomorrow!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones, again,
Amid this same sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's
eyes,
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall
on us...

-John Henry Mackay

English translation by Richard Stokes

Selections from *Sei canzoncine ou petits airs italiens* (1808)

**Isabella Colbran
(1785-1845)**

Isabella Colbran was a celebrated soprano and composer of the early 19th century and was known for her rich vocal writing. Her music reflects the virtuosic demands and nuance of expression in the bel canto tradition, reflected here in her *Sei canzoncine ou petits airs italiens*, written in 1808 for voice and harp. "La speranza al cor mi dice" demonstrates cautious optimism, as the singer believes that love will bring happiness but understands and fears the risk of pain. Colbran's music features a graceful, flowing vocal line that balances between moments of restraint and passion, capturing the bittersweet nature of hope in love. Her consideration of the text and ability to shape vocal lines is evident in this piece.

"T'intendo, sì mio cor" demonstrates Colbran's ability to combine lyrical melodies with emotional depth. The text includes a lover's introspective dialogue, reflecting the internal struggles of the complexity of love. Colbran's use of chromaticism in the vocal line hints at the turmoil within the singer's heart, while the accompaniment provides grounding support. This song is an excellent example of Colbran's ability to blend introspection with bel canto elegance, as she accurately portrays the Romantic ideas of vulnerability and tenderness required to love.

"Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare" describes a lover's unwavering devotion - the text emphasizes a promise of eternal love, where the thought of separating feels impossible. Colbran's melodic line captures the depth and beauty of this oath, and the intricate phrasing and subtle dynamic shifts allow the singer to convey both tenderness and strength. This piece highlights Colbran's roles as both a composer and singer, as she

creates music that reflects the dramatic and emotional demands of Romantic operatic style singing.

La speranza al cor mi dice

La speranza al cor mi dice
che sarò felice ancor,
ma la speme ingannatrice,
poi mi dice il mio timor.

T'intendo, sì, mio cor

T'intendo, sì, mio cor,
Con tanto palpitar!
So che ti vuoi lagnar,
Che amante sei.

Ah! taci il tuo dolor,
Ah! soffri il tuo martir
Tacilo, tacilo e non tradir
L'affetti miei, l'affetti

Ch'io mai vi possa

Ch'io mai vi possa
Lasciar d'amare,
Non, lo credete,
Pupille care;
Ne men per gioco
V'ingannerò

Voi foste e siete
Le mie faville,
E voi sarete
Care pupille,
Il mio bel foco
Finche vivro

-Pietro Metastasio

Hope tells my heart

Hope tells my heart
that I will know joy again,
but love's deceit appears, and with it, fears,
yet hope comes again and foretells joy to come.

English translation by C. Kimball

I hear you, yes, my heart

I hear you, yes, my heart
Beating so hard!
I know that you want to complain
that you're in love

Ah! Silence your pain
Ah! Suffer your torment
Be still, be still, and don't betray
My affections!

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That I will ever be able

That I will ever be able
To stop loving you
No, don't believe it,
Dear eyes!
Not even to joke
Would I deceive you about this

You alone
Are my sparks,
And you will be,
Dear eyes,
My beautiful fire
As long as I live, ah!

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Soupir

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Henri Duparc, a French composer of the late Romantic era, is best known for his *17 mélodies* (“art songs”) with texts by popular French poets of the time. “Soupir”, written in 1869, is a delicate, introspective art song set to text by Sully Prudhomme. It communicates the quiet longing of the text with a flowing vocal line and rich harmonies in the piano accompaniment and represents Duparc’s polished approach to *mélodie*. Audiences should listen for the musical ebbs and flows emulating a gentle sigh, which expresses unfulfilled yearning.

Soupir

Ne jamais la voir ni l’entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais, fidèle, toujours l’attendre,
Toujours l’aimer.

Ouvrir les bras et, las d’attendre,
Sur le néant les refermer,
Mais encor, toujours les lui tendre,
Toujours l’aimer.

Ah! Ne pouvoir que les lui tendre,
Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
Mais ces pleurs toujours les répandre
Toujours l’aimer.

Ne jamais la voir ni l’entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais d’un amour toujours plus tendre,
Toujours l’aimer!

-Sully Prudhomme

Sigh

Never to see or hear her,
Never to utter her name aloud,
But faithful, always to wait for her,
Always to love her.

To open my arms and, weary of waiting,
To close them again on a void,
Yet always to hold them out again,
Always to love her.

Ah, able only to hold them out
And to waste away in tears,
Yet always to shed those tears,
Always to love her.

Never to see or hear her,
Never to utter her name aloud,
But with a love always more tender,
Always to love her.

English translation by Richard Stokes

Priez pour paix

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

“Priez pour paix” by Francis Poulenc, composed in 1938, is a solemn, powerful song based on a 15th-century poem by Charles, Duke of Orléans. It was written on the eve of World War II, and the setting reflects both a respect for history and a pressing plea for peace. The accompaniment is sparse and the vocal line is simple and chant-like, which allows the singer to communicate the purity of prayer and urgency of the text. This piece embodies Poulenc’s profound ability to blend the depth of spirituality with emotional directness. The text of “Priez pour paix” mirrors the need for internal resolution in times of pain and verbalizes personal turmoil and a broader cry for peace.

Priex pour paix

Priez pour paix, douce Vierge Marie,
Reine des cieux, et du monde maîtresse,
Faites prier, par votre courtoisie,
Saints et saintes, et prenez votre adresse
Vers votre Fils, requérant sa haultesse
Qu'il lui plaise son peuple regarder,
Que de son sang a voulu racheter,
En déboutant guerre qui tout dévoie;
De prières ne vous veuillez laisser:
Priez pour paix, le vrai trésor de joie.

-Charles, Duke of Orléans

Pray for peace

Pray for peace, sweet Virgin Mary,
Queen of heaven and Mistress of this world,
Cause, by your courtesy, all the saints
Of either gender to pray, and address
Your Son, beseeching his high Majesty
To deign to look upon his people,
Whom he willingly redeemed with his blood,
Banishing war which ruins everything;
Pray untiringly, we beg of you:
Pray for peace, the true treasure of joy!

English translation by Richard Stokes

Ya me voy a retirar

**Carlos Guastavino
(1912-2000)**

Argentine composer Carlos Guastavino, sometimes referred to as “the Shubert of the Pampas”, is one of the most well-known composers of his country and was a pioneer for his art songs rooted in the folk traditions of Argentina. The text of “Ya me voy a retirar” evokes the feeling of nostalgia and the bittersweet emotions that accompany parting with a lover. Guastavino’s lyrical writing style and flowing melodies reflect folk music and create a sense of intimacy. “Ya me voy a retirar” is a testament to Guastavino’s dedication to preserving elements of Argentinian culture in a classical framework.

Ya me voy a retirar

Ya me voy a retirar
A los campos soledosos
Por ver si puedo olvidar
Aquellos ojos preciosos
Aquellos ojos preciosos
Que me miraron
Que me miraron
Y que el sueño me quitaron

Ya me voy a retirar
Donde está la tortolita
A ver si puedo encontrar
Lo que mi alma necesita
Lo que mi alma necesita
Porque me hirieron
Porque me hirieron
Los ojos que me perdieron

Ya me voy a retirar
Donde moran los zorzales

I shall now go back

I shall now go back
to the sad, solitary fields,
to see if I can forget
those lovely eyes.
Those lovely eyes
that gazed upon me.
That gazed upon me
and that robbed me of my sleep,

I shall now go back
where the turtle-dove lives,
to see whether I can find
the thing my soul needs.
The thing my soul needs
Because they hurt me –
Because they hurt me,
Those eyes that caused my ruin.

I shall now go back
to where the thrushes live

A ver si puedo encontrar
Remedio para mis males
Remedio para mis males
Pues me engañaron
Los ojos que me miraron

to see if I can find
a cure for my ills.
A cure for my ills,
for I was injured
by those eyes that gazed upon me.

-Leon Benaros

English translation by Thomas West

Algún Día

**Jaime León
(1921-2015)**

Composer Jaime León was born in Cartagena de Indias, Colombia in 1921. A successful conductor, pianist, teacher, and composer, León combines Latin American lyricism with classical art song structure. “Algún Día” is a heartfelt art song that describes yearning for a lover and the hope of an eventual reunion. The graceful melody represents the singer’s internal desire to reconnect with a lost love; through subtle harmonic shifts and intentional phrasing, León creates a sense of longing and cautious optimism, suggesting that, while separation is painful, there is hope for an eventual reunion.

Algún Día

Un día llegarás.
El amor nos espera
Y me dirás, y me dirás amada,
Ya llegó la primavera.

Un día me amarás.
Estarás de mi pecho tan cercano
Que no sabré, si el fuego que me abraza
Es de tu corazón o del verano.

Un día me tendrás.
Escucharemos mudos
Latir nuestras arterias, y sollozar
Los árboles desnudos.

Un día, cualquier día,
Breve y eterno.
El amor es el mismo
En verano, en otoño y en invierno.

-Dora Castellanos

Someday

One day you will arrive.
Love is waiting for us
and you will tell me:
My love, spring has arrived.

One day you will love me.
You’ll be by my breast, so close
that I won’t know if the fire that hugs me
is from your heart or from summer.

One day you will have me.
We will listen silently
to our beating arteries and listen
to the naked, sobbing trees.

One day, any day,
brief and eternal.
Love is the same
In summer, fall, and in winter.

English translation by Laura Santamaría

My Days

Ingrid Michaelson
(b. 1979)

“My Days” from *The Notebook* was composed by Emmy-nominated singer-songwriter Ingrid Michaelson, whose music brings Nicholas Sparks’ story of characters Noah and Allie to life through vibrant, driving melodies. This song marks a shift in Allie’s perspective as she decides to stop listening to outside influences and finally consider *her* desires. She is finally given the freedom of choice, and Michaelson’s introspective text serves as Allie’s inner dialogue and sheds light on the struggle many young women experience as they transition out of adolescence and search for an understanding of who they are. The driving piano ostinato captures the urgency and discomfort that often comes with change, while the soaring vocal line expresses the excitement and freedom it can bring.

My Days

Where am I?
Where am I going?
Is it somewhere that I want to go?
And when I get there
Is that where happy is?
Or is it somewhere I already know?

Sometimes I feel
Like I cry without a noise
Sometimes I feel
Like somebody chose my choice

I have to run away
I have to sit and stay
I wanna live a life
Where I'm allowed to say
That I'm proud of the way that I spent
My days

I can feel
Something growing
It is small but it's shifting the ground
When I was younger, I could hear it
But it's back
It's my sound

Sometimes I feel
Like I lost my only voice
But then I realized
Only I can choose my choice

I have to run away
I have to sit and stay
I wanna live a life
Where I'm allowed to say
That I'm proud of the way that I spent
My days

These days
All we ever really get are
Days to dream
And days to lose
I just need to choose my time

I have to run away
I have to stay
I'm gonna live a life
Where I am proud to say
That I followed my joy
I followed my heart
I lived this one wild life, I ripped it apart
I pushed through the corners with no apologies
And finally I can say
I know the way
I'll say that I love the way that I spent
My days

-Ingrid Michaelson