



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Owen Harvey, Baritone
Nora Mello, Piano

April 4, 2025

7:00 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

The Vagabond
The Roadside Fire
Fear No More the Heat O' The Sun

R.V Williams
(1872-1958)
Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

“Come Paride Vezzoso” from *L'elisir d'amore*

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Brief Pause

Si Mes Vers Avaient Des Ailes
À Chloris
Nell

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874 – 1947)
Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

On the Other Shore

Steven Mark Kohn
(b. 1957)

“Lonely Town” from *On The Town*

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a BM in Voice Performance.

Mr. Harvey is a student of Dr. James D. Rodriguez.

The use of recording equipment or flash photography is prohibited.

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

English Selection

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Ralph Vaughan Williams was a prolific English composer of art songs, ballets, choral works, operas, and symphonies. His most notable trait from his compositions is the evocative imagery he creates, truly engulfing the artist within the scene of the piece. Some of his most notable works include *The Lark Ascending* (1914), *A Sea Symphony* (1909), and song cycle *The Songs of Travel*. The poetry was written by Robert Louis Stevenson, and offers a take on a young man's journey through life. The two selections performed tonight are the first and third pieces in the cycle. *The Vagabond* introduces the traveler, and his desire for freedom. He marches through life not caring about hope, love, wealth, or anything of the sort, just the heavens above. "The Roadside Fire" is quite the stark contrast from "The Vagabond" as the traveler now envisions his life with a loved one and fantasizes about what their future may hold. Vaughan Williams is truly one of my favorite composers, and I am honored to share some of his work-tonight.

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the love go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river –
There's the life for a man like me.
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field –
Warm the fireside haven –
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,

Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Roger Quilter

Roger Quilter was known particularly for his array of English art songs. Born into a wealthy family, Quilter began his musical studies at the Hoch Conservatory in Frankfurt, Germany. There, he studied for nearly five years under the guidance of composition professor Iwan Korr. He was known as part of the “Frankfurt Group”, a group of composers who all studied at the Hoch Conservatory in the 1890s, including the likes of Percy Grainger, Cyril Scott, and H. Balfour Gardiner. Quilter set numerous texts by William Shakespeare into different art songs, this piece being no different. This piece comes from the second set of *The Five Shakespeare Songs* and the text is taken from a play called *Cymbeline*. This is a funeral song that is sung over a character that is presumed dead, and is a mournful way of saying “you no longer have to suffer or deal with any hardships now that you’ve gone”.

Fear no more the heat o’ the sun,
Nor the furious winter’s rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta’en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o’ the great;
Thou art past the tyrant’s stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,

Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

“Come Paride Vezzoso” from *L’elisir d’amore*

Gaetano Donizetti

L’elisir d’amore is one of my personal favorite operas, and the character that sings this aria (Belcore) is actually a dream role of mine. The title translates in English to *The Elixir of Love* and is a comedic opera about two men in pursuit of the beautiful lady Adina. Nemorino (the tenor) buys the fabled elixir of love (actually turns out to be cheap wine) from the fraud Doctor Dulcamara, in order to try and woo Adina away from the cocky sergeant Belcore. This aria is sung in the first act of the opera when Belcore first arrives to the village, eyes Adina, and attempts to court her in his own boastful way. Other operas Donizetti is known for include *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *Don Pasquale*.

Come Paride vezzoso
Porse il pomo alla più bella,
Mia diletta villanella,
Io ti porgo questi fior.
Ma di lui più glorioso,
Più di lui felice io sono,
Poiché in premio del mio dono
Ne riporto il tuo bel cor.

Veggio chiaro in quell vision
Ch’io fo breccia nel tuo petto.
Non è cosa sorprendente;
Son galante, son sergente;
Non v’ha bell’ache resista
Alla vista d’un cimiero;
Cede a marte iddio guerriero,
Fin la madre dell’amour

As charming Paris
Gave the apple to the most beautiful,
My darling rustic girl,
I give you this flower.
But more glorious than he,
I am happier than he,
Because as a reward for my gift
I carry off your lovely heart.

I see clearly in that little face
That I’ve reduced you to smithereens.
It’s not anything surprising,
I am gallant, I’m a sergeant;
There is no beauty who can resist
The sight of a military uniform;
To Mars, the god of war,
Even the mother of love yielded.

Translation by Ann Feeney

French Selection

Reynaldo Hahn

Reynaldo Hahn, a native of Caracas, Venezuela. Born in 1874, he was the youngest of twelve children and was a child prodigy. The family moved to Paris when he was three, and he started playing piano young, and even began composing at age eight. He began his studies at the Paris Conservatory at age ten, learning from the likes of Charles Gounod and Camille Saint-Saëns. The first of the two selections is “Si mes vers avaient des ailes”, which he wrote when he was 13. The poem by Victor Hugo translates to “If my verses had wings”, and is written from the point of view of a poet, who feels strongly for another, and feels words are inadequate to describe her, wishing the verses he wrote could actually show his true feelings. The second selection is “À Chloris”, a setting of a text from Théophile de Viau. Chloris is the speaker's love interest, and throughout the poem the speaker is emphasizing that nothing could make him happier than being with her.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'oiseau.

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'esprit.

They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the mind.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour.

Pure and faithful, to your side
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love!

Poetry by Victor Hugo

Translation by Richard Stokes

À Chloris

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.
Que la mort serait importune
De venir changer ma fortune
A la félicité des cieux!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
(And I'm told you love me dearly),
I do not believe that even kings
Can match the happiness I know.
Even death would be powerless
To alter my fortune
With the promise of heavenly bliss!
All that they say of ambrosia
Does not stir my imagination
Like the favor of your eyes!

Poetry by Théophile de Viau

Translation by Richard Stokes

Gabriel Fauré

Gabriel Fauré, a French composer, organist, and pianist was known particularly for his collection of French art song repertoire, and for being one of the pioneers of French *mélodie*. Faure was both a famous teacher and a famous student, studying under Camille Saint-Saëns, and later teaching Maurice Ravel. He was head of the Paris Conservatory from 1905-1920, and over the course of his composition career, he composed over 100 *mélodies*, two major song cycles, an opera, and various chamber and piano works. “Nell” with poetry written by Charles Marie René Leconte de Lisle is a vow of eternal fidelity to the speakers beloved.

Ta rose de pourpre, à ton clair soleil,
Ô Juin, étincelle enivrée;
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:
Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse
Monte un soupir de volupté;
Plus d’un ramier chante au bois écarté,
Ô mon cœur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflammé,
Étoile de la nuit pensive!
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive
Qui rayonne en mon cœur charmé!

La chantante mer, le long du rivage,
Taira son murmure éternel,
Avant qu’en mon cœur, chère amour, ô Nell,
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!

Poetry by Charles Marie René Leconte de
Lisle

Your crimson rose in your bright sun
Glitters, June, in rapture;
Incline to me also your golden cup:
My heart is like your rose.

From the soft shelter of shady leaves
Rises a languorous sigh;
More than one dove in the secluded wood
Sings, O my heart, its love-lorn lament.

How sweet is your pearl in the blazing sky,
Star of meditative night!
But sweeter still is the vivid light
That glows in my enchanted heart!

The singing sea along the shore
Shall cease its eternal murmur,
Before in my heart, dear love, O Nell,
Your image shall cease to bloom!

Translation by Richard Stokes

On the Other Shore

Steven Mark Kohn

Steven Mark Kohn, a native of Cleveland, Ohio, grew up with a great appreciation for music, as it was always playing in his childhood home. Being a piano improviser for many years, he decided to hone in on his musical inclination and studied music composition at Kent State University. He then got his master's at the Cleveland Institute of Music where he would later serve as faculty for 21 years. He has composed music for different films, industrial shows, art songs, commercials, and has served as a lyricist with composer Craig Bohmler for two musicals and an opera. "On the Other Shore" is a traditional American folk song about mourning the loss of one's mother and looking to the future with both hope and uncertainty that they'll see her again. This piece is personal to me, as my grandmother passed away a little under a year ago. This piece is dedicated to her.

I have a mother gone to glory
On the other shore.

By and by I'll go to meet her
On the other shore.

Won't that be a happy meetin'
On the other shore.

There we'll see our good old neighbors
On the other shore.

There we'll see our blessed savior
On the other shore.

"Lonely Town" from *On the Town*

Leonard Bernstein

Leonard Bernstein was known for his work as a composer, conductor pianist and music educator. He served as director of the New York Philharmonic from 1958-1969. He has great contributions to the world of musical theater, including composing the music for *West Side Story*, which won two Tony Awards, and ten Oscars, making it one of the most influential musicals of all time. Another show of his, *On the Town*, is about the adventures of three sailors on a 24-hour shore leave in New York City during the second World War. The character Gabey sings this piece, and expresses his feelings of loneliness and isolation in a city that is full of people. I've been in Gabey's shoes many times before, and just like he says; without love, the world is an empty place.

Gabey's comin', Gabey's comin' to town.
So what? Who cares?
Back on the ship it seemed such a snap;
You'd tap a girl on the shoulder,
She'd turn around,
And she'd say: "I love you."
But once on shore, it's not such a snap;
You get the cold shoulder,
The old run-around,

You're left with no one but you.
Gabey's comin', Gabey's comin' to town.

A town's a lonely town,
When you pass through
And there is no one waiting there for you,
Then it's a lonely town.
You wander up and down,
The crowds rush by,
A million faces pass before your eye,
Still it's a lonely town.

Unless there's love,
A love that's shining like a harbor light,
You're lost in the night;
Unless there's love,
The world's an empty place
And every town's a lonely town.

Lyrics by Adolph Green and Betty Comden

