

presents

Juan Morales, Tenor and Tegan Owens, Soprano
In a Shared Senior Recital

In collaboration with:
Natia Shioshvili, piano

“Comfort Ye My People” from <i>Messiah</i>	George Frideric Handel (1685 - 1759)
“Adieu, notre petite table” from <i>Manon</i>	Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
I Am in Need of Music In the Dark Pine-Wood The Lake Isle of Innisfree	Ben Moore (b. 1960)
Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen Liebst du um Schönheit Warum willst du and're fragen	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Sérénade Extase Chanson Triste	Henri Duparc (1848 - 1933)
Le Violette O cessate di piagarmi Già il sole	Alessandro Scarlatti (1685-1757)
Serenata Eterna Tiernamente Soy Mexicano	Antonio Gomezanda (1894 - 1961)
<i>Three Browning Songs</i> The Year's at the Spring Ah, Love but a Day! I Send My Heart up to Thee!	Amy Beach (1867-1944)

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree in Choral Music Education and the Bachelor of Arts degree in Music: General Studies from the studio of Prof. Michelle Monroe

Comfort Ye My People

Text from Isaiah 40:1-4

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,
saith your God.
Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem,
and cry unto her,
that her warfare is accomplished,
that her iniquity is pardoned.
The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Adieu, notre petite table

Jules Massenet

Allons! Il le faut pour lui-même!
Mon pauvre chevalier!
Et pourtant, j'hésite aujourd'hui.
Non, non!... Je ne suis plus digne de lui!
J'entends cette voix qui m'entraîne
contre ma volonté:
Manon, Manon, tu seras reine...
Reine... par la beauté!
Je ne suis que faiblesse et que fragilité...
Ah! malgré moi je sens couler mes larmes...
Devant ces rêves effacés,
l'avenir aura-t-il les charmes
de ces beaux jours déjà passés?
Adieu, notre petite table,
qui nous réunit si souvent!
Adieu, adieu, notre petite table,
si grande pour nous cependant!
On tient, c'est inimaginable...
Si peu de place... en se serrant...
Adieu, notre petite table!
Un même verre était le nôtre,
chacun de nous, quand il buvait
y cherchait les lèvres de l'autre ...
Ah! pauvre ami, comme il m'aimait!
Adieu, notre petite table, adieu!

Farewell, our little table

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Come! It must be done!
My poor Chevalier! Oh, yes, it is he whom I love!
And yet, I hesitate today!
No, no! I not am longer worthy of him!
I hear that voice which entices me
against my will:
"Manon, you shall be queen,
queen by your beauty!"
I nothing am but weakness and but fragility!
Ah! In spite of myself I feel flowing my tears,
before these dreams that fade.
The future will it have the charms
Of those beautiful days already passed?
Farewell, our little table,
That us brought-together so often!
Farewell, our little table
which seemed so large to us!
We took up, it is unimaginable,
so small a place when we embraced...
Farewell, our little table!
We used the same glass,
each of us, when from it we drank,
There we searched for the lips of the other...
Ah! Poor friends, how he loved me!
Farewell, our little table, farwell!

In the Dark Pine-Wood**Text by James Joyce**

In the dark pine-wood
I would we lay,
In deep cool shadow
At noon of day.

How sweet to lie there,
Sweet to kiss,
Where the great pine-forest
Enaished is!

Thy kiss descending
Sweeter were
With a soft tumult
Of thy hair.

O unto the pine-wood
At noon of day
Come with me now,
Sweet love, away.

I Am in Need of Music**Text by Elizabeth Bishop**

I am in need of music that would flow
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.
Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,
A song to fall like water on my head,
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree**Text by William Butler Yeats**

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles
made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the
honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where
the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple
glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the
shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the
pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen**Text by Friedrich Rückert**

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug beklommen
mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen,
Dass seine Bahnen
Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Er hat genommen
Mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine?
Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.
Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Nun ist gekommen
Des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter,
Ich seh' es heiter,
Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

Liebst du um Schönheit**Text by Friedrich Rückert**

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

He comes in storm and rain**Translation by Richard Stokes**

He came
In storm and rain;
My anxious heart
Beat against his.
How could I have known
That his path
Should unite itself with mine?

He came
In storm and rain;
Audaciously
He took my heart.
Did he take mine?
Did I take his?
Both drew near to each other.
He came
In storm and rain.
Now spring's blessing
Has come.
My friend journeys on,
I watch with good cheer,
For he shall be mine wherever he goes.

If you love for beauty**Translation by Richard Stokes**

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

Warum willst du and're fragen

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Warum willst du and're fragen,
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nicht, als was dir sagen
Diese beiden Augen hier!

Glaube nicht den fremden Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn;
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du deuten,
Sondern sieh die Augen an!

Schweigt die Lippe deinen Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,
Sieh mein Aug', ich liebe dich!

Sérénade

Gabriel Marc

Si j'étais, ô mon amoureuse
La brise au souffle parfumé,
Pour frôler ta bouche rieuse,
Je viendrais craintif et charmé.

Si j'étais l'abeille qui vole,
Ou le papillon séducteur,
Tu ne me verrais pas, frivole,
Te quitter pour une autre fleur.

Si j'étais la rose charmante
Que ta main place sur ton cœur
Si près de toi toute tremblante
Je me fanerais de bonheur.

Mais en vain je cherche à te plaire,
J'ai beau gémir et soupirer.
Je suis homme, et que puis-je faire? ...
T'aimer ... Te le dire ... Et pleurer!

Extase

Jean Lahor

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien-aimée ...
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...

Why enquire of others

Translation by Richard Stokes

Why enquire of others,
Who are not faithful to you?
Only believe what these two eyes
Here tell you!

Do not believe what others say;
Do not believe strange fancies;
Nor should you interpret my deeds,
But instead look at these eyes!

Are my lips silent to your questions
Or do they testify against me?
Whatever my lips might say;
Look at my eyes; I love you!

Serenade

Translated by Richard Stokes

If, my beloved, I were
The scented breeze,
I would come, timid and rapt,
To brush your laughing lips.

If I were a bee in flight,
Or a beguiling butterfly,
You would not see me skittishly
Leave you for another flower.

If I were the charming rose
Your hand placed on your heart,
I would, quivering so close to you,
Wither with happiness.

But I seek in vain to please you,
In vain I moan and sigh.
I am a man, and what can I do?
Love you... Confess my love... And cry!

Ecstasy

Translated by Richard Stokes

On a pale lily my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death:
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved:
On your pale breast my heart is sleeping...
A sleep as sweet as death...

Chanson Triste

Jean Lahor

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Le Violette

Text by Adriano Morselli

Rugiadose odorose, violette graziose,
Voi vi state vergognose,
Mezzo ascose fra le foglie
E sgridate le mie voglie
Che son troppo ambiziose

O cessate di pargarmi

Text by Nicoló Minato

O cessate di piagarmi,
o lasciatemi morir!
Luci ingrante, dispietate,
Più del gelo e più de' marmi
fredde e sorde a' miei martir.

Più d'un angue, più d'un aspe
crudi e sordi a' miei sospir
Occhi alteri, ciechi fieri,
Voi potete risanarmi
E godete al mio languir.

Song of Sadness

Translated by Richard Stokes

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

The Violet

Translation by Bard Suverkop

Dewy, fragrant violets charming,
You yourselves stand modest,
Half-hidden among the leaves
And you ridicule my desires
Which are too ambitious

Either cease to wound me

Translation by Bard Suverkop

Either cease to wound me,
Or let me die!
Eyes ungrateful, pitiless,
More of ice and more of marble,
Cold and deaf to my turturle!

More than a snake, more than an asp,
Cruel and deaf to my sighs,
Eyes proud, blind, and fiery,
You are able to heal me,
but you take pleasure in my suffering.

Già il sole**Anonymous**

Già il sole dal Gange
Più chiaro sfavilla,
E terge ogni stilla
Dell'alba che piange.

Col raggio dorato
Ingemma ogni stelo,
E gli astri del cielo
Dipinge nel prato.

Serenata Eterna**Antonio Gomezanda**

Sal, niña hermosa, sal a tu balcón
Contempla la luna y escucha un cantar
Y entonces niña, un rayo de luna,
Vibrando en tu alma, te dirá que soy yo.

Tan solo te pido, que cierres mi boca
callando mi canto con un beso de amor.

Iremos juntos al bosque tranquilo
Cogidos del brazo. Muy cerca los dos.
La noche entera serás toda mía
Y al día siguiente, volveré a cantar.

Tiernamente**Antonio Gomezanda**

Tiernamente tus labios se entreabrieron
Tus ojos soñadores me miraron
y con dulzura me tendiste tus brazos
y nuestras manos se enlazaron.

Suavemente tus ojos se cerraron
Tus labios con los míos se juntaron
y con locura te oprimi entre mis brazos
y entre tus brazos dejé mi alma.

Already the sun**Translation by Elizabeth Ezust**

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun
Sparkles more brightly
And dries every drop
of the dawn, which weeps.

With the gilded ray
It adorns each blade of grass;
And the stars of the sky
It paints in the field.

Eternal Serenade**Translated by Juanita Ulloa**

Come outside beautiful girl, come out to your
balcony
Ponder on the moon and listen to a song
And then, my girl, a moonbeam
Vibrating within your soul, will tell you who I am.

I just ask you that you close my mouth
silencing my singing with a kiss of your love.

We will go together to the quiet forest
Arm in arm, very close together.
The whole night you will be mine
And the day after, I will sing to you again.

Tenderly**Translated by Juanita Ulloa**

Tenderly, with your lips half open
Your dreamy eyes gazed at me
and you sweetly held out your arms to me
and our hands linked together.

Softly, your eyes closed
Our lips united.
and I tightly held you in my arms, feeling wild
and I left my soul in your arms.

Soy Mexicano**Antonio Gomezanda**

Soy mexicano y libre con alas para volar
 Canto y bailo jarabe más yo también sé rezar
 Tengo pasión por las flores. Mucho me gusta reír.
 Sé comprender los amores. Las penas huyen de mí.

Golondrina que voy por los aires desde el Norte hasta el
 Sur. Ando buscando un campito donde poder anidar.

Guanajuato me gusta de veras y allá voy a parar.
 A ver si hay un valiente ¡Qué me quiera acompañar!

The Year's at the Spring**Text by Robert Browning**

The year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;
 God's in His heaven—
 All's right with the world!

I Send My Heart up to Thee!

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
 In this my singing,
 For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part;
 The very night is clinging
 Closer to Venice' streets to leave one space
 Above me, whence thy face
 May light my joyous heart to thee, to thee its dwelling
 place.

I am a Mexican Man**Translated by Juanita Ulloa**

I am a free Mexican man with wings to fly.
 I sing and dance the jarabe but I also know how to
 pray.
 I am in love with flowers. I love to laugh.
 I understand love. Sorrow runs away from me.

A swallow, I travel through the skies from North
 to South. I'm searching for a little place to nest
 and call my own.

I really like Guanajuato; I'm going to go there.
 Let's see if they have a courageous man who
 wants to go with me!

Ah, Love but a Day!**Text by Robert Browning**

Ah, Love, but a day,
 And the world has changed!
 The sun's away,
 And the bird estranged;
 The wind has dropped,
 And the sky's deranged;
 Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes!
 Wilt thou change too?
 Should I fear surprise?
 Shall I find aught new
 In the old and dear,
 In the good and true,
 With the changing year?
 [Ah, love!
 Look in my eyes,
 Wilt thou change too?]