



presents

Caleb Shonk, Bass
In a Senior Recital

assisted by:
Talita Pizarro Matos, Piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Bachelor of Arts in General Music Studies.

La mia canzone
Aprile

F. Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Night

Emma Malmberg, Soprano
Shakrom Murodov, Piano

Florence B. Price
(1887-1953)

An die nachtigall
O wüsst ich doch den weg zurück
Erinnerung

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

O mio babbino caro from Gianni Schicchi
Tegan Owens, Soprano
Natia Shioshvilli, Piano

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Twilight People
Four Nights
The Watermill
A Piper

R. Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

La Mia Canzone

Francesco Cimmino

La mia canzone è un dolce mormorio
Che sino a te, nell'aria fredda, sale;
E, se ti parla ancor dell'amor mio,
Cara fanciulla, non ti vuol far male;
Vagando sul tuo candido guanciale,
Essa vuol dirti un ultimo desio:
Su la tua bianca fronte verginale.
La mia canzone è il bacio dell'addio
il bacio dell'addio.

La mia canzone sospirando muore
Lieve nell'aria su la tua vetrata;
Ma, disfidando il gelo e il tenebrore,
Reca il desio d'un'anima agitata;
E vuol destar ogn'ansia a te più grata,
Ogni affetto sopito entro il tuo cuore:
Ora che tu sei sola, addormentata,
La mia canzone è un fremito d'amore!

Aprile

Rocco Emanuele Pagliara

Non senti tu ne l'aria
il profumo che spande Primavera?
Non senti tu ne l'anima
il suon de nova voce lusinghiera?
È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil
su' prati'n fiore!

Il piè trarrai fra mammole,
avrà su'l petto rose e cilestrine,
e le farfalle candide
t'aleggeranno intorno al nero crine.
È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil
su' prati'n fiore!

My Song

Translated by Laura Prichard

My song is a sweet murmur
that to you, in the cold air, rises;
And, if it tells you again of my love,
Dear girl, it doesn't wish you ill;
Wandering onto you pure white pillow,
It wants to confess a last wish:
Over your white virginal brow.
My song is the kiss of goodbye,
the kiss of goodbye.

My song dies sighing
Lightly in the air at your window;
But, resisting the frost and the darkness,
Carries the desire of an agitated soul;
And wants to awaken [your] every desire and
greet you,
To soothe every affection inside your heart:
Now that you are alone, sleeping,
My song is a shudder of love!

April

Translated by John Glen Patton

Do you not smell in the air
the perfume that Spring breathes out?
Do you not hear in your soul
the sound of a new, enticing voice?
It's April! It's the season of love!
Come, lovely one,
to the flowery meadow!

Your foot will tread among violets,
you will wear roses and bluebells,
and the white butterflies
will flutter around your black hair.
It's April! It's the season of love!
Please come, my lovely one,
to the flowery meadow!

An Die Nachtigall

Johan Heinrich Voss

Geuß nicht so laut der liebentflammten Lieder
Tonreichen Schall
Vom Blütenast des Apfelbaums hernieder,
O Nachtigall.
Du tönest mir mit deiner süßen Kehle
Die Liebe wach;
Denn schon durchbebt die Tiefen meiner Seele
Dein schmelzend Ach.

Dann flieht der Schlaf von neuem dieses Lager,
Ich starre dann,
Mit nassem Blick, und totenbleich und hager,
Den Himmel an.
Fluch, Nachtigall, in grüne Finsternisse,
Ins Haingesträuch,
Und spend' im Nest der treuen Gattin Küsse;
Entfleuch, entfleuch!

O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück

Klaus Groth

O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum sucht' ich nach dem Glück
Und liess der Mutter Hand?

O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!

Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähn,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind;
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!

O zeig mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück,
Ringsum ist öder Strand!

To the Nightengale

Translated by Emily Ezust

Do not pour forth your love-enflamed songs'
Tuneful sounds so loudly,
Down from the blossoming branch of the apple
tree,
O Nightingale!
With your sweet throat, you call me and
Awaken Love within me;
For already the depths of my soul are stirred
By your melting cry.
Sleep flees once more from this place,
I stare then
With a tearful gaze, deathly pale and haggard,
At the sky.
Fly, nightingale, off into the green darkness,
Into the bushy grove.
And shower kisses on your faithful mate in your
nest,
Fly off, fly off!

Oh if only i knew the way back

Translated by Emily Ezust

Oh if only I knew the way back,
The well-loved road to the land of childhood!
Oh why did I seek my fortune
And leave my mother's hand?

Oh how I yearn to have a rest,
Not to be awakened for striving,
To close my weary eyes,
To be covered gently with love!

And to quest for nothing, to spy on nothing,
And only to dream, simply and gently,
Not to notice the alterations of Time,
But to be for a second time, a child!

Oh, show me then the way back,
The well-loved road to the land of childhood!
In vain I seek my fortune,
All around me is desolate san

Erinnerung

Gottfried Von Schenkendorf

Ihr wunderschönen Augenblicke,
Die Lieblichste der ganzen Welt
Hat euch mit ihrem ew'gen Glücke,
Mit ihrem süßen Licht erhellt.

Ihr Stellen, ihr geweihten Plätze,
Ihr trugt ja das geliebte Bild,
Was Wunder habt ihr, was für Schätze
Vor meinen Augen dort enthüllt!

Ihr Gärten all, ihr grünen Haine,
Du Weinberg in der süßen Zier,
Es nahte sich die Hehre, Reine,
In Züchten gar zu freundlich mir.

Ihr Worte, die sie da gesprochen,
Du schönstes, halbverhauchtes Wort,
Dein Zauberbann wird nie gebrochen,
Du klingst und wirkst fort und fort.

Ihr wunderschönen Augenblicke,
Ihr lacht und lockt in ew'gem Reiz.
Ich schaue sehnsuchtsvoll zurücke
Voll Schmerz und Lust und Liebesgeiz.

Remembrance

Translated by Emily Ezust

You wondrously beautiful moments:
The most lovely girl in the entire world
Has, with her eternal good fortune,
Illuminated you with her sweet light.

You places, you consecrated places,
You enclosed her beloved figure;
What wonders, what treasures you have
Before my eyes there unveiled!

You gardens all, you green groves,
You vineyards in sweet array,
She approached me, the lofty, pure woman,
With elegance and friendliness.

You words, that she there spoke,
You fairest, half-breathed word,
Your magical spell will never break;
You will ever resound and move me, on and on.

You wondrously beautiful moments,
You laugh and lure with everlasting appeal.
I gaze yearningly back,
Full of pain and joy, and greed for love.