

presents

Bryson Grove, Tenor  
&  
Darby Lake, Mezzo-Soprano  
In a Senior Recital

assisted by:  
*Dyan Meyer, piano*

In partial fulfillment of the requirement  
for the BM degree in Choral Music Education  
From the Studio of Dr. John Hines

*\*Please hold applause until the conclusion of each set\**

“Pena Tiranna” from <i>Amadigi di Gaula</i>	George Frideric Handel (1685 – 1759)
“Deposuit potentes” from <i>Magnificat</i>	Johann Sebastian Bach (1685 – 1750)
from <i>A Charm of Lullabies</i> A Cradle Song Highland Balou The Nurse’s Song	Benjamin Britten (1913 – 1976)
from <i>Die schöne Müllerin</i> Wohin? Danksagung an den Bach Am Feierabend	Franz Schubert (1797 – 1828)
An die Nachtigall O kühler Wald Vergebliches Ständchen	Johannes Brahms (1833 – 1897)

from *A Young Man's Exhortation*  
A Young Man's Exhortation  
Ditty

Gerald Finzi  
(1901 – 1956)

from *Four Child Songs*  
A Good Child  
The Lamplighter  
Where Go the Boats?

Roger Quilter  
(1877 – 1953)

À Chloris  
D'une prison  
Fêtes galantes

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874 – 1947)

Un certo non so che

Antonio Vivaldi  
(1678 – 1741)

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**“Pena Tiranna” from *Amadigi di Gaula***

Nicola Francesco Haym

Pena tiranna  
io sento al core,  
né spero mai  
trovar pietà;

Amor m'affanna,  
e il mio dolore  
in tanti guai  
pace non ha.

**Deposuit potentes**

from Luke 1:52

Deposuit potentes de sede,  
Et exaltavit humiles.

**from *A Charm of Lullabies***

**A Cradle Song**

William Blake

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,  
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;  
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles.

O! the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep.  
When thy little heart does wake  
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,  
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.  
Infant wiles and infant smiles  
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

**Highland Balou**

Robert Burns

Hee Balou, my sweet wee Donald,  
Picture o' the great Clanronald!

**Tyrannical Pain**

Veronika Muggeridge

Tyrannical pain  
I feel in my heart,  
nor do I ever hope  
to find respite.

Love distresses me,  
and my agony  
in such troubles  
finds no peace.

**He has brought down the powerful**

Translated by Michael Marissen & Daniel Melamed

He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And lifted up the lowly.

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Brawlie kens our wanton Chief  
What gat my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!  
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,  
Travel the country thro' and thro' ,  
and bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,  
Weel, my babie, may thou furdur!  
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,  
Syne to the Highlands hame to me!

### **The Nurse's Song**

John Philip

Lullaby baby,  
Lullaby baby,  
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.  
Lullaby baby!

Be still, my sweet sweeting, no longer do cry;  
Sing lullaby baby, lullaby baby.  
Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee, I ...  
To rock and to lull thee I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby,  
Lullabylabylaby baby,  
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be  
Lullabylabylaby baby

The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!  
The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!  
Sing Lullaby baby,  
Lullabylaby baby

They give thee good fortune and well for to speed,  
And this to desire ... I will not delay me.  
This to desire ... I will not delay me.

Lullaby lullaby  
Lullaby baby,  
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.  
Lullabylabylabylaby baby.

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**from *Die schöne Müllerin***

Wilhelm Müller

**Wohin?**

Ich hört ein Bächlein rauschen  
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,  
Hinab zum Tale rauschen  
So frisch und wunderhell.  
Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,  
Nicht wer den Rat mir gab,  
Ich mußte auch hinunter  
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter  
Und immer dem Bache nach,  
Und immer heller rauschte  
Und immer heller der Bach.  
Ist das denn meine Straße?  
O, Bächlein, sprich wohin?  
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen  
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag' ich denn vom Rauschen?  
Das kann kein Rauschen sein.  
Es singen wohl die Nixen  
Tief unten ihren Reihn.  
Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen,  
Und wandre fröhlich nach!  
Es geh'n ja Mühlenräder  
In jedem klaren Bach.

**Danksagung an den Bach**

Wilhelm Müller

War es also gemeint,  
Mein rauschender Freund,  
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,  
War es also gemeint?

“Zur Müllerin hin!”  
So lautet der Sinn.  
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?  
“Zur Müllerin hin!”

Hat sie dich geschickt?  
Oder hast mich berückt?  
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,  
Ob sie dich geschickt.

**from *The Fair Maid of the Mill***

Translated by Richard Wigmore

**Where to?**

I heard a little brook babbling  
From its rocky source,  
Babbling down to the valley,  
So bright, so wonderfully clear.  
I know not what came over me,  
Nor who prompted me,  
But I too had to go down  
With my wanderer's staff.

Down and ever onwards,  
Always following the brook  
As it babbled ever brighter  
And ever clearer.  
Is this, then, my path?  
O brook, say where it leads?  
With your babbling  
You have quite befuddled my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling?  
That is no babbling.  
It is the water nymphs singing  
As they dance their round far below.  
Let them sing, my friend, let the brook babble  
And follow it cheerfully.  
For mill-wheels turn  
In every clear brook.

**Thanksgiving to the Brook**

Richard Wigmore

Is this what you meant,  
my babbling friend?  
Your singing, your murmuring,  
is this what you meant?

“To the maid of the mill!”  
This is your meaning;  
Have I understood you?  
“To the maid of the mill!”

Did she send you,  
or have you entranced me?  
I would like to know this, too:  
if she sent you.

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Nun wie's auch mag sein,  
Ich gebe mich drein:  
Was ich such', hab' ich funden,  
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,  
Nun hab' ich genug,  
Für die Hände, für's Herze  
Volllauf genug!

### **Am Feierabend**

Hätt' ich tausend Arme zu rühren,  
Könnt' ich brausend die Räder führen,  
Könnt' ich wehen durch alle Heine,  
Könnt' ich drehen alle Steine,  
Dass die schöne Müllerin,  
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!  
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,  
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,  
Jeder Knappe thut mir's nach.  
Und da sitz' ich in der großen Runde,  
In der stillen, kühlen Feierstunde,  
Und der Meister sagt zu Allen:  
"Euer Werk hat mir gefallen."  
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt  
Allen eine gute Nacht.

### **An Die Nachtigall**

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty  
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 durch bebt 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.  
Fleuch, Nachtigall, in grüne Finsternisse,  
Ins Haingesträuch,  
Und spend' im Nest der treuen Gattin Küsse;  
Entfleuch, entfleuch!

However, it may be,  
I yield to my fate;  
What I have sought I have found,  
however it may be.

I asked for work;  
now I have enough  
For the hands and heart,  
more than enough!

### **After Work**

If only I had a thousand arms to wield  
I could drive the rushing wheels,  
I could blow like the wind through every wood,  
I could turn every millstone,  
So that the fair maid of the mill  
Would see my true love.

Ah, how weak my arm is!  
What I lift and carry,  
What I cut and hammer-  
Any apprentice could do the same.  
And there I sit with them, in a circle,  
In the quiet, cool hour after work,  
And the master says to us all:  
"I am pleased with your work."  
And the sweet maid  
Bids us all goodnight.

### **To the Nightingale**

Richard Stokes  
Do not pour so loudly the full-throated sounds  
Of your love-kindled songs  
Down from the blossoming boughs of the apple-tree,  
O nightingale!  
The tones of your sweet throat  
Awaken love in me;  
For the depths of my soul already quiver  
With your melting lament.

Sleep once more forsakes this couch,  
And I stare  
Moist-eyed, haggard and deathly pale  
At the heavens.  
Fly, nightingale, to the green darkness,  
To the bushes of the grove,  
And there in the nest kiss your faithful mate;  
Fly away, fly away!

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**O kühler Wald**

Clemens Brentano

O kühler Wald,  
Wo rauschest du,  
In dem mein Liebchen geht?  
O Widerhall,  
Wo lauschest du,  
Der gern mein Lied versteht?

Im Herzen tief,  
Da rauscht der Wald,  
In dem mein Liebchen geht,  
In Schmerzen schlief  
Der Widerhall,  
Die Lieder sind verweht.

**Vergebliches Ständchen**

Anonymous

Er: Guten Abend, mein Schatz,  
Guten Abend, mein Kind!  
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,  
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,  
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

Sie: Mein' Tür ist verschlossen,  
Ich lass' dich nicht ein;  
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,  
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,  
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er: So kalt ist die Nacht,  
So eisig der Wind,  
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,  
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;  
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie: Löschet dein' Lieb';  
Lass' sie löschen nur!  
Löschet sie immerzu,  
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!  
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

**O Cool Forest**

Richard Stokes

O cool forest,  
In which my beloved walks,  
Where are you murmuring?  
O echo,  
Where are you listening,  
Who love to understand my song?

Deep in the heart  
Is where the forest murmurs,  
In which my beloved walks,  
The echo  
Fell asleep in sorrow,  
The songs have blown away.

**Vain Serenade**

Richard Stokes

He: Good evening, my sweetheart,  
good evening, my child!  
I come because I love you;  
ah! open up your door to me,  
open up your door!

She: My door's locked,  
I won't let you in;  
mother gave me good advice—  
if you were allowed in,  
all would be over with me!

He: The night's so cold,  
the wind's so icy,  
my heart is freezing,  
my love will go out;  
open up, my child!

She: If your love goes out,  
then let it go out!  
If it keeps going out,  
then go home to bed and go to sleep!  
Goodnight, my lad!

---

**from *A Young Man's Exhortation***

Thomas Hardy

**A Young Man's Exhortation**

Call off your eyes from care  
By some determined deftness; put forth joys  
Dear as excess without the core that cloy  
And charm Life's lours fair

Exalt and crown the hour  
That girdles us, and fill it with glee  
Blind glee, excelling aught could ever be  
Were heedfulness in power

Send up such touching strains  
That limitless recruits from Fancy's pack  
Shall rush upon your tongue, and tender back  
All that your soul contains

For what do we know best?  
That a fresh love-leaf crumpled soon will dry  
And that men moment after moment die  
Of all scope dispossessed

If I have seen one thing  
It is the passing preciousness of dreams;  
That aspects are within us; and who seems  
Most kingly is the King

**Ditty**

Beneath a knap where flown  
Nestlings play,  
Within walls of weathered stone,  
Far away  
From the files of formal houses,  
By the bough the firstling browses,  
Lives a Sweet: no merchants meet,  
No man barter, no man sells  
Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair  
'Here is she!'  
Seems written everywhere  
Unto me.  
But to friends and nodding neighbours,  
Fellow wights in lot and labours,  
Who descry the times as I,  
No such lucid legend tells  
Where she dwells.

---

Should I lapse to what I was  
Ere we met;  
(Such will not be, but because  
Some forget  
Let me feign it) – none would notice  
That where she I know by rote is  
Spread a strange and withering change,  
Like a drying of the wells  
Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed –  
Loved as true –  
Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed  
My life through,  
Had I never wandered near her,  
Is a smart severe – severer  
In the thought that she is nought,  
Even as I, beyond the dells  
Where she dwells.

And Devotion droops her glance  
To recall  
What bond-servants of Chance  
We are all.  
I but found her in that, going  
On my errant path unknowing,  
I did not out-skirt the spot  
That no spot on earth excels –  
Where she dwells!

**from 4 Child Songs**

Robert Louis Stevenson

**A Good Child**

I woke before the morning,  
I was happy all the day,  
I never said an ugly word,  
but smiled and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun  
is going down behind the wood,  
And I am very happy,  
for I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh,  
with linen smooth and fair,  
And I must off to sleep again,  
and not forget my prayer.

I know that, till tomorrow

---

I shall see the sun arise,  
No ugly dream shall fright my mind,  
no ugly sight my eyes,

But slumber hold me tightly  
till I waken in the dawn,  
And hear the thrushes singing  
in the lilacs round the lawn.

### **The Lamplighter**

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;  
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;  
For every night at teatime and before you take your  
seat,  
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up  
the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,  
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;  
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm  
to do,  
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps  
with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,  
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many  
more;  
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with  
light,

O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight.

### **Where Go the Boats?**

Dark brown is the river,  
Golden is the sand.  
It flows along for ever,  
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,  
Castles of the foam,  
Boats of mine a-boating -  
Where will all come home?

On goes the river  
And out past the mill,  
Away down the valley,  
Away down the hill.

---

Away down the river,  
A hundred miles or more,  
Other little children  
Shall bring my boats ashore.

**À Chloris**

Théophile de Viau

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

**D'une prison**

Paul Verlaine

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,  
Si bleu, si calme!  
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,  
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,  
Doucement tinte.  
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit  
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,  
Simple et tranquille.  
Cette paisible rumeur-là  
Vient de la ville.

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà  
Pleurant sans cesse,  
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà  
De ta jeunesse?

**Fêtes galantes**

Paul Verlaine

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Échangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

**To Chloris**

Translated by Richard Stokes

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 favour of your eyes!

**From a Prison**

Translated by Richard Stokes

The sky above the roof-  
So blue, so calm!  
A tree, above the roof,  
Waves its crown.

The bell, in the sky that you see,  
Gently rings.  
A bird, on the tree that you see,  
Plaintively sings.

My God, my God, life is there,  
Simple and serene.  
That peaceful murmur there  
Comes from the town.

O you, what have you done,  
Weeping without end,  
Say, what have you done  
With your young life?

**Courtship Parties**

Translated by Richard Stokes

The gallant serenaders  
and their fair listeners  
exchange sweet nothings  
beneath singing boughs.

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C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues.

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

**Un certo non so che**  
Anonymous

Un certo non so che  
Mi giunge e passa il cor,  
E pur dolor, non è.

Se questo fosse amor?  
Nel suo vorace ardor,  
Già posi incauta,  
Posi il piè!

Tircis is there, Aminte is there,  
and tedious Clitandre too,  
and Damis who for many a cruel maid  
writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,  
their long trailing gowns,  
their elegance, their joy,  
and their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture  
of a grey and roseate moon,  
and the mandolin jangles on  
in the shivering breeze.

**Something Intangible, Unknown**  
Nicholas Cornforth

Something intangible, unknown  
Is reaching and passing through my heart  
And yet pain it is not.

What if this were love?  
Into its ferocious burning passion,  
And reckless abandon,  
I have already stepped!