



presents

Eileen Gavin, Soprano
Senior Recital

assisted by
Korey Barrett, piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the BM Performance degree in Voice
From the Studio of Mr. Jeffrey Brich

Love let the wind cry... how I Adore thee
I am in Doubt
The Moon Bridge
Beside the Sea
An April Day

Undine Smith Moore
(1904-1989)
Florence Price
(1887-1953)

Pantomime
Clair de lune
Pierrot
Apparition
from *Quatre chansons de jeunesse*

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Intermission

Quando m'en vo
from *La bohème*

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Ganymed
Du bist die Ruh
Gretchen am Spinnrade
Die junge Nonne

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Pantomime

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.
Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.
Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.
Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un coeur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son cœur des voix. Ah

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Pierrot

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,
Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple.
Une fillette au souple casaquin
En vain l'agace de son œil coquin;
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureau
Jette un regard de son œil en coulisse
À son ami Jean Gaspard Debureau. Ah.

Pierrot, who is no Clitandre,
empties a flask without delay,
and, being practical, cuts into a pâté.
Cassandre, at the end of the avenue,
sheds a tear unnoticed
for his disinherited nephew.
That scoundrel Harlequin plots
the abduction of Columbine
and pirouettes four times.
Columbine dreams, surprised
to feel a heart in the breeze
and to hear in her heart some voices. Ah

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Charmed by masque and bergamasques,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their disguises fanciful.
While singing in a minor mode,
of conquering love and favorable life,
they do not seem to believe in their happiness
and their song mingles with the light of the moon,
with the calm light of the moon, sad and beautiful,
which makes the birds dream in the trees,
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the tall, slim fountains among the marble statues

The good pierrot, whom the crowd gazes at,
having finished the wedding of Harlequin,
follows while dreaming, the boulevard of the temple.
A girl with a loose flowing blouse
in vain provokes him with her teasing eyes;
and in the meantime, mysterious and smooth
making of him her most dear delight,
The white moon with the horns of a bull
casts a glance with her eye
to her friend Jean Gaspard Debureau. Ah.

Apparition

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.

—C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.
J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté

Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées

Quando m'en vo

Quando m'en vo soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me
Da capo a pie'
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
Sottile, che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio tutta m'aggira,
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

The moon grew sad. Some seraphim in tears
dreaming, bow in hand, in the calm of the flowers
misty, drew from dying violets
some white sobs as their bows glided off the azure of the
corollas.

It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My dreaming, fond of tormenting me,
became knowingly drunk on the perfumed sadness
that, without the regret or bitter aftertaste
the harvest of dreams leaves in the reaper's heart.
I wandered thus, my eyes fixed on the old paving stones.
When, with the sun on your hair, in the street
and in the evening, you appear before me while laughing,
and I thought I saw a fairy with a crown of light
who had once passed across my beautiful slumbers of my
spoiled childhood
who allowed from her half-closed hands
White bouquets of perfumed stars to snow

When I go walking

When I go walking alone along the street,
the people stop and stare, at my beauty
all searching for in me,
from head to feet.
I savor then the subtle desire,
which, from their eyes emanates
And can understand the hidden
beauties of my obvious charms.
Thus the scent of desire all surrounds me,
it makes me happy!
And you who know, who remember and you who suffer
from me totally flee?
I know well your anguish that you don't want to admit
but you feel as if you're dying!

Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Daß ich dich fassen möcht' in diesen Arm!
Ach an deinem Busen Lieg' ich, schmachte
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebelthal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Ach, wohin, wohin?
Hinauf strebt's Hinauf!
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schoße Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Alliebender Vater!

Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh, der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du, und was sie stillt.
Ich weihe dir voll Lust und Schmerz,
Zur Wohnung hier mein Aug' und Herz.
Kehr' ein bei mir, und schließe du
Still hinter dir die Pforten zu.
Treib andern Schmerz aus dieser Brust,
Voll sei dies Herz von deiner Lust.
Dies Augenzelt von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt, O füll' es ganz.

How in the morning light
you glow all around me,
spring, beloved!
With a thousandfold rapture of love
my heart is filled by your eternal warmth
Sacred feeling,
endless beauty
That I might hold you in these arms
Ah, on your bosom I lie and languish,
And your flowers, your grass
enter themselves into my heart.
You cool the burning thirst of my breast,
lovely morning wind!
The nightingale calls
lovingly to me from the misty-vale.
I am coming, I am coming
Ah, whither, whither?
Upwards I strive, upwards!
The clouds float
Downwards, the clouds
bow themselves before the yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap upwards!
Embracing and embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!

You are the repose

You are the repose, the mild peace,
the longing you, and what it quiets.
I dedicate to you full of lust and pain,
as a dwelling here my eyes and heart.
Come to me, and close
quietly behind you the gates.
Drive other pain out of this breast,
full this heart may be of your joy.
The temple to my eye's by your radiance
alone is brightened, oh fill completely.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.
Wo ich ihn nicht hab' ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt ist mir vergällt.
Mein armer Kopf ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn ist mir zerstückt.
Nach ihm nur schau' ich zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich aus dem Haus.
Sein hoher Gang, sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln, seiner Augen Gewalt,
Und seiner Rede Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck, und ach sein Kuß!
Mein Busen drängt sich nach ihm hin.
Ach, dürft ich fassen und halten ihn!
Und küssen ihn so wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen Vergehen sollt!
O könnt ich ihn küssen,so wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen Vergehen sollt!

Die junge Nonne

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!
Immerhin, immerhin,
So tobt' es auch jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.
Nun tobe du wilder gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh',
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.
Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom Thurm!
Es lockt mich das süße Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höhn.
Alleluja!

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy;
I will find it never, and never more.
Where I am without him it's like the grave,
the whole world is to me turned bitter.
My poor head is to me turned crazy,
my poor mind is to me torn apart
For him only I look out the window,
for him only I go out the house.
His high gait, his noble stature,
his mouth's smile, his eyes' power,
And his speech's magic flow,
his handclasp, and ah! His kiss!
My bosom urges itself toward him so
Ah, might I grasp and hold him
and kiss him as much as I want,
from his kisses I would die!
Oh could I kiss him, as much as I want,
from his kisses I would die!

The young nun

How roars through the treetops the howling storm!
It rattles the rafters, it shudders the house!
It rolls the thunder, it flashes the lightning,
and dark the night, as the grave!
Anyhow, anyhow,
it raged so recently still in me!
It roared the life, as now the storm,
the limbs trembled, like now the house,
the love burned, like now the lightning,
and dark my breast, as the grave.
Now rage, you wild, powerful storm,
in my heart is peace, in my heart is rest.
For the bridegroom is awaiting the loving bride,
cleansed in testing flames,
to eternal love wedded.
I await you, my Savior, with yearning gaze!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, take your bride,
release the soul from earthly imprisonment.
Listen, peacefully rings the little bell from the tower!
It entices me that sweet tone
overpoweringly to eternal heights.
Alleluja!