

UNIVERSITY OF NORTHERN IOWA  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
PRESENTS:

FACULTY ARTISTS RECITAL

JOHN HINES, BASS  
KOREY BARRETT, PIANO

**Aci, Galatea e Polifemo** (HWV 72) is a dramatic cantata—also called a serenata or pastoral opera—by George Frideric Handel (1685-1759). It was first performed in Naples on July 19, 1708; the completed score is dated June 16, 1708. The Italian libretto was written by Nicola Giuvo (1680-1748), private secretary and literary adviser to the Duchess Donna Aurora Sanseverino, commissioner of the work as entertainment for the wedding festivities of the Duke of Alivito.

The story is based on a popular myth from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. *Aci, Galatea e Polifemo* dramatizes the unhappy triangle of a lowly shepherd, Aci, who is in love with the sea nymph, Galatea, and both are besieged by the grotesquely amorous cyclops, Polyphemus.

In Polifemo's slow, satirical buffa aria "Fra l'ombre e gl'orrori" — a work particularly notable for its vast range and required vocal agility (The aria ranges from the C-sharp below the bass staff to the G-sharp above it) — the cyclops vows lethal consequences for Aci.

Fra l'ombre e gl'orrori farfalla confusa già spenta la face non sa mai goder. Così fra timori quest' alma delusa non trova mai pace ne spera piacer.	Among the shades and the horrors the dazed moth, already dying, shall never know the pleasure of the flame. Likewise among its fears, this soul disappointed never finds peace nor hopes for pleasure.
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**Acis and Galatea** (HWV 49), also by George Frideric Handel, is a 1739 reworking of the 1708 story but with different music and an English text by John Gay (1685-1732). *Acis and Galatea* has been adapted numerous times since its premiere, with a notable arrangement being made by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart in 1788. Handel never saw the work in the form in which it is generally heard today, since it contains music which, while by Handel, was never added by him.

In act two the cyclops Polyphemus enters, disrupting the bucolic mirth of Acis and Galatea with his jealous love of Galatea:

Recit:

I rage, I rage, I melt, I burn! The feeble god has stabbed me to the heart.  
Thou trusty pine, prop of my god-like steps, I lay thee by!  
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth, to make a pipe for my capacious mouth;  
in soft enchanting accents let me breathe sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

Aria:

O ruddier than the cherry, O sweeter than the berry, O nymph more bright than moonshine night, Like kidlings blithe and merry!	Ripe as the melting cluster, No lily has such lustre; Yet hard to tame as raging flame, And fierce as storms that bluster!"
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# **Fünf Lieder, Op. 105**

## **Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)**

### **I. Wie Melodien**

Klaus Groth

Wie Melodien zieht es  
Mir leise durch den Sinn,  
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es  
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.  
Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es  
Und führt es vor das Aug',  
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es  
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.  
Und dennoch ruht im Reime  
Verborgен wohl ein Duft,  
Den mild aus stillem Keime  
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

### **II. Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer**

Hermann Lingg

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,  
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer  
Zitternd über mir.  
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich  
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:  
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,  
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.  
Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,  
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,  
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.  
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehn,  
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:  
Willst du mich noch einmal sehn,  
Komm, o komme bald!

### **Like Melodies**

English Translation, Richard Stokes

Thoughts, like melodies,  
Steal softly through my mind,  
Like spring flowers they blossom  
And drift away like fragrance.  
Yet when words come and capture them  
And bring them before my eyes,  
They turn pale like grey mist  
And vanish like a breath.  
Yet surely in rhyme  
A fragrance lies hidden,  
Summoned by moist eyes  
From the silent seed.

### **My sleep grows ever quieter**

English Translation, Richard Stokes

My sleep grows ever quieter,  
Only my grief, like a veil,  
Lies trembling over me.  
I often hear you in my dreams  
Calling outside my door,  
No one keeps watch and lets you in,  
I awake and weep bitterly.  
Yes, I shall have to die,  
You will kiss another  
When I am pale and cold.  
Before May breezes blow,  
Before the thrush sings in the wood;  
If you would see me once again,  
Come soon, come soon!

### III. Klage

Anon.

Feins Liebchen, trau du nicht,  
Daß er dein Herz nicht bricht!  
Schön Worte will er geben,  
Es kostet dein jung Leben,  
Glaubs sicherlich!  
Ich werde nimmer froh,  
Denn mir ging es also:  
Die Blätter vom Baum gefallen  
Mit den schönen Worten allen,  
Ist Winterzeit!  
Es ist jetzt Winterzeit,  
Die Vögelein sind weit,  
Die mir im Lenz gesungen,  
Mein Herz ist mir gesprungen  
Vor Liebesleid.

### IV. Auf dem Kirchhofe

Baron Detlev von Liliencron

Der Tag ging regenschwer und sturmbewegt,  
Ich war an manch vergeßnem Grab gewesen.  
Verwittert Stein und Kreuz, die Kränze alt,  
Die Namen überwachsen, kaum zu lesen.  
Der Tag ging sturmbewegt und regenschwer,  
Auf allen Gräbern froh das Wort: Gewesen.  
Wie Sturmestot die Särge schlummerten—  
Auf allen Gräbern taute still: Genesen.

### V. Verrat

Karl Lemcke

Ich stand in einer lauen Nacht  
An einer grünen Linde,  
Der Mond schien hell, der Wind ging sacht,  
Der Gießbach floß geschwinde.  
Die Linde stand vor Liebchens Haus,  
Die Türe hört' ich knarren.  
Mein Schatz ließ sacht ein Mannsbild 'raus:  
„Laß morgen mich nicht harren.  
Laß mich nicht harren, süßer Mann,  
Wie hab ich dich so gerne!  
Ans Fenster klopfe leise an,  
Mein Schatz ist in der Ferne.“

### Lament

English Translation, Richard Stokes

Dearest, do not trust him,  
Then he won't break your heart,  
He'll speak fine words,  
They'll cost you your young life,  
Believe me!  
I'll never be happy again,  
For that is what happened:  
The leaves have fallen from the tree  
With all those fine words,  
It's winter!  
Now it's winter,  
The little birds are far distant  
That sang to me in spring,  
My heart is broken  
With the sorrow of love.

### In the Churchyard

English Translation, Richard Stokes

The day was heavy with rain and storms,  
I had stood by many a forgotten grave.  
Weathered stones and crosses, faded wreaths,  
The names overgrown, scarcely to be read.  
The day was heavy with storms and rains,  
On each grave froze the word: Deceased.  
How the coffins slumbered, dead to the storm—  
Silent dew on each grave proclaimed: Released.

### Betrayal

English Translation, Richard Stokes

One mild night I was standing  
By a green linden tree,  
The moon shone brightly, the wind blew softly,  
And swiftly flowed the torrent.  
The linden tree stood before my love's house,  
I heard the door creak,  
Cautiously my love let a man out:  
'Don't keep me waiting tomorrow.  
Don't keep me waiting, sweet man,  
I love you so very dearly!  
Tap gently against the window-pane,  
My sweetheart's far away.'

Laß ab vom Druck und Kuß, Feinslieb,  
Du Schöner im Sammetkleide,  
Nun spute dich, du feiner Dieb,  
Ein Mann harrt auf der Heide.  
Der Mond scheint hell, der Rasen grün  
Ist gut zu uns'rem Begegnen,  
Du trägst ein Schwert und nickst so kühn,  
Dein' Liebschaft will ich segnen! –  
Und als erschien der lichte Tag,  
Was fand er auf der Heide?  
Ein Toter in dem Blumen lag  
Zu einer Falschen Leide.

Leave your cuddling and kissing, my dear,  
And you, handsome man in velvet,  
Make haste, you cunning thief,  
A man awaits you on the moor.  
The moon shines bright, the green turf  
Is fit for our encounter,  
You wear a sword and nod so boldly,  
I shall bless your liaison! –  
And when the light of dawn appeared,  
What did it find on the moor?  
A dead man lay among the flowers,  
To a false woman's sorrow.

## Four Russian Romances

Pytor Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

### Primiren'e, Op. 25, No.1

Nikolay Fyodorovich Shcherbina

O, zasni, mojo serdce, gluboko!  
Ne budi: - ne probudish', chto bylo,  
Ne zovi, chto umchalos' daljoko,  
Ne ljubi, chto ty prezhdje ljubilo...  
Pust' nadezhdoj i lzhivoj mechtoj  
Ne smutitsja tvoj son i pokoj!  
Dlja tebjja nevozvratno byloje,  
Na grjadushcheje net upovan'ja...  
Ty ne znalo v blazhenstve pokoja,  
Uspokojsja zh na lozhe stradan'ja,  
I starajsja ne pomnit' zimoj,  
Kak sryvalo ty rozy vesnoj!

### Reconciliation

English Translation, Philip Ross Bullock

Oh sleep, my heart, sleep deeply!  
Do not try to wake the past,  
Do not summon what has fled far away,  
Do not love what you once loved...  
Let not hope and vain dreams  
Trouble your sleep and rest!  
You cannot bring back the past,  
And the future holds no consolation...  
Bliss offered you no restfulness,  
So take solace on the couch of suffering,  
And try not to recall in winter,  
How you gathered roses in spring!

### Sred shumново bala, Op. 38, No. 3

Leo Tolstoy

Sred shumново bala, sluchaino,  
V trevoge mirskoi suety,  
Tebya ya uvidel, no taina  
Tvoi pokryvala cherty.  
Lish ochi pechalno glyadeli,  
A golos tak divno zvuchal,  
Kak zvon otdalyonnoi svireli,  
Kak morya igrayushchyi val.

### Amidst the din of the ball

English Translation, Philip Ross Bullock

Amidst the din of the ball, by chance,  
In the commotion of worldly vanity,  
I glimpsed you, but mystery  
Covered your features.  
Only your eyes looked sad,  
But the divine sound of your voice  
Was like the of far-off pipes,  
Or the dancing waves of the sea.

Mne stan tvoi ponravilsa tonkyi  
I ves tvoi zadumchivyi vid,  
A smekh tvoy, i grustnyi, i zvonkyi,  
S tekh por v moyom serdtse zvuchit.  
V chasy odinokie nochi  
Lyublyu ya, ustalyy, prilech;  
Ya vizhu pechalnye ochi,  
Ya slyshu vesyoluyu rech,  
I grustno ya, grustno tak zasypayu,  
I v gryozakh nevedomykh splyu ...  
Lyublyu li tebya, ya ne znayu,  
No kazhetsa mne, chto lyublyu!

**Snova, kak prezhde, odin Op. 73, No. 6**

Daniil Maximovich Rathaus

Snova, kak prezhde, odin,  
Snova ob"yat ja toskoj  
Smotritsja topol' v okno,  
Ves' ozarjonnyj lunoj  
Smotritsja topol' v okno  
Shepchut o chem to listy  
V zvezdakh gorjat nebesa  
Gde teper', milaja, ty?  
Vsjo, chto tvoritsja so mnoj,  
Ja peredat' ne berus'.  
Drug! pomolis' za menja,  
Ja za tebja uzh moljus'!

**Serenada Don Zhuana, Op. 38, No. 1**

Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy

Gasnut dalney Alpukhary  
Zolotistiye kraya.  
Na prizyvnyi zvon gitary, vydi, milaya moya!  
Vse kto skazhet, shto drugaya,  
Zdes' ravnyayetsya s toboy,  
Vsekh, lyuboviyu zgoraya,  
Vsekh, vsekh, vsekh zovu na smertnyy boy!  
Ot lunnogo sveta zardel nebosklon,  
O vyidi Nisetta, O vyidi Nisetta  
Skorey na balkon!

I fell for your delicate form,  
And all of your pensiveness,  
And your laughter, both sad and sonorous,  
Still rings in my heart.  
In the lonely hours of night,  
I love to lie down, tired;  
I see your sad eyes,  
I hear your joyful words.  
And wistful, so wistfully falling asleep,  
I drift into mysterious dreams...  
I don't know whether I love you,  
But I think I probably do!

**Again, as before, alone**

English Translation, Philip Ross Bullock

Again, as before, I am alone,  
Melancholy once again holds me in its embrace.  
Through the window I can see a poplar  
Standing in the light of the moon.  
Through the window I can see the poplar,  
Its leaves whisper about something,  
The sky is aflame, full of stars,  
Why are you now, my beloved?  
I cannot begin to convey  
All that is happening to me.  
My friend! Pray for me,  
As I already pray for you!

**Don Juan's Serenade**

English Translation, Philip Ross Bullock

Night falls on the golden lands  
Of distant Alpujarras,  
Come out, my dear, to the call of my guitar!  
If anybody dares to claim  
That another can compare with you,  
I shall fight them all, burning with love,  
Fight them to the death!  
The sky's horizon is aglow in the moonlight,  
Oh come out, Nisetta, come out, Nisetta,  
Come out onto the balcony now!

Ot Sevili do Grenady  
V tikhom sumrake nochey,  
Razdayutsa serenady  
Razdayotsa zvon mechey.  
Mnogo krovi, mnogo pesney,  
Dlya prelesnykh lyutsa dam,  
Ya zhe toy, kto vsekh prelesney,  
Pesn i krov moyu otdam!  
Ot lunnogo sveta zardel nebosklon,  
O vyidi Nisetta, O vyidi Nisetta,  
Skorey na balkon!

From Seville to Grenada,  
In the quiet darkness of the night,  
Comes the sound of serenading,  
Comes the clatter of swords.  
Blood is spilt and songs flow forth,  
All for the sake of beautiful ladies,  
I will give my song and my blood  
To the one who is loveliest of all!  
The sky's horizon is aglow in the moonlight,  
Oh come out, Nisetta, come out, Nisetta,  
Come out onto the balcony now!

## **Four American Folk Songs**

Arr. Steven Mark Kohn (b. 1957)

### **Ten Thousand Miles Away**

Sing I for a brave and a gallant barque, for a stiff and a rattling breeze  
A bully crew and a captain true, to carry me o'er the seas  
To carry me o'er the seas, my boys, to my true love so gay  
Who went on a trip on a government ship, ten thousand miles away

Oh, blow ye winds, hi oh! A roaming I will go  
I'll stay no more on England's shore, so let the music play  
I'll start by the morning train, to cross the raging main!  
For I'm on the road to my own true love, ten thousand miles away

My true love, she was handsome. My true love she was young  
Her eyes were blue as the violet's hue, and silvery was the sound of her tongue  
And silvery was the sound of her tongue, my boys, and while I sing this lay  
She's a doing of the grand in a far off land, ten thousand miles away

Oh, blow ye winds, hi oh! A roaming I will go  
I'll stay no more on England's shore, so let the music play  
I'll start by the morning train, to cross the raging main!  
For I'm on the road to my own true love, ten thousand miles away

### **I'm a Stranger Here**

Hitch up my buggy, saddle up my old black mare.  
Goin' to find me an angel in this world somewhere.  
I'm a stranger here. I'm a stranger everywhere.  
I would go home, but honey, I'm a stranger there.

I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.  
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.  
I'm a stranger here. I'm a stranger everywhere.

I would go home, but honey, I'm a stranger there.

Looked down that road far as I could see.  
And a little bitty hand kept wavin' back at me.  
I'm a stranger here. I'm a stranger everywhere.  
I would go home, but honey, I'm a stranger there.

### **Poor Wayfaring Stranger**

I am a poor wayfaring stranger  
A' trav'lin' through this world of woe  
And there's no sickness, toil or danger  
In that bright land to which I go

I'm going there to meet my mother  
I'm going there no more to roam  
I'm jus a' goin' over Jordan  
I'm just a' goin' over home

### **Hell in Texas**

Traditional (Arr. Steven Mark Kohn)

Oh, the Devil in hell, they say he was chained,  
And there for a thousand years he remained.  
He never complained, no, nor did he roam,  
But decided he'd start up a hell of his own.

He'd start up a hell of his own,  
Where he could torment the souls of men  
Free from the walls of his prison den.  
So he asked the Lord if he had any sand  
Left over from making this great land,  
Left over from making this land.

The Lord said, "Why, yes! I have plenty on hand.  
It's way down South on the Rio Grande.  
But, I got to be honest, the stuff is so poor  
That I wouldn't use it for hell anymore,  
It won't do for hell anymore."

So the Devil went down to look over his truck.  
It came as a gift, so he figured he's stuck,  
And when he examined it careful and well,  
He decided the place was too dry for hell,  
The place was too dry for his hell.

Well, the Lord, he just wanted the stuff off his hands,  
So he promised the Devil he'd water the land.  
He had some old water that wasn't no use,



A rancid old puddle that stunk like the deuce,  
I tell you, it stunk like the deuce.

The Lord, he was crafty, the deal was arranged,  
He laughed to himself as the deed was exchanged,  
But the Devil was ready to go with his plan  
To make up a hell, and so he began,  
To make up his hell, he began.

He scattered tarantulas over the roads,  
Put thorns on the cactus and horns on the toads,  
He sprinkled the sand with millions of ants,  
So if you sit down, you need soles on your pants.

He put water puppies in all of the lakes,  
And under the rocks, he put poisonous snakes,  
He mixed all the dust up with jiggers and fleas,  
Hung thorns on the brambles and over the trees,  
The heat in the summer's a-hundred and ten,  
Not bad for the Devil, but way too hot for men.

And after he fixed things so thorny and well,  
He said, "Hmm, I'll be damned if this don't beat hell!"  
Then he flapped up his wings and away he flew,  
And vanished from Earth in a blaze of blue.

So, if you ever end up in Texas,  
Let me know if it's true!