

The University of Northern Iowa
School of Music

Presents

Tyler Gajewsky, Bass
Dyan Meyer, Piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the B.M. degree in Music Education
from the studio of Dr. John Hines

Davis Hall
April 12, 2022
8:00 PM

“Arise, ye Subterranean Winds” from *The Tempest*

Henry Purcell
(1659 - 1694)

Vaga Luna, Che Inargenti

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801 - 1835)

Der Doppelgänger from *Schwanengesang*

Franz Schubert
(1797 - 1828)

Auf Dem Flusse from *Winterreise*

Blue Mountain Ballads

Paul Bowles
(1910 - 1999)

Cabin
Heavenly Grass

“O Isis Und Osiris” from *Die Zauberflöte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1759 - 1791)

Arise, Ye Subterranean Winds

The Tempest

Text by: John Dryden

Arise, arise, ye subterranean winds,
More to distract their guilty minds.
Arise, ye winds whose rapid for can make
All but the fix'd and solid center shake;
Come drive these wretches to that part o'th' Isle
Where Nature never yet did smile.
Come fogs and damps, whirlwinds and earthquakes
there,
There let them howl and languish in despair
Rise and obey the powerful prince o'th' air.

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Text by: Anonymous

Vaga luna, che inargenti
Queste rive e questi fiori
Ed ispiri agli elementi
Il linguaggio dell'amor;
Testimonio or sei tu sola
Del mio fervido desir,
Ed a lei che m'innamora
Conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
Il mio duol non può lenir,
Che se nutro una speranza,
Ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
Conto l'ore del dolor,
Che una speme lusinghiera
Mi conforta nell'amor

Der Doppelgänger

Schwanengesang

Text by: Heinirch Heine

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor Schmerzens Gewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe –
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Translation:

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light

Translation by: Antonio Giuliano

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

The Lookalike

Translation by: Richard Wigmore

The night is silent, the streets lie still
My dear lived in this house
She already left the town
But the house still exists in the same place.

A human stands there as well and looks up
Wrings his hands out of pain
I'm fill with horror when I see him
The moon shows me my own shape.

Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

You look alike, you pale guy!
Why do you imitate my love's suffering
That torments me in this place
So many nights in the past time?

Auf dem Flusse

Winterreise

Text by: Wilhelm Müller

Der du so lustig rauschtest,
Du heller, wilder Fluss,
Wie still bist du geworden,
Gibst keinen Scheidegruss.

Mit harter, starrer Rinde
Hast du dich überdeckt,
Liegst kalt und unbeweglich
Im Sande ausgestreckt.

In deine Decke grab' ich
Mit einem spitzen Stein
Den Namen meiner Liebsten
Und Stund' und Tag hinein:

Den Tag des ersten Grusses,
Den Tag, an dem ich ging,
Um Nam' und Zahlen windet
Sich ein zerbrochener Ring.

Mein Herz, in diesem Bache
Erkennst du nun dein Bild?
Ob's unter seiner Rinde
Wohl auch so reissend schwillt?

On the River

Translation by: Richard Wigmore

You who rippled so merrily,
clear, boisterous river,
how still you have become;
you give no parting greeting.

With a hard, rigid crust
you have covered yourself;
you lie cold and motionless,
stretched out in the sand.

On your surface I carve
with a sharp stone
the name of my beloved,
the hour and the day.

The day of our first greeting,
the date I departed.
Around name and figures
a broken ring is entwined.

My heart, do you now recognise
your image in this brook?
Is there not beneath its crust
likewise a seething torrent?

Cabin

Blue Mountain Ballads

Text by: Tennessee Williams

The cabin was cozy
And hollyhocks grew
Bright by the door
Till his whisper crept through

The sun on the sill
Was yellow and warm
Till she lifted the latch
For a man or a storm

Now the cabin falls

To the winter wind
And the walls cave in
Where they kissed in sinned

And the long white rain
Sweeps clean the room
Like a white-ahired witch
With a long straw broom!

Heavenly Grass

Blue Mountain Ballads
Text by: Tennessee Williams

My feet took a walk in heavenly grass
All day while the sky shone clear as glass
My feet took a walk in heavenly grass
All night while the lonesome stars rolled past
Then my feet come down to walk on earth
And my mother cried when she gave me birth
Now my feet walk far and my feet walk fast
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass

O Isis Und Osiris

Die Zauberflöte
Text by: Emanuel Schikaneder

O Isis Und Osiris, schenket
Der Weisheit Geist dem neuen Paar!
Die ihr der Wand'rer Schritte lenket,
Stärkt mit Geduld sie in Gefahr!

Lasst sie der Prüfung Früchte sehen;
Doch sollten sie zu Grabe gehen,
So lohnt der Tugend kühnen Lauf,
Nehmt sie in euren Wohnsitz auf.

O Isis And Osiris

Translation by: Kithera

O Isis and Osiris, gift
The spirit of wisdom to the new pair!
You who guide the wanderers steps,
Strengthen them with patience when in anger!

Let them see the fruits of their trial;
But should they head to their grave,
Then reward the virtue of their bold try,
Take them into your abode.