The EWU Department of Music presents

Amelia M. Dallen
Senior Voice Recital
Rebecca Hardy, Piano

Sunday, June 9th, 2012
1:00 p.m.
Music Building Recital Hall

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for
Bachelor in Music Education

Studio of Steve Mortier, Voice
Studio of Bruce Boddon, Flute
Lullaby

Plaisir d'amour

The Sky Above the Roof

When I am Laid in Earth

Brief Pause

Aria
Op.48, No.1
(Flute and Piano)

O del mi amato ben

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

Johann Paul Martini (1741-1818)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Henry Purcell (1659)

Ernst von Dohnányi (1877-1960)

Stefano Di Monaco (1875-1919)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Lullaby

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

Gian Carlos Mennotti’s 1950 opera *The Consul* is a tragedy in three acts. It tells of political dissident John Sorel attempting to flee his home country with his wife, mother and infant child. *Lullaby* is sung by Sorel’s mother as she tends to the ailing child while his mother and father attempt to assure the group’s escape. During the course of the song, the child dies, and the grandmother is left with the comfort that he longer suffers, and the sorrow of his passing and the uncertain future that lies ahead of her and her son and daughter-in-law.

I shall find for you shells and stars
I shall swim for you river and sea
Sleep my love; Sleep for me
My sleep is old

I shall feed for you lamb and dove
I shall buy for you sugar and bread
Sleep my love; sleep for me
My sleep is dead.

Rain will fall but baby won't know
He laughs alone in orchards of gold
Tears will fall, but baby won't know
His laughter is blind.

Sleep, my love, for sleep is kind
Sleep is kind when sleep is young
Sleep for me; sleep for me.

I shall build for you planes and boats
I shall catch for you cricket and bee
Let the old ones watch your sleep
Only death will watch the old
Sleep sleep sleep sleep

Plaisir d'amour

Johann-Paul Martini

*Plaisir d'amour* was written by Jean Paul Egide Martini in 1780 and later arranged for orchestra by Hector Berlioz. However, the most recognizable arrangement of this classical love song can be found in the ever popular Elvis Presley hit, "Can't Help Falling in Love."

The pleasures of love last but a moment
The sorrows of love last all life through
I have given up everything for the ungrateful Sylvia
She left me and took another lover.
The pleasures of love last but a moment
The sorrows of love last all life through.

As long as this water runs gently
Towards the brook that borders the meadow,
I shall love you, Sylvia told me.
The stream still flows, but she has changed.
The pleasures of love last but a moment
The sorrows of love last all life through

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment.
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.
J'ai tout quitté pour l'ingrate Sylvie.
Elle me quitte et prend un autre amant.
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment.
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

Tant que cette eau coulera doucement
Vers ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie,
Je t'aimerai me répéta Sylvie.
L'eau coule encore. Elle a changé pourtant.
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment.
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.
The Sky Above the Roof
Ralf Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

_The Sky Above the Roof_ was written in 1908 by Ralph Vaughan Williams partly as a favor for author and illustrator Mabel Dearmer, the wife of his colleague, Rev. Percy Dearmer. The text is French in origin, coming from the poem "Le ciel est pardessus le toit", by Paul Verlaine and is an excellent example of Vaughan Williams' masterful blend of British folk-song tradition and the fresh and modern compositional innovation of his time. One can hear traces of Gallic air as well as the impressionistic stylings of Debussy.

The sky above the roof  
Is calm and sweet  
A tree above the roof  
Bends in the heat

Ah God! A life is here,  
Simple and fair  
Murmurs of strife are here  
Lost in the air

A bell from out the blue  
Drowsily rings  
A bird from out the blue  
Plaintively sings

Why dost thou weep  
O heart  
Poured out in tears?  
What hast thou done  
O heart,  
With thy spent years?

When I am Laid in Earth
Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

_Dido and Aeneas_, written in 1689, was Henry Purcell's first opera. It tells the classic romantic tragedy of Dido, the queen of Carthage, and the Trojan Aeneas. The two are encouraged in their love by Dido's sister Belinda, who believes it would make her sister happy and be good for their two countries. Their happy ending is foiled, however by an evil sorceress plotting the fall of Carthage. _When I am Laid in Earth_ is sung by Dido after Aeneas has been tricked into leaving Dido and she has taken poison which will end her life.

When I am laid, am laid in earth, may my wrongs create  
No trouble, no trouble in, in thy breast.
When I am laid, am laid in earth, may my wrongs create  
No trouble, no trouble in, in thy breast.
Remember me, remember me, but ah!  
Forget my fate.
Remember me, but ah!  
Forget my fate.
Remember me, remember me, but ah!  
Forget my fate.
Remember me, but ah!  
Forget my fate.
Aria
Op.48, No.1
(Flute and Piano)

Ernst von Dohnányi
1877-1960

Aria for flute and piano, Opus 48, No. 1, was one of many compositions by the renowned Hungarian conductor, composer and pianist Ernst von Dohnanyi. He was director or the Budapest Academy and musical director of the Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra, as well as a talented concert pianist. His career however, was frequently disrupted because of his well known anti-Nazi standing. He died in New York in February of 1960.

O del mi amato ben
Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Stefano Donaudy was an Italian composer who lived from 1879-1925. While apparently gifted, writing his first opera, Folchetto at the age of thirteen, nearly all of his works have been lost. However, a collection of songs set to text by his brother Alberto, including O del mio amato ben, are still frequently performed today.

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far from my eyes is he who was, to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms I always seek him and call him with a heart full of hopes?
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me, that with weeping alone I nourish my heart.

It seems to me, without him, sad everywhere.
The day seems like night to me; the fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope to give myself to another cure, one thought alone torments me:
But without him, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing without my beloved.

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze sempre lo cerco e chiamo con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è si caro, che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero di darmi ad altra cura, sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lui, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa senza il mio ben.
**Gretchen am Spinnrade**

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

*Gretchen am Spinnrade* was written by Franz Schubert in 1814, based on a poem from Johann Wolfgang von Goethe’s setting of the story *Faust*. It was his first successful lied and one of 600 leider composed in his short lifetime. Schubert sets up a full, visual scene with little more props than the singer and her piano accompaniment. The piano becomes the whirring spinning wheel under Gretchen’s foot as she thinks of her lover Faust, carrying the momentum of her thoughts to the song’s climax in the middle of the poem when she abruptly forgets herself at the thought of his kiss. The piano faltering returns with the spinning wheel motif and carries the flustered Gretchen to the end of the lied where she concludes, exhausted, that her peace will never be restored.

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My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy;  
I will find it never  
And nevermore.  

Meine Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wherever I do not have him  
Is for me the grave;  
The whole world  
Is to me loathsome.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab,  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

My poor head  
Is deranged;  
My poor mind  
Is shattered.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein aremer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy;  
I will find it never  
And nevermore.

Meine Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

For him only do I gaze  
Out from the window  
For him only do I go  
Out of the house.

Nach ihm nur schau ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh ich  
Aus dem Haus.

His fine gait,  
His noble stature  
His mouth’s smile  
His eyes’ power

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein’ edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

And, of his speech  
Magic flow –  
His handclasp  
And, ah, his kiss!

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluss,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss!
My peace is gone,            Meine Ruh ist hin,
My heart is heavy;          Mein Herz ist schwer,
I will find it never        Ich finde sie nimmer
And nevermore.            Und nimmermehr.

                   Mein Busen drängt
My bosom yearns          Sich nach ihm hin.
  For him;               Auch dürฟ ich fassen
Ah, could I embrace him   Und halten ihn,
  And hold him,

And kiss him             Und küssen ihn,
As much as I wish        So wie ich willt,
  In his kisses          An seinen Küszen
I should perish           Vergehen sollt!

O, if I could kiss him    O Konnt' ich ihn Küszen
  As much as I wish      so wie ich willt'
  In his kisses          an seinen Küszen
I should perish           vergehen sollt
  In his kisses
I should perish

My peace is gone,            Meine Ruh ist hin,
My heart is heavy;          Mein Herz ist schwer,
I will find it never        Ich finde sie nimmer
And nevermore.            Und nimmermehr.