The EWU Department of Music presents

Brooke McCormick
Junior Voice Recital
Carolyn Jess, Piano
Caroline Braten, Alto
Cody Bray, Tenor
Martin Sanks, Baritone

Sunday, June 8, 2014
5pm
Music Building Recital Hall

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for
Bachelor in Music Performance, Voice

Studio of Susan Windham
V'adoro pupille
*From Giulio Cesare*

Fleur jetée
*Op. 39 No. 2*

Mandoline
*Op. 58. No. 1*

Gretchen am Spinnrade
*Op. 2 D118*

Vergebliches Ständchen
*Op. 84 No. 4*

Quando men vo
*From La bohème*

I Wish It So
*From Juno*

Trees on the Mountain
*From Susannah*

A New World
*From Song for a New World*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Gabriel Faure
(1845-1924)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Marc Blitzstein
(1905-1964)

Carlisle Floyd
(1926- )

Jason Robert Brown
(1970- )

Caroline Braten, Alto
Cody Bray, Tenor
Martin Sanks, Baritone
V'adoro pupille

V'adoro, pupille,
Saette d'amore,
Le vostre faville
Son grate nel sen.
Pictose vi brama
Il mesto mio core,
Ch'ogn'ora vi chiama
L'amato suo ben.

I adore you, eyes

I adore you, eyes,
Arrows of love
Your sparkles
Are pleasing in my breast.
Have pity on
My sad heart
That at every hour calls
The lover your beloved.

Fleur jetée

Emporte ma folie au gré du vent,
Fleur en chantant cueillie
Et jetée en rêvant,
Emporte ma folie au gré du vent:

Comme la fleur fauchée pérît l'amour:
La main qui t'a touchée
Fuit ma main sans retour.
Comme la fleur fauchée pérît l'amour.

Que le vent qui te sèche o pauvre fleur,
Tout à l'heure si fraîche
Et demain sans couleur,
Que le vent qui te sèche, sèche mon cœur!

Discarded Flower

Carry off my folly at the whim of the wind,
oh flower which I picked while I sang
and threw away as I dreamed.
Carry off my folly at the whim of the wind!

Like flowers scythed down, love dies.
The hand that once touched you
now shuns my hand forever.
Like flowers scythed down, love dies.

May the wind that withers you, oh poor flower,
a moment ago so fresh
and tomorrow all faded.
May the wind that withers you wither my heart!
Mandoline

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

C'est Tircis et c'est Amintas,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle [fait] là 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.

The Mandolin

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender
verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.
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.

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

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Auch dürf ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen solll!

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,

And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!
Vergebliches Ständchen

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:
Meine 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 erfröst,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

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

Futile Serenade

He:
Good evening, my treasure,
good evening, sweet girl!
I come from love of you,
Ah, open the door,
open the door for me!

She:
My door is locked,
and I won't let you in:
My mother has advised me well!
If you came in,
It would all be over for me!

He:
The night is so cold,
and the wind so icy
that my heart will freeze,
and my love will be extinguished!
Open for me, sweet girl!

She:
If your love starts dying,
then let it be extinguished!
If it keeps dying,
go home to bed, and rest!
Good night, my boy!

Quando men vo

Quando men 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
Sottil, 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!

When walking alone

When walking alone on the streets,
People stop and stare
And examine my beauty
From head to toe...
And then I savor the cravings
which from their eyes transpires
And from the obvious charms they perceive
The hidden beauties.
So the scent of desire is all around me,
It makes me happy!
And you who know, who remembers and
yearns,
You shrink from me?
I know why this is:
You do not want to tell me of your anguish,
But you feel like dying!
I Wish It So

I've an unrest inside me.
Oh it's long I have had such an unrest inside me,
And it's getting' real bad.
I'm sleeping at night,
And my heart beats so loud that I wake.
All dizzy and light
With the dreamin' and feelin' this ache.
Such a thumpin' inside me,
That I think I'll go mad.

For I wish it so!
What I wish I still don't know.
But it's bound to come
Though so long to wait.
I keep saying "Tonight!" or "Today,"
Through the endless days
And my heart clamors and prays it will not come too late!

But when come it does,
In the shape of love or life,
I will give my life,
And my love, I know.
I've such grand aims,
With so many names,
That I grow numb;
But sure, one is bound to come.
Because I wish, I wish it so.
It's the unrest inside me.

The Trees on the Mountain

The trees on the mountains are cold and bare.
The summer jes' vanished and left them there
Like a false-hearted lover, just like my own,
Who made me love him, then left me alone.

The coals in the hearth have turned gray and sere,
The blue flame jes' vanished and left them there.
Like a false-hearted lover, just like my own,
Who made me love him, then left me alone.

Come back, oh summer, come back, blue flame,
My heart wants warmin', my baby a name.
Come back, oh lover, if jes' for a day,
Turn bleak December once more into May.

The road up ahead lies lonely and far
There's darkness around me and not even a star
To show me the way, or lighten my heart
Come back, my lover, I fain would start.

The pore baby fox lies all cold in his lair
His mama jes' vanished and left him there
Like a false-hearted lover, jes' like my own
Who made me love him, then left me alone.

Come back, oh summer, come back, blue flame,
My heart wants warmin', my baby a name.
Come back, oh lover, if jes' for a day,
Turn bleak December once more into May.

Come back, oh summer, come back, blue flame,
My heart wants warmin', my baby a name.
Come back, oh lover, if just for a day,
Turn bleak December once more into May.

Come back! Come back! Come back!
The New World

WOMAN 1:
A new world calls across the ocean
A new world calls across the sky
A new world whispers in the shadows
Time to fly, time to fly

MAN 2:
It's about one moment, the moment before it all becomes clear
And in that one moment you start to believe there's nothing to fear
It's about one second and just when you're on the verge of success
The sky starts to change and the wind starts to blow

And you're suddenly a stranger, there's no explaining where you stand
And you didn't know that you sometimes have to go
'Round an unexpected bend and the road will end
In a new world

WOMAN 1:
A new world calls for me to follow
A new world waits for my reply
A new world holds me to a promise
Standing by, standing by

WOMAN 2:
It's about one moment, that moment you think you know where you stand
And in that one moment the things that you're sure of slip from your hand
And you've got one second to try to be clear, to try to stand tall
But nothing's the same and the wind starts to blow

And you're suddenly a stranger in some completely different land
And you thought you knew but you didn't have a clue
That the surface sometimes cracks to reveal the tracks
To a new world

MAN 1:
You have a house in the hills,
MAN 2:
WOMAN 2:
You have a job on the coast,
You find a lover you're sure you believe in

MAN 1:
You've got a pool in the back,
WOMAN 2:
You get to the part of your life,
MAN 2:
You hold the ring in your hand

MAN 1:
But then the earthquake hits,
WOMAN 2:
And the bank closes in,
MAN 2:
Then you realize you didn't know anything
All:
Nobody told you the best way to steer
When the wind starts to blow

MAN 1:
And you're suddenly a stranger

All:
All of a sudden your life is different than you planned

MAN 1:
And you'll have to stay 'til you somehow find a way

All:
To be sure of what will be
Then you might be free

WOMAN 1:
A new world crashes down like thunder
A new world charging through the air

All:
A new world just beyond the mountain

Waiting there; waiting there

A new world shattering the silence.
There's a new world I'm afraid to see
A new world louder every moment
Come to me, come to me!
Upcoming Events

Monday, June 9th
Music Building Recital Hall

Clarinet Night
6:30 pm