

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

Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911-2007)

Plaisir d'amour

Johann Paul Ma
(1741-1

The Sky Above the Roof

Ralph Vaughan Wil
(1872-

When I am Laid in Earth

Henry P
(1659

Brief Pause

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

Ernst von Do
(187

O del mi amato ben

Stefano D
(187 19;

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Franz S
(17

Gian C
John S
by Sor
group's
comfor
her and

Plais
orche
love s

Lullaby

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

Gian Carlos Menotti'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 no 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 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 répétait 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 of 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, *Falchetto* 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 sì 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 *lieder* 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 falteringly 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.

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

My bosom yearns
For him;
Ah, could I embrace him
And hold him,

And kiss him
As much as I wish
In his kisses
I should perish

O, if I could kiss him
As much as I wish
In his kisses
I should perish
In his kisses
I should perish

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.

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 sollt!

O Konnt' ich ihn Küssen
so wie ich wollt'
an seinen Küssen
vergehen sollt
an seinen Küssen
vergehen sollt

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