



**EASTERN**  
**WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY**

---

start something **big**

The EWU Department of Music presents

**Diane Brittany Pfundheller**  
**Senior Voice Recital**

Assisted by Tomoko Kimura, Piano

**March 11, 2012**

**5:00 p.m.**

**Music Building, Recital Hall**

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

Studio of Prof. Steven Mortier

**Nimmersatte Liebe  
Verborgtheit**

**Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)**

**Et Miserecordia**

Cody Bray, Tenor

**J.S. Bach (1685-1750)**

**Ici Bas!**

**Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)**

*(Pause)*

**Sous le Dome Epais**  
*from Lakme*

**Leo Delibes (1836-1891)**

Kristen Nauditt, Soprano

**Thy Hand Belinda  
When I Am Laid In Earth**  
*from Dido and Aeneas*

**Henry Purcell (1659-1695)**

**The Water Mill**

**Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)**

**O Del Mio Dolce Ardor**

**Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787)**

*(Pause)*

**True**

**D. Brittany Pfundheller**

Ty Pfundheller, Baritone/Percussion  
Tony Brickner, Bass  
Shane Delforge, Djembe  
Jereme Riccelli, Guitar

**I Gave You Everything  
All Of Me**

**Davis Hill  
Simons (1896-1949) & Marks (1900-1997)**

Davis Hill, Piano  
Kit Schubach, Bass  
Kenny Sager, Drums

**\*Dedication**

## Notes & Translations

### Nimmersatte Liebe    Insatiable Love

So ist die Lieb'! So ist die Lieb'!    This is how love is! This is how love is!  
Mit Kusten nicht zu stillen:    Not to be stilled with kisses:  
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb    Who is such a fool as to try to fill  
Mit.eitel Wasser fullen?    A sieve with mere water?  
Und schopfst du an die tausend Jahr;    You could pour water in for a thousand years,  
Und kustest ewig, ewig gar,    You could kiss for ever and ever,  
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.    And never find love's fulfillment.

Die Lieb', die Lieb' hat alle Stund'    For love, love has new and strange desires at every  
Neu wunderlich Gelusten;    hour; we  
Wir bisen uns die Lippen wund,    Bit our lips sore  
Da wir uns heute kusten.    When we kissed today.  
Das Madchen hielt in gutter Ruh',    The girl kept quite still,  
Wie's Lammlein unter'm Messer;    Like a lambkin under the knife;  
Ihr Auge bat: nur immer ze,    Her eyes were pleading: go on,  
Je weher, desto besser!    The more it hurts, the better!

So ist die Lieb', und war auch so,    This is how love is, and always was, ever since love  
Wie lang es Liebe giebt,    has existed;  
Und anders war Herr Salomo,    And not even Solomon himself,  
Der Weise, night verliebt.    For all his wisdom, ever loved in any other way.

*Nimmersatte Liebe* was originally a poem by Eduard Friedrich Mörike (1804–1875), a German Romantic poet, and then later set to music by Hugo Wolf. Wolf was so pleased with his work that upon its completion he wrote his friend, Edmund Lang, saying the Devil would seize him with pleasure. It is interesting that Mörike, a Protestant minister, could write such an over-the-top, teasing treatise on love. The lyrics explain how one cannot satisfy love with kisses alone; this is how love is and has always been. No amount of experience or intelligence can quench the demands of love.

### Verborgenheit    Seclusion

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!    Oh, world, let me be!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,    Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Lass dies Herz alleine haben    Let this heart in solitude have  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!    Your bliss, your pain!

Was ich traure, weib ich nicht,    What I mourn, I know not.  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;    It is an unknown pain;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe    Forever through tears shall I see  
Ich der Some liebes Licht.    The sun's love-light.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,    Often, I am scarcely-conscious  
Und die helle Freude zuchet    And the bright joys bread  
Durch die Schwere, [die] mich drucktet,    Through the pain, thus pressing  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.    Delightfully into my breast.

Another poem by Mörike, *Verborgenheit* is one of Wolf's most popular lieder. The minister's openness in his writings of satisfied and frustrated love added to Wolf's attraction to his works. The lyrics give the moral, 'It is better to have known love and its loss than to never have known it at all'. Through *Verborgenheit's* passion, one can see how Wolf brought an intense expressionism to his lieder classic to late Romantic music.

### **Et Misericordia And His Mercy**

Et misericordia a progenie      And his mercy continues from generation  
In progenies timentibus eum.      to generation for those who fear him.

*Et Misericordia* is one of twelve movements of J. S. Bach's Magnificat. It's text is based off of Luke 1:46-55 and Mary's astonishment of being told she carries the holy child. A traditional praise hymn, *Gloria Patri*, is sometimes appended at the end. This duet portrays mercy in a reflective, lilting way.

### **Ici Bas! In This World**

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,      In this world all the flow'rs wither,  
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts,      The sweet songs of the birds are brief;  
Je reve aux etes qui demeurent      I dream of summers that will last  
Toujours...      Always...

Ici-bas les levres effleurent      In this world the lips touch but lightly,  
Sans rien laisser de leur velours,      And no taste of sweetness remains;  
Je reve aux laisers qui demeurent,      I dream of a kiss that will last,  
Toujours...      Always...

Ici-bas, tous les homes pleurent      In this world ev'ry man is mourning  
Leurs amities ou leurs amours;      His lost friendship or his lost love;  
Je reve aux couples qui demeurent      I dream of fond lovers abiding  
Toujours...      Always...

Gabriel Urbain Fauré was a leading French composer of his day. His music served as a bridge that linked the end of Romanticism with the second quarter of the modern 20<sup>th</sup> century. *Ici Bas!*'s lyrics tell how beauty doesn't last, lust doesn't last, and love doesn't last... But there is always a hope for something bright and constant in the future.

**Sous le Dome Epais      Under The Thick Dome**

Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs  
Jettent déjà leur ombre  
Sur le ruisseau sacré qui coule,  
calme et sombre,  
Eveillé par le chant des oiseaux tapageurs!

Come, Mallika, the creepers are in flower  
They already cast their shadows  
On the sacred river which flows,  
calmly and serenely,  
They have awakened by the song birds!

Oh! maîtresse,  
C'est l'heure ou je te vois sourire,  
L'heure bénie où je puis lire  
dans le coeur toujours fermé de Lakmé!

Oh! mistress,  
This is the time when your face smiles,  
The time when I can read  
Lakmé secrets hidden in her heart!

Sous le dome epais  
Ou le blanc jasmin  
A la rose s'assemble  
Sur la rive en fleur,  
Riant au matin  
Viens, descendons ensemble.  
Doucement glissons de son flot charmant  
Suiivons le courant fuyant  
Dans l'onde fremissante  
D'une main nonchalante  
Viens, gagnons le bord,  
Ou la source dort et  
L'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.

Under the thick dome where the white jasmine  
With the roses entwined together  
On the river bank covered with flowers laughing in  
the morning  
Let us descend together!  
Gently floating on its charming risings,  
On the river's current  
On the shining waves,  
One hand reaches, Reaches for the bank,  
Where the spring sleeps,  
And the bird, the bird sings.  
Under the thick dome where the white jasmine  
Ah! Calling us, Together!

Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite,  
S'empare de moi,  
Quand mon père va seul à leur ville maudite;  
Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!

But, I do not know subtle fear,  
Enfolds me,  
When my father goes alone to that cursed town;  
I tremble, I tremble in fear!

Pourquoi le Dieu Ganeça le protège,  
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux  
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,  
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

For the god Ganessa protects him,  
Let us venture to the joyous pool  
The swans with wings of white are happy,  
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus.

Oui, près des cygnes aux ailes de neige,  
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Yes, near the swans, with wings of white  
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus

Completed shortly before his death, *Lakme* was Delibes' masterpiece, and *The Flower Duet* its shining jewel. This three act opera was set in 19<sup>th</sup> century India. Lakme and her servant Malika are plucking blue lotus flowers in a sacred garden to gain the god's protection. The grandiose resonance of this duet has made it exceedingly popular, far beyond the opera world.

**Thy Hand Belinda**  
**When I am Laid in Earth**

Thy hand, Belinda!	When I am laid, am laid in earth,
Darkness shades me	May my wrongs create no trouble,
On thy bosom, let me rest.	No trouble in thy breast.
More I would, but death invades me	Remember me, remember me, but ah!
Death is now a welcome friend.	Forget my fate.

This recitative and aria are from the opera, *Dido and Aeneas*, set in medieval time Carthage. Dido is the queen betrothed to Aeneas who is tricked away to war by a sorceress disguised as the god Mercury. Aeneas tries to change his mind to stay with Dido, but she is too hurt that he considered leaving her and forces him to leave. As his ship departs toward his destiny, so does Dido depart toward her own: death. Her emotional last aria before her sad suicide is often referred to as "Dido's Lament".

**The Water Mill**

There is a mill, an ancient one Brown, with rain, and dry with sun.	There is a clock inside the house, very tall and very bright,
The Miller's house is joined with it And in July the swallows flit to and fro, In and out, round the windows all about.	It strikes the hour when shadows drowse Or showers make the windows white; Loud and sweet, in rain and sun, The clock strikes, and the work is done.
The millwheel whirls and the waters roar Out of the dark arch by the door.	The miller's wife and his eldest girl Clean and cook while the millwheels whirl.
The willows toss their silver heads And the phloxes in the garden beds turn red, Turn gray with the time of day, And smell sweet in the rain, then die away.	The children take their meat to school, And at dusk they play by the twilight pool; Barefoot, bare head, till the day is dead, And their mother calls them into bed.
The Miller's cat is a tabby, she is as lean as a healthy cat can be, She plays in the loft, where the sun-beams stroke the sacks' fat backs, and beetles choke in the floury dust.	The supper stands on the clean scrubbed board, And the miller drinks like a thirsty lord; The young men come for his daughter's sake, But she never knows which one to take:
The wheel goes round and the miller's wife sleeps fast and sound.	She drives her needle and pins her stuff, While the moon shines gold, and the lamp shines buff.

*The Water Mill* is the last of four poems written by Fredegond Shove that Vaughn Williams set to music. The rhythmic figures in the piano are meant to express the unrelenting continuation of the mill wheel. The lyrics give the impression of a sort of busy joy of the life at the water mill. With hints of folk tunes, Vaughn Williams shows off his characteristic English style.

**O Del Mio Dolce Ardor    Of my Sweet Ardor**

O del mio dolce ardor    Oh, desired object  
Bramato oggetto,    Of my sweet ardor,  
L'aura che tu respiri,    The air which you breathe,  
Alfin respiro.    At last I breathe.

O vunque il guardo io giro,    Wherever I turn my glance  
Le tue vaghe sembianze    Your lovely features  
Amore in me dipinge:    Paint love for me:  
Il mio pensier si finge    My thoughts imagine  
Le piu liete speranze;    The most happy hopes,

E nel desio che cosi    And in the longing which  
M'empie il petto    Fills my bosom  
Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e sospiro.    I seek you, I call you, I hope, and I sigh

From the Italian opera, *Paride ed Elena (Paris and Helen)*, *O Del Mio Dolce Ardor* is Paris' declaration of love to Helen. *Paride ed Elena* was the last of three reform operas by Gluck that sought to alter Italian opera seria and replace it with a style more "natural" and "simple". This minor-key aria depicts longing in an uncomplicated approach.

**True**

It's deep as dark    It's loud as the sun  
And wide as the sky    Close as a shadow  
It's high as falling    Easy as praying  
And long as a chance    Pure as a winter's sky  
It's close as a song    It's warm as a welcome home  
And warm as a smile    From a long drive  
It's light as air    It's the highest joy to  
And free as a dance    Never say goodbye

It's sweet as dreams    It's sweet as dreams  
And bright as a flame    And bright as a flame  
It's strong as faith    It's strong as faith  
And soft as the moon    And soft as the moon  
It's a simple feeling,    It's a simple feeling,  
Short as time    That endures  
And the best of it is    And the best of it is  
You're all mine    I'm all yours

I do, I do I promise true, I do

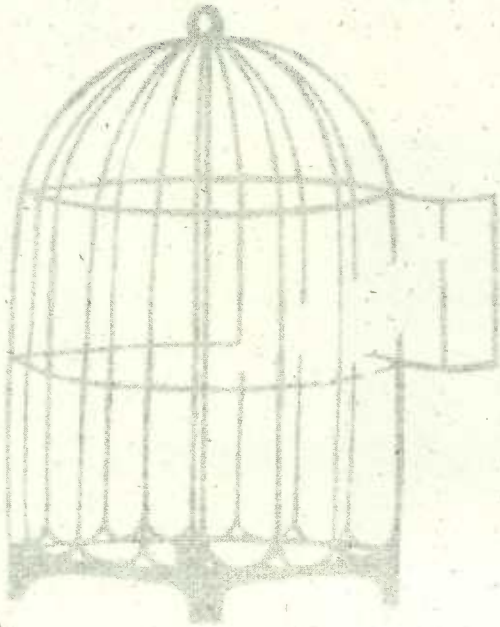
*True* was a wedding gift to my husband, which we premiered at our reception. I like to think of it as an extension of our vows. Since it is the first song I have ever written, I tried to stay true to myself and keep it simple. I wanted to express through the lyrics the ambiguity in defining love. The only way to explain it to someone is through its relation to something else. I sought to show the complexities of love through the song's simplicity. Thank you, Ty, for inspiring me to step outside of my comfort zone and into yours... All my love!

### I Gave You Everything

I gave you everything The keys to my heart  
I knew how to give I never asked for much, dear  
I gave you everything Only your love  
You needed to live I gave you everything  
I gave you everything But it wasn't enough  
My life, laugh, my song Night shines bright on the horizon  
I gave you everything I stand alone hear  
But you treated me wrong Laughing at the waning moon  
I gave you everything In your arms I found a rapture  
The sun, moon, and stars But not for long  
I gave you everything Those times are gone

I wrote *I Gave You Everything* in the fall of 2011. I had decided to try my hand at writing a tune in the style of the jazz standards, including lyrics (which are my own). I wanted to retain the driving angst and melodic simplicity of the blues while incorporating more sophisticated harmonic and structural elements. The B section of *Everything* begins with a rising chromatic bassline that slowly falls back down as it prepares to return to the A section. This, coupled with the fact that the B section is only 14 bars instead of the usual 16, serves to unsettle and propel the piece toward its gritty conclusion. I consider many of pieces to be responses to music I have enjoyed; in this case I was heavily influenced by Art Blakey's 1964 album *Free For All*, especially Wayne Shorter's composition *Hammer Head*.

-Davis Hill





### All of Me

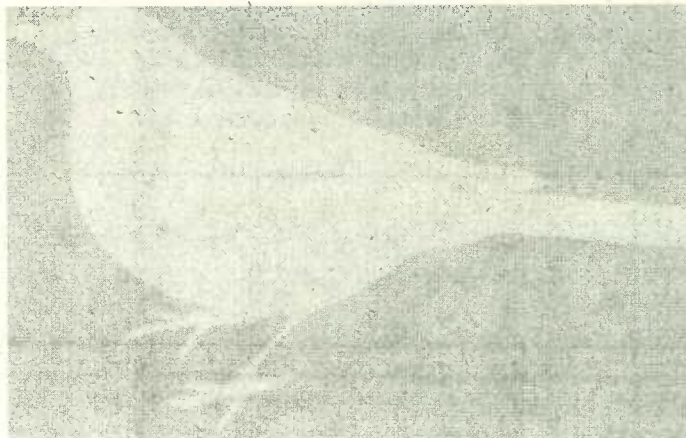
All of me, Why not take all of me    He took a stroll and then  
Can't you see, I'm no good without you    He also took my heart and soul  
Take my lips, I want to loose them    O train on the track, Bring my baby back  
Take my arms; I'll never use them    My plea: why don't you take all of me,  
And so I'm pleading

Your goodbye, Left me with eyes that cry  
How can I go on, dear, without you    Come on back pretty baby, come back  
You took the part that once was my heart    Don't you know I can't go on and  
So why not take all of me    Live alone without you  
Don't leave me here to suffer    I beg you, darling won't you think about my fate  
Before it's too late. Don't be mean  
I'll go insane,  
You don't want to have a  
Crazy person on your conscience  
I'll never make it by because  
You went and took all inspiration to try

Could you leave me here to suffer dear  
Tell me the truth now, I want to know  
Could you go and stay and leave me here to try And  
find a way somehow  
I pray each night, Lord,  
Send my lover back  
How I miss him    You walked off rather hasty  
Drove me nearly crazy  
Long to kiss him through the night    Left me crying like a baby  
And hold him tight until he    No ambition, very lazy  
Wakes up at dawn    Care for nothing at all

But tell me how can I?  
Baby when you said goodbye and    No I can't get you off my mind  
Left me here to cry    Dream about you all the time  
And now I know that I will blow    Must you been so mean and so unkind  
Because my baby took a stroll    Come and set me free  
Without him letting me know    Come get the rest of me

This jazz standard, first appearing in 1931, is widely popular and has been sung by many of the greats, including Billie Holiday and Frank Sinatra. A special thanks to Don Goodwin and Kristina Ploeger for helping me prepare this piece!



## Upcoming EWU Events

March 12<sup>th</sup>: Choral Concert, 7:30pm

March 13<sup>th</sup>: Symphonic Band and Lab Jazz Band Concert, 7:30pm

March 14<sup>th</sup>: Trumpet Solo Night, 6:00pm

March 15<sup>th</sup>: Cheney High School Band Concert, 7:00pm

March 16<sup>th</sup>: Drew Stern Senior Recital, 7:00pm

March 20<sup>th</sup>: Luke Manasco Senior Recital, 6:00pm