

Eastern Washington University
Department of Music
presents

Noree Michelle Johnson, soprano

in a

Graduate Voice Recital

David Brewster, piano and harpsichord

Saturday ~ April 23, 2011 ~ 3:00 p.m. ~ Cheney, WA

Five Songs for Voice and Piano, Op. 32

- I. Ich trage meine Minne
- II. Sehnsucht
- III. Liebeshymnus
- IV. O süßer Mai!
- V. Himmelsboten

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Dido and Aeneas (Z 626)

- Recit. Your counsel, all is urged in vain
- Song. Ah! Belinda I am prest with torment
- Recit. Thy hand, Belinda
- Song. When I am laid in earth

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Ricardo Montecinos, cello

Brief Intermission

Airs Chantés

- I. Air romantique
- II. Air champêtre
- III. Air grave
- IV. Air vif

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Norma

Casta Diva

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Suzanne Jenkins, flute

Rigoletto

Caro nome

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Il Barbiere di Siviglia

Una voce, poco fa

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of requirements for a Master of Arts Degree in Music.

Noree is a student of Steven Mortier.

NO PHOTOGRAPHY. Please turn off cell phones and other noisemakers.

Please hold your applause until the end of each set.

Five Songs for Voice and Piano

Ich trage meine Minne

(I carry my love)

I carry my love—
Mute with rapture—
Around with me in my heart
And my mind.

Yes, that I found you,
You dear girl,
That will give me joy all the days
That are allotted to me.

And even if the sky is gloomy
And the night coal-black,
Brightly shines the sunny-gold splendor
Of my love.

And even if the world lies in sin,
And it pains me,
The evil world must be dazzle
By the snow of your innocence.

I carry my love—
Mute with rapture—
Around with me in my heart
And my mind.

Yes, that I found you,
You dear girl,
That will give me joy all the days
That are allotted to me.

Sehnsucht

(Longing)

I went along the path that lay solitary,
The one I travel alone, every day.
The hearth is silent, the field is empty of people,
Only the wind blows by in the brush in front of
me.

The road lies far extended in front of me,
My heart has longed only for you.
And if you came, it would be a miracle for me;
I would bow before you: "I love you."

And as we met, only a single glance—
It would be the destiny of my whole life.
And if you looked coldly upon me,
I would defy you, girl: "I love you!"

But if your beautiful eyes greeted me and smiled,
Like a sun in my heavy night,
I would quickly draw your sweet heart to myself
And would quietly whisper to you: "I love you."

Himmelsboten

(Heaven offering)

Bless the day that gave you birth,
Bless the one on which I first saw you!
Lost in the brightness of your eyes
I stand, a blissful dreamer.

It seems to me that that heaven is opening
Of which I had merely a distant presentiment,
And I am permitted to view a sun
At which my longing merely hinted.

How beautiful my image in this glance!
In this glance, how great my good fortune!
And beseechingly I call to destiny:
"Oh, remain, remain without changing!"

O, süßer Mai!

(Oh, sweet May!)

Oh, sweet May, oh, be merciful;
Oh, sweet May, I beseech you warmly:
I see the fields growing warm on your bosom,
And everything that lives beneath your spell is
growing;
You who are so gentle and endlessly gracious,
Oh, dear May, grant me the gift!

The gloomy pilgrim who in these regions
Escaped the icy breath of the winter season
Has chosen a girl, as gentle to behold as you are,
Fresh as spring, like you, in her chaste splendor.
That we may love and embrace each other
lovingly,
Mercy, May, most lovely one, mercy!
That we may love and embrace each other
lovingly,
Mercy, mercy!

Liebeshymnus

(Love-hymns)

The moonlight has already paled,
The dark night has crept away;
Arise, you noble dawn,
All my trust is in you.

Phoebus, its well-adorned forerunner,
As already prepared his chariot,
The sun's steeds are harnessed to it,
The reins are in his hand.

Its forerunner, Don Lucifer,
Already hovers in the sky,
He has opened up the clouds
And watered the earth with his dew.

Oh, go to her little bedroom,
Gently awaken my sweet beloved,
Report to her what I tell you,
My service, my greeting, a good day.

But you must awaken her respectably,
And, doing so, reveal my secret love;
You are to tell her how her servant lies awake
All night so feverishly.

Look at her yellow hair for me,
Her white neck, her clear eyes,
Kiss her red lips for me,
And, if she allows it, her round breasts.

Dido and Aeneas

Your counsel, all is urged in vain;
To earth and heaven I will complain!
To earth and heaven why do I call?
Earth and heaven conspire my fall:
To Fate I sue, of other means bereft,
The only refuge for the wretched left.

Ah! Belinda, I am prest with torment,
Ah, Belinda I am prest with torment not to be
confest,
Peace and I are strangers grown,
I languish 'til my grief is known,
Yet would not have it guessed.

Thy hand, Belinda; darkness shades me:
On thy bosom let me rest:
More I would, but Death invades me:
Death is now a welcome guest.

When I am laid, am laid in earth,
May my wrongs create
No trouble, no trouble in thy breast;
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate!

Airs chantés
(Singing songs)

Air romantique
(Romantic Song)

I went into the countryside with the stormy
wind,
Under the pale morning light, under the low
clouds;
A mysterious crow escorted my journey,
And in the pools of water my steps rang out.

The lightning ran its flame along the horizon
And the North Wind redoubled its long moans;
But the storm was too weak for my soul,
Which drowned the thunder with its beats.

From the golden hide of the ash and maple
Autumn composed its dazzling spoils,
And the crow still, of an unyielding flight,
Accompanied me, changing nothing in my
destiny.

Air champêtre
(Rustic Song)

Beautiful spring [of water], I want to remind
myself without end,
How one day, guided by friendship
Happy, I contemplated your face, O! goddess,
Lost beneath the foam, half under the foam.

Only he remained that friend I mourn,
O nymph, to your worship chained
In order to mingle again with the breath that
grazes you,
And respond to your hidden tide.

Beautiful spring, I want to remind myself
without end,
How one day, guided by friendship
Happy, I contemplated your face, O! goddess.

Air grave
(Solemn Song)

Ah! Flee now, unhappy thoughts!
O! Anger, O! Remorse!
Memories that pressed my two temples with the grip
of the dead.

Paths of plump moss, misty fountains, deep caves,
voices of birds and wind, vague lights of savages
underfoot, brutish insects, future beauty, does
not push me back, oh divine nature, I am your
supplicant.

Ah! Flee now, anger, remorse.

Air vif
(Lively Song)

The treasure of the orchard and garden in
celebration,
The flowers of the roads, the woods, burst with
pleasure,
Alas! Alas! and over their heads, the wind raises its
voice.

But you noble ocean whom the attack of storms
Would know how to ravage
Certainly with more dignity, while you pity yourself,
And begin to dream.

The treasure of the orchard and garden in
celebration,
The flowers of the roads, the woods, burst with
pleasure,
Alas! Alas! and over their heads, the wind raises
its voice.

Casta diva

(Chaste Goddess)

Chaste Goddess that casts silver
These sacred, ancient plants,
Turn thy beautiful semblance on us
Unclouded and unveiled... Ah, yes!

Temper, o Goddess, temper the ardent spirits,
Temper again the brave zeal,
Scatter on the ground
That peace that reigns in the heavens.

Caro nome

(Dear name)

"Gualtier Maldè,"
name of him so much loved,
you engrave yourself
in my enamored heart!

Dear name, which first made my heart throb,
you must always recall to me the delights of
love!

In my thoughts, my desire
will always fly to you;
and even my last breath,
dear name, will be yours.
My desire will evermore fly to you!

Una voce poco fa

(A voice has just...)

A voice has just
echoed here into my heart
my heart is already wounded
and it was Lindoro who shot it.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine
I swore it, I'll win.

The tutor will refuse,
I'll sharpen my mind
finally he'll accept,
and happy I'll rest.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine
I've sworn it, I'll win.

I'm gentle, respectful
I'm obedient, sweet, loving
I let myself be ruled, I let myself be guided
But if they touch where my weak spot is
I'll be a viper and a hundred traps
before giving up I'll make them fall