

Music

AT EASTERN

The EWU Department of Music presents

Paul Camarillo
Senior Voice Recital

Assisted by Mak Kastelic, piano

&

Nathan Clark
Senior Voice Recital

Assisted by Bill Rhodes, piano

Sunday, December 5, 2010

5:00 p.m.

Music Building Recital Hall

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for
Bachelor of Arts in Education, Voice

Studio of Professor Steve Mortier

L'invitation au voyage

Vittoria, mio core!

Caro mio ben

Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile

Lungi dal Caro Bene

The Friar of Orders Grey

Ho capito, Signor, sì!

Don Giovanni

Abendempfindung

Vaga luna, che inargenti

La Paloma blanca

Verborgenheit

Schneeglöckchen

Zueignung

An Epitaph

Long Time Ago

Der Doppelganger

O del mio amato ben

Across the Western Ocean

Sea Moods

The Sea

The Jolly Roger

Paul Camarillo, voice
Mak Kastelic, piano

Nathan Clark, voice
Bill Rhodes, piano

Paul Camarillo, voice
Mak Kastelic, piano
--Short Pause--

Nathan Clark, voice
Bill Rhodes, piano

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Henri Duparc
1848-1933
Giacomo Carissimi
1605-1674

Giuseppe Giordani
1744-1798
Francesco Durante
1684-1755
Giuseppe Sarti
1729-1802
William Shield
1748-1829

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
1756-1791

Vincenzo Bellini
1801-1835

Arr. Edward Kilenyi
1910-2000
Hugo Wolf
1860-1903
Robert Schumann
1810-1856
Richard Strauss
1864-1949

Ivor Gurney
1890-1937
Aaron Copeland
1900-1990
Fanz Schubert
1797-1828
Stefano Donaudy
1879-1925

Arr. Celius Dougherty
1902-1986
Mildred Lund Tyson
1900-?
Edward MacDowell
1860-1908
R. Ritchie Robertson

L'invitation au voyage – Duparc

Poem by Charles Baudelaire

<i>Mon enfant, ma soeur, Songe a la douceur D'aller labas vivre ensemble, Aimer a loisir Aimer et mourir Au pays qui te ressemble! Les soleils mouilles De ces ciels brouilles Pour mon esprit ont les charmes Si mysterieux De tes traitresyeux, Brillant a travers leurs larmes La, tout n'est qu'ordre et beaute, Luxe calme et volupte.</i>	My child, my sister, Think of the sweetness Of going there to live together! To love at leisure, To love and to die In a country that is the image of you! The misty suns Of those changeable skies Have, for me, the same Mysterious charm As your fickle eyes Shining through their tears. There, all is harmony and beauty, Luxury, calm and delight.
<i>Vois sur ces canaux Dormir ces vaisseaux Don't l'humeur est vagabonde; C'est pour assouvir Ton moindre desir Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde. Les soleils couchants Revetent les champs, Les canaux la ville entiere D'hyacinthe et d'or; Le monde s'endort Dans une chaude lumiere! La, tout n'est qu'ordre et beaute, Luxe calme et volupte.</i>	See how those ships, Nomads by nature, Are slumbering in the canals. To gratify Your every desire, They have come from the ends of the earth. The westering suns Clothe the fields, The canals, and the town With reddish-orange and gold. The world falls asleep, Bathed in warmth and light. There, all is harmony and beauty, Luxury, calm and delight.

Vittoria, mio core! – Carissimi

<i>Vittoria, mio core! Non lagrimar piu. E sciolta d'Amore La vil servitu.</i>	Victory, my heart! Weep no more. Low servitude to love Is over.
<i>Gia l'empia a tuoi Danni Fra stuolo di sguardi, Con vezzi bugiardi Dispose gl'inganni; Le frode, gli affanni Non hanno piu loco, Del crudo suo foco E spento l'ardore!</i>	The ungodly woman Deceived you With glances and glances And untrue caress; Deceit and sorrow Have no more place, The embers of her cruel fire Have gone out!
<i>Da luci ridenti Non esce piu strale Che piaga mortale Nel petto m'avventi: Nel duol, ne' tormenti Io piu non mi sfaccio, E rotto ogni laccio, Sparito il timore!</i>	Her laughing eyes don't shoot Arrows any longer, Which struck a mortal wound In my breast: Neither grief nor torment Worry me any longer; Every snare is broken, And fear has disappeared.

Caro mio ben - Giordani

<i>Caro mio ben, credimi almen, Senza di te languisce il cor. Il tuo fedel sospira ognor. Cessa, crudel, tanto rigor</i>	Dear my beloved, believe me at least Without[of]you languishes my heart. Your Faithful one sighs always. Cease, cruel-ont, so much severity
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Danza, danza fanciulla gentile - Durante

<i>Danza, danza, fanciulla, al mio cantar; danza, danza fanciulla gentile, al mio cantar. Gira leggera, sottile al suono, al suono dell'onde del mar. Senti il vago rumore dell'aura scherzosa che parla al core con languido suon, e che invita a danzar senza posa, senza posa, che invita a danzar. Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile, al mio cantar.</i>	Dance, dance, young girl to my song; Dance, dance, gentle young girl to my song; Twirl lightly and softly to the sound, to the sound of the waves of the sea. Hear the vague rustle of the playful breeze that speaks to the heart with its languid sound, and invites you to dance without stopping, without stopping that invites you to dance. Dance, dance, gentle young girl to my song.
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Lungi dal Caro Bene - Sarti

<i>Lungi dal caro bene, Vivere non poss'io; Sono in un mar di pene; Lungi dal caro bene, Sento, sento mancarmi'l cor. Un dolce estremo sonno, Se lei mirar non ponno, Mi chiuda, mi chiuda i lumi ancor.</i>	Far from my dear beloved, I cannot live; I am in a sea of pain; Far from my dear beloved, I feel my heart give way. A sweet dark dream steals over me if she is not near; Light fails me.
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La Paloma blanca - Kilenyi

<i>Yo soy tu paloma blanca, Tu eres mi pochón azul, Arrimame tu boquita, Para hacer cu ru cu ru. A la jota, jota que baile Jesusito, Cu ru cu ru cu ru.</i>	I'm your little dove, my darling, You're my pretty pigeon blue. Turn your sweet red lips to me, dear; And let's woo and coo, coo, coo. To the jota, jota that danced the little Jesu, Coo coo coo coo coo coo.
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Ho capito, Signor, si! - Mozart

<i>Ho capito, Signor, si! Chino il capo e me ne vo; Gia che piace avoi cosi, Altre repliche non fo. Cavalier voi siete gia, Dubitar non posso, affe, Me lo dice la bon ta Che volete aver per me. Bricconaccia, malandria! Fosti ognor la mia ruina! Vengo, vengo! Resta, resta. E una cosa molto onesta! Faccia il nostro cavaliere Cavaliere ancora te.</i>	I understand, sir! I bow my head and go. Since you will it so, I won't say anything. You're a gentleman, Of that I'm in no doubt, indeed: That's clear from the gracious favor You bestow on me. Wonton hussy! You've ruined me! I'm coming! I'm coming! Stay then! There's a fine thing! Let my lord make A lady of you!
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Abendempfindung – Mozart

*Abend ist's die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.*

*Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, der Freudes Trane
Fliegset schon auf unser Grab.*

*Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu),
Schlies ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.*

*Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will himmelauf euch when.*

*Schenk auch du ein Tranchen mir
Und pflucke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.*

*Weih mir wine Trane, und ach! Schame
Dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!*

Evening it is, the sun has vanished
And the moon streams with silver rays,
Thus flees life's fairest hours,
Flying away as if in a dance!

Soon away will fly life's colorful scenes
And the curtain will come rolling down;
Done is our play, the tears of a friend
Flow already over our grave.

Soon perhaps (the thought gently arrives like the west
wind – a quiet foreboding),
I will part from life's pilgrimage
And fly to the land of rest.

Will you then weep over my grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes?
Then, O friends, I will appear
And waft you all heavenward.

My beloved, bestow also a little tear on me
And pluck me a violet for my grave,
And, with your soulful gaze
Look, then, gently down on me.

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry!
Those tears will be in my diadem
Then: the fairest pearls.

Vaga luna, che inargenti – Bellini

*Vaga luna, che inargenti
Queste rive e questi fiori
Ed ispiri agli elementi
Il linguaggio dell'amor;
Testimonio or sei tu sola
Del mio fervido desir,
Ed a lei che m'innamora
Conta I palpiti e i sospir.*

*Dille pur che lontananza
Il mio duol non puo lenir,
Che se nutro una speranza,
Ella e sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
Conto l'ore del dolor,
Che una speme lusinghiera
Mi conforta nell'amor.*

Beautiful moon, who silvers
These shores and these flowers
And inspires the elements to
The language of love,
Only you can now testify
To my fervent desire,
And to her with whom I am enamored
Recount the heartbeats and the sighs.

Say also that absence
Cannot temper my grief,
That if I nurture one dream,
It is only, yes, for the future.
Say also that day and night
I count the hours of pain,
That an assuring hope
Comforts me in love

Verborgenheit - Wolf

Text by Eduard Mörike

<i>Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!</i>	Oh, world, let me be!
<i>Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,</i>	Entice me not with gifts of love.
<i>Lasst dies Herz alleine haben</i>	Let this heart in solitude have
<i>Seine Wonne, seine Pein!</i>	Your bliss, your pain!
<i>Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,</i>	What I mourn, I know not.
<i>Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;</i>	It is an unknown pain;
<i>Immerdar durch Tränen sehe</i>	Forever through tears shall I see
<i>Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.</i>	The sun's love-light.
<i>Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,</i>	Often, I am scarcely conscious
<i>Und die helle Freude zücket</i>	And the bright joys break
<i>Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket,</i>	Through the pain, thus pressing
<i>Wonniglich in meiner Brust.</i>	Delightfully into my breast.

Schneeglöckchen - Schumann

Text by Franz Rückert

<i>Der Schnee, der gestern noch in</i>	The snow, that just yesterday was
<i>Flöckchen Vom Himmel fiel,</i>	falling in flakes from the sky,
<i>Hängt nun geronnen heut als</i>	today hangs now, congealed, like
<i>Glöckchen Am zarten Stiel.</i>	bells from a tender stem.
<i>Schneeglöckchen läutet, was</i>	The snowdrop bell tolls - what does
<i>bedeutet's Im stillen Hain?</i>	it mean in the silent grove?
<i>O komm geschwind! Im Haine</i>	O come quickly! In the grove,
<i>läutet's Den Frühling ein.</i>	it tolls for Spring.
<i>O kommt, ihr Blätter, Blüt' und</i>	O come, you leaves, blossoms and
<i>Blume, Die ihr noch träumt,</i>	flowers you who are still dreaming -
<i>All zu des Frühlings Heiligtume!</i>	come to Spring's sanctuary!
<i>Kommt ungesäumt!</i>	Come at once!

Zueignung - Strauss

Text by Hermann von Gilm

<i>Ja, du weisst es, theure Seele,</i>	Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
<i>Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,</i>	How I suffer far from you,
<i>Liebe macht die Herzen krank,</i>	Love makes the heart sick,
<i>Habe Dank.</i>	Have thanks.
<i>Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,</i>	Once I, drinker of freedom,
<i>Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,</i>	Held high the amethyst beaker,
<i>Und du segnetest den Trank,</i>	And you blessed the drink,
<i>Habe Dank.</i>	Have thanks.
<i>Und beschworst darin die Bösen,</i>	And you exorcised the evils in it,
<i>Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,</i>	Until I, as I had never been before,
<i>Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,</i>	Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,
<i>Habe Dank.</i>	Have thanks.

Der Doppelgänger – Schubert

Text by Heinrich Heine

*Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem House wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Hous auf demselben Platz.*

*Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor Scherzengewalt;
Mir groust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe-
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.*

*Du Doppelgänger! Du bleicher Geselle!
Was affst du noch mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?*

Still is the night, the streets are calm,
In this house my beloved once lived;
She has long since left the town,
But the house still stands, here in the same place.

A man stands there also and looks to the sky,
And wrings his hands overwhelmed by pain:
Upon seeing his face, I am terrified-
The moon shows me my own form!

O you Doppelgänger! You pale comrade!
Why do you ape the pain of my love
Which tormented me upon this spot
So many a night, so long ago?

O del mio amato ben – Donaudy

*O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi e dagli occhi miei
Che m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
Sempre la cerco e chiamo
Con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'e si caro,
Che di pianto sol nutro il cor.*

*Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
Mi sembra gel oil foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
Di darmi ad altra cura,
Sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lei, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
Sanza il mio ben.*

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far it is from my eyes
That which was, to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms
I will always seek her and call her
With a heart full of hope...
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.

Without her, every place seems sad to me
Night, to me, feels like day;
To me, the cold seems like fire.
Sometimes I hope
To give myself to another cure,
I am tormented by one thought:
Without her, what will I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
Without my beloved.

Special Thanks

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And all of our friend's and family for their support

Upcoming Events at EWU

January 18 Jazz Residency with Matt Harris
January 19 Faculty Recital: Dr. Michael Waldrop, percussion
January 22 Band Invitational I
January 27 Jazz at Gatto's
January 29 Cellobration: Bach and the Beatles