

A KSTATE MTD RECITAL



Chris Melton, Tenor

with Cheryl Savage, Piano

Thursday, February 13

7:00 pm

All Faith's Chapel

Program

Of Laughter and Farewell

Jake Heggie(1961-)

Under the Blessing of your Psyche Wings

Poetry by Vachel Lindsay

By the Spring, at Sunset

Poema en forma de canciones, Op.19

Joaquín Turina(1882-1949)

1.Dedicatoria

Poetry by Ramon de Campoamor

2.Nunca olvida....

3.Cantares

4.Los dos miedos

5.Las locas por amor

Pause

Minnelied from Op.71

Johannes Brahms(1833-1897)

Poetry by Ludwig Höltz

Wie froh und frisch from Die schöne Magelone, Op.33

Poetry by Ludwig Tieck

Les trois Prières

Émile Paladilhe(1844-1926)

Poetry by Emmanuel Des Essarts

Le Roitelet

Poetry by André Theuriet

Psyché

Poetry by Pierre Corneille

Il mio tesoro

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart(1756-1791)

from Don Giovanni K.527

Libretto Lorenzo da Ponte

Please join us after the concert for a reception

Please hold all applause until after each set

Notes

The opening piece on the program is a work by a living composer who has made an indelible mark on the operatic world with such operas as *Dead Man Walking* (2000) and *Moby Dick* (2010). This song cycle surrounds the interaction and then reflection on a character and their past love interest. The first song, 'Under the Blessing of your Psyche Wings', portrays a character caught in a volatile relationship with great highs and lows. In the following song, the character reflects on their lost love and views the past with rose colored glasses. Jake Heggie's compositional style involves writing purely based on the sounds rather than a preconceived harmonic structure, listen to the beautiful vocal lines and emotional thematic material in the accompaniment.

Poema en forma de canciones takes the listener on a journey of reflection over a past love with a wide range of emotional characters. Turina was first a pianist and this is shown in his beautiful, solo like, accompaniments even beginning the cycle with a piano solo to set the stage. In the second song, 'Nunca olvida...' the character declaims that they will never forget their past love. The third song is a rousing flamenco number with flashy ornamentation reminiscent of Turina's Andalusian heritage. In the fourth song, the character begins saying, 'I am afraid of you', then after a passionate piano interlude ends the song, 'I am afraid without you.' The final song is an unabashed over pouring of passion from the character aptly titled, 'crazy in love'.

Notes

These select songs by the master Johannes Brahms reflect his love for folk tunes and show pieces. Brahms had a collection of tens of thousands of folk songs which doubtless he referenced for the first love song, 'Minnelied'. The following song, 'Wie froh und frisch' is a manifestation of longing or 'sehnsucht' for Brahms' homeland with many descriptions of his journey and anticipation to see his home.

Emile Paladilhe is a composer often described as 'insignificant' or 'forgotten' but he made several valuable additions to both the world of opera and mélodie. The first song is a set of blessings made to the character's love interest and God, characterized by a chorale texture throughout. The second song, 'Roitelet', is a fun, bouncing, tune which exhibits the flight and personality of the wren. The final song, 'Psyché', is the story of a jealous lover who sees competition everywhere from the sun to the air they breathe.

I would like to thank Dr. Reginald Pittman for all of his help and guidance in preparing this program along with all of the other professors in the music department who have taught me so much during this course. I would like to thank Cheryl Savage for her dedication, patience and artistry in putting together this program. I would also like to thank my parents, Lisa Melton Jackson and Chris Melton for all of their love and support. Most of all I want to thank my Fiancé, Kayla Majors, for everything you do, you are my rock and I could not have done this without you.

Text and Translations

Under the Blessing of Your Psyche Wings
by Vachel Lindsay

Though I have found you like a snow-drop pale,
On sunny days have found you weak and still,
Though I have often held your girlish head
Drooped on my shoulder, faint from little ill:-
Under the blessing of your Psyche-wings
I hide to-night like one small broken bird,
So soothed I half-forget the world gone mad:-
And all the winds of war are now unheard.
My heaven-doubting pennons feel your hands
With touch most delicate so circling round,
That for an hour I dream that God is good.
And in your shadow, Mercy's ways abound.
I thought myself the guard of your frail state,
And yet I come to-night a helpless guest,
Hiding beneath your giant Psyche-wings,
Against the pallor of your wondrous breast.

By the Spring, at Sunset

Sometimes we remember kisses,
Remember the dear heart-leap when they came:
Not always, but sometimes we remember
The kindness, the dumbness, the good flame
Of laughter and farewell.
Beside the road
Afar from those who said "Good-by" I write,
Far from my city task, my lawful load.
Sun in my face, wind beside my shoulder,
Streaming clouds, banners of new-born night
Enchant me now. The splendors growing bolder
Make bold my soul for some new wise delight.
I write the day's event, and quench my drouth,
Pausing beside the spring with happy mind.
And now I feel those kisses on my mouth,
Hers most of all, one little friend most kind.

Text and Translations

2. Nunca olvida...

Ya que este mundo abandono,
Ántes de dar cuenta á Dios,
Aquí para entre los dos,
Mi confesion te diré:
-- Con toda el alma perdono
Hasta á los que siempre he odiado;
¡Á tí, que tanto te he amado,
Nunca te perdonaré!

3. Cantares

¡Ay! Más cerca de mí te siento
Cuanto más huyo de tí,
Pues tu imagen es en mí
Sombra de mi pensamiento.
Vuélvemelo hoy a decir,
Pues, embelesado, ayer
Te escuchaba sin oír,
Y te miraba sin ver.

4. Los dos miedos

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día,
ella, lejos de mí,
-- ¿Por qué te acercas tanto? -- Me decía;
-- ¡Tengo miedo de tí! --
Y después que la noche hubo pasado
dijo, cerca de mí:
-- ¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?
¡Tengo miedo sin tí! --

5. Las locas por amor

-- "Te amaré, diosa Venus, si prefieres
que te ame mucho tiempo y con
cordura."
Y respondió la diosa de Citeres:
--"Prefiero, como todas las mujeres,
que me amen poco tiempo y con locura."
"Te amaré diosa Venus, te amaré."

2. Never forget...

Now that I abandon this world,
before rendering account to God,
I will tell you my confession
here, face-to-face.
I pardon with all my soul
even those people I have always hated.
As for you, whom I have loved so much,
I will never forgive you!

Translation-Andrew Schneider

3. Songs

I feel closer to you
The more I run from you,
For your image haunts
The very shadow of my thoughts.
Tell me again,
For yesterday I was spellbound:
I heard you without listening
And I looked at you without seeing.
Translation-Emily Ezust

4. The two fears

At the beginning [of] the night that day,
She, far away, said to me,
Why are you moving so close to me?
I am afraid of you.
And after the night had passed
She said, close to me:
Why are you going away from my side?
I am afraid without you!

Translation-Garrett Medlock

5. Mad in love

"I shall love you, goddess Venus,
if you wish for me to love you for a
long time and with good sense."
And the goddess of Cythera responded,
"I prefer, as all women do,
for you to love me for a short
time and with madness."
Translation- Emily Ezust

Text and Translations

Minnelied

Holder klingt der Vogelsang,
Wenn die Engelreine,
Die mein Jünglingsherz bezwang,
Wandelt durch die Haine.

Birdsong sounds more beautiful
When the pure angel
Who has won my young heart
Wanders through the woods.

Röter blühen Tal und Au,
Grüner wird der Wasen,
Wo die Finger meiner Frau
Maienblumen lasen.

Valley and meadow bloom redder,
The grass grows greener,
Where my lady's fingers
Gathered Maytime flowers.

Ohne sie ist Alles tot,
Welk sind Blüt und Kräuter,
Und kein Frühlingsabendrot
Dünkt mir schön und heiter.

Without her all is dead,
Flowers and herbs are withered,
And the spring sunset
Seems neither radiant nor fair.

Traute, minnigliche Frau,
Wollest nimmer fliehen;
Daß mein Herz, gleich dieser Au,
Mög' in Wonne blühen!

Gentle, charming lady,
Do not ever leave me;
That my heart, like this meadow,
Might bloom in bliss!
Translation-Richard Stokes

Text and Translations

Wie froh und Frisch

Wie froh und frisch mein Sinn sich
hebt,
Zurück bleibt alles Bangen,
Die Brust mit neuem Mute strebt,
Erwacht ein neu Verlangen.

Die Sterne spiegeln sich im Meer,
Und golden glänzt die Flut.—
Ich rannte taumelnd hin und her,
Und war nicht schlimm, nicht gut.

Doch niedergezogen
Sind Zweifel und wankender Sinn,
O tragt mich, ihr schaukelnden
Wogen,
Zur längst ersehnten Heimat hin.

In lieber, dämmernder Ferne,
Dort rufen heimische Lieder,
Aus jeglichem Sterne
Blickt sie mit sanftem Auge nieder.

Ebne dich, du treue Welle,
Führe mich auf fernen Wegen
Zu der vielgeliebten Schwelle,
Endlich meinem Glück entgehn!

How briskly and brightly my spirits soar,
All fear is left behind,
My heart strives with fresh courage,
Fresh longing awakes.

The stars are mirrored in the sea,
And the waves gleam with gold.
I ran reeling this way and that,
And was neither bad nor good.

But doubts and misgivings
Are now laid low;
Oh, carry me, you pitching waves,
To the homeland I've long desired.

In the dear, darkening distance
The songs of home are calling,
From every star
She gazes gently down.

Be calmed, O trusty waves,
Lead me along distant paths
To the much-loved threshold,
To happiness at last!

Text and Translations

Les trios prières

À l'heure où notre esprit moins fier
S'incline comme un Roi prophète,
Je mets mon coeur dans un Pater,
Pour que ta volonté soit faite.

Ô mon cher oiseau bleu rêvé,
Enfant gardienne et bon génie,
Je mets mon coeur dans un Ave,
Pour que tu sois la plus bénie.

Et comme en une coupe d'eau
Se penche la fleur ranimée,
Je mets mon coeur dans un Credo,
Pour que tu sois la plus aimée.

At the hour when our least-proud spirit
bows like a Prophet-King,
I put my heart into a Pater
that thy will be done.

Dear bluebird of my dreams,
guardian child and good genius,
I put my heart into an Ave
that thou shouldst be the most blessed.

And as in a goblet of water
the newly-revived flower bends,
I put my heart into a Credo
that thou shouldst be the most beloved
Translation-Faith J Cormier

Text and Translations

Roitelet

Rapide comme un rêve,
Vif comme un feu follet,
Tu voltiges sans trêve
Du chêne au serpolet,
Aile alerte et mignonne,
Petit porte-couronne,
Roitelet, roitelet!

Sous la branche qui pousse
Comme un vert mantelet,
Ton nid, berceau de mousse,
Fuit l'oeil du tiercelet.
C'est là qu'est ton royaume,
L'odeur des pins l'embaume,
Roitelet, roitelet!

C'est là qu'est ta nichée,
Dix oeufs blancs comme lait,
Ta pondeuse cachée
Les couve, et ton filet
De voix joyeux et frêle
Dit partout la nouvelle,
Roitelet, roitelet!

Même en hiver encore
L'arbre entend ton sifflet,
Ta huppe à crête aurore
y laisse un chaud reflet,
Et les bois blancs de givre
Par toi seul semblent vivre,
Roitelet, roitelet!

Fast as a dream,
Bright as a will-o'-the-wisp,
You flutter incessantly
From oak to wild thyme,
Alert and cute wing,
Small crown holder,
Wren, wren!

Under the growing branch
Like a green mantelet,
Your nest, cradle of moss,
Flee the eye of the thirdlet.
This is where your kingdom is,
The smell of pine trees fills it,
Wren, wren!

This is where your brood is,
Ten milk-white eggs,
Your hidden layer
Brood them, and your net
With a joyful and frail voice
Spread the news everywhere,
Wren, wren!

Even in winter again
The tree hears your whistle,
Your aurora crested crest
leaves a warm reflection there,
And the woods white with frost
By you alone seem to live,
Wren, wren!
Translation-Google

Text and Translations

Psyché

Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la
nature!

Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop
souvent,

Vos cheveux souffrent trop les caresses
du vent,

Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure!

L'air même que vous respirez

Avec trop de plaisir passe sur votre
bouche.

Votre habit de trop près vous touche!

Et sitôt que vous soupirez

Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche

Craint, parmi vos soupirs, des soupirs
égarés!

I am jealous, Psyche, of all
nature:

The rays of the sun kiss you too
often;

Your hair suffers too often the
wind's caresses:

The moment he strokes them, I
demur;

The very air you breathe
Passes your lips with too much
pleasure;

Your garment clings to you too
closely;

And the instant you sigh,
Something which frightens me
Fears that your sighs are not all
for me.

Translation-Richard Stokes

Il mio tesoro

Il mio tesoro intanto

Andate a consolar,

E del bel ciglio il pianto

Cercate di asciugare.

Ditele che i suoi torti

A cendicar io vado;

Che sol di stragi e morti

Nunzio vogl'io tornar.

To my beloved, o hasten,
To comfort, to comfort her sad
heart.

Sweet are the tears that
chasten,

Yet grieve not those who part.

Tell her, to see her righted,

Ne'er will I cease pursuing,

My sword and faith I've
plighted.

Nought my resolve shall
thwart.