UNLV
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS
College of Fine Arts ~ Department of Music

Presents a

Junior Recital

Brian Myer
tenor

Wednesday, April 14, 2010
6:00pm
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beaum Music Center
Program

Per questa bella mano
W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)
Blake Riley, Bass

Memnon
Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Ganymed

Oh! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux
Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Les yeux clos

Nuit d’Espagne

Deep River
Moses Hogan
(1957-2003)

My Good Lord’s Done Been Here

Give Me Jesus

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is the most significant musical figure of the Classical period.Composer of over 600 pieces, his works span the gamut of musical genres, including opera, symphony, chamber music, piano, and choral music. He completed Per questa bella mano as a concert aria, a vocal piece that was not originally intended for a specific opera. The theme of love is apparent throughout, highlighted by a bass obbligato, which complements the melody.

Per questa bella mano

By your lovely hand

Translation by Waldo Lyman

Considered the father of German lieder, Franz Schubert became one of the most prolific writers of the 19th century. Memnon and Ganymed each explore the perspectives of mythological characters during the Trojan War. Memnon, an Ethiopian king killed in battle by Achilles, laments his separation and longing for his mother, the goddess of the dawn. Ganymed, a prince of Troy, takes flight in his rapture over the coming of a spring morning. The continued modulations in an upward direction represent his soaring higher and higher.

Translation by Martha Gerhart

Translation by Johann Baptist Mayrhofer

This concert is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Bachelor of Music in Performance.
Brian Myer is a student of Ted Fitzgerald.
Gänseblümchen

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich angeschaut,
Fröhlich, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Dein ewigen Wärme
Hellig Gefühle,
Unheilige Schöne!
Dass ich dich fassen möchte
In diesen Armen!

Ach, in deinem Busen
Liege ich, und schmale
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens.
Lieblicher Morgengruß!
Küßt dir die Nachtigall
Liebe nach mir aus dem Nebelstal.
Ich komm! Ich komme!
Ach, wohin? Wohin?

Hinauf steigt's, hinauf!
Es schieben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnsüchtigen Liebe.
Mirl Mir!
In eurem Schoße
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfangen!
Aufwärts auf deinen Busen,
Allleibender Vater!

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
Translation by Martha Gerhart

Known mostly for his opera, Jules Massenet focused on the beauty of melody to express thought and emotion. Using enchanting melodies, Massenet creates three different moods in reference to the symbolic quality of the eyes. In Oh! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux he uses rising and falling lines to depict the beauty of the flowers. The tone shifts to melancholy in Les yeux clos with the description of the impending loss of a loved one. The melody is married between the vocal line and the piano, representing the unity of love. Nuit d'Espagne makes use of semitones and minor modes to paint the picture of seduction.

Oh! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux

Oh! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux,
Ils seraient de mélancolie,
Oh! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux,
Que leurs larmes seraient jolies.
Et s' les fleurs avaient des ailes,
Elles seraient en pur volera,
Et s' les fleurs avaient des ailes,
Elles s'embarquaient vers l'amour.

Gänseblümchen

How, in the morning's splendor,
You glow all around me,
Spring, beloved!
With love's thousandfold rapture
Presses upon my heart
Your eternal warmth's
Divine feeling,
Endless beauty!
Would that I could hold you
In these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie and languish;
And your flowers, your grass
Press against my heart.
You cool the burning
Thirst of my bosom,
Lovely morning breeze
Therein calls the nightingale.
Lovingly to me from the misty valley.
I come! I come!
Ah, wither? Wither?

Upward I soar, upward!
The clouds float.
Downward, the clouds
Bow down to yearning love,
To me! To me!
Into your lap,
Upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!

Text by G. Buchilhott

Les yeux clos
Quand tes yeux clos ne verront plus
Les lieux charmants où nous aimâmes,
L'air des sogniols plein mon âme,
Quand tes yeux clos ne verront plus.

Sous le poids lourd des destituees,
Courbant un front qui se souvient,
Ton souvenir restera bien,
Dans le tourbillon des années.

Quand tes yeux clos ne verront plus
Les fleurs qui s'ouvriraient pour te plaire,
J'en couvrirai ta tombe chère,
Quand tes yeux clos ne verront plus!

Text by G. Buchilhott

Nuit d'Espagne
L'air est embrouillé,
La nuit est sombre;
Et mon âme est pleine
De pensées joyeuses;
Viens! ô bien aimée,
Voici l'instant de l'amour!

Dans les bois profonds,
Où les fleurs s'endorment,
Où chantent les sources;
Vite enlouisons-nous!
Vois, la lune est claire
Et nous sortons dans le ciel.

Les yeux indiscrèts ne sont plus à craindre.
Viens! ô bien aimée,
La nuit protège ton front rougissant!
La nuit est sombre, apaise mon cœur!
C'est l'heure d'amour!

Dans le sable azur,
Les blondes étioles
Excitent leurs voiles
Pour te voir passer.
Viens! ô bien aimée,
Voici l'instant de l'amour!

But if the flowers had a soul
In their chiseled chalices,
But if the flowers had a soul
Their scents would be kisses.

Les yeux clos
Quand tes yeux clos ne verront plus
Les lieux charmants où nous aimâmes,
L'air des sogniols plein mon âme,
Quand tes yeux clos ne verront plus.

Sous le poids lourd des destituees,
Courbant un front qui se souvient,
Ton souvenir restera bien,
Dans le tourbillon des années.

Quand tes yeux clos ne verront plus
Les fleurs qui s'ouvriraient pour te plaire,
J'en couvrirai ta tombe chère,
Quand tes yeux clos ne verront plus!

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Nuit d'Espagne
L'air est embrouillé,
La nuit est sombre;
Et mon âme est pleine
De pensées joyeuses;
Viens! ô bien aimée,
Voici l'instant de l'amour!

Dans les bois profonds,
Où les fleurs s'endorment,
Où chantent les sources;
Vite enlouisons-nous!
Vois, la lune est claire
Et nous sortons dans le ciel.

Les yeux indiscrèts ne sont plus à craindre.
Viens! ô bien aimée,
La nuit protège ton front rougissant!
La nuit est sombre, apaise mon cœur!
C'est l'heure d'amour!

Dans le sable azur,
Les blondes étioles
Excitent leurs voiles
Pour te voir passer.
Viens! ô bien aimée,
Voici l'instant de l'amour!

Translation by Brian Myer

Closed Eyes
When your closed eyes see no more
The charming places where we were in love,
I'll gaze within my soul,
When your closed eyes see no more.

Under the heavy weight of destiny,
Twisting a brow that remembers,
Your memory will remain mine,
In the whirlpool of years.

When your closed eyes see no more
The flowers that open to please you,
I'll cover your dear tomb with them,
When your closed eyes see no more!

Translation by Brian Myer

Spanish Night
The air is balmy,
The night is serene
And my soul is full
Of joyous thoughts;
Come! my beloved
This is the moment of love!

In the deep woods,
Where the flowers fall asleep,
Where the springs sing,
Quickly, let's flee!
Look, the moon is clear,
And smiles at us in the sky

Suggestive eyes are no longer to be feared.
Come! oh beloved,
The night hides your reddened face
The night is serene, calm my heart!
It is the hour of love.

In the dim azure,
The bright stars
Set aside their veils
to watch you pass by.
Come! oh beloved,
This is the moment of love!
I saw half-opened
Your curtain of gauze.
You hear me, cruel one,
and you do not come!
Look, the path is dim
under the intertwined branches.

Gather in their splendor your youthful years
Come! for the hour is short,
One day the spring's flower petals will wither!
The night is serene, calm my heart!
It is the hour of love!

Text by Louis Gallet
Translation by Brian Myer

Moses Hogan, an arranger of African-American spirituals, helped establish the spiritual as standard repertoire both in the world of art song and the world of choral music. Spirituals often represent more than just religious connection; they were used as work songs as well as guides to lead the slaves to free territory. Deep River exemplifies this double meaning in illustrating the passage into the Promised Land by crossing the river. My Good Lord's Done Been Here and Give Me Jesus are songs of praise that reach out to God in search of salvation.

Deep River
Deep river
My home is over Jordan
Deep river, Lord
I want to cross over into campground.

Oh, don't you want to go
To that gospel feast
That Promised Land
Where all is peace?

Deep river, Lord
I want to cross over into campground.

Give Me Jesus
In the morning when I rise,
Give me Jesus.
Dark midnight was my cry.
Give me Jesus.
Oh, when I comes to die,
Give me Jesus.

My Good Lord's Done Been Here
My good lord's done been here,
Blest my soul, and gone away.

Never did I think that He was so nigh,
Blest my soul, and gone away.

He spoke and He made me laugh and cry,
Blest my soul, and gone away.

Sinner better min' how you walk on the cross,
Blest my soul, and gone away.

Your foot might slip and your soul get lost,
Blest my soul, and gone away.

My good lord's done been here,
Blest my soul, and gone away.
My good lord's done been here,
Blest my soul, and gone away.