



College of Fine Arts ~ Department of Music

Presents

# Nicole Harris

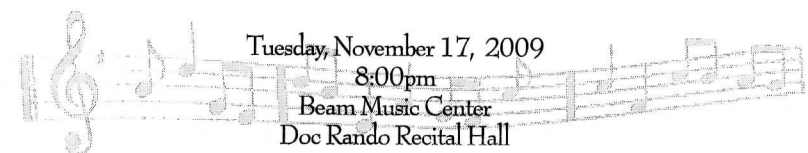
*Mezzo-Soprano*

Junior Recital

*featuring*

*Nancy Porter*

*piano*



## ~ Program ~

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1875-1947)

Nuit d'Espagne

Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

The Sky Above the Roof  
The Call  
Silent Noon

Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872-1958)

Dein blaues Auge, Op. 59, No.8  
Die Mainacht, Op. 43, No.2  
Von ewiger Liebe, Op. 43, No.1

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

*Duet with Kristina Newman*

Prenderò quel brunettino  
From *Così fan tutte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

*Nicole Harris is a student of Dr. Ruth Jacobson. This recital is offered as partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Degree in Vocal Performance.*

## ~Notes and Translations~

**Reynaldo Hahn** was born in 1875 in Caracas, Venezuela. He composed "Si mes vers avaient des ailes" when he was just fifteen years old. His ability to accentuate the beauty of the voice is evident in this piece. The sweeping motion of the accompaniment carries the delicate vocal line.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes  
Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,  
Vers votre jardin si beau,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Comme l'oiseau.

If my verses had wings  
My verses would fly, fragile and gentle,  
To your beautiful garden,  
If my verses had wings  
Like a bird.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,  
Vers votre foyer qui rit,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Comme l'esprit.

They would fly like sparks  
To your cherry hearth,  
If my verses had wings  
Like my spirit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,  
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Comme l'amour.

Pure and faithful, to your side  
They would hasten night and day  
If my verses had wings  
Like love.

Text by Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

Translation by Carol Kimball

**Jules Massenet** was born in 1842 in France. He is best known for his operas. "Nuit d'Espagne" was written in 1872. The piece gives a description of a hot and humid Spanish evening. The accompaniment, with its energetic rhythmic patterns, comes from Spanish dance figures that almost seem to upstage the vocal line.

Nuit d'Espagne  
L'air est embaumé,  
La nuit est sereine  
Et mon âme est pleine  
De pensers joyeux;  
Viens! ô bien aimée,  
Voici l'instant de l'amour!

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

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

Into the deep woods,  
Where the flowers sleep,  
Where the springs are singing;  
Let us go quickly!  
Look, the moon is bright,  
And smiling in the sky,

Les yeux indiscrets  
Ne sont plus à craindre.  
Viens, ô bien aimée,  
La nuit protège ton front rougissant!  
La nuit est sereine,  
Apaaise mon coeur!  
Viens! ô bien aimée,  
C'est l'heure d'amour!

Prying eyes  
Are no longer to be found  
Come! My beloved!  
The night covers your blushing face!  
The night is serene  
Calm my heart!  
Come! My beloved!  
It is the hour of love!

Dans le sombre azur,  
Les blondes étoiles  
Ecartent leurs voiles  
Pour te voir passer,  
Viens, ô bien aimée,  
Voici l'instant de l'amour!

J'ai vu s'entr'ouvrir  
Ton rideau de gaze.  
Tu m'entends, cruelle,  
Et tu ne viens pas!  
Vois, la route est sombre  
Sous les rameaux enlacés!

Cueille en leur splendeur  
Tes jeunes années,  
Viens! car l'heure est brève,  
Un jour effeuille les fleurs du printemps!  
La nuit est sereine, apaise mon cœur!  
Viens! ô bien aimée,  
c'est l'heure d'amour!

Text by Louis Gallet (1835-1898)

In the dark blue sky  
The pale stars  
Cast off their veils  
To see you pass by,  
Come! My beloved!  
This is the moment of love!

I saw, half open  
Your gauzy curtain  
You hear me, cruel one,  
And you do not come!  
Look, the path is dark  
Under the intertwined branches!

Gather in their splendor  
Your youthful years,  
Come! Time is short,  
In one day the leaves of spring are shed  
The night is serene, calm my heart!  
Come! O my beloved!  
It is the hour of love!

Translation by Carol Kimball

**Johannes Brahms** was born in 1833 in Hamburg, Germany. He was one of the leading composers in the Romantic period. He composed "Dein blaues Auge" when he turned 40 years old. It was originally written for Bass/Baritone. This piece is mainly about restoration. "Die Mainacht" and the following song, "Von ewiger Liebe," are both part of the same opus. They both have similar moods and have an intense approach to musical content. In "Die Mainacht," the piece portrays a man wandering sadly through the woods who shuns the beauty of May. As he begins to contemplate love, a single tear falls. There were four verses in the original poem. Brahms omitted the second one and set the other three in strophic form. "Von ewiger Liebe" portrays three different characters: a narrator, a boy, and a girl. The narrator tells a story of a boy who is walking his sweetheart home. The boy then confronts the girl and tells her that he must end the relationship now because he feels as though he has failed her. The girl then declares that their love is strong and will last forever.

### Dein blaues Auge

Dein blaues Auge hält so still,  
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.  
Du fragst mich,  
Was ich sehen will?  
Ich sehe mich gesund.

Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,  
Noch schmerzt, noch schmerzt  
Das Nachgefühl:  
Das deine ist wie See so klar  
Und wie ein See so kühl.

Text by Klaus Groth (1819-1899)

### Your Blue Eyes

Your blue eyes keep so still,  
I look right to the bottom of them.  
You ask me,  
What do I want to see?  
I want to see myself restored.

A glowing pair once burned me,  
It hurts; it still hurts  
The feeling after:  
But your eyes are so clear like the lake  
And like the lake, so cool and separate.

Translation by Nicole Harris

### Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond  
Durch die Gesträuche blinkt,  
Und sein schlummerndes Licht  
über den Rasen streut,  
Und die Nachtigall flötet,  
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet von Laub  
Girret ein Taubenpaar  
Sein Entzücken mir vor;  
Aber ich wende mich,  
Suche dunklere Schatten,  
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild,  
Welches wie Morgenrot  
Durch die Seele mir strahlt,  
Find' ich auf Erden dich?  
Und die einsame Träne Bebt  
Mir heißer die Wang' herab!

Text by Ludwig Heinrich Christoph  
Hölty (1748-1776)

### Von ewiger Liebe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!  
Abend schon ist es, nun schweigt die Welt.  
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,  
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweigt nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,  
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,  
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,  
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

Leidest du Schmach und betrübtest du dich,  
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,  
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,  
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.  
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,  
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:  
Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!  
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,  
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,  
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?  
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,  
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!

Text by Josef Wenzig (1807-1876)

### The May Night

When the silver moon  
Gleams through the bushes,  
And its slumbering light  
Spreads over the field,  
And the nightingale sings,  
I sadly wander from bush to bush.

Enveloped by the foliage  
A pair of doves coos their delight before me;  
But I turn away to seek darker shadows,  
And a single tear flows.

When, o smiling image,  
Which like the dawn  
Shines through my soul,  
Will I find you on Earth?  
And a single tear falls quivering  
Burning down my cheek.

Translation by Nicole Harris

### Of Eternal Love

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and the field  
It is evening already; the world is silent now.  
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke  
Yes, and even the lark is silent now.

From out of the village comes a young boy  
Walking his sweetheart home,  
He leads her past the willow bushes,  
Talking so much, and of other things:

"If you suffer humiliation and distress yourself,  
If you suffer shame from others because of me,  
Then our love will end quickly,  
Quicker than we first came together.  
It will separate with the rain and with the wind  
Faster than when we first came together."

Then the maiden says, the maiden says:  
"Our love will never end!  
Steel is firm and iron is firm,  
But our love is even firmer.

Iron and steel can be changed,  
But who would change our love?  
Iron and steel can melt,  
Our love, our love will last forever!"

Translation by Nicole Harris



**Ralph Vaughan Williams** was one of the most important British composers of his time. He was born in 1872 in Down Ampney, Gloucestershire and was greatly influenced by English folk music. In "The sky above the roof" the accompaniment is very thin. The melody is beautiful, yet melancholy. The phrases seem to rise and fall as if in a constant struggle with itself. "The Call" has folk influence in it. The vocal line is gentle and rich, almost Romantic in spirit. The song "Silent Noon" is a sensual piece that celebrates the feeling of love. The poetry used in the song is simply beautiful. It describes a person with their lover wanting to live in the moment and wish that it would never end.

### The Sky Above the Roof

The sky above the roof is calm and sweet:  
A tree above the roof bends in the heat.  
A bell from out the blue drowsily rings:  
A bird from out the blue plaintively sings.

Ah God! A life is here, simple and fair,  
Murmurs of strife are here lost in the air.  
Why dost thou weep, O heart poured out in tears?  
What hast thou done, O heart, with thy spent years?

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

### The Call

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life  
Such a Way that gives us breath  
Such a Truth that ends all strife  
Such a Life as killeth death

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength  
Such a Light that shows a feast  
Such a Feast that mends in length  
Such a Strength as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart  
Such a Joy as none can move  
Such a Love that none can part  
Such a Heart as joys in love.

Text by George Herbert (1593-1633)

### Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass  
The finger points look through like rosy blooms  
Your eyes smile peace.  
The pasture gleams and glooms  
Neath billowing skies  
That scatter and amass!

All 'round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden king-cup fields with silver edge  
Where the cowparsley skirts the hawthorne hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hourglass

Deep, in the sun-searched growths the dragonfly hangs  
Like a blue thread, loosened from the sky.  
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.

Oh, clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When two-fold silence was the song of love.

Text by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart** was born in 1756 in Salzburg, Austria. He is among one of the most influential and popular composers of the Classical period. His opera *Così fan tutte* is about an old philosopher and cynic, Don Alfonso who is determined to prove to his two young friends, Guglielmo and Ferrando, that their fiancées, Fiordiligi and Dorabella, are not to be trusted like any other woman. With the help of Despina, the ladies' maid, Alfonso conjures his plan. He tells the sisters that their lovers have been called up on duty being that they are officers. As a part of his plan, he introduces the sisters to two Albanians, who are, of course, Guglielmo and Ferrando in disguise. After inner conflicts the two women give in to the advances of the "Albanians," forcing Guglielmo and Ferrando to give up. However, Don Alfonso reveals the plan to the sisters and they are reconciled with their lovers. The duet is from Act II Scene I. Sisters Dorabella and Fiordiligi agree that it would not do any harm flirt a little with the "Albanians" and would help pass the time before their lovers return.

### Prenderò quel brunettino

**DORABELLA**  
Prenderò quel brunettino,  
Che più lepido mi par.

**FIORDILIGI**  
Ed intanto io col biondino  
Vo' un po' ridere e burlar.

**DORABELLA**  
Scherzosetta, ai dolci detti  
Io di quel risponderò.

**FIORDILIGI**  
Sospirando, i sospiretti  
Io dell'altro imiterò.

**DORABELLA**  
Mi dirà:  
Ben mio, mi moro!

**FIORDILIGI**  
Mi dirà:  
Mio bel tesoro!

**FIORDILIGI E DORABELLA**  
Ed intanto che diletto,  
Che spassetto  
Io proverò!

### Prenderò quel brunettino

**DORABELLA**  
I'll take the dark one,  
Who seems more fun to me.

**FIORDILIGI**  
And in the meantime I'll laugh  
And joke a bit with the blond one.

**DORABELLA**  
Playfully I'll answer  
His charming words.

**FIORDILIGI**  
Sighing, I'll mimic  
The other's sighs.

**DORABELLA**  
He'll say to me:  
My love, I'm dying!

**FIORDILIGI**  
He'll say to me:  
My darling jewel!

**FIORDILIGI E DORABELLA**  
And in the meantime  
What joy and satisfaction  
I will have!

Text by Lorenzo Da Ponte (1749-1838) Translation by Nicole Harris