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
Beckman Music Center
Program

Per questa bella mano
W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)
Per questa bella mano
By your lovely hand

Blake Riley, Bass

Memnon
Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
Memnon
Considered the father of German lied, 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 from his beloved, Hecuba. 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.

Ganymed

Oh! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux
Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)
Memnon
Throughout the day only one am I permitted to speak, accustomed to being ever silent, and to grieving. When, through the night-born walls of mist, Aurora’s crimson rays lovingly break through.

Les yeux clos

Nuit d’Espagne

Deep River
Moses Hogan
(1957-2003)
Memnon
For men’s ears it is harmony. Since I proclaim my lament melodically, and through the art of poetry soften its harshness, they imagine within me a happy bloom.

My Good Lord’s Done Been Here

Give Me Jesus

Translation by Waldo Lyman
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 Fitzpatrick.
Gagny-panel

Wie im Morgenglanz
Du rings mich anglistet,
Frühling, Gefühle!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Hellig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schönheit
Dass ich dich fassen möchte
In diesen Arm!

Ach, in deinem Busen
Lieg ich, und schmachtet,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühler den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Kraft dran die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komme, ich komme!
Ach, woher? woher?

Hinauf, streicht, hinauf!
Es scwachen die Wölken
A Woller.
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnden Liebe.
Miff Mir!
In eurem Schoße
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!

Gagny-panel

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 Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
Translation by Martha Gerhart

Known mostly for his operas, 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! If the flowers had eyes
Oh! If the flowers had eyes,
They would be melancholy,
Oh! If the flowers had eyes,
How their tears would be beautiful.
And if the flowers had wings,
The would be of pure velvet,
And if the flowers had wings,
They would flee towards love.

Mais si les fleurs avaient une âme
En leurs calices ciselés,
Mais si les fleurs avaient une âme
Leurs parfums seraient des baisers.

Les yeux clos

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

Sous le poids lourd des destinées,
Courant un front qui se souvient,
Ton souvenir restera mien,
Dans le tourbillon des années.

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

Text by G. Buchillot

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 !

Dans les bois profonds,
Où les fleurs s'enfument,
Où chantaient les sources ;
Vite enluyons-nous !
Voilà, la lune est claire
Et nous sourit dans le ciel.

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

Dans le sombre azur,
Les blanches étoiles
Excellent 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 grasp 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 redden'd 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,
bless my soul, and gone away.
My good lord’s done been here,
bless my soul, and gone.

Never did I think that He was so nigh,
bless my soul, and gone;
He spoke and He made me laugh and cry,
bless my soul, and gone.

My good lord’s done been here,
bless my soul, and gone away.
My good lord’s done been here,
bless my soul, and gone.

Sinner better min’ how you walk on the
cross,
bless my soul, and gone;
Your foot might slip and your soul get lost,
bless my soul, and gone.

My good lord’s done been here,
bless my soul, and gone away.
My good lord’s done been here,
bless my soul, and gone.