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

Volgi lieti, o fieri guardi,
Dimmi pur che m'odi o mammil
Sempre accesso ai dolci dardi,
Sempre tuo vol' che mi chiami,
Ne cangiar pur terra o cielo
Quel destio che vive in me.

Translation by Waldo Lyman

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 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.

Den Tag hindurch nur einmal mach ich aposchen,
Gewohnt zu schweigen immer und zu trauern.
Wenn durch die nachtgebornen Nebelmauern
Aurores Purpurstrahlen liebend brechen.

Memnon

Throughout the day only once am I permitted to speak,
Acquainted to being ever silent, and to grieving.
When, through the morning’s golden rays,
Aurora’s crimson rays lovingly break through.

Für Menschenoren sind es Harmonien.
Weil ich die Klage selbst melodisch kunde,
Und durch der Dichtung Glied das Rauhe rinde,
Vermuten sie in mir ein selig Blüthen.

Memnon

For men’s ears it is harmony.
Since I proclaim my lament melodically,
And through the art of poetry soften its harshnesses,
They imagine within me a happy bloom.

In mir, nach dem des Todes Arme langen,
In dessen tiefstem Herzen Schlängen wählen,
Genährt von meinen schmerzlichen Gefühlen,
Fast wütend durch ein ungestillt Verlangen:

Memnon

Within me, to whom the arms of death reach out,
In whose heart’s depths serpent’s gnaw,
Nourished by my anguish feelings,
Almost gone mad from an unquenchable longing:

Mit dir, des Morgens Götter, mich zu einen,
Und weit von diesem niichten Getriebe,
Aus Sphären der Freiheit, aus Sphären meiner Liebe,
Ein stiller bleicher Stern herab zu scheinen.

Memnon

With you, goddess of morning, to be united,
And, far from this futile bustle,
From spheres of noble freedom, from spheres of pure love,
To shine down as a silent, pale star.

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

Text by Johann Baptist Mayrhofer
Translation by Martha Gerhart
Ganymede

Wie im Morgen lichte
Du rings mich angühstet,
Frühling, Gefühle!
Mit tausendfacher Liebessonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Würme
Höhig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schön!
Dass ich dich fassen möchte
In diesem Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Liege ich, und sehmechte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblecher Morgengum!
Ruft die die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komme! Ich komme!
Ach! wohin? wohin?

Hinauf, streift, hinauf!
Es schwimmen die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehenden Liebe.
Mirl Mir!
In eurem Schoße
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfangen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!

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, wittwo? Witwen?

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

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

Closed Eyes

When your closed eyes see no more
The charming places where we were in love,
I’ll gasp 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!

Translation by Martha Gerhart

Mai s les fleurs avaient des yeux
Mais si les fleurs avaient une âme
Les yeux clos
Vous seriez de mélancole,
Que leurs larmes seraient jolies.
Et s les fleurs avaient des ailes,
Et s les fleurs avaient des ailes,
Elles s’enfuireraient vers l’amour.

Oh! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux,
Oh! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux,
Ô! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux,
Ô! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux,
Que leurs larmes seraient jolies.

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

Text by G. Buchillot

Les yeux clos
Quand tes yeux clos ne verront plus
Les lieux charmants où nous aimâmes,
Lauré des angéliques pléen mon âme,
Quand tes yeux clos ne verront plus.

Sous le poids lourd des destinées,
Courbant 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!

Translation by Brian Myer

Nuit d’Espagne

L’air est embusqué,
La nuit est sévère
Et mon âme est pleine
De pensiers joyeux ;
Viens ! ô bien aimée,
Voici l’instant de l’amour !

Dans les bois profonds,
Ô! les fleurs s’étendent,
Ô! chantent les sources ;
Vite enfuyons-nous !
Vois, la lune est claire
Et nous souris dans le ciel.

Les yeux indiscrets ne sont plus à craindre.
Viens ! ô bien aimé,
La nuit protège ton front rougissant !
La nuit est sévère, apaise mon cœur !
C’est l’heure d’amour !

Dans le sombre azur,
Les blondes étoilées
Exceptent leurs voiles
Pour te voir passer,
Viens ! ô bien aimée,
Voici l’instant de l’amour !

Translation by Martha Gerhart

Oui! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux
Oui! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux,
Ils seraient de mélancole,
Oui! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux,
Que leurs larmes seraient jolies.

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 pure velvet.
And if the flowers had wings,
They would flee towards love.
J'ai vu s'entrouvrir
Ton rideau de gaze,
Tu m'enfouis, cruelle,
et tu ne m'en vois pas!
Vois, la route est sombre
sous les rameaux enlacés.

Cueille en leur splendeur tes jeunes années
Viens! car l'heure est bêve,
Un jour effleure les fleurs du printemps!
La nuit est sereine, apaise mon cœur!
C'est l'heure d'amour!

Text by Louis Gallet

I saw half-opened
Your curtain of gauze.
You hear me, cruel one,
You do not come!
Look, the path is dim
under the intertwined branches.

Gather in their splendor you 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!

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

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

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.

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

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.