

THE ST. OLAF COLLEGE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

presents in

JUNIOR RECITAL

Eric Broker, *bass-baritone*

Emory Tower, *baritone*

assisted by

Lori Folland, *piano*



FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 2014

URNESS RECITAL HALL • 8:15 P.M.

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music degree in
Vocal Performance*

PROGRAM

- I.**
The Angler's Song Henry Lawes (1595–1662)
Eric Broker, *bass-baritone*
Emory Tower, *baritone*
- II.**
Cara sposa George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
Emory Tower, *baritone*
- Non siate ritrosi** Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)
from *Così fan tutte*
Emory Tower, *baritone*
- III.**
Chansons de Don Quichotte Jacques Ibert (1890–1962)
I. Chanson Du Départ de Don Quichotte
II. Chanson À Dulcinée
III. Chanson Du Duc
IV. Chanson De La Mort de Don Quichotte
Eric Broker, *bass-baritone*
- IV.**
Poème d'un jour Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
I. Rencontre
II. Toujours
III. Adieu
Emory Tower, *baritone*
- V.**
Dichterliebe Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
III. Die Rose, die Lilie, Die Taube, die Sonne
IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
VII. Ich grolle nicht
Eric Broker, *bass-baritone*
- VI.**
Thus Saith The Lord George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
But Who May Abide
from *The Messiah*
Eric Broker, *bass-baritone*
- VII.**
Sleep Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)
Walking Song
Emory Tower, *baritone*
- VIII.**
Well, Did You Evah? Cole Porter (1891–1964)
Eric Broker, *bass-baritone*
Emory Tower, *baritone*
- ~Reception to Follow~

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The Angler's Song

Man's life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain
And sorrow, and short as a bubble;
Tis a hodgepodge of business, and money and care,
And care and money, and trouble.
But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair,
Nor will we vex now though it rain;
We'll banish all Sorrow, and sing till tomorrow,
And angle and angle again.

Cara sposa

Cara sposa, amante cara, dove sei?
Deh! ritorna a' pianti miei!
Del vostro Erebo sull'ara,
Colla face dello sdegno
Io vi sfido, o spriti rei!

Non siate ritrosi

Non siate ritrosi, occhietti vezzosi;
due lampi amorosi vibrare un po' quà.
Felici rendeteci, amate con noi,
e noi felicissime faremo anche voi.
Guardate, toccate, il tutto osservate;
siam due cari matti, siamo forti e ben fatti,
e come ognuno vede, sia merto, sia caso,
abbiamo bel piede, bell'occhio, bel naso,
guardate: bel piede, osservate: bell'occhio,
toccate: bel naso; il tutto osservate.
E questi mustacchi chiamare si possono
trionfi degli uomini, pennacchi d'amor,
trionfi, pennacchi, mustacchi!

Chanson Du Départ de Don Quichotte

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice
Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre
Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire
où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,
Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice,
Où la vertueuse maîtresse se retire,
Que l'oeil regarde et que l'esprit admire
Forçant les coeurs à lui faire service.
C'est un château, fait de telle sorte
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte
Si des grands rois il n'a sauvé sa race
Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.
Nul chevalier tant soit aventureux
Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place.

Dear bride

*Dear bride, lover dear, where are you?
Ah! Return to my tears!
Upon the dark altar of the underworld,
With the torch of my disdain
I challenge you, oh spirits evil!*

Don't be bashful

*Don't be bashful, charming little eyes;
send two flashes of love for a moment over here.
Make us happy, love with us,
And we will make you very happy also.
Look, touch, observe everything;
we're two dear madmen, we're strong and well made,
and as everyone can see, whether by merit or by chance,
We have a fine foot, a fine eye, a fine nose,
look: a fine foot, observe: a fine eye,
touch: a fine nose, observe everything;
And these mustaches can be called
manly triumphs, plumes of love,
triumphs, plumes, mustaches!*

Don Quixote's Song of Departure

*This new castle, this new building,
enriched with marble and porphyry,
where love built a castle for his empire
and all of heaven added their skills,
a rampart, a fortress against vice,
is whose virtuous mistress hides herself away,
that the eye beholds and the spirit admires,
forcing hearts to her service.
It is a castle, made in such a way
that none may approach its door
unless he has saved his people from the Great Kings,
victorious, valiant and loving.
No knight, no matter how adventurous,
can enter without being such a person.*

Chanson À Dulcinée

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma dulcinée.
mais, amour a peint son visage,
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,
dans la fontaine et le nuage,
dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.
Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma dulcinée
Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,
Étoile de mes longs chemins,
le vent m'apporte son haleine
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.
Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma dulcinée.

Chanson Du Duc

Je veux chanter ici la dame de mes songes
Qui m'exalte au-dessus de ce siècle de boue.
Son coeur de diamant est vierge de mensonges
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue.
Pour elle j'ai tenté les hautes aventures:
Mon bras a délivré la princesse en servage,
J'ai vaincu l'enchanteur, confondu les perjureurs
Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre l'hommage.
Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre,
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence.
Je soutiens contre tout chevalier téméraire
Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.

Chanson De La Mort de Don Quichotte

Ne pleure pas Sancho,
Ne pleure pas mon bon
Ton maître n'est pas mort,
Il n'est pas loin de toi
Il vit dans une île heureuse
Où tout est pur et sans mensonges
Dans l'île enfin trouvée
Où tu viendras un jour,
Dans l'île désirée,
O mon ami Sancho!
Les livres sont brûlés
Et font un tas de cendres.
Si tous les livres m'ont tué
Il suffit d'un pour que je vive
Fantôme dans la vie,
Et réel dans la mort.
Tel est l'étrange sort
Du pauvre don Quichotte. Ah!

Song to Dulcinea

*A day seems like a year
if I don't see my Dulcinea.
But, to sweeten my languishing,
love has painted her face,
in the fountain and the cloud,
in each dawn and each flower.
A day seems like a year
if I don't see my Dulcinea.
Ever near and ever far,
Star of my weary journeys,
Her breath is brought me on the breeze
As it passes over jasmine flowers.
A day seems like a year
if I don't see my Dulcinea.*

Song of the Duke

*I wish now to sing of the lady of my dreams
Who lifts me above this squalid age.
Her diamond heart is devoid of deceit
The rose grows dim beside her cheeks.
For her sake I have embarked on great adventures:
Princesses in thrall I've freed with my arm,
I have vanquished the sorcerers, confounded perjurers
And compelled the universe to pay her homage.
lady, for whom I travel the earth alone,
Who is not taken in by false pretenses,
Against any rash knight I shall uphold
Your peerless beauty and perfection.*

Song of the Death of Don Quichotte

*Weep not, Sancho,
Weep not, good fellow
Your master is not dead,
He is not far from you
He lives on a happy isle
Where all is pure and truthful
on this isle that he has finally found
Where you shall also come one day,
on this longed-for isle,
oh Sancho, my friend!
Books have been burnt
To a heap of ashes.
if all those books have caused my death
it will take but one to make me live
A phantom in life,
And real in death.
Such is the strange fate
of poor don Quixote. Ah!*

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment;
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?
Ô, passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille,
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher;
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie,
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te connaître bien!

Toujours

Vous me demandez de ma taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!
Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté,
Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots,
Et, quand les vents sont en démençance,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!
Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
Décloze,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés
Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bienaimées,
Fumées!
On voit dans ce monde léger
Changer,
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
Nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,
Nos cœurs!
À vous l'on se croyait fidèle,
Cruelle, Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
Sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
Adieu!

Encounter

*I was sad and pensive when I met you,
I sense less to-day my persistent torment;
Tell me, were you the girl I met by chance
the ideal dream I have vainly sought?
A passer-by with gentle eyes, were you the friend
who brought happiness to a lonely poet,
And did you shine upon my vacant heart
like the native sky on an exiled spirit?*

*Your shy sadness, so like my own,
loves to watch the sun set over the sea!
Your delight is awakened before its immensity,
and the evenings spent with your lovely soul are dear to me.
A mysterious and gentle sympathy
already binds me to you like a living bond;
My soul trembles with overpowering love,
And my heart cherishes you, without knowing you well!*

Forever

*You ask me to be quiet,
to flee from you forever to a distant place,
and to depart alone
without thinking of the one whom I love!
You might more easily ask the stars
to fall into the vastness,
or the night to lift its veils,
or the day to rid itself of its brightness!
Ask the immense sea
to dry up its vast waters,
and, when the winds are raging dementedly,
ask them to calm their dismal sobbing!
But do not hope that my soul
can uproot its sorrow
and douse its flame
as the spring-time can shed its flowers!*

Farewell

*How quickly everything dies, the rose
Uncloses,
And the fresh colored mantles
Of the meadows;
The long sighs, the beloved ones,
Disappear in smoke!
We see, in this fickle world,
Change
Faster than the waves at the shores,
Our dreams!
Faster than dew on flowers,
Our hearts!
One believed in being faithful to you,
Cruel one, but alas, the longest loves
Are short!
And I say, leaving your charms,
Without tears,
Almost at the moment of my confession,
Farewell!*

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
als alle Knospen sprangen,
da ist in meinem Herzen
die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
als alle Vögel sangen,
da hab' ich ihr gestanden
mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
viel blühende Blumen hervor,
und meine Seufzer werden
ein Nachtigallenchor,

und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
das Lied der Nachtigall.

Die Rose, die Lilie, Die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
so schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh!
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
so werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust,
doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich!
so muß ich weinen bitterlich.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
in den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund',
den sie mir einst gegeben
in wunderbar süßer Stund'!

In the wonderfully fair month of May

*In the wonderfully fair month of May,
as all the flower-buds burst,
then in my heart
love arose.*

*In the wonderfully fair month of May,
as all the birds were singing,
then I confessed to her
my yearning and longing.*

From my tears spring

*From my tears spring
many blooming flowers forth,
and my sighs become
a nightingale choir,*

*and if you have love for me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
and before your window shall sound
the song of the nightingale.*

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun

*The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I once loved them all in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
the small, the fine, the pure, the one;
she herself, source of all love,
is rose and lily and dove and sun.*

When I look into your eyes

*When I look into your eyes,
then vanish all my sorrow and pain!
Ah, but when I kiss your mouth,
then I will be wholly and completely healthy.*

*When I lean on your breast,
I am overcome with heavenly delight,
ah, but when you say, "I love you!"
then I must weep bitterly.*

I want to plunge my soul

*I want to plunge my soul
into the chalice of the lily;
the lily shall resoundingly exhale
a song of my beloved.*

*The song shall quiver and tremble,
like the kiss from her mouth,
that she once gave me
in a wonderfully sweet hour!*

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
mit seinem großen Dome
das große, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildniß
auf goldenem Leder gemalt.
In meines Lebens Wildniß
hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
um unsre liebe Frau;
die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
ewig verlornes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht,
das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,
ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

Thus Saith The Lord

Thus saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts: Yet once a little while and I will shake the heavens and the earth, the sea and the dry land. And I will shake all nations; and the desire of all nations shall come.

The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the Covenant, whom you delight in; behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of hosts.

But Who May Abide

But who may abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth? For He is like a refiner's fire.

Sleep

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dream beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding
O let my joys have some abiding.

In the Rhine, in the holy stream

*In the Rhine, in the holy stream,
there is mirrored in the waves,
with its great cathedral,
great holy Cologne.*

*In the cathedral, there stands an image
on golden leather painted.
Into my life's wilderness
it has shined in amicably.*

*There hover flowers and little angels
around our beloved Lady,
the eyes, the lips, the little cheeks,
they match my beloved's exactly.*

I bear no grudge

*I bear no grudge, even as my heart is breaking,
eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.
Even though you shine in diamond splendor,
there falls no light into your heart's night,
that I've known for a long time.*

*I bear no grudge, even as my heart is breaking.
I saw you, truly, in my dreams,
and saw the night in your heart's cavity,
and saw the serpent that feeds on your heart,
I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.
I bear no grudge*

Walking Song

O Cranham ways are steep and green
And Cranham ways are high,
And if I was that black rook,
It's there that I would fly.

But since I'm here in London town,
A silly walking man;
I'll make this song and caw it as loudly as I can,
As loudly as I can.

Well, Did You Evah?

I have heard among this clan,
You are called the forgotten man
(Is that what they're saying, well did you evah!)
(What a swell party this is)

And have you heard the story of,
A boy, a girl, unrequited love
(Sounds like pure soap opera, tune in tomorrow) I
May cry
(What a swell party this is)

(What frills, what frocks) What broads!
(What furs, what rocks!) They're bootiful.
(Why I've never seen such gaiety) Neither have I.
(It's all just too, too risqué really)

This French champagne (domestic)
(So good for the brain) that's what I was going to
Say.
(You know you're a brilliant fellow?) Why thank You
(Pick up jack. please don't eat that glass my friend)

(Have you heard, about dear Blanche?)
(Got run down by an avalanche) No!
(Oh don't worry, she's a game girl you know, got up
and finished 4th)
The kids got guts. (Having a nice time? Grab a Line!)

Have you heard that Mimsie Starr (what now)
She got pinched in the Astor bar (Sloshed again, eh?)
She was stoned.
Well, did you evah? (Never!)
What a swell party this is!

Hey, check out that act! (That's a lovely dress.
You think I can talk her out of it?)

It's great, (aah it's great)
So grand! (so grand)
It's wonderland!
La da da da...

(We sing), oh we sing
(So rare) so rare
(Like old camembert)
(Like baba au rhum!)
Don't dig that kind of crooning chum!

Have you heard? It's in the stars
Next July we collide with Mars.
Well, did you evah?
What a swell party, a swell party
A swelligant, elegant party this is!

(I drink to your health)
Naw, lets drink to your wealth
Your my bon ami
Hey, that's French
A liberty fraternity.

Have you heard? It's in the stars
Next July we collide with Mars.
Well, did you evah?
What a swell party, swell party
Swelligant, elegant party this is!