

Department of Music presents

Brianna Boone, soprano

Sandra Cunningham, Piano

Senior Recital

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for

Bachelor of Music with Vocal Performance

Ms. Brianna Boone is a student of Dr. Donald Maxwell

Saturday Evening
Akin Auditorium

April 23, 2022
7:30 pm

Lamar D. Fain
College of Fine Arts
Department of Music



Program

Three Browning Songs, op. 44
1. The Year's at the Spring

Amy Beach
(1867-1944)

Sure on This Shining Night

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

In my Bouquet of Memories

Harry Akst
(1894-1963)

Lover, Come Back to Me
From *The New Moon*

Sigmund Romberg
(1887-1951)

Danny Boy

Fred E. Weatherly
(1848-1929)

Ave Maria

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Un moto di gioja
From *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Dove Sei, Amato Bene?
From *Rodelinda*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Dopo Notte
From *Ariodante*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Brief Intermission

Program Continued

Trois Mélodies

1. Pourquoi?
2. Le sourire

Olivier Messiaen
(1908-1992)

Psyché

Émile Paladilhe
(1844-1926)

Meine Liebe ist grün

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

8 Lieder, Op. 49

1. Waldseligkeit
2. In goldener Fülle

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Goethe-Lieder

29. Anakreons Grab

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Bester Jüngling

From *Der Schauspieldirektor*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Program Notes

The Year's at the Spring (1899)

This piece is the first song in Amy Beach's song cycle *Three Browning Songs*. The text is a poem by Robert Browning. Amy Beach (1867-1944) was an American composer.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

Text and translation provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Sure on this shining night (1940)

This piece is the third song in a cycle titled *Four Songs*. Samuel Barber (1910-1981) was an American composer. The text of this piece was based upon a poem by James Agee.

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars

Text and translation provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

In my Bouquet of Memories (1928)

This piece was written by American songwriter Harry Akst (*1887-1951*).

My life is just a garden filled with dreams
Each dream a flower of yesterday
I gather all the flowers in my dreams
And tie them all in one bouquet

I see a violet we picked when first we met
In my bouquet of memories
I see among the lot my sweet forget me not
In my bouquet of memories
I kiss each blossom rare when night appears
I keep them fresh and fair with lonely tears
I ask my heart each morn
Why must there be a thorn
In my bouquet of memories

I count the petals in my dream bouquet
Just like you'd count your rosary
I kiss each petal in my dream bouquet
And all our dreams come back to me

I see a violet we picked when first we met
In my bouquet of memories
I see among the lot my sweet forget me not
In my bouquet of memories
I kiss each blossom rare when night appears
I keep them fresh and fair with lonely tears
I ask my heart each morn
Why must there be a thorn
In my bouquet of memories

Lyrics courtesy of www.lyricsvault.net.

Lover, Come Back to Me (1928)

This piece is from Sigmund Romberg's *The New Moon*. Robert, a French revolutionist, is captured by a detective and put on the boat *The New Moon* to be deported to France. Robert, along with the people on this ship, take charge of the boat and start a new island republic. The woman who Robert loves, Marianne, is aboard the ship pretending to be in love with someone else so she was granted passage to the ship. Robert feels betrayed, and Marianne sings of her sorrows as Robert refuses to marry her.

You went away
I let you
We broke the ties that bind
I wanted to forget you
And leave the past behind
Still, the magic of the night I met you
Seems to stay forever in my mind

The sky was blue
And high above
The moon was new
And so was love

This eager heart of mine was singing
Lover where can you be
You came at last
Love had its day

That day is past
You've gone away
This aching heart of mine is singing
Lover come back to me

When I remember every little thing
You used to do
I'm so lonely
Every road I walk along

I walk along with you

No wonder I am lonely
The sky is blue
The night is cold

The moon is new
But love is old
And while I'm waiting here
This heart of mine is singing

Lover come back to me
When I remember every little thing
You used to do
I grow lonely

Every road I walk along
I walk along with you
No wonder I am lonely
The sky is blue

The night is cold
The moon is new
But love is old
And while I'm waiting here

This heart of mine is singing
Lover come back to me

Lyrics © CONCORD MUSIC PUBLISHING LLC, Royalty Network, Warner
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Danny Boy (1913)

Danny Boy is a song written by Fred E. Weatherly. It is set to the Irish melody "Londonderry Air."

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountainside,
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go, and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so!
But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me;
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!
Come to me!

Lyrics courtesy of classicfm.com.

Ave Maria (1853)

This piece is Charles Gounod's setting of the traditional Latin prayer *Ave Maria*. This is his meditation on "Prelude No. 1" from Bach's *The Well-Tempered Clavier*.

Lyrics	Translation
Ave Maria	Hail Maria
Gratia plena	Full of grace
Dominus tecum	The Lord is with thee
Benedicta tu in mulieribus	Blessed art thou among women
Et benedictus fructus	And blessed is the fruit
Ventris tui, Iesus	Of thy womb, Jesus
Santa Maria, Santa Maria	Holy Maria, Holy Maria
Maria, ora pro nobis	Maria, pray for us
Nobis peccatoribus	Us sinners
Nunc et in hora	Now and in the hour
Mortis nostrae	Of our death
Amen	Amen

Lyrics courtesy of lyricstranslation.com

Un moto di gioia (1789)

This piece was written for a revival of the opera *Le Nozze di Figaro*, performed three years after the original premier of the opera. *Un moto di gioia* replaced the aria *Venite, inginocchiatevi* from Act II. In this opera, Figaro, Count Almaviva's servant, is marrying Susanna, the countess' maid. In this scene, Cherubino, a young boy who has been directed to be sent away after being caught with the count's gardener's daughter, is disguised by Susanna and the countess, and he is dressed as a girl. Susanna sings.

Lyrics	Translation
Un moto di gioia Mi sento nel petto, Che annunzia diletto In mezzo il timor!	An emotion of joy I feel in my heart that says happiness is coming in spite of my fears.
Speriam che in contento Finisca l'affanno Non sempre è tiranno Il fato ed amor.	Let us hope that the worry will end in contentment. Fate and love are not always tyrants.

Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English copyright © 2002 by John Glenn Paton.

Dove sei, amato bene? (1725)

This piece is from Handel's opera *Rodelinda*. Rodelinda laments for Bertarido, her husband who she believes is dead. Bertarido, disguised, visits his own tomb. He sings *Dove sei, amato bene*, stating that only with Rodelinda can he find peace and comfort.

Lyrics	Translation
Dove sei, amato bene! Vieni, l'alma a consolar! Sono oppresso da' tormenti ed i crudeli miei lamenti sol con te posso bear. Dove sei...	Where you are, loved well! Come, let's console you! I am oppressed by torments and the cruel my laments I can bear with you alone. Where are you...

Lyrics courtesy of www.opera-arias.com.

Dopo Notte (1734)

This song comes from Handel's opera *Ariodante*. In this opera, character Polinesso is about to be killed by Lurcanio, but before he dies, he confesses to convincing everyone that Ginevra had been unfaithful to Ariodante. His death sentence is revoked and Ariodante sings as she celebrates.

Lyrics	Translation
Dopo notte, atra e funesta, splende in Ciel più vago il sole, e di gioja empie la terra; Mentre in orrida tempesta il mio legno è quasi assorto, giunge in porto, e' lido afferra.	After a night so bleak and foreboding, the sun shines forth in the heavens, all the dearer, as the earth fills with joy. For in the midst of a horrid storm, my boat has been almost submerged, but it grasps at the shore as it returns to port.

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Trois Mélodies (1930)

Olivier Messiaen's *Trois Mélodies* display his cunning artistry as a composer of the 20th century. The first movement, *Pourquoi?* asks the question: why is everything good in life lacking in appeal? The second movement, *Le sourire*, states that a certain word said by someone special can leave a lasting impact on a person.

Lyrics	Translation
Pourquoi? Pourquoi les oiseaux de l'air, Pourquoi les reflets de l'eau, Pourquoi les nuages du ciel, Pourquoi? Pourquoi les feuilles de l'Automne, Pourquoi les roses de l'Été, Pourquoi les chansons du Printemps, Pourquoi? Pourquoi n'ont-ils pour moi de charmes, Pourquoi? Pourquoi, Ah! Pourquoi?	Why? Why are the birds of the air, Why are the gleaming waters, Why are the clouds of heaven, Why? Why are the leaves of autumn, Why are the roses of summer, Why are the songs of spring, Why? Why for me are they devoid of charm, Why? Why? Ah, why?
Le sourire Certain mot murmuré Par vous est un baiser Intime et prolongé Comme un baiser sur l'âme. Ma bouche veut sourire Et mon sourire tremble.	The smile A certain word whispered By you is a kiss, Intimate and lingering, Like a kiss on the soul. My mouth wishes to smile And my smile flickers

Translation © Richard Stokes, Provided via Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Psyché (1911)

Émile Paladilhe's *Psyché* tells the story of a person being enamored with Psyché. In Greek mythology, Psyché is a goddess known for her beauty. This song may be one's comparison of their love interest to the goddess.

Lyrics	Translation
Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la nature!	I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!
Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop souvent,	The sun's rays kiss you too often,
Vos cheveux souffrent trop les caresses du vent,	your hair suffers too much from the wind's caresses.
Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure! L'air même que vous respirez Avec trop de plaisir passe sur votre bouche.	As it strokes them, I grumble! Even the air that you breathe passes over your mouth with too much pleasure.
Votre habit de trop près vous touche!	Your dress touches you too closely!
Et sitôt que vous soupirez	And as soon as you sigh
Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche Craint, parmi vos soupirs, des soupirs égarés!	I know not what it is that startles me so and fears, amidst your sighs, some sighs for another!

© translated by Christopher Goldsack

Meine Liebe ist grün (1873)

This piece states that the singer is completely infatuated by their love interest.

Lyrics	Translation
Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne; Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne. Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall Und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder, Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.	My love's as green as the lilac bush, And my sweetheart's as fair as the sun; The sun shines down on the lilac bush, Fills it with delight and fragrance. My soul has a nightingale's wings And sways in the blossoming lilac, And, drunk with fragrance, exults and sings Many a love-drunk song.

Translation © Richard Stokes, Provided via Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

8 Lieder, Op. 49 (1902)

Richard Strauss' 8 Lieder was composed in 1901.

Lyrics	Translation
Waldseligkeit Der Wald beginnt zu rauschen, Den Bäumen naht die Nacht; Als ob sie selig lauschen, Berühren sie sich sacht. Und unter ihren Zweigen, Da bin ich ganz allein, Da bin ich ganz mein eigen: Ganz nur Dein. In goldener Fülle Wir schreiten in goldener Fülle Durch seliges Sommerland, Fest liegen unsere Hände Wie in einander gebannt. Die große Sommersonne Hat unsere Herzen erhellt, Wir schreiten in goldener Fülle Bis an das Ende der Welt. Und bleicht deine sinkende Stirne, Und läßt meine Seele ihr Haus, Wir schreiten in goldener Fülle Auch in das Jenseits hinaus. Wem solch ein Sommer beschieden, Der lacht der flüchtigen Zeit— Wir schreiten in goldener Fülle Durch alle Ewigkeit.	Woodland rapture The wood begins to stir, Night draws near the trees; As if blissfully listening, They gently touch each other. And beneath their branches I am utterly alone, Utterly my own: Utterly and only yours. In gold profusion We walk in golden profusion Through the blissful summer land, Firmly we clasp Each other's hand. The great summer sun Has lit up our hearts, We walk in golden profusion To the end of the world. And if your drooping brow grow pale, And if my soul leave its abode, We shall walk in golden profusion Even into the life to come. He who is granted such a summer Laughs at fleeting time— We walk in golden profusion Through all eternity.

Translation © Richard Stokes, Provided via Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Anakreons Grab (1889)

This piece is the 29th in Hugo Wolf's 51 Goethe Lieder, a collection of pieces set to the poems of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

Lyrics	Translation
Wo die Rose hier blüht, wo Reben um Lorbeer sich schlingen, Wo das Turtelchen lockt, wo sich das Grillchen ergötzt, Welch ein Grab ist hier, das alle Götter mit Leben Schön bepflanzt und geziert? Es ist Anakreons Ruh. Frühling, Sommer und Herbst genoß der glückliche Dichter; Vor dem Winter hat ihn endlich der Hügel geschützt.	Where the rose is in flower, where vine interlaces with laurel, Where the turtle-dove calls, where the cricket rejoices, Whose grave is this that all the gods have decked with life And beautiful plants? It is Anacreon's resting place. The happy poet savoured spring, summer and autumn; This mound has at the last protected him from winter.

Translation © Richard Stokes, Provided via Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Bester Jüngling (1857)

This piece comes from Mozart's opera *Der Schauspieldirektor*. This aria is in place to demonstrate the character, Madame Silberklang's skill level as a singer. She sings that she will accept love into her life because nothing is more coveted than the feeling of being in love.

Lyrics	Translation
Bester Jüngling! Mit Entzücken Nehm' ich deine Liebe an, da in deinen holden Blicken ich mein Glück entdecken kann. Aber ach! wenn düstres Leiden unsrer Liebe folgen soll. lohnen dies der Liebe Freunden? Jüngling, das bedenke wohl! Nichts ist mir so wert und teuer als dein Herz und deine Hand; voll vom reinsten Liebesfeuer geb' ich dir mein Herz zum Pfand.	Good young man, with enchantment I accept your love! For in your leasing glances I can discover my happiness! But, ah, if sad suffering Should ensue from our love, Is that worth the joys of love? Young man, consider that carefully! Nothing is as worthy and precious to me As your heart and your hand! Full of the purest ardor of love I give you my heart in pledge!

Translated by Jacqueline Novikov