

Department of Music Presents
Kyle Cody, baritone
Sandra Cunningham, piano
In Senior Recital

Widmung (1840)

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Verborgenheit (1888)

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

L'Amour de Moi (1936)

Julien Tiersot
(1857-1936)

Minnielied (1933)

A. Walter Kramer
(1890-1969)

This Nearly Was Mine (1949)
From *South Pacific*

Music by Richard Rodgers
(1902-1979)
Oscar Hammerstein II
(1895-1960)

Shenandoah

Traditional folk song arr. Jay
Althouse
(b. 1951)

Sound The Trumpet (1687)

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Adam Turnbo, tenor

Panis Angelicus (1872)

César Franck
(1822-1890)

Per la gloria d'adorarvi (1722)

Giovanni Battista Bononcini
(1672-1750)

Già il sole dal gange (1922)

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1659-1725)

Sebben Crudele (1710)

Antonio Caldara
(1670-1736)

"E voí redete?" (1790)
From *Così fan tutte*

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Tyler Williams, baritone, Kendall Jones bass

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for Bachelor of Music with Teacher Certification
Mr. Kyle Cody is a student of **Dr. Don Maxwell**.

Saturday afternoon
Akin Auditorium

April 23, 2022
5:00pm

Lamar D. Fain
College of Fine Arts
Department of Music



Program Notes

Widmung is a standard art song composed by pianist Robert Schumann. Schumann's work features a ternary-like mood, contrasting from a joyful first section, followed by a lamentful second, ultimately reprising the original joy.

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire,
O you my grave, into which
My grief forever I've consigned!
You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on me from heaven.
Your love for me gives me my worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!

Written in 1888, **Verborgenheim** is a well-known art song by composer Hugo Wolf, who is most notably known for his lieder and art songs.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!
Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.
Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drückt
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.
Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!
I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.
Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.
Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Composed by French musicologist Julien Tiersot, **L'amour de moi** translates as "This love of mine."

L'amour de moi, s'y est enclose
Dedans un joli jardinet
Où croît la rose et le muguet,
Et aussi fait la passeroise.

This love of mine confined itself
inside a nice small garden
where roses and lily grow
and hollyhock as well

Ce jardin est bel et plaisant,
Il est garni de toutes fleurs

This garden is nice and pleasant,
embellished with all kinds of flowers.
You can enjoy it in the night
and in the day as well.

Hélas ! il n'est si douce chose
Que de ce doux rossignolet
Qui chante au soir, au matinet.

Alas! Nothing is sweeter

Quand il est las, il se repose.

Je l'ai regardé une pose ;
Elle était blanche comme lait
Et douce comme un agnelet,
Vermeille et fraîche comme rose.

than this gentle nightingale
that sings at dusk and at dawn
When it is tired, it rests.

New York City native Arthur Walter Kramer was an American composer, music critic, and music publisher. His song **Minnielied** features three melodic verses. The song tells a story about love and devotion.

My ev'ry thought my ev'ry hope,
Are all with you; You are my consolation, dear,
To me be true. I pray to God to bless you treasure;
Were it mine to do my will, I'd stay with you forever.

Think oft of this, O precious one; my dearest love;
What e'er I have is yours to share, Bless'd from
above. To you will I devote each morrow, You are
my joy and all of my peace, You banish ev'ry sorrow

A spirit pure, so tender too, are you, I vow; A love
more, with eyes of blue, None will allow. In you I
find my heart's desire, Were it mine to part from you,
In grief would I expire.

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein II were one of the most famous composing duos in the 20th century. **This Nearly Was Mine** is from the musical *South Pacific*. This is the penultimate song in the musical and in this scene, Emile, feeling he has lost the love of his life, grieves for the love-filled life he might have known

One dream in my heart,
One love to be living for,
One love to be living for—
This nearly was mine.
One girl for my dreams,
One partner in Paradise,
This promise of Paradise—
This nearly was mine.
Close to my heart she came,
Only to fly away,
Only to fly as day
Flies from moonlight!
Now, now I'm alone,
Still dreaming of Paradise,
Still saying that Paradise
Once nearly was mine.
So clear and deep are my fancies
Of things I wish were true,

I'll keep remembering evenings
I wish I'd spent with you.
I'll keep remembering kisses
From lips I'll never own
And all the lovely adventures
That we have never known.

Shenandoah is a Traditional American folk song that everyone knows. Jay Althouse does a great arrangement of this song

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away you rolling river. Oh Shenandoah
I long to hear you, Away I'm bound away
'cross the wide Missouri

Tis seven long years since last I saw you
Away you rolling river 'Tis seven long years since
Last I saw you. Away I'm bound away
'cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away you rolling river. Oh Shenandoah
I long to hear you, Away I'm bound away
'cross the wide Missouri

Shenandoah, Shenandoah, Shenandoah

Henry Purcell is an English composer in the Baroque period. **Sound the Trumpet** is a duet that can be sung primarily male or female or a mixture of both. For this duet it is primarily male. This duet is moderately fast that celebrate the glories of today.

Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet, sound the
trumpet!
Sound, sound, sound the trumpet till around
You make the list'ning shores rebound.
On the sprightly hautboy play
All the instruments of joy
That skillful numbers can employ,
To celebrate the glories of this day.

César Franck is a French composer that composed during the Romantic Era. His song **Panis Angelicus** is well known in vocal literature. This translates to "O Lord most holy" but the verse repeats twice and gets more dramatic towards the end as the piano echoes the vocalist in the second verse.

Panis Angelicus	O Lord most holy, O Lord most holy
Panis angelicus	O loving Father, Thee would we be praising
Fit panis hominum	

Dat panis coelicus
Figuris terminum
O res mirabilis!
Manducat Dominum
Pauper, pauper
Servus et humilis
Pauper, pauper
Servus et humilis

Panis angelicus
Fit panis hominum
Dat panis coelicus
Figuris terminum
O res mirabilis
Manducat Dominum
Pauper, pauper
Servus et humilis
Pauper, pauper
Servus, servus et humilis

Alway. Help us to know thee, know Thee and love thee. Father, Father, grant us Thy truth and grace; Father, Father guide and defend us.

Rule Thou our willful hearts, Keep Thee our wand'ring thoughts; In all our sorrows let us find our rest in Thee. And in temptation's hour, Save through Thy mighty pow'r Thine aid O send us; Hear us in mercy. Show us Thy favor, So shall we live, and sing praise to Thee.

Giovanni Battista Bononcini is an Italian in the Baroque period. His art song **Per la gloria d'adorarvi** is very well known in solo vocal literature. This is an aria from his opera "Griselda" and is usually sung by a soprano.

Per la gloria d'adorarvi
Voglio amarvi, o luci care

Per la gloria d'adorarvi
Voglio amarvi, o luci care

Amando penerò
Ma sempre v'amerò
Sì, sì, nel mio penare

Amando penerò
Ma sempre v'amerò
Sì, sì, nel mio penare

Penerò, v'amerò
Luci care
Penerò, v'amerò
Luci care

Senza speme di diletto
Vano affetto è sospirare
Senza speme di diletto
Vano affetto è sospirare
Ma i vostri dolci rai
Chi vagheggiar può mai
E non, e non v'amare?

For the love my heart doth prize, O charming eyes, I would adore ye.
For me, my love is pain, I know 'tis all in vain, vain, vain, yet kneel before ye.
love is pain, all in vain I implore ye.
Hopeless 'tis to look for kindness, Foolish fondness with sighs t'implore ye;
But who-e'er might woo your gaze, Bask in your sunny rays, and not, an dnot adore ye?
Love is pain, all in vain I implore ye.

Ma i vostri dolci rai
Chi vagheggiar può mai
E non, e non v'amare?

Penerò, v'amerò
Luci care
Penerò, v'amerò
Luci care

Alessandro Scarlatti is an Italian Baroque composer. He is well for his operas and his chamber cantatas. **Già il sole dal Gange** is a well know canzonetta in vocal solo literature.

Già il sole dal gange,
Già il sole dal gange
Più chiaro
Più chiaro sfavila
Più chiaro sfavila
Più chiaro sfavila.
E tergogni stila dell' alba che piange
Dell' alba che piange
Dell' alba che piange
Dell' alba che piange.
Gia il sole dal gange,
Gia il sole dal gange,
Più chiaro
Più chiaro sfavila,
Più chiaro sfavila
Più chiaro sfavila
Più chiaro sfavila.
Col raggio dorato
Col raggio dorato,
Ingema ingema gnistelo,
Ingema gnistelo,
Ingema gnistelo.
E gliastri del cielo dipinge nel prato;
Dipinge nel prato,
Dipinge nel prato,
Dipinge nel prato.
Col raggio dorato,
Col raggio dorato,
Ingema ingemao gnistelo,
Ingema gnistelo
Ingema gnistelo

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun
Sparkles more brightly
And dries every drop
of the dawn, which weeps.

With the gilded ray
It adorns each blade of grass;
And the stars of the sky
It paints in the field.

Sebben Crudele is a known art song by Italian composer Antonio Caldara.

Sebben, crudele,
Mi fai languir,
Sempre fedele
Ti voglio amar.

Although, cruel love,
you make me languish,
I will always
love you true.

Con la lunghezza

With the patience

Del mio servir
La tua fierezza
Saprò stancar.

of my serving
I will be able to tire out
your pride.

E voi ridete? is from the opera *Così fan tutte* composed by the musical genius of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In this scene, the two friends Ferrando and Guglielmo are so determined to win the bet against the old philosopher Don Alfonso. This is a fast-paced song, so it'll be finished before you know it.

DON ALFONSO
E voi ridete?

DON ALFONSO
So you're laughing?

FERRANDO E GUGLIELMO
Certo, ridiamo.

FERRANDO AND GUGLIELMO
Of course we're laughing.

DON ALFONSO
Ma cosa avete?

DON ALFONSO
But what's the matter?

FERRANDO E GUGLIELMO
Già lo sappiamo.

FERRANDO AND GUGLIELMO
Oh, we know.

DON ALFONSO
Ridete piano!

DON ALFONSO
Don't laugh so loudly.

FERRANDO E GUGLIELMO
Parlate invano.

FERRANDO AND GUGLIELMO
You can save your breath.

DON ALFONSO
Se vi sentissero,
Se vi scoprissero,
Si guasterebbe
Tutto l'affar.

DON ALFONSO
If they heard you,
If they found you out,
The whole thing
Would be ruined.

FERRANDO E GUGLIELMO
sforzandosi di ridere sottovoce
Ah, che dal ridere
L'alma dividere,
Ah, che le viscere
Sento scoppiar!

FERRANDO AND GUGLIELMO
How can I
Keep from laughing ...
I feel as though
I'm going to burst!

DON ALFONSO
fra sé
Mi fa da ridere
Questo lor ridere,
Ma so che in piangere
Dee terminar.

DON ALFONSO
Their laughter
Makes me laugh too
though I know
It's bound to end in tears.