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)  
Music by Richard Rodgers  
(1902-1979)

From South Pacific

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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>German</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,</td>
<td>You my soul, you my heart,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Du meine Wonn’, o du mein Schmerz,</td>
<td>You my rapture, O you my pain,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,</td>
<td>You my world in which I live,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,</td>
<td>My heaven you, to which I aspire,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O du mein Grab, in das hinab</td>
<td>O you my grave, into which</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!</td>
<td>My grief forever I’ve consigned!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,</td>
<td>You are repose, you are peace,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.</td>
<td>You are bestowed on me from heaven.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,</td>
<td>Your love for me gives me my worth,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,</td>
<td>Your eyes transfigure me in mine,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Du hebst mich liebend über mich,</td>
<td>You raise me lovingly above myself,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mein guter Geist, mein bess’re Ich!</td>
<td>My guardian angel, my better self!</td>
</tr>
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Written in 1888, **Verborgenheit** is a well-known art song by composer Hugo Wolf, who is most notably known for his lieder and art songs.

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<td>Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!</td>
<td>Let, O world, O let me be!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,</td>
<td>Do not tempt with gifts of love,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lasst dies Herz alleine haben</td>
<td>Let this heart keep to itself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seine Wonne, seine Pein!</td>
<td>Its rapture, its pain!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,</td>
<td>I do not know why I grieve,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;</td>
<td>It is unknown sorrow;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immerdar durch Tränen sehe</td>
<td>Always through a veil of tears,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.</td>
<td>I see the sun’s beloved light.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,</td>
<td>Often, I am lost in thought,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Und die helle Freude zücket</td>
<td>And bright joy flashes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket</td>
<td>Through the oppressive gloom,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wonniglich in meiner Brust.</td>
<td>Bringing rapture to my breast.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!</td>
<td>Let, O world, O let me be!</td>
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Composed by French musicologist Julien Tiersot, **L’amour de moi** translates as “This love of mine.”

<table>
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<th>French</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>L’amour de mo, s’y est enclose</td>
<td>This love of mine confined itself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dedans un joli jardinet</td>
<td>inside a nice small garden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Où croît la rose et le muguet,</td>
<td>where roses and lily grow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et aussi fait la passerose.</td>
<td>and hollyhock as well</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ce jardin est bel et plaisant,</td>
<td>This garden is nice and pleasant,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Il est garni de toutes fleurs</td>
<td>embellished with all kinds of flowers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hélas ! il n’est si douce chose</td>
<td>You can enjoy it in the night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Que de ce doux rossignolet</td>
<td>and in the day as well.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qui chante au soir, au matinet.</td>
<td>Alas! Nothing is sweeter</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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**  
**Panis angelicus**  
**Fit panis hominum**  
O Lord most holy, O Lord most holy  
O loving Father, Thee would we be praising
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.

For the love my heart doth prize, O charmful eyes, I would adore ye.

For me, my love is pain, I know 'tis all in vain, vain, vain, yet kneel before ye.

Hopeless 'tis to look for kindness, Foolish fondness with sighs t'imprele 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.

For the love my heart doth prize, O charmful eyes, I would adore ye.

For me, my love is pain, I know 'tis all in vain, vain, vain, yet kneel before ye.

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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 chiarro esfavila
E tergogni stila 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 ragio dorato
Col ragio dorato,
Ingema ingema gnistelo,
Ingema gnistelo,
Ingema gnistelo.
E gliasti del cielo dipinge nel prato;
Dipinge nel prato,
Dipinge nel prato,
Dipinge nel prato.
Col ragio dorato,
Col ragio dorato,
Ingema ingema gnistelo,
Ingema gnistelo
Ingema gnistelo

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

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

Con la lunghezza

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.

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

With the patience
Del mio servir
La tua fierezza
Saprò stancar.

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

E voí redete? is from the opera *Cosi 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?

FERRANDO E GUGLIELMO
Certo, ridiamo.

DON ALFONSO
Ma cosa avete?

FERRANDO E GUGLIELMO
Già lo sappiamo.

DON ALFONSO
Ridete piano!

FERRANDO E GUGLIELMO
Parlate invano.

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

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

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

DON ALFONSO
So you're laughing?

FERRANDO AND GUGLIELMO
Of course we're laughing.

DON ALFONSO
But what's the matter?

FERRANDO AND GUGLIELMO
Oh, we know.

DON ALFONSO
Don't laugh so loudly.

FERRANDO AND GUGLIELMO
You can save your breath.

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

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

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