

Virtual Recital for Italy!

I would like to thank you all for tuning in! I am constantly encouraged by the support and kindness I have received from everyone. This recital is a mosaic of different musical eras and styles, highlighting the skills and techniques I have learned in my first year at Peabody. I would like to thank my wonderful pianist, Hanna Lee, for her time and talent, my voice teacher, Ah Young Hong, for all her guidance this year, and the executive director of the Bel Canto in Tuscany program, Cara Schafer, for suggesting and brainstorming for this recital.

Most of all, I am grateful for the support I've received from past professors, teachers, friends, family, students, and peers. Music is an art that begs to be shared both by the nature of sound carried across vast spaces and by the human connection it provides. Please enjoy this virtual recital and if you are so moved, please donate through the GoFundMe found at the bottom of the page.

<https://gofund.me/628e1oad>

Program

O virtus Sapientie	Hildegard von Bingen
Green	Claude Debussy
The Year's at the Spring	Lena McLin
Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?!	Gustav Mahler
Almen se non poss'io	Vincenzo Bellini
No One Else	Dave Malloy
<i>from Natasha, Pierre & The Great Comet of 1812</i>	
Sommerfäden	Franz Schreker

Translations

O virtus Sapientie, R 466th

Hildegard von Bingen (1098–1179)¹

Translation by Clare McNamara

*O virtus Sapientie,
que circuiens circuisti,
comprehendendo omnia in una via
que habet vitam,
tres alas habens,
quarum una in altum volat
et altera de terra sudat
et tertia undique volat.
Laus tibi sit, sicut decet,
O sapientia.*

*O Energy of Wisdom!
you circled, circling,
encompassing all things in one path
possessed of life.
Three wings you have:
one of them soars on high,
the second exudes from the earth,
and the third flutters everywhere.
Praise to you, as befits you,
O Wisdom!*

¹ Britannica (<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Saint-Hildegard>)

Green, from *Ariettes Oubliées*, no. 5

Claude Debussy (1862– 1918)²

Text by Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)³

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches,

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves, and branches!

Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.

And here too is my heart which beats only for you.

Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches

Do not tear it with your two white hands

Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

And may the humble gift be pleasing to your two beautiful eyes.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée

I arrive still covered with dew

Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.

Which the morning wind froze to my brow.

Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée

Allow that my weariness, resting at your feet,

Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Dream of the dear moments that will refresh it.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête

Let me rest my head on your young breast

Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;

Still ringing with your last kisses;

Laissez la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,

Let it calm down after the good tempest,

Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

And let me sleep a little while you rest.

The Year's at the Spring

Lena McLin (b. 1928)⁴

Text by Robert Browning (1812–1889)⁵

The year's at the Spring,

² Oxford Lieder (<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/composer/34>)

³ IPA (<https://www-ipasource-com.proxy1.library.jhu.edu/product/green-4/>)

⁴ History Makers (<https://www.thehistorymakers.org/biography/reverend-dr-lena-mclin>)

⁵ Britannica (<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Robert-Browning>)

And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven,
God's in His heaven,
All's right, All's right with the world.

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?!, from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, no. 23

Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)⁶

Text from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Dort oben am Berg in dem hohen Haus! In dem Haus!

Up there on the mountain in the high house! In the house!

Da gucket ein fein's, lieb's Mädel heraus.

A lovely, dear girl peers out!

Es ist nicht dort daheime!

She does not come from the mountains!

Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein!

She is the innkeeper's daughter!

Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.

She lives on the green meadow.

Mein Herze ist wund!

My heart is in pain!

Komm, Schätzkel, mach's g'sund!

Come, treasure, make it well!

Dein' schwarzbraune Äuglein,

Your dark brown eyes

Die hab'n mich vertwund't!

They have me wounded!

Dein rosiger Mund

Your rosy mouth

Macht Herzen gesund.

Makes hearts healthy.

⁶ IPA (<https://www-ipasource-com.proxy1.library.jhu.edu/product/wer-hat-dies-liedlein-erdacht-2/>)

<i>Macht Jugend verständig,</i>	<i>Makes youth wise,</i>
<i>Macht Tote lebendig,</i>	<i>Makes the dead live,</i>
<i>Macht Kranke gesund, ja, gesund.</i>	<i>Makes the sick healthy, yes healthy.</i>
<i>Wer hat denn das schön schöne Liedlein erdacht?</i>	<i>Who then has thought up this pretty, pretty little song?</i>
<i>Es haben's drei Gäns' übers Wasser gebracht.</i>	<i>Three geese have brought it over the water.</i>
<i>Zwei graue und eine weisse!</i>	<i>Two grays and one white one!</i>
<i>Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,</i>	<i>And whoever cannot sing the little song,</i>
<i>Dem wollen sie es pfeifen. Ja!</i>	<i>They will whistle it for him. Yes!</i>

Almen se non poss'io, from *Sei Ariette*, no. 4

Vincenzo Bellini (1801–1835)⁷

Text by Pietro Metastasio (1698–1782)⁸

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

<i>Almen se non poss'io</i>	<i>If I cannot at least</i>
<i>Seguir l'amato bene,</i>	<i>follow my beloved,</i>
<i>Affetti del cor mio,</i>	<i>affections of my heart,</i>
<i>Seguitelo per me.</i>	<i>Go with him for me.</i>
<i>Già sempre a lui vicino</i>	<i>Always near to him now,</i>
<i>Raccolti Amor vi tiene,</i>	<i>Love keeps his attention on you,</i>
<i>E insolito cammino</i>	<i>and unusual pathway</i>
<i>Questo per voi non è.</i>	<i>though this is not your usual path.</i>

⁷ Lieder.net (https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=1378)

⁸ IPA (<https://www-ipasource-com.proxy1.library.jhu.edu/product/almen-se-non-possio/>)

No One Else, from *Natasha, Pierre & The Great Comet of 1812*, Act 1

Dave Malloy (b. 1976)⁹

*The moon...
 First time I heard your voice
 Moonlight burst into the room
 And I saw your eyes
 And I saw your smile
 And the world opened wide
 And the world was inside of me
 And I catch my breath
 And I laugh and blush
 And I hear guitars
 You are so good for me
 I love you I love you I love you I love you I love you
 Oh the moon...
 Oh the snow in the moonlight...
 And your childlike eyes
 And your distant smile
 I'll never be this happy again
 You and I...
 And no one else*

*We've done this all before
 We were angels once
 Don't you remember?
 Joy and life, inside our souls, and nobody knows,
 Just you and me
 It's our secret
 This winter sky
 How can anyone sleep?
 There was never such a night before
 I feel like putting my arms round my knees
 And squeezing tight as possible*

⁹Davemalloy.com (<http://davemalloy.com/resume.html>)

And flying away... like this:

Oh the moon...

Oh the snow in the moonlight...

And your childlike eyes and your distant smile

I'll never be this happy again

You and I

You and I

You and I

And no one else.

Maybe he'll come today

Maybe he came already

And he's sitting in the drawing room

And I simply forgot.

Sommerfäden, Op. 2

Franz Schreker (1878-1934)¹⁰

Dora Leen (1880-1942)¹¹

Translated with help from Randall Scarlata

Wenn die Sommerzeiten enden,

wandelt licht im Abendschein,

Herbstagssegen in den Händen,

still Frau Holde durch den Hain.

Und mit leisen Liebesreden

streut als lieblich holde Spur...

weisse, weiche Sommerfäden

weithin sie durch die Natur

Sommerfäden ziehn durch's Land,

leise nahn sie und verschweben,

When the summertime ends,

Wanders lightly in evening light,

Autumn day blessing in her hands,

Quiet Frau Holde comes through the meadow.

And with quiet speeches of love,

Scatters loveliness along the path...

White, soft summer threads

Woven through the nature.

Summer threads pull through the land,

Quietly sewn and floating,

¹⁰Orel foundation (http://orelfoundation.org/composers/article/franz_schreker)

¹¹Discogs (<https://www.discogs.com/artist/5135543-Dora-Leen>)

*fromme Wünsche, still gesandt,
 mögen ihnen Weisung geben:
 Sommerfäden, schwebt dahin,
 grüsst mir nah' und grüsst mir ferne
 liebe, treue Augensterne;
 Sommerfäden, schwebt dahin.
 Und Frau Holde lächelt leise,
 und die Sommerfäden zieh'n ihre rätselvolle
 Reise
 schimmernd zu dem Liebsten hin.*

*Pious wishes, quiet sent,
 Like them, direction given.
 Summer threads, float there,
 Greeting me near and greeting me far
 Dear, faithful starry eyes;
 Summer threads, float there.
 And Frau Holde smiles quietly,
 And the summer threads pull their enigmatic
 journey
 Shimmering to those dearest there.*

The end.

Thank you!