



Division of Vocal Studies Departmental Recital

Tuesday, October 22, 2024 | 4:00 p.m. | Voertman Recital Hall

Fairest Isle (*King Arthur*) Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Mia Jamison, soprano
Stephen Dubberly, piano

Venus, the goddess of love, sings in praise of Britain, the "fairest isle" which is "the Seat of Pleasure and Love." As Venus's and Cupid's favorite nation, Britain will be a paradise where "Care... Envy... Jealousie...and Despair" will be unknown.
Libretto by John Dryden.

Come raggio di solAntonio Caldara (1670-1736)

Sean Roossien, bass
Stephen Dubberly, piano

Just as a mild, serene sunbeam rests on peaceful waves while in the deep bosom of the sea the storm lies hidden—in the same way, gay laughter may flower the mouth with contentment and joy while the wounded heart is in secret torment. Poem by an unknown author.

Selve amiche (*La costanza in amor vince l'inganno*) Antonio Caldara

Eli Barreto, baritone
Stephen Dubberly, piano

This aria opens the pastoral opera entitled *Constancy in Love Defeats Treachery*. Silvia tells Aminta that she no longer loves him because she has fallen in love with Tirsi. Librettist unknown.

Program one hundred and twenty-four of the 2024–2025 season
Photography and videography are prohibited

Vaga luna che inargenti..... Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

Bryan Perez, baritone
Stephen Dubberly, piano

Lovely moon—you who silver these rivers and flowers and who inspire the elements with the language of love: you are the only witness of my feverish desire. Tell the one I love about all my heartbeats and sighs. Tell her that being far away from her can't end my suffering; but I nourish a hope for the future which comforts me.
Unknown poet.

Wie Melodien zieht es mirJohannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Hope Arrazola, mezzo-soprano
Jiaxin Ou, piano

It moves gently through my mind like melodies, blooms like spring flowers, and floats away like a fragrance. But when words take hold of it, it becomes as pale as a gray fog and disappears like a breath. And yet a fragrance lies hidden in the rhyme and, from that silent germ, calls out to weeping eyes. Poem by Klaus Groth.

Fleur jetée Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Margi Skinner, soprano
Stephen Dubberly, piano

"Thrown Flower"—Carry away my madness in the wind, flower which my beloved gathered while singing and threw away while dreaming. Love dies just like a mown flower; the hand that touched you now shuns my hand forever. O poor flower, so fresh not long ago and colorless tomorrow—may the wind that dries you also dry my heart! Poem by Armand Silvestre.

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

William Parris, tenor
Stephen Dubberly, piano

O lost enchantment of my well-beloved! My former glory and pride is far from my eyes. Now I seek them and call to them through the mute rooms, always hoping...but my seeing and calling are in vain! And the weeping is so dear to me that my heart feeds only on it. Every place is sad without them. The day seems like night; fire seems like ice. And if sometimes I hope to think of something else, only one thought torments me: What will I do without them? Life seems a useless thing without my beloved. Poem by Alberto Donaudy, brother of the composer.

Liebst du um Schönheit (*Rückert-Lieder*) Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Cj Stanley, soprano
Timothy Sanchez, piano

If you love for beauty, don't love me! Love the sun, which has golden hair.
If you love for youth, don't love me! Love the spring, which becomes young every year.
If you love for riches, don't love me! Love the mermaid, who has many shiny pearls.
If you love for love, oh yes, love me! Love me forever—I'll love you forevermore.
Poem by Friedrich Rückert.

How Do I Love Thee Maude Valérie White (1855-1935)

Andrea Gomez, mezzo-soprano
Stephen Dubberly, piano

An adaptation of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's famous sonnet by a composer who, though quite popular during her lifetime, is now virtually unknown. "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height my soul can reach...and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death."

Nuit d'étoiles Ellen Mandel (1862-1918)

Christen Caldwell, soprano
Jiaxin Ou, piano

Night of stars, beneath your veils, your breeze, and your perfumes—like a sighing lyre—I dream of love that has died. Serene melancholy blossoms in the depths of my heart and I hear my lover's soul trembling in the dreaming forest. I see our fountain; your eyes, blue as the heavens. That rose is your breath; those stars are your eyes. Poem by Théodore de Banville.

¿Con qué la lavaré? (*Cuatro madrigales amorosos*) Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999)

Sandra Strittmatter, soprano
Bora Cho, piano

With what will I wash the skin of my face—I who live under condemnation?
Married women wash themselves with lemon-water; I, disgraced, wash myself with sufferings and sorrows.

Con amores, la mi madreFernando Obradors (1897-1945)

Pepper Visser, mezzo-soprano
Stephen Dubberly, piano

Mother, I fell asleep from love! Asleep, I was dreaming what was causing my heart to have insomnia: that the god of Love rewarded me with more good than I deserved. The favor that Love lovingly gave me put me to sleep; the faithfulness with which I served him gave me respite from my sorrow. Poem by Juan de Anchieta.

Sure on This Shining NightSamuel Barber (1910-1981)

Abigail Lewis, mezzo-soprano
Stephen Dubberly, piano

Sure on this shining night of star-made 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. Poem by James Agee.