Junior Recital - Andrew Taylor & Brad Summers

Andrew Taylor
Brad Summers
Dallas Heaton
Ryan Frazier

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A Combined Junior Voice recital

Andrew Taylor, Tenor
with accompanist Dallas Heaton

&

Brad Summers, Baritone
with accompanist Ryan Frazier

April 17th, 2016, 7 pm
St. John's Episcopal Church
85 East 100 North, Logan, Utah
COMBINED JUNIOR RECITAL

Andrew Taylor, tenor; with accompanist Dallas Heaton
Brad Summers, baritone; with accompanist Ryan Frazier

Featuring the world debut of Italia, poetry of Giuseppe Ungaretti
set to music by Jay Richards

ANDREW

**Dichterliebe** (Op. 48) .................................................. Robert Schumann
- 10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
- 11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
- 12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

**Russian Art Song**
- Bolero ................................................................. Mikhail Glinka
  (1804 – 1857)
- Ty I Vye ............................................................... Cesar Cui
  (1835 – 1910)
- Miller ................................................................. Alexander Dargomyzhsky
  (1813 – 1869)

ANDREW
- Sleep ................................................................. Ivor Gurney
  (1890-1937)
- Let Beauty Awake ............................................... Ralph Vaughan Williams
  (1872-1958)
- Dream With Me ................................................... Leonard Bernstein, from “Peter Pan
  Cello accompaniment by Emily Taylor

BRAD

**Italia** ................................................................. Jay Richards
- Lindoro
- San Martino
- Italia

ANDREW
- Vaga luna che inargenti ........................................ Vincenzo Bellini
  (1801-1835)
- Spirate pur, spirate ............................................. Stefano Donuady
  (1879-1925)
DICHTERLIEBE

Hör’ ich das Liedchen klingen
I hear the little song sounding
that my beloved once sang,
and my heart wants to shatter
from savage pain’s pressure.

I am driven by a dark longing
up to the wooded heights,
there is dissolved in tears
my supremely great pain.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
A young man loves a girl,
who has chosen another man,
the other loves yet another
and has gotten married to her.
The girl takes out of resentment
the first, best man
who crosses her path;
the young man is badly off.

It is an old story
but remains eternally new,
and for him to whom it has just happened
it breaks his heart in two.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
On a shining summer morning
I go about in the garden.
The flowers are whispering and speaking,
I however wander silently.

The flowers are whispering and speaking,
and look sympathetically at me:
“Do not be angry with our sister,
you sad, pale man.”

RUSSIAN ART SONG

Bolero – Nestor Vasil’yevich Kukol’nik
Oh maiden, marvelous mine!
By your love I am happy.
You lean your face to my chest,
In silent ecstasy you melt.
How much fire in your eyes!
How much delight upon your lips!
Palpitates your breast, you tremble all over.
Silently you grant to me vows.
The kisses continue without words,
I drink the ecstasy of your love
In the unbroken silence.

But what if you betray me?
Oh maiden, misfortunate mine!
Both wild and somber shall I become,
And the tempest of death will I arouse
For you and him.
Steam rises from blood, flows scream
But I press myself to your lips,
I reap the last sound of your voice
The ultimate gaze of your eyes
Of love-winged dreams,
Hopes, happiness, farewell to all.
I’ve seen them in a cruel dream
But no, you’ll never betray me!

Ty I Vy (You and Thou)– Alexander Pushkin
The polite “you” by the warm “thee”
You substituted by a slip of the tongue.
Stirring up all sorts of happy dreams
In my soul, so much in love.
I stand before her in deep thought
Without the strength to pull away my gaze
And I say to her “you are so nice,”
And I think, “how I love thee.”

The Miller – Alexander Puskin
A miller came home at night:
“Zhonka! What are these boots?”
“Are you drunk, you lazy idler?
Where can you see any boots?
Is the devil tormenting you?
Those are buckets!”
“Buckets? Really?
I’ve lived to be forty years old,
And never have I seen or dreamed of seeing
Buckets with copper spurs!”

Lindoro – Giuseppe Ungaretti
A hovering of wings in mist
Breaks the silence of the eyes
With wind the rose is unfurled
In a thirst of kisses.
I am dismayed at dawn.
My life spills over me
In a whirl of nostalgia
Now I mirror the corners of the earth
That I have traveled
And I know their scent
Until death, at the mercy of the journey
Do we have the respite of sleep.
The sun dries the tears.
I cover myself in a warm cloak of Gold.
From this ledge of desolation
I reach out into the embrace
Of the warmth of the day.

San Martino – Giuseppe Ungaretti
Of these houses, nothing remains
But a few scraps of wall.
Of so many men like me,
Not even that much remains
But in my heart,
No one lacks a cross.
And my heart is the land most devastated.

Italia – Giuseppe Ungaretti
I am a poet, a unanimous cry.
I am a particle of dreams.
I am a fruit, of countless diverse graftings,
Ripened in a hot house.
But your people are carried
From the same land that carries me:
Italy...
In this uniform, a soldier of yours,
I take my rest,
As if in the cradle of my father.

Vaga luna che inargenti
Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing.
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.
Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

Spirate pur, spirate
Breathe, still breathe around my beloved,
Little breezes, and find out
If she holds me in her heart,
If she holds me in her heart.
Find out, blessed breezes,
Breezes light and blessed.

FROM “INTERMEZZO,”
JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF

In Der Fremde (Distant Land)
From my homeland beyond the red flashes,
That’s where the clouds come from,
But my father and mother are long dead,
And no one knows me there now.
How soon, oh, how soon the quiet time will come,
Then I will rest, too, and over me
Will murmur the lovely forest solitude,
And no one here will know me either.

Schöne Fremde (Lovely Distant Land)
The treetops rustle and tremble As if at this hour
Around the half sunken wall
The old gods danced.
Here behind the myrtle trees
In secret, twilit splendor,
Why do you speak wildly, as in dreams,
To me, fantastic night?
All the stars sparkle down on me
With the radiant glance of love,
The distant lands speak ecstatically
Of a future, great happiness.

Wehmut (Melancholy)
I can still sing sometimes As if I were happy,
But secretly tears well up And I begin to weep.
Nightingales pour forth,
When spring breezes play outside,
Their echoing song of longing,
From the depths of their prisons.
Then all hearts listen,
And all are delighted,
But no one feels the pains,
The deep sorrow in the song.

Frühlingssnacht (Spring Night)
Over the garden in the air
I heard migrating birds passing,
That means spring is in the air
Below, it has already started to bloom.
I’d like to rejoice, I’d like to weep,
And it seems it couldn’t be true!
Old wonders appear again
Out in the moonlight.
And the moon, the stars say it,
And the grove murmurs it in dreams,
And the nightingales sing it:
She is yours, she is yours!
Vainement, ma bienaimee
Since these jealous guardians
will not be moved to mercy,
ah, let me tell you of my anguish
and my torment!
In vain, my beloved,
One believes me to despair;
Near to your closed door
I wish still to dwell!
The stars may be extinguished,
And the nights replaced by days,
Without blaming you or complaining
about my state.
Here, I will remain, always.
I know that your heart is gentle,
And the hour soon will come,
When the hand that now pushes me away,
Towards mine it will reach out!
Do not delay too long
To let your heart soften.
If Rozenn does not arrive soon,
I, alas, shall die!

Sois Immobile (Be still) – Étienne de Jouy and Hippolyte Bis
Be still, and look at the ground
Incline a supplicant knee
Invoke God, who alone, my son
In the Son can save the Father.
It remains thus, but look to the heavens...
In threatening such a dear head,
That steel arrow can frighten you.
The slightest movement...
Jemmy! Think of your mother!
She will be with us both.

Dieu, tu semas dans nos âmes (God, you spread
in our souls) – Libretto by Joseph Méry and Camille du Locle

Rodrigue: Carlos, listen! The doors of the
convent will soon open. Doubtless,
it is Phillip with the queen!

Don Carlos: Elisabeth!

Rodrigue: Carlos, I will help you strengthen
your faltering soul! Your Destiny
still can be great and beautiful. Pray
God will grant you heroic strength!

Together: God, you scattered in our souls
a gleam of the same fires,
The same exalted love, the love
of liberty!
God who of our sincere hearts has
made the hearts of two brothers!
Receive our vow! We will die loving
each other.

Rodrigue: Here they are!

Don Carlos: I tremble! I am dying at the sight
of her!

Rodrigue: Courage!

Together: Let us be united in life and death!
God, receive our vow, to die loving
each other!
Let us be united in life and death!
Liberty!
- 1. In Der Fremde
- 6. Schöne Fremde
- 9. Wehmut
- 12. Frühlingsnacht

French Grand Opera
- Vainement, ma bien-aimée ............................. Édouard Lalo, from Le roi d’Ys
(1823-1892)
- Sois Immobile .............................. G. Rossini, from Guillaume Tell
(1792-1868)
- Dieu, tu semâs dans nos ames. .................... Giuseppe Verdi, from Don Carlo
(1813-1901)

Jay Richards, American composer, is a Cache Valley Native, where he has composed for musical theatre, dance, film, studio, and television for over 20 years. His musical adaptation of Jane Eyre was premiered at the Ellen Eccles Theatre in the spring of 2013. He holds degrees from Utah State University and the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland.

While a master's student at the Royal Conservatoire, Jay composed the song cycle Italia. The text for these songs was written by Giuseppe Ungaretti (1888 – 1970), an Italian poet, journalist, academic, and essayist, much of whose poetic output was drafted during the First World War. Ungaretti himself fought in the trenches and witnessed much of the understated atrocities that took place there. The text for Lindoro, San Martino, and Italia reflects his personal reaction to the dark devastation of war, as well as love for his country and hope for the future.