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### Senior Recital

Nathan Wilen  
*Chapman University*

Tony Cho  
*Chapman University*

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CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY

*Hall-Musco*  
*Conservatory of Music*

*presents a*

Senior Recital

Nathan Wilen, tenor

Tony Cho, Piano

April 12, 2014 ■ 8:00 P.M.

Salmon Recital Hall

# Program

## I

Where Ere You Walk

From *Semele*

Great Dagon has Subdued Our Foe

From *Samson*

Horror! Confusion! Open thy Marble Jaws

From *Jephthe*

Ombra Mai Fu

From *Serse*

George Frederic Handel  
(1685-1759)

## II

Down By the Salley Gardens

O Waly Waly

Foggy Foggy Dew

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

~Intermission~

## III

Si Mes Vers Avaint des Ailes

L'Heure Exquise

Mai

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874-1947)

## IV

*Liederkreis, Op. 39*

I. In der Fremde

II. Intermezzo

III. Waldegespräch

VII. Auf einer Burg

VIII. In der Fremde

X. Zwielficht

XII. Frühlingsnacht

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music in  
Vocal Performance degree. Nathan Wilen is a student of Patrick Goesser.*

# *Nathan Wílen - Senior Recital*

Program Notes and Translations

April 12, 2014



**George Friderick Handel** (1685 - 1759) was one of the most prolific composers of the Baroque period. He composed in nearly every genre present during his time, but today he is remembered mainly for his orchestral works and oratorios. Handel's career took him from his birthplace of Halle in present day Germany to Hamburg in 1703, then Italy in 1706. It was here that he developed his Italianate, *bel canto* style. In Italy he composed Opera, but when he came to Rome he found that Opera was temporarily banned in the Papal State. It was then that he began delving into oratorio and sacred cantatas. His work in Italy was a great success for him, but he would not stay long. In 1710 Handel traveled north and found employment as Kapellmeister in the court of Hannover. By 1712 he had yet again moved on, this time to London. Handel would stay in England until his death in 1759.

### **Where'er You Walk**

Where'er you walk  
Cool gales shall fan the glade  
Trees where you sit  
Shall crowd into a shade

Where'er you tread  
The Blushing flowers shall rise  
And all things flourish  
Where'er you turn your eyes

### **(Recitative) Horror! Confusion!**

Horror! Confusion!  
Harsh this music grates upon my tasteless ears.  
Begone, my child! Thou hast undone thy father.  
Fly! Begone, and leave me to the rack of wild despair!

### **(Aria) Open thy marble jaws**

Open thy marble jaws, o tomb!  
And hide me, earth in thy dark womb:  
Hide me! Open, o tomb!  
And hide me earth, in thy dark womb.

Ere I the name of father stain,  
and deepest woe from conquest gain.

### **Great Dagon has subdued our foe**

Great Dagon has subdued our foe, and brought their boasted hero low:  
Sound out his power in notes divine,  
Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.



**(Recit) Frondi Tenere e Belle**

Frondi Tenere e belle,  
Del mio platano amato  
Per voi risplenda il fato.  
Tuoni, Lampi, e Procelle  
Non vi oltraggino mai la cara pace,  
Ne giunga a profanarvi Austro rapace.

**(Aria) Ombra Mai Fu**

Ombra mai fu  
Di Vegetabile,  
Cara ed amabile  
Soave piu.

**Tender and Beautiful Fronds**

Tender and beautiful fronds  
Of my beloved plane tree,  
Let fate smile upon you.  
May thunder, lightning, and storms  
Never bother your dear peace,  
Nor may you by blowing winds be profaned.

**Never Was Made**

Never was made  
A plant  
More dear and loving  
Or gentle.

**Benjamin Britten** (1913 - 1976) is perhaps the greatest and most highly esteemed English composer of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. By age 14 Britten already had 100 compositions in his name, but the premiere of *Peter Grimes* in 1945 brought him into the international spotlight. Besides being a very successful opera composer, Britten wrote a variety of other compositions, including orchestral, choral, solo vocal, and chamber works, as well as film music. A fervent pacifist, Britten composed his most famous anti-war work, the *War Requiem*, in 1962. Shostakovich described the *Requiem* as “the greatest work of the twentieth century”.

**The Salley Gardens**

Down by the Salley gardens my love and I did meet,  
She passed the Salley gardens with little snow white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,  
But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand;  
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs,  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

**O Waly, Waly**

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,  
And neither have I wings to fly.  
Give me a boat that will carry two,  
And both shall row my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,  
A-gath'ring flows both fine and gay,





A-gath'ring flows both red and blue,  
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak  
Thinking he was a trusty tree;  
But first he bent, and then he broke;  
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,  
She's loaded deep as deep can be,  
But not so deep as the love I'm in:  
I know not if I sink or swim.

O, Love is handsome and love is fine,  
And love's a jewel while it is new,  
But when it is old, it growth cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.

### **The Foggy Foggy Dew**

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone,  
And worked at the weaver's trade.  
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong  
Was to woo a fair young maid.  
I wooed her in the winter time  
And in the summer too.  
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong  
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside  
When I lay fast asleep.  
She laid her head upon my bed  
And she began to weep.  
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died,  
She said: What shall I do?  
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head,  
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Oh I am a bachelor and I live with my son,  
And we work at the weaver's trade.  
And every single time that I look into his eyes,  
He reminds me of the fair young maid.  
He reminds me of the winter time,  
And of the summer too,  
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms,  
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.



**Reynaldo Hahn** (1874 – 1947) was born Venezuelan but his family moved to Paris when he was three. A child prodigy, he began performing as a singer and pianist in Parisian salons at the age of six. By 10 he was accepted to the Paris Conservatoire, where he studied under Jules Massenet, Camille Saint-Saëns, and Charles Gounod and made the acquaintance of Maurice Ravel. In 1888 Hahn became a celebrity when his setting of Victor Hugo's poem *Si mes vers avaient des ailes* was published. Hahn completed his song cycle set to the poetry of Paul Verlaine, *Chansons Grises*, while he was still studying at the Conservatoire. Even after his death the fifth song in this group, *L'heure Exquise*, remained popular, and does so to this day. Hahn's undulating piano accompaniment and speech-like cadence in the vocal line make his work some of the most romantic to come out of France during this time period.

## Mai

Depuis un mois, chère exilée,  
Loin de mes yeux tu t'en allas,  
Et j'ai vu fleurir des lilas  
Avec ma peine inconsolée.

Seul, je fuis ce ciel clair et beau  
Dont l'ardent effluve me trouble,  
Car l'horreur de l'exil se double  
De la splendeur du renouveau.

En vain le soleil a souri,  
Au printemps je ferme ma porte,  
Et veux seulement qu'on m'apporte  
Un rameau de lilas fleuri;

Car l'amour dont mon âme est pleine  
Y trouve, parmi ses douleurs  
Ton regard dans ces chères fleurs  
Et dans leur parfum ton haleine.

## Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,  
Vers votre jardin si beau,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Des ailes comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,  
Vers votre foyer qui rit,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Des ailes comme l'esprit.

## May

It is a month, dear exile,  
Since you vanished from my gaze,  
And I have watched the lilacs bloom  
With my sorrow unassuaged.

Alone, I avoid these lovely clear skies,  
Whose blazing rays disquiet me,  
For an exile's dread increases  
With the splendor of nature's renewal.

In vain the sun has smiled;  
I close my door to the spring,  
And wish only to be brought  
A lilac branch in bloom!

For Love, which fills my heart to overflowing,  
Finds among its sorrows  
Your gaze in the midst of those dear flowers,  
And in their fragrance your sweet breath!

## If my verses had wings

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,  
To your garden so fair,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,  
To your smiling hearth,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like the mind.



Près de vous, purs et fidèles,  
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Des ailes comme l'amour!

Pure and faithful, to your side  
They'd hasten night and day,  
If my verses had wings,  
Like love!

### L'heure exquise

La lune blanche  
Luit dans les bois;  
De chaque branche  
Part une voix  
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,  
Profond miroir,  
La silhouette  
Du saule noir  
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tender  
Apaisement  
Semble descendre  
Du firmament  
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

### The exquisite hour

The white moon  
Shines in the woods.  
From each branch  
Springs a voice  
Beneath the arbor.

Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror  
The pond reflects  
The silhouette  
Of the black willow  
Where the wind weeps.

Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender  
Calm  
Seems to descend  
From a sky  
Made iridescent by the moon.

It is the exquisite hour!

**Robert Schumann** (1810 - 1856), one of the greatest composers of German Lieder, abandoned his study of the "ice-cold definitions" of the law to become a legendary composer and music critic. Schumann intended to become a virtuoso pianist initially, but focused on composition after a hand injury in 1832 made playing too painful. In 1840, Schumann finally married Clara Wieck after a long legal battle with her father. Schumann wrote exclusively for the piano until 1840, when he began composing symphonies, Lieder, piano concertos, choral and chamber works, and even an opera. 1840 was also Schumann's famous "Liederjahr", or "year of song". In this year alone he wrote 168 songs. Schumann co-founded the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (the new journal for music) in 1834 and remained one of Germany's most influential music critics until he gave up the magazine in 1844. Schumann's influence helped to revive interest in Mozart and Beethoven as well as invigorating the careers of his contemporaries Chopin and Berlioz.



## **I. In der Fremde**

Aus der Heimat hinter den  
Blitzen rot  
Da kommen die Wolken her,  
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,  
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,  
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir  
Rauschet die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,  
Und keiner mehr kennt mich auch hier.

## **II. Intermezzo**

Dein Bildnis wunderselig  
Hab ich im Herzensgrund,  
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich  
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Mein Herz still in sich singet  
Ein altes schönes Lied,  
Das in die Luft sich schwinget  
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

## **III. Waldeggespräch**

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Was reitst du einsam durch den Wald?  
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,  
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ dich heim!

"Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,  
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,  
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,  
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin."

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,  
So wunderschön der junge Leib,  
Jetzt kenn ich dich - Gott steh mir bei!  
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei.

"Du kennst mich wohl - von hohem Stein  
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.  
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald."

## **In a distant land**

From the direction of home, behind the  
Red flashes of lightning  
There come clouds,  
But Father and Mother are long dead;  
No one there knows me anymore.

How soon, ah, how soon will that quiet time come,  
When I too shall rest, and over me  
The beautiful forest's loneliness shall rustle  
And no one here shall know me anymore.

## **Intermezzo**

Your blissful, wonderful image  
I have in my heart's depths;  
It looks so freshly and joyously  
At me in every moment.

My heart sings mutely to itself  
An old, beautiful song  
That soars into the air  
And hastens to your side.

## **Conversation in the Wood**

It is already late, it is already cold;  
Why do you ride alone through the wood?  
The wood is vast and you are alone,  
You fair bride! I will lead you home.

"Great are the deceit and cunning of men;  
My heart has broken for pain.  
The forest horn strays here and there, o flee!  
You do not know who I am."

So richly decked are mount and lady,  
So wondrously fair the young form;  
Now I recognize you - God stand by me!  
You are the Witch Loreley.

"You recognize me well - from the lofty cliffs  
My castle gazes down into the Rhine.  
It is already late, it is already cold  
You shall never again leave this wood."





## VII. Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer  
Oben ist der alte Ritter;  
Drüber gehen Regenschauer,  
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare  
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,  
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre  
Oben in der stillen Klause.

Draußen ist es still' und friedlich,  
Alle sind ins Tal gezogen,  
Waldesvögel einsam singen  
In den leeren Fensterbogen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten  
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenscheine,  
Musikanten spielen munter,  
Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

## VIII. In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen  
Im Walde her und hin.  
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen,  
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen  
Hier in der Einsamkeit,  
Als wollten sie was sagen  
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondesschimmer fliegen,  
Als säh ich unter mir  
Das Schloß im Tale liegen,  
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müßte in dem Garten,  
Voll Rosen weiß und rot,  
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,  
Und ist doch so lange tot.

## In a castle

Asleep on his watch  
Up there is the old knight;  
Above move rainshowers,  
And the wood rustles through the grill.

Beard and hair grown into one  
Chest and ruff have turned to stone;  
He sits for many hundreds of years  
Above in his silent den.

Outside it is quiet and peaceful:  
All have taken to the valley;  
Woodbirds sing alone  
In the empty arching windows.

A wedding passes by below  
On the Rhine, in the sunlight:  
Musicians play gaily  
And the fair bride - she weeps.

## In a distant land

I hear the brooklets rushing  
Here and there in the wood.  
In the wood, amidst the rushing,  
I know not where I am.

The nightingales sing  
here in the solitude,  
As if they wanted to speak  
of fine old times.

The moonbeams dart  
And I seem to see below me  
A castle lying in the valley –  
Yet it is so far from here!

It seems as if, in the garden  
Full of roses white and red,  
My sweetheart were waiting for me –  
Yet she is long since dead.



## **X. Zwielficht**

Dämmrung will die Flügel spreiten,  
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,  
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume –  
Was will dieses Grau'n bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,  
Laß es nicht alleine grasen,  
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,  
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden,  
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,  
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,  
Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen Frieden.

Was heut gehet müde unter,  
Hebt sich morgen neu geboren.  
Manches geht in Nacht verloren –  
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

## **XII. Frühlingsnacht**

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte  
Hört' ich Wandervögel ziehn,  
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,  
Unten fängt's schon an zu blühn.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,  
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!  
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen  
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,  
Und im [Träumen]<sup>4</sup> rauscht's der Hain,  
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:  
Sie ist deine! Sie ist dein!

## **Twilight**

Dusk prepares to spread its wings,  
The trees rustle ominously,  
Clouds approach like heavy dreams –  
What does this horror mean?

If you have a favorite doe,  
Don't let it graze alone;  
Hunters roam the forest, sounding their horns,  
Their voices straying hither and thither.

If you have a friend on earth,  
Do not trust him in this hour;  
Friendly might he seem in eye and mouth,  
Yet he plans for war in deceitful peace.

What today goes wearily down,  
Will lift itself tomorrow newly born.  
Much goes astray at night –  
Beware - be alert and wide awake!

## **Spring Night**

Above the gardens<sup>1</sup> and across the sky  
I heard migrating birds passing;  
That meant that spring was in the air;  
Below, things are already beginning to bloom.

I could rejoice, I could weep –  
I feel as though it cannot be!  
Old wonders appear again  
With the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,  
And in a dream the grove murmurs it,  
And the nightingales sing it:  
She is yours! She is yours!



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