

Western Oregon University Department of Music
Presents:

Rebecca Hamilton

Senior Vocal Recital

Carolyn Matthews, accompanist

Saturday, June 3, 2006, 3:00 p.m.

Smith Recital Hall

Ich folge dir gleichfalls J.S. Bach
(*St. John Passion*, BWV 245) (1685-1750)
Erica Hall, flute

Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben J.S. Bach
(*St. Matthew Passion*, BWV 244) (1685-1750)
Erica Hall, flute

Romance Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Ariettes Oubliées Claude Debussy
C'est l'Extase (1862-1918)
Il pleure dans mon coeur
Chevaux de Bois
Green

Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen Carl Maria von Weber
(*Der Freischütz*) (1786-1826)

Intermission

Les oiseaux dans la charmille Jacques Offenbach
(*Les Contes D'Hoffmann*) (1819-1880)
Erica Hall, flute

A Collection of Songs by John Duke (1899-1984)

Listen to Us, the Leaves Say

February Twilight

Walking in the Rain

Bread and Music

Tiger! Tiger!

The Bird

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Degree
Rebecca Hamilton is a student of Amy Beth Chisholm

A reception will follow the concert in the north lobby

FOLLOW ME ALSO

Ich folge dir gleichfalls mit
freudigen Schritten
Und lasse dich nicht,
Mein Leben, mein Licht.
Befördre den Lauf
Und höre nicht auf,
Selbst an mir zu ziehen,
zu schieben, zu bitten.

Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben

Aus Liebe,
Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben,
Von einer Sünde weiß er nichts.
Daß das ewige Verderben
Und die Strafe des Gerichts
Nicht auf meiner Seele bliebe.

Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lis divins que j'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lis?
N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?

Ariettes Oubliées**C'est l'Extase**

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est vers les ramures grises
Le chœur des petites voix.

O le frêle et frais murmure !
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas ?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas ?

FOLLOW ME ALSO

I likewise follow you
with eager steps
and will not forsake you,
my Light and my Life.
Show me the way,
and don't stop
guiding, pushing,
and questioning me.

For love my Savior is now dying

For love,
For love my Savior is now dying,
Of sin and guilt He knows not.
So eternal desolation
And the sinner's righteous doom
Shall not rest upon my spirit.

Romance

The vanishing and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul
Of divine lilies that I have picked
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds chased it,
This charming soul of the lilies?
Is there no longer a perfume that remains
Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you enveloped me
In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

Forgotten Ariettes**It is ecstasy**

It is langorous ecstasy,
It is the fatigue after love,
It is all the rustling of the wood,
In the embrace of breezes;
It is near the gray branches:
A chorus of tiny voices.

Oh, what a frail and fresh murmur!
It babbles and whispers,
It resembles the soft noise
That waving grass exhales.
You might say it were, under the bending stream,
The muffled sound of rolling pebbles.

This soul, which laments
And this dormant moan,
It is ours, is it not?
It is not mine and yours,
Whose humble anthem we breathe
On this mild evening, so very quietly?

Il pleure dans mon coeur

Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon coeur?

O bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie,
O le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce coeur qui s'écoeure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon coeur a tant de peine.

Chevaux de Bois

Tournez, tournez, bon chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tounez mille tours.
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose.
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur coeur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'oeil du filou sournois.
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle,
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête,
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule;

Tournez dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds.
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin,

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs, que leur soif affame.

There is weeping in my heart

There is weeping in my heart
like the rain falling on the town.
What is this languor
that pervades my heart?

Oh the patter of the rain
on the ground and the roofs!
For a heart growing weary
oh the song of the rain!

There is weeping without cause
in this disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
There's no reason for this grief.

Truly the worst pain
is not knowing why,
without love or hatred,
my heart feels so much pain.

Horses of wood

Turn, turn, good horses of wood,
turn a hundred turns, turn a thousand turns,
turn often and turn always,
turn, turn to the sound of the oboes.

The red-faced child and pale mother,
the boy in black and the girl in pink,
the one pursuing and the other posing,
each getting a penny's worth of Sunday fun.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
while all around your turning
squints the sly pickpocket's eye--
turn to the sound of the victorious cornet.

It is astonishing how it intoxicates you
to go around this way in a stupid circle,
nothing in your tummy and an ache in your head,
very sick and having lots of fun.

Turn, wooden horses, with no need
ever to use spurs
to command you to gallop around,
turn, turn, with no hope for hay.

And hurry, horses of their souls--
hear the supper bell already,
the night that is falling and chasing the troop
of merry drinkers, famished by their thirst.

TOURNEZ, TOURNEZ. LE CIEL EN VOILETS
D'astres en or se vêt lentement,
L'Eglise tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours,
tournez.

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et
des branches
Et puis voici mon coeur qui ne bat que pour
vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains
blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent
soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon
front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers ;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous
reposez.

Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen

Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen,
Blond von Locken oder braun,
Hell von Aug' und rot von Wangen,
Ei, nach dem kann man wohl schauen.
Zwar schlägt man das Aug' aufs Mieder
Nach verschämter Mädchen Art;
Doch verstohlen hebt man's wieder,
Wenn's das Bürschchen nicht gewahrt.
Sollten ja sich Blicke finden,
Nun, was hat das auch für Not?
Man wird drum nicht gleich erblinden,
Wird man auch ein wenig rot.
Blickchen hin und Blick herüber,
Bis der Mund sich auch was traut!
Er seufzt: Schönste!
Sie spricht: Lieber!
Bald heißt's Bräutigam und Braut.
Immer näher, liebe Leuchten!
Wollt ihr mich im Kranze sehn?
Gelt, das ist ein nettes Bräutchen,
Und der Bursch nicht minder schön?

TURN, TURN. THE VELVET SKY
is slowly clothed with golden stars.
The church bell tolls sadly.
Turn, to the happy sound of drums,
turn.

Green

Here are some fruit, some flowers, some leaves
and some branches,
And then here is my heart, which beats only for
you.
Do not rip it up with your two white hands,
And may the humble present be sweet in your
beautiful eyes!

I arrive all covered in dew,
Which the wind of morning comes to freeze on
my forehead.
Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,
Dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.

On your young breast allow my head to rest,
Still ringing with your last kisses;
Let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,
And let me sleep a little, since you are resting.

When a slim youth walks by

When a slim youth walks by,
Blond of hair or brown,
Bright of eye and red of cheeks,
Indeed, you can definitely look at him.
Of course, you lay your eyes on your bosom
After the manner of a modest maiden;
But by stealth you raise them again
If the boy doesn't notice
If you should catch his glance,
Then, what's that matter?
You will not be blinded,
You become just a little red.
A little glance here and a glance over there,
Until the mouth is also as bold!
He sighs: beautiful one!
She says: beloved!
Soon, they are fiancee and fiancé.
Always nearer, beloved glow!
Do you want to see me in a bridal wreath?
Don't you think, she is a nice bride,
And the youth isn't any less beautiful?

LES OISEAUX DANS LA CHARMILLE

Les oiseaux dans la charmille
Dans les cieux l'astre du jour,
Tout parle à la jeune fille d'amour!
Ah! Voilà la chanson gentille
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah!

Tout ce qui chante et résonne
Et soupire, tour à tour,
Emeut son coeur qui frissonne d'amour!
Ah! Voilà la chanson mignonne
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah!

THE BIRDS IN THE HEDGES

The birds in the hedges,
The star of daylight in the sky,
Everything speaks to a young girl of love!
Ah! This is the sweet song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!

Everything that sings and sounds
And sighs, in its turn,
Moves her heart, which trembles with love!
Ah! This is the darling song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) was a German composer and organist of the Baroque period. He came from a very musical family and was taught from a young age by his father, uncles, and brother. Throughout his career he composed music in many different genres. Not only did he write organ and other keyboard music, but he also composed chamber pieces, orchestral works, cantatas, motets, and several large choral works. The two arias being performed tonight are from *St. John Passion* and *St. Matthew Passion* respectively. The *St. John Passion* is the shorter of the two works and is often overshadowed by the *St. Matthew Passion*, which was written several years later. Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* is now considered to be the most monumental Passion ever written even though it was not received well during his lifetime. J.S. Bach is universally recognized as one of the greatest composers of all time.

Claude Debussy (1862-1918) is revered as one of the most influential French composers of his time. His compositions are often referred to as impressionist music, but he did not agree with that term. He was very important in the music world at the turn of the century because his works helped create the shift from late-romantic music to 20th century modernist music. Debussy's *Ariettes Oubliées*, which were originally entitled *Ariettes, paysage belges et aquarelles*, are settings of the poetry of Paul Verlaine. This song cycle is considered to be the first one that Debussy wrote in his more developed style. Debussy wrote "Romance" several years later as the first song in a set of two, entitled *Deux Romances*. These were based on the poetry of Paul Bourget.

Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826) was a German composer whose operas were highly influential in the development of the Romantic opera in Germany. His operas are said to anticipate the early works of Richard Wagner. His numerous works for the clarinet were also ground-breaking and his religious music quite popular in 19th century Germany. "Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen" is from Weber's opera *Der Freischütz*, which is the opera that made him famous all across Europe. It was with this opera that Weber is said to have invented the genre of German Romantic opera.

Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880) was a German composer and cellist who helped develop the operetta form. He is said to be one of the most influential composers of popular music in Europe in the 19th century. "Les oiseaux dans la charmille" is from his last opera, *Les Contes D'Hoffmann*, which is much more serious than his other works. He died before he finished writing the opera, so a friend completed and premiered it for him. Some have speculated that the reason Offenbach made this opera so serious was because he longed for people to take him seriously even though he had been involved in comic opera all his life.

John Duke (1899-1984) was one of America's foremost composers of the art song. His works became very popular in the middle of the century and are now making their way back into the musical world. He was a concert pianist and composed over 265 songs, as well as some chamber operas, choral works, and orchestral works. One of his philosophies was that in a good song the words had to become incorporated by the music. Even though he was a pianist he wrote many more vocal works than piano works and he explained this by saying, "I think it is because of my belief that vocal utterance is the basis of music's mystery." For his texts he often turned to American poets such as Frost, Teasdale, Cummings, Van Doren, Millay, and E.A. Robinson. His songs display a wide range of emotions and include wit, irony, romanticism, and reflection.