

Michelle Broadbent, soprano with Amanda Sherrill, piano

ASU DMA Recital Series
Katzin Concert Hall | March 18, 2017 | 12:00 p.m.

Program

Allerseelen
Morgen
Heimliche Aufforderung

Richard Strauss (1864 – 1949)

L'invitation au voyage
Le Manoir de Rosemonde
Extase

Henri Duparc (1848 – 1943)

Das Veilchen
An Chloe
Laudamus te, from *Mass in C Minor*

W.A. Mozart (1756 – 1791)

There will be a 10-minute intermission

El Majo Discreto
Nana
Oración de las madres que tienen a sus hijos en brazos

Enrique Granados (1867 – 1916)
Manuel de Falla (1876 – 1946)

We Will Always Walk Together
I Am Cherry Alive

Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)

Give Me Jesus

Arr. Mark Hayes (b. 1953)



School of Music

Allerseelen – All Souls Day

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring inside the last red asters,
and let us speak again of love, as once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I can press it secretly;
and if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.
Just give me your sweet gaze, as once you did in May.

Flowers adorn today each grave, sending off their
fragrances;
one day in the year is free for the dead.
Come close to my heart, so that I can have you again,
as once I did in May.

*Translation by Emily Ezust

Morgen – Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path I will take,
it will unite us again, we happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue waves,
we will descend quietly and slowly;
we will look mutely into each other's eyes
and the silence of happiness will settle upon us.

*Translation by Emily Ezust

Heimliche Aufforderung – Secret Invitation

Up, raise the sparkling cup to your lips,
And drink your heart's fill at the joyous feast.
And when you raise it, wink secretly at me,
Then I'll smile and drink quietly, as you...

And quietly, as I look around at the crowd
Of drunken revelers -- don't think too ill of them.
No, lift the twinkling cup, filled with wine,
And let them be happy at the noisy meal.

But when you've savored the meal, your thirst
quenched,
Then quit the loud gathering's joyful fest,
And wander out into the garden, to the rosebush,
There shall I await you, as often of old.

And ere you know it shall I sink upon you,
And drink your kisses, as so often before,
And twine the rose's splendour into your hair.
Oh, come, you wondrous, longed-for night!

*Translation by Lawrence Snyder and Rebecca Plack

L'invitation au voyage – Invitation to the Voyage

My child, my sister,
Think of the rapture Of living together there!
Of loving at will, Of loving till death,
In the land that resembles you!
The misty sunlight Of those cloudy skies
Has for my spirit the charms, So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Shining brightly through their tears.

There, all is order and beauty,
Luxury, peace, and pleasure.

See on the canals Those vessels sleeping.
Their mood is adventurous;
It is to satisfy Your slightest desire
That they come from the ends of the earth.

The setting suns Adorn the fields,
The canals, the whole city, With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep In a warm glow of light.

*Translation by William Aggeler

Le Manoir de Rosemonde – The Manor of Rosemonde

With it's sudden and voracious tooth,
Like a dog, love bit me...
Following the blood I have shed,
go, you will be able to follow my trail...

Take a horse of good stock,
Depart and follow my difficult road,
Pothole or lost path,
If the journey does not exhaust you !

Passing where I have passed,
You will see that, alone and wounded,
I roamed through this sad world.

And that I thus went off to die
Very far, very far, without discovering
The blue manor of Rosemonde.

*Translation by Stanley Appelbaum

Extase – Ecstasy

On a pale lilly my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death

Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved

On your pale breast my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death

*Translation by Richard Stokes

Das Veilchen – The Violet

A violet on the meadow stood,
Hunched over in itself and unnoticed;
It was a loveable violet!
Along came a young shepherdess
With light tread and cheerful mind
Along, along,
Towards the meadow she sang her song.

"Ah!" thinks the violet, "if I were
The most beautiful bloom in nature,
For just a tiny little while,
Until that darling plucked me
And to her bosom pressed!
If only, if only
For a quarter hour long!"

Ah! And alas! The girl came along
And not noticing the violet,
Trampled the poor little violet.
It sank and died, but still it rejoiced:
"And if I die, I shall have died
By means of her,
And even at her feet have died."
The poor violet! It was a loveable violet.

*Translation by Walter Meyer

An Chloë – To Chloe

When love shines from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with the pleasure of gazing into them
my heart pounds and glows;

and I hold you and kiss your rosy, warm cheeks,
lovely maiden, and I clasp you trembling in my arms,

maiden, maiden, and I hold you fast to my breast,
which at the last moment, only at death, will let you go;

Then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed
by a gloomy cloud,
and I sit then, exhausted,
but blissful, next to you.

*Translation by Emily Ezust

Laudamus te – We Praise Thee

We praise Thee,
We bless Thee,
We worship Thee,
We glorify Thee.

El majo discreto – The Discreet Majo

Some say that my beloved is homely.
It is possible that he may be,
For love is desire Which blinds and dizzies.
For long have I known That loving is not seeing.

But if my beloved is not a man
Whose beauty turns heads and astonishes,
Then he is discreet And the keeper of a secret
That I entrusted to him Knowing that he is true.

What could this secret be
That my beloved is safeguarding?
It would be indiscreet For me to reveal it.
It is no small feat to learn
The secrets between a man and a woman.
He was born in Lavapiés. Yes, yes!
He is handsome, handsome is he!

*Translation by Pamela Narbona Jerez

Nana – Nana

Go to sleep, Child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul,
Go to sleep, little star of the morning.
Lulla-lullaby,
Lulla-lullaby,
Sleep, little star of the morning.

*Translation by Claudia Landivar Cody

Oración de las madres que tienen a sus hijos en brazos – Prayer of the mothers that hold their children in their arms

Sweet Jesus, you are sleeping!
by the holy breast that suckled you,
I pray that my son will not be a soldier!

They will take him away, and he was my flesh!
They will kill him, and he was my happiness!
When he is dying he will say, "Mother of mine!"
And I will not know the hour nor the day.

Sweet Jesus, you are sleeping!
by the holy breast that suckled you,
I pray that my son will not be a soldier!

*Translation by Jessica Vasquez