

Drake Sherman, Tenor
Danielle Hutchison, Piano

Voice Recital

February 19th at 7:30pm

ASU School of Music Recital Hall

Vainement, Ma Bien Aimée

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,
do I seem to despair:
next to your closed door
I am determined to stay!
Suns may be extinguished,
nights replace days,
but without blaming you and without complaining,
I shall stay here for ever!

I know that you have a kind heart,
and the hour will soon come
when the hand which now pushes me away
will reach out towards mine!

Do not delay too long
in allowing yourself to be won over by
your tender feelings;
If Rozenn does not appear soon soon,
I, alas, shall die!

C

I have crossed the bridges of Cé,
It is there that it all began
A song of bygone days
Tells the tale of a wounded knight
Of a rose on the carriageway
And an unlaced bodice
Of the castle of a mad duke
And swans on the moats
Of the meadow where comes dancing An
eternal betrothed love.
And I drank like iced milk
The long lay of false glories
The Loire carries my thoughts away with
the overturned cars
And the unprimed weapons
And the ill-dried tears
Oh my France Oh my forsaken France

Erwartung

The sea green pond,
beside the red villa
beneath the dead oak,
reflects the shining moon.

Where the oak's dark reflection
reaches through the water,
there is a man and slips
a ring off his hand.

Three opals glint;
red and green gleams
from the pale gems
and submerges.

And he kisses the gems, and
his eyes shine
like the sea green bottom:
a window opens.

A woman's pale hand
beckons him
from the red villa
beside the dead oak.

Verborgenheit

Oh, world, let me be!
Entice me not with gifts of love.
Let this heart in solitude have
Your bliss, your pain!

What I mourn, I know not.
It is an unknown pain;
Forever through tears shall I see
The sun's love-light.

Often, I am scarcely conscious
And the bright joys break
Through the pain, thus pressing
Delightfully into my breast.

Oh, world, let me be!
Entice me not with gifts of love.
Let this heart in solitude have
Your bliss, your pain!

Drake's Senior Recital

French

Vainement, Ma bien aimée Édouard Lalo (1820-1892)

C Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

German

Erwartung Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Verborgenheit Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Die Post Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Spanish

Al Amor Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

Con Amores La Mi Madre

En El Pinar

El Vito

English

Tchaikowsky (And other Russians) Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Sarah Frank Wildhorn (b. 1959)

Special Song

Die Post

A posthorn sounds from the street.
What is it that makes you leap so,
My heart?
The post brings no letter for you.
Why do you surge, then, so wonderfully,
My heart?

And now the post comes from the town
Where once I had a true beloved,
My heart!
Do you want to look out
And ask how things are back there,
My heart?

Al Amor

Give me, Love, kisses without number,
As the number of hairs on my head,
And give me a thousand and a hundred
after that,
And a hundred and a thousand after
that...
And after those many thousands...
Give me three more!

And so that no one feels bad
Let us tear up the tally
And begin counting backwards

Con Amores La Mi Madre

With love, my mother,
With love I fall asleep;
That way while asleep I dreamt
That which the heart safeguarded,
That love consoled me .
With more goodness that I deserved.
I was lulled to sleep with the kindness
that love gave me;
It gave rest to my pain
The faith with which I served it
With love, my mother,
With love I fall asleep

En El Pinar

I never had a horse nor a collar
Nor will I have a green crystal boat
But I'll have light pain and a song
And my hut made of green pine

I never had a coral star
I never had a mirror as clean as my sea
But I will have a lark and rosebush
And my green pine hut in the moonlight
In the green pine groves

El Vito

An old lady is worth a dime
And a young girl only half
But because I am so poor
I choose the cheaper one

On with the dance,
It goes on, and on, and on.
She says, "Don't tickle me,
Because I will blush"

Four priests arrive
They're taking her to bury
While the dance goes on and on
They're taking her, my mother in law!
Oh, the joy this gives me
While the dance goes on and on,
I'll never have to see her again!

Special Thanks

What an awesome experience my senior year has been so far, and there are so many people that I owe so much to.

First and foremost for this recital, thank you Stephanie Weiss. You're with me in my lows, and you bring me to higher peaks every week. I can't imagine what this year would be like without you.

Danielle, you are a star. Anyone who knows you knows that this is all that needs to be said. Words cannot express how much you've helped me these past 8 months. And thanks for always being there to remind me to #BePositive.

I would also like to thank the MT faculty for everything they do. Toby, I am the artist I am today because of you. Brian, thank you for always pushing me, and turning our program around.

And finally, my family. Every single one of you means the world to me. Absolutely nothing would be possible without any of you. You build me up, you keep me in check, you are always there, and you ground me. So thank you for that.

But especially you Mom. You raise me up.