

ST. CLOUD STATE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

PRESENTS A

# JUNIOR RECITAL

*Featuring*

BRYAN  
NELSON

*Baritone*

Ann Oleksowicz, pianist

*With* John Gladen, baritone  
Mike Schneider, baritone  
Alicia Eisenstadt, trumpet

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9TH, 2009  
8:00 PM

RUTH GANT RECITAL HALL, PERFORMING ARTS CENTER  
ST. CLOUD STATE UNIVERSITY

# Program

## **L'Armi crudel i e fiere**

L'Armi crudeli e fiere  
Se un volto t'alletta  
Non fu d'Amor la face

Alessandro Scarlatti

BRYAN NELSON

## **What Songs Were Sung Die Post**

John Jacob Niles  
Franz Schubert

MIKE SCHNEIDER

## **Les Berceaux Mai Automne**

Gabriel Fauré

## **Behold, I Tell You a Mystery; The Trumpet Shall Sound** from *Messiah*

G. F. Handel

BRYAN NELSON  
ALICIA EISENSTADT

~ Intermission ~

## **O du mein holder Abendstern** from *Tannhäuser*

Richard Wagner

BRYAN NELSON

## **The Rovin Gambler Das Wirtshaus La Vendetta**

from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

John Jacob Niles  
Franz Schubert  
W. A. Mozart

JOHN GLADEN

## **Earth and Air and Rain**

Summer Schemes  
When I Set Out for Lyonesse  
In a Churchyard  
Rollicum-Rorum

Gerald Finzi

BRYAN NELSON

## In a Churchyard

"It is sad that so many of worth, still in the flesh," soughed the yew,  
"Misjudge their lot whom kindly earth secludes from view.  
"They ride their diurnal round each day-span's sum of hours  
In peerless ease, without jolt or bound or ache like ours."  
"If the living could but hear what is heard by my roots as they creep  
Round the restful flock, and the things said there, no one would weep.  
"Now set among the wise," they say: "enlarged in scope,  
That no God trumpet us to rise we truly hope."  
I listened to his strange tale in the mood that stillness brings,  
And I grew to accept as the day wore pale that view of things.

## Rollicum-Rorum

When Lawyers strive to heal a breach,  
and Parsons practice what they preach;  
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,  
and march his men on London town!  
Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum, Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay!

When justices hold equal scales,  
and Rogues are only found in jails;  
When Rich Men find their wealth a curse,  
and fill therewith the Poor Man's purse;  
Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum, Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay!

When Husbands with their Wives agree,  
and Maids won't wed from modesty;  
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,  
and march his men on London town!  
Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum, Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay!

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**BRYAN NELSON** is a voice student of Dr. Hugh Givens and is performing this recital in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance degree.

## La Vendetta

*Dr. Bartolo is furious about Figaro's non-compliance with his contractual obligations to Marcellina, and declares that he will have revenge.*

Revenge, oh, revenge is a pleasure reserved for the wise.

To forget disgrace, insults, is baseness, is altogether cowardice.

With cunning, with subtlety, with judgment, with discrimination

It would be possible, the matter is serious.

But believe me, it will be done.

If I have to alter the codex, if I have to read all the index,

With an ambiguity, with a synonym, some irregularity will be found.

All Seville knows Bartolo, the rascal Figaro will be defeated.

## Summer Schemes

When friendly summer calls again, her little fifers to these hills,

We'll go—we two—to that arched fane of leafage where they prime their bills

Before they start to flood the plain with quavers, minims, shakes, and trills.

"We'll go," I sing; but who shall say what may not chance before that day!

And we shall see the waters spring from chinks the scrubby copses crown;

And we shall trace their oncreeping to where the cascade tumbles down

And sends the bobbing growths aswing, and ferns not quite but almost drown.

"We shall," I say; but who may sing of what another moon will bring!

## When I Set Out for Lyonnaise

When I set out for Lyonnaise, a hundred miles away,

The rime was on the spray, and starlight lit my lonesomeness

When I set out for Lyonnaise a hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonnaise while I should sojourn there

No prophet durst declare, nor did the wisest wizard guess.

When I came back from Lyonnaise with magic in my eyes,

All marked with mute surmise my radiance rare and fathomless.

## Translations

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### L'Armi crudeli e fiere (The cruel and Burning Weapons)

The cruel and burning weapons of two darting eyes have pierced my heart.

And then those unkind eyes, more cruel and pitiless, stole my heart away.

To make you believe in the tyranny of the eyes of my Clori,

it need only be said that they are jet-black.

How cruel is Cupid, when he lets his arrows fly from eyes,

if those fiery glances consume you and allow you no peace.

If a face seduces you and then stonily turns on you, it is all follies,

but a game, it is not cruelty.

If the eye pierces you with darts of Love,

suffering in the flames you will never find mercy.

Truly, the more you gaze on those eyes, the more sparks they let fly.

But how on earth can it be, that Love should from the eyes—

when himself a Blind child—

Shoot his fiery darts?

Ah, you can well boast that your eyes are the eyes of Love.

It was not Love's face which set me on fire; it was his beautiful eyes.

Enemies of my repose, I will always call them rebellious eyes.

### Die Post (The Mail-coach)

A posthorn sounds from the highway.

What is it that makes you leap so suddenly, my heart?

The mail-coach brings you no letter.

Then why do you throb so strangely, my heart?

Well yes, the mail-coach comes from the town

where I once had a sweetheart so dear, my heart?

Do you want perhaps once to look back,

and ask how everything is, back there, my heart?

### **Les Berceaux** (The Cradles)

Along the quays, the large ships, rocked silently by the surge  
Do not heed the cradles which the hands of the women rock,  
But the day of farewells will come, for the women are bound to weep,  
And the inquisitive men must dare the horizons that lure them!  
And on that day the large ships, fleeing from the vanishing port,  
Feel their bulk held back by the soul of the far away cradles.

### **Mai** (May)

As May, all in flower, calls us to the meadows,  
Come, do not cease to bring close to your heart  
The countryside, the woods, the charming shades,  
The vast reflection of the moon over the shores of sleepy rivers,  
The path that ends where the road begins,  
And the air, the Spring and the immense horizon  
The horizon, modest and cheerful, which the world places  
As a lip at the bottom of the gown of the skies.  
Come, and let the gaze of the chaste stars,  
Falling on earth through so many veils,  
The tree, imbued with perfumes and songs,  
The warm wind of the South in the fields,  
And the shadow, and the Sun, and the tide and the greenery,  
And the radiance of all nature,  
Let them brighten, like a twofold flower,  
The beauty of your face and the love in your heart!

### **Automne** (Autumn)

Autumn of mist skies, of heart-rending horizons,  
Of hasty sunsets, of pale dawns,  
I see flowing like the waters of a torrent,  
Your days filled with melancholy.  
My thoughts, carried away on wings of regret,  
As if our lifetime could be reborn,  
Roam dreaming through the enchanted hills,  
Where, in days gone by, my youth delighted!

I fell in the bright sunlight of triumphant recollections,  
The scattered roses blooming again in a bouquet,  
And I feel tears rising to my eyes, which in my heart  
My twenty years had forgotten!

**O du mein holder Abendstern** (Oh, thou my own bright evening star)  
*Wolfram prays to the Evening Star to protect Elisabeth, whose strength  
is failing and who is near death.*

How still the twilight, draped in evening shadow!  
And all the valley dark and dim and sober.  
My soul, that longs to rise to heaven on high,  
Is filled with dread through night and shades to fly.  
But high above, one lovely star is gleaming!  
Her mellow light upon the earth is shining,  
Her friendly rays dispel the gloom of night  
And show the wand'rer the way all alight.  
Oh, thou my own bright evening star,  
Welcome to thee, how fair you are!  
Greet thou my faithful heart's dear love,  
When soon she neareth thy home above.  
When far from earth and all it beareth  
The heavenly angels' way to follow.

### **Das Wirtshaus** (The Inn)

My way has led me into a cemetery;  
Here I will enter, I thought to myself.  
Your green funeral wreaths may well be the signboards  
That invite tired travelers into the cool inn.

Are then all the rooms in this house occupied?  
I am ready to drop with fatigue, I am in mortal pain.  
O pitiless hostel, do you nevertheless deny me entrance?  
Then onward, ever onward, my trusty walking staff!