

V. Lady of the Harbor

Lee Hoiby
Poem by Emma Lazarus

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

The Serpent

Lee Hoiby
Poem by Theodore Roethke

There was a serpent who had to sing.
There was.
There was.

He simply gave up Serpentine.
Because.
Because.

He didn't like his Kind of Life;
He couldn't find a proper Wife;
He was a Serpent with a Soul;
He got no Pleasure down his Hole.

And so, of course, he had to Sing.
And Sing he did, like Anything! Ah—

The Birds, they were, they were Astounded;
And various Measures Propounded
To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket:
They bought a Drum.
He wouldn't Whack it

They sent, —you always send—to Cuba
And got a Most Commodious tuba;
They got a Horn,
They got a Flute,
But Nothing would suit.

He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile:
I do not like to Bang or Tootle."
And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note
That practically split the Top of his Throat.

"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer,
"I'm Serious about my Singing Career!"
And the Woods Resounded with many a Shriek
As the Birds flew off
to the End of Next Week.

ST. CLOUD STATE UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents a

GRADUATE CHAMBER RECITAL

Featuring

COURTNEY ATHMAN, PIANO

Assisted by

JENNIFER WALLIS, SOPRANO



SATURDAY, APRIL 24TH, 2010 AT 6:00 PM

RUTH GANT RECITAL HALL, PERFORMING ARTS CENTER

*Courtney Athman is presenting this recital in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of Master of Music in Piano Pedagogy.
She is a piano student of Dr. Carmen Wilhite.*

PROGRAM

- I. *Les Nuits d'Été***Hector Berlioz
(The Summer Nights)
Villanelle
Le spectre de la rose
Sur les lagunes
Absence
Au cimetière
L'Île Inconnue

~ INTERMISSION ~

- II. *Ich folge dir gleichfalls*** J.S. Bach
(I will follow you likewise)

- III. *Die Bekherte***Hugo Wolf
(The repentant shepherdess)
Notre amour Gabriel Fauré
(Our Love)

- IV. *Quel guardo, il cavaliere... So anch'io la virtù magica*** Gaetano Donizetti
(Her look pierced the knight... I also know the magic virtue)

- V. *Lady of the Harbor*** Lee Hoiby
Poem by Emma Lazarus
The Serpent Lee Hoiby
Poem by Theodore Roethke



COURTNEY ATHMAN is a graduate student at St. Cloud State University working toward her master's degree in Piano Pedagogy. She did her undergraduate studies at Northwestern College where she completed a B.Mus. degree in Piano Performance in Spring 2008. She has studied piano under the private tutelage of Carol Athman, Dr. Paul Wirth, Dr. Richard Lange, and currently under Dr. Carmen Wilhite. In 2004 she won the Northwestern College Concerto/Aria Competition and performed the first movement of the Liszt *Piano Concerto No. 1 in Eb Major* with the Northwestern College Orchestra. Other performances include the Spring Schubert Club Competition 2007 and 2009 as well as master classes given by concert pianists Lydia Artymiw and Horatio Nuguid.

Courtney will complete her master's degree in Fall 2011 and plans to obtain her doctorate with the goal of teaching piano at the collegiate level. She is currently working as a graduate assistant in the Music Department at St. Cloud State University, teaching Class Piano II and maintaining a private piano studio of twelve undergraduate music students.

JENNIFER WALLIS is a 2006 graduate of Northwestern College in St. Paul, MN where she received a Bachelor of Music degree. She was a member of the Northwestern College Choir as a soprano section leader and was also involved in the college's Opera Theatre program, appearing several times onstage during her time there. Her undergraduate teacher was Carol Eikum, Coordinator of Vocal Studies at Northwestern. Jennifer is presently studying with Doreen Hutchings, director of Northwestern's Opera Theatre program.

Since her senior year at NWC, Jennifer has taught voice lessons at the Northwestern College Academy of Music. She also maintains a private voice studio in and around the Twin Cities. Her current performing activities include singing with VocalEssence, a Twin Cities-based choral ensemble dedicated to performing lesser-known and commissioned works that celebrate the vocal instrument, and as soprano soloist and section leader at Our Savior's Lutheran Church in Circle Pines, MN. Jennifer is now researching and preparing to apply to graduate schools as she is planning on pursuing a Masters Degree in Vocal Pedagogy in the Fall of 2011.

*Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.*

*Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du coeur,
Notre amour est chose éternelle!*

Our love is something infinite
like the paths of the evening,
where the ocean, joined with the sky,
falls asleep under slanting suns.

Our love is something eternal
like all that has been touched
by the fiery wing of a victorious god,
like all that comes from the heart.
Our love is something eternal!
(translation by Peter Low)

- IV. *Quel guardo, il cavaliere... So anch'io la virtù magica***
Her look pierced the knight... I also know the magic virtue
(from *Don Pasquale*)
Gaetano Donizetti
Libretto by Giovanni Ruffini

*“Quel guardo, il cavaliere
in mezzo al cor trafisse,
piegò i ginocchio e disse:
son vostro cavalier.
E tanto era in quel guardo
sapor di paradiso,
che il cavalier Riccardo,
tutto d'amor conquiso,
giurò che ad altra mai
non volgeria il pensier.”
Ah, ah!*

“That look stabbed the cavalier
in the very center of his heart.
He bent his knee and said:
I am your cavalier.
And there was in that look
such a taste of paradise,
that the cavalier Ricardo,
totally conquered by love,
swore that never he would turn
his thoughts to another woman.”
Ah, ah!

*So anch'io la virtù magica
d'un guardo a tempo e loco,
so anch'io come si bruciano
i cori a lento foco;
d'un breve sorrisetto
conosco anch'io l'effetto
di menzognera lagrima,
d'un subito languor.
Conosco i mille modi
dell'amorose frodi,
i vezzi e l'arti facili
per adescare un cor...
So anch'io la virtù magica
per ispirare amor.
Ho testa bizzarra,
son pronta vivace,
brillare mi piace
mi piace scherzar.
Se monto in furore
di rado sto al segno,
ma in riso lo sdegno
fo presto a cangiar.
Ho testa bizzarra,
ma cor eccelente...
Ah...*

I, too, know the magical power
of a look at the right time and place,
I, too, know how to set hearts aflame
on slow fire;
of a passing smile
I, too, know the effect,
of a faked tear,
of a sudden faintness.
I know the thousand ways
of amorous swindles,
the charms and easy tricks
to trap a heart...
I, too, know the magical power
of inspiring love.
I have a crazy head,
I am quick and lively,
I love to shine,
I love to have fun.
If I get furious,
I rarely stay that way,
but to laughter I soon
change the anger.
I have a crazy head,
but an excellent heart...
Ah...
(translation by Eta and Martial Singher)

~ *Intermission* ~

II. *Ich folge dir gleichfalls*
I will follow you likewise
(from *St. John Passion*)
J.S. Bach

*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.*

I follow you likewise with joyful steps
and do not leave you
my life, my light
Bring me on my way
and do not cease
to pull, push and urge me on.
(translation by Jennifer Wallis)

III. *Die Bekherte*
The repentant shepherdess
Hugo Wolf

*Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
Ging ich still den Wald entlang,
Damon saß und blies die Flöte,
Daß es von den Felsen klang, So la la! . . .*

In the red glow of sunset
I walked silently through the wood.
Damon sat and blew his flute
so that the rocks resounded:
So la la! . . .

*Und er zog mich an sich nieder,
Küßte mich so hold und süß.
Und ich sagte: Blase wieder!
Und der gute Junge blies,
So la la! . . .*

And he drew me down to him
and kissed me so gently, so sweetly,
and I said “blow again”
and the good-heated lad blew:
So la la! . . .

*Meine Ruhe ist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon,
Und ich höre vor meinen
Ohren Immer nur den alten Ton,
So la la, le ralla! . . .*

My peace of mind is now lost,
my joy has flown away,
and I hear in my ears
only the old tones of
So la la, le ralla! . . .
(translation by Eric Sams)

Notre amour
Our Love
Gabriel Fauré

*Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
Notre amour est chose légère!*

Our love is something light
like the perfumes which the breeze
brings from the tips of ferns
for us to inhale as we dream.
Our love is something light.

*Notre amour est chose charmaante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
Notre amour est chose charmante!*

Our love is something enchanting
like the morning's songs
in which regrets are not heard
but uncertain hopes vibrate.
Our love is something enchanting.

*Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
Notre amour est chose sacrée!*

Our love is something sacred
like the forests' mysteries
in which an unknown soul quivers
and silences have voices.
Our love is something sacred!

Texts & Translations

I. *Les Nuits d'Été*
(The Summer Nights)
Poems by Theophile Gautier

1. *Villanelle*

*Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux, nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit, au matin trembler.
Nous irons écouter les merles siffler;
Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni;
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit des vers au rebord du nid.
Oh ! viens donc sur le banc de mousse
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce,
Toujours!
Loin, bien loin égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis chez nous tout heureux, tout aisés,
En paniers, enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises des bois.*

2. *Le spectre de la rose*

*Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal!
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et, parmi la fête étoilée,
Tu me promenas tout le soir.
Ô toi qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toute la nuit mon spectre rose
À ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni De Profundis,
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.
Mon destin fut digne d'envie,
Et pour avoir un sort si beau
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie;
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: “Ci-gît une rose,
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.”*

1. *Villanelle*

When verdant spring again approaches,
When winter's chills have disappeared,
Through the woods we shall stroll, my darling,
The fair primrose to cull at will.
The trembling bright pearls that are shining,
Each morning we shall brush aside;
We shall go to hear the gay thrushes singing.
The flowers are abloom, my darling,
Of happy lovers 'tis the month;
And the bird his soft wing englossing,
Sings carols sweet within his nest.
Come with me on the mossy bank,
Where we'll talk of nothing else but love,
And whisper with thy voice so tender:
Always!
Far, far off let our footsteps wander,
Fright'ning the hiding hare away,
While the deer at the spring is gazing,
Admiring his reflected horns.
Then back home, with our hearts rejoicing,
And fondly our fingers entwined,
Lets return bringing fresh wild berries wood-grown.
(translation by Samuel Byrne)

2. *The Ghost of the Rose*

Open your closed eyelid
Which is gently brushed by a virginal dream!
I am the ghost of the rose
That you wore last night at the ball.
You took me when I was still sprinkled with pearls
Of silvery tears from the watering-can,
And, among the sparkling festivities,
You carried me the entire night.
O you, who caused my death:
Without the power to chase it away,
You will be visited every night by my ghost,
Which will dance at your bedside.
But fear nothing;
I demand Neither Mass nor De Profundis;
This mild perfume is my soul,
And I've come from Paradise.
My destiny is worthy of envy;
And to have a fate so fine,
More than one would give his life
For on your breast I have my tomb,
And on the alabaster where I rest,
A poet with a kiss wrote:
“Here lies a rose,
Of which all kings may be jealous.”
(translation by Emily Ezust)

3. *Sur les lagunes*

*Ma belle amie est morte,
Je pleurerai toujours;
Sous la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort es amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!
La blanche créature
Est couchée au cercueil;
Comme dans la nature
Tout me paraît en deuil!
La colombe oubliée
Pleure et songe à l'absent,
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu'elle est dépareillée,
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!
Sur moi la nuit immense
S'étend comme un linceul.
Je chante ma romance
Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! comme elle était belle
Et comme je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle...
Que mon sort est amer!*

4. *Absence*

*Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée!
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée,
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!
Entre nos coeurs quelle distance!
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!
D'ici là-bas que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
À lasser le pied des chevaux!*

5. *Au cimetière*

*Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if?
Sur l'if une pâle colombe,
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant:
Un air maladivement tendre,
À la fois charmant et fatal,*

3. *On the Lagoons*

My beautiful love is dead,
I shall weep always;
Into the tomb, she has taken
My soul and my love.
Without waiting for me,
She has returned to heaven.
The angel which took her there
Did not want to take me.
How bitter is my fate!
Ah! without love, to go to sea!
The white creature
Is lying in the coffin;
How all in Nature
Seems bereaved to me!
The forgotten dove
Weeps and dreams of the one who is absent;
My soul cries and feels
That it has been abandoned.
How bitter is my fate,
Ah! without love, to go to sea!
Above me the immense night
Spreads itself like a shroud;
I sing my song
That heaven alone hears.
Ah! how beautiful she was,
And how I loved her!
I will never love
Another woman as much as I loved her;
How bitter is my fate!
(translation by Emily Ezust)

4. *Absence*

Come back, come back, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your rosy smile!
What distance between our hearts!
What space between our kisses!
Oh bitter fate, oh cruel absence!
Oh great unappeased desires!
From here to where you are, how wide the country;
How many cities and hamlets,
How many valleys and mountains,
To tire the hooves of the horses?
(translation by Waldo Lyman)

5. *Au cimetiere*

Do you know the white tomb
Where floats with plaintive sound,
The shadow of a yew?
On the yew a pale dove,
Sad and alone under the setting sun,
Sings its song:
An air sickly tender,
At the same time charming and ominous,

*Qui vous fait mal
Et qu'on voudrait toujours entendre;
Un air, comme en
souponner aux cieux
L'ange amoureux.
On dirait que l'âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson
De la chanson,
Et du malheur d'être oubliée
Se plaint dans un roucoulement
Bien doucement.
Sur les ailes de la musique
On sent lentement revenir
Un souvenir.
Une ombre, une forme angélique,
Passe dans un rayon tremblant,
En voile blanc.
Les belles de nuit demicloses
Jettent leur parfum faible et doux
Autour de vous,
Et le fantôme aux molles poses
Murmure en vous tendant les bras:
Tu reviendras?
Oh! jamais plus, près de la tombe,
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Écouter la pâle colombe
Chanter sur la pointe de l'if
Son chant plaintif!*

6. *L'Île Inconnue*

*Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile enfle son aile,
La brise va souffler!
L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin ;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.
Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile enfle son aile,
La brise va souffler!
Est ce dans la Baltique,
Dans la mer Pacifique?
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce Norwége,
Cueillir la fleur de neige,
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?
Dites, la jeune belle,
Dites, où voulez-vous aller?
Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours!
Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère,
Au pays des amours.*

Which makes you feel agony
Yet which you wish to hear always;
An air like a sigh from the heavens
Of a love-lorn angel.
One would say that an awakened soul
Is weeping under the earth in unison
With this song,
And from the misfortune of being forgotten,
Moans its sorrow in a cooing
Quite soft.
On the wings of the music
One feels the slow return
Of a memory.
A shadow, a form angelic,
Passes in a trembling ray of light,
In a white veil.
The beautiful flowers of the night, half-closed,
Send their perfume, faint and sweet,
Around you,
And the phantom of soft form
Murmurs, reaching to you her arms:
You will return!
Oh! never again near the tomb
Shall I go, when night lets fall
Its black mantle,
To hear the pale dove
Sing on the limb of the yew
Its plaintive song!
(translation by Emily Ezust)

6. *The Island Uncharted*

Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells,
The breeze will blow.
The oar is made of ivory,
The flag is of silk,
The helm is of fine gold;
I have for ballast an orange,
For a sail, the wing of an angel,
For a deck boy, a seraph.
Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells,
The breeze will blow.
Is it to the Baltic?
To the Pacific Ocean?
To the island of Java?
Or is it well to Norway,
To gather the flower of the snow,
Or the flower of Angsoka?
Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
Lead me, says the beauty,
To the faithful shore
Where one loves always!
This shore, my darling,
We hardly know at all
In the land of Love.
(translation by Emily Ezust)