The University of Wisconsin –La Crosse

College of Liberal Studies

School of Arts & Communication Department of Music

Presents

Corey Pierce, Tenor

In a Senior Voice Recital

Accompanied by Dr. Pamela Kelly

Saturday, December 8, 2018, 4 pm

Annett Recital Hall

Center for the Arts

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of a Bachelor of Science degree in Music Education and Vocal Performance. Mr. Pierce is a student of Dr. Terence Kelly.

**Program**

I.

from *Dichterliebe* Robert Schumann

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai (1810-1856)

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Die rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh’

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Ich grolle nicht

II.

Frondi tenere … Ombra mai fu Georg Friedrich Handel

from *Serse* (1685-1759)

O sleep, why dost thou leave me?

from *Semele*

III.

Lamento Henri Duparc

Chanson Triste (1884-1933)

IV.

Kudá, kudá (Lensky’s Aria) Peter Tchaikovsky

from *Eugene Onegin* (1840-1893)

Intermission

V.

Dalla sua pace Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

from *Don Giovanni*  (1756-1791)

O Mistress Mine Roger Quilter

(1877-1953)

VI.

Frühlingsglaube Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Wir wandelten Johannes Brahms

(1833-1897)

VII.

Ye people, rend your hearts … Felix Mendelssohn

If with all your hearts, from *Elijah* (1809-1847)

VIII.

Una parola … Chiedi all’aura Gaetano Donizetti

from *L’Elisir d’amore* (1797-1848)

Irene Kelly, soprano

**Translations**

**Dichterliebe – Poet’s Love (Heine)**

**Im wunderschönen Monat Mai**

In the wonderfully fair month of May,

as all the flower-buds burst,

then in my heart

love arose.

In the wonderfully fair month of May,

as all the birds were singing,

then I confessed to her

my yearning and longing.

**Aus meinen Thränen sprießen**

From my tears spring

many blooming flowers forth,

and my sighs become

a nightingale choir,

and if you have love for me, child,

I'll give you all the flowers,

and before your window shall sound

the song of the nightingale.

**Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne**

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,

I once loved them all in love's bliss.

I love them no more, I love only

the small, the fine, the pure, the one;

she herself, source of all love,

is rose and lily and dove and sun.

**Wenn ich in deine Augen seg’**

When I look into your eyes,

then vanish all my sorrow and pain!

Ah, but when I kiss your mouth,

then I will be wholly and completely healthy.

When I lean on your breast,

I am overcome with heavenly delight,

ah, but when you say, "I love you!"

then I must weep bitterly.

**Ich will meine Seele tauchen**

I want to plunge my soul

into the chalice of the lily;

the lily shall resoundingly exhale

a song of my beloved.

The song shall quiver and tremble,

like the kiss from her mouth,

that she once gave me

in a wonderfully sweet hour!

**Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome**

In the [Rhine](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rhine), in the holy stream,

there is [mirrored in the waves](http://www.jlittlewood.com/pictures/deutschland/175.jpg),

with its [great cathedral](http://www.koelner-dom.de/),

great holy [Cologne](http://www.koeln.de/en/index.html).

In the cathedral, there stands [an image](http://www.koelner-dom.de/index.php?id=17346&L=1" \o "from Stefan Lochner's Altar of the City Patrons, actually gilt paint on oak)

[on golden leather painted](http://www.koelner-dom.de/index.php?id=17346&L=1" \o "from Stefan Lochner's Altar of the City Patrons, actually gilt paint on oak).

Into my life's wilderness

it has shined in amicably.

There hover [flowers and little angels](http://www.koelner-dom.de/index.php?id=18269&L=1" \o "a close-up of the flowers and cherubs around the Virgin)

[around our beloved Lady](http://www.koelner-dom.de/index.php?id=18269&L=1" \o "a close-up of the flowers and cherubs around the Virgin),

the eyes, the lips, the little cheeks,

they match my beloved's exactly.

**Ich grolle nicht**

I bear no grudge, even as my heart is breaking,

eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.

Even though you shine in diamond splendor,

there falls no light into your heart's night,

that I've known for a long time.

I bear no grudge, even as my heart is breaking.

I saw you, truly, in my dreams,

and saw the night in your heart's cavity,

and saw the serpent that feeds on your heart,

I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.

I bear no grudge.

**Ombra mai fu – Never was shade**  
Branches tender and beautiful   
of my sycamore beloved   
for you shines the destiny;   
thunder, lightning and tempests   
do not let them outrage ever the dear peace   
nor let arrive to profane you, the west winds rapacious!

Shade never there was of a plant,   
dear and agreeable, more sweet.

**Lamento – Lament (Gautier)**

Do you know the white tomb,

over which floats with a plaintive sound

the shadow of a yew tree?

On the yew a pale dove,

sad and lonely in the setting sun,

sings its song.

One would say that the awakened soul

is weeping below the earth in unison

with the song.

And from the misery of being forgotten

it laments in a coo,

very gently.

Ah! Nevermore near the tomb

shall I go, when night descends

with its dark cloak,

to hear the pale dove

sing on the branch of the yew tree

its plaintive song!

**Chanson Triste – Sad Song (Lahor)**

In your heart moonlight lies dormant,

A gentle moonlight of summer;

And far from the troubles of life,

I will lose myself in your brightness.

I will forget past griefs,

My love, when you rock

My unhappy heart and my thoughts

In the loving tranquility of your arms.

You will lay my anxious head,

Oh! - some evenings - upon your lap,

And you will utter to it a ballad

That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes so full of sadness,

From your eyes I will then drink

So many kisses and so much tenderness

That perhaps at last I will be healed.

**Kudá, Kudá – Where, Where (Pushkin)**

Where have you gone, o golden days of my spring?

What does the day coming have in store for me?

It escapes my eyes, it is hidden!

Shall I fall to the deadly arrow, or will it pass by?

All for better, there is a pre-determined time

For life and for sleep

Blessed is a day of simple tasks

And blessed is the day of troubles.

Will the day beam sunshine in the morning?

And the bright day shall reign

And I, well, will I, perhaps, will descent

Into mysterious darkness of my fatal tomb?

And the memory of a strange poet will fall into Abyss

The world shall forget me, but you, you, Olga!

Tell me, will you, the maiden of beauty, come to shed a tear

Over the early urn

And think "he loved me, he devoted to me

The gloomy dawn of a troubled life!"

Ah Olga, I did love you,

To you alone I devoted

The gloomy dawn of my troubled life

Yes Olga, I did love you!

**UW-L Department of Music**

**Upcoming Events**

**Date Event Time Location**

**Dec. 8 Swinging Yuletide 7:30 PM Bluffs**

**Ballroom**

For more information about the Department of Music Recitals, Concerts or other information, please call 608-785-8409