



9-27-2006

Ken Prewitt, Tenor & Yu-Lien The, Piano, 9/27

College of Fine Arts

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/music-faculty-recitals>

 Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

WMU ScholarWorks Citation

College of Fine Arts, "Ken Prewitt, Tenor & Yu-Lien The, Piano, 9/27" (2006). *School of Music Faculty Recitals*. 17.
<http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/music-faculty-recitals/17>

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Music at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in School of Music Faculty Recitals by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact maira.bundza@wmich.edu.





Faculty Recital

2006–07 Season
25th Concert

Wednesday 27 September 2006
Dalton Center Recital Hall
8:15 p.m.

KEN PREWITT, Tenor
YU-LIEN THE, Piano

I.

Henry Purcell
c.1659–1695

“Come all ye songsters” from *The Faerie Queen*

Ludwig van Beethoven
1770–1827

Adelaide

Lonely walks your figure in the Spring-garden,
Mildly by gentle magic-light surrounded,
Which through swaying flower-branches shimmers,
Adelaide!

In the mirroring flood, in the snow of the Alps,
In the sinking day’s golden clouds,
In the fields of stars shines your image,
Adelaide!

Evening breezes in the tender foliage whisper,
Silver bells of May rustle in the grass,
Waves roar and nightingales sing:
Adelaide!

Once, oh miracle! Blooms upon my grave
A flower from the ashes of my heart,
Clearly glitters upon each purple-leaf:
Adelaide!

II.

Ludwig van Beethoven

Recitative and Aria from *Christus am Ölberge*

Recitative:

O God, my Father! Send me comfort, power and strength. The hour of my suffering approaches, which I chose long before the world was called from chaos at Thy behest. I hear the thunderous voice of Thy seraph demanding who will face Thy judgment in place of man. Father, I am here to answer Thy call. I would be the Savior and sole atoner for human guilt. How could this race, fashioned from dust, stand a sentence which crushes even me, Thy Son, to the ground? See how dread and fear of death take their grip upon me? Father, I suffer sorely! See how I suffer, and take pity on me.

Aria:

My soul is afflicted with the torments which threaten me, terror seizes me, and my whole frame trembles. I shudder convulsively with the fear of imminent death; not sweat but blood drips from my brow. Father, Your Son implores You, deeply bowed and wretched. All things are possible Your omnipotence; take this cup of sorrow from me!

III.

Vincenzo Bellini
1801–1835

Il fervido desiderio

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so desires?

When will that day come
when I welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

Vaga luna che inargenti

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

Almen se non poss'io

If I cannot at least
Be close to my beloved,
Love of my heart,
Follow close to him for me.

Since you are already bound to him
– For Cupid holds you there –
An unusual place to be
This is not for you.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart *Per pietà, non ricercate* K.420
1756–1791

Have mercy on me!
Do not seek the cause of my torment.
I feel it so cruelly that I cannot even talk of it.
Can I ever escape her even in thought?

Of what use is it for me to try this or that
If I cannot find hope?

Oh, I shall never escape her,
I call, alone, to Death and to God!
May death come and offer consolation.

IV.

Gabriel Fauré
1845–1924

Dans les ruines d'une abbaye

Alone, those two, charmed, singing, how they love each other,
How they gather the spring that God sows,
What sparkling laughter in these shadows,
Once crowded with pale faces, with sad hearts.
They are quite newly wed,
They call to each other the charming, varying cries,
Joy's fresh echoes, mingling with the wind that trembles,
Turns the dark convent into a friendly place,
They strip the jasmine of its petals on the tombstone
Where the abbess joins her hands in prayer,
They seek each other, they pursue each other, they see
Your dawn come up, love, in the night of the old cloister.
They go away, billing; they adore each other,
They kiss at every moment, and then once more
Under the pillars, the arches, and the marbles...
That is the story of the birds in the trees.

Après un Rêve

In a slumber charmed by your image
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage;
Your eyes were more tender, your voice pure and clear.
You were radiant like a sky brightened by sunrise;
You were calling me, and I left the earth
To flee with you towards the light;
The skies opened their clouds for us,
Splendors unknown, glimpses of divine light...
Alas! Alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I call to you, oh night, give me back your illusions;
Return, return with your radiance,
Return, oh mysterious night!

Chanson d'Amour

I love your eyes, I love your face,
O my rebellious one, o my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your lips,
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.
I love your voice, I love the strange
Gracefulness of everything that you say,
O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise!
I love your eyes, I love your face,
I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you, to whom ascend all my desires!

V.

Gerald Finzi
1901–1956

Till Earth Outwears

Let me enjoy the earth
In Years defaced
The Market-Girl
I look into my Glass
It never looks like Summer
Life laughs onward

Igor Stravinsky
1882–1971

Tom's Aria from *Rake's Progress*