

# Student Recital

UArkMusic

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## GRADUATE VOICE RECITAL

Dominique E. Butcher, baritone

Mickel Gordon, piano

Lucy Mae Rousseau, violin 1

Landon Barker, violin 2

Ryan Davis, viola

Riley Borchardt, cello

3:30pm, Sunday, September 17, 2023

Hillside Auditorium

University of Arkansas

## PROGRAM

**Vouchsafe, O Lord**

**How Willing My Paternal Love**

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

**An die Musik**

**Du bist die ruh'**

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

**Le Secret**

**Spleen**

Gabriel Faure (1845-1942)

**Warm as the Autumn Light**

Douglas Moore (1893-1969)

**Bob's Bedroom Aria**

Douglas Moore (1893-1969)

## INTERMISSION

### Ideale

**Donna, Vorreri Morir**

**L'ultimo Canzone**

Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

**I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray.**

**Ride on Jesus**

Hall Johnson (1888-1970)

**Deep River**

H.T. Burleigh (1866-1949)

**The Lord's Prayer**

Albert Hay Malotte (1895-1964)

*Dominique E. Butcher is a student of Dr. Jonathan Stinson*

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Master of Music in Vocal Performance*

# PROGRAM NOTES

**Franz Schubert (1797-1828)**

### **An Die Musik**

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,  
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,  
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,  
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,  
Ein süsser, heiliger Akkord von dir  
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

### **To Music**

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,  
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous round,  
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of love,  
and borne me away to a better world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,  
a sweet, celestial chord  
has revealed to me a heaven of happier times.  
Beloved art, for this I thank you!

### Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh,  
Der Friede mild,  
Die Sehnsucht du,  
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir  
Voll Lust und Schmerz  
Zur Wohnung hier  
Mein Aug' und Herz.

Ich weihe dir  
Voll Lust und Schmerz  
Zur Wohnung hier  
Mein Aug' und Herz.

Kehr' ein bei mir,  
Und schliesse du  
Still hinter dir  
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz  
Aus dieser Brust.  
Voll sei dies Herz  
Von deiner Lust.  
Dies Augenzelt  
Von deinem Glanz  
Allein erhellt,  
O füll' es ganz.

### You are repose

You are repose  
and gentle peace.  
You are longing  
and what stills it.

Full of joy and grief  
I consecrate to you  
my eyes and my heart  
as a dwelling place.

Come in to me  
and softly close  
the gate  
behind you.

Drive all other grief  
from my breast.  
Let my heart  
be full of your joy.  
The temple of my eyes  
is lit by your radiance alone:  
O, fill it wholly!

### Gabriel Faure (1845-1942)

#### Le Secret

Je veux que le matin l'ignore  
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,  
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,  
Comme une larme il s'évapore.

Je veux que le jour le proclame  
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,  
Et, sur mon cœur ouvert penché,  
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie  
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour  
Et l'emporte, avec mon amour,  
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

#### The Secret

Would that the morn were unaware  
Of the name I told to the night,  
And that in the dawn breeze, silently,  
It would vanish like a tear.

Would that the day might proclaim it,  
The love I hid from the morn,  
And poised above my open heart,  
Like a grain of incense kindle it.

Would that the sunset might forget,  
The secret I told to the day,  
And would carry it and my love away  
In the folds of its faded robe!.

#### Spleen

Il pleure dans mon cœur  
Comme il pleut sur la ville.  
Quelle est cette langueur  
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

#### Spleen

Tears fall in my heart  
As rain falls on the town;  
What is this torpor  
Pervading my heart?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie,  
Par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,  
Ô le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison  
Dans mon cœur qui s'écœure.  
Quoi! nulle trahison?  
Mon deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine,  
De ne savoir pourquoi,  
Sans amour et sans haine,  
Mon cœur a tant de peine

Ah, the soft sound of rain  
On the ground and roofs!  
For a listless heart,  
Ah, the song of the rain!

Tears fall without reason  
In this disheartened heart.  
What! Was there no treason? ...  
This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all  
Must be not to know why  
Without love and without hate  
My heart has so much pain.

## Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

### Ideale

Io ti seguii come iride di pace  
Lungo le vie del cielo:  
Io ti seguii come un'amica face  
De la notte nel velo.  
E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,  
Nel profumo dei fiori;  
E fu piena la stanza solitaria  
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce,  
Lungamente sognai;  
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce,  
In quel [sogno]<sup>1</sup> scordai.  
Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante  
A sorridermi ancora,  
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo sembiante,  
Una novella aurora.

### Donna, Vorrei Morir

Donna, vorrei morir, ma confortato  
Dall'onesto tuo amor;  
Sentirmi almeno una sol volta amato  
Senza averne rossor.  
Vorrei poterti dar quel po' che resta  
Della mia gioventù;  
Sovra l'omero tuo piegar la testa  
E non destarmi più.

### L'ultimo Canzone

M'han detto che domani  
Nina vi fate sposa,

### Ideal

I followed you like a rainbow of peace  
along the paths of heaven;  
I followed you like a friendly torch  
in the veil of darkness,  
and I sensed you in the light, in the air,  
in the perfume of flowers,  
and the solitary room was full  
of you and of your radiance.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long time  
of the sound of your voice,  
and earth's every anxiety, every torment  
I forgot in that dream.  
Come back, dear ideal, for an instant  
to smile at me again,  
and in your face will shine for me  
a new dawn.

### Lady, I Would Like to Die

Lady, I-would-like to-die, but comforted  
by-the-honest your love;  
(by your honest love;)  
I-feel-myself at-least one single time loved  
(I feel loved at least once)  
without having blushed.  
(without having felt ashamed.)  
I-wish I-could-you give what little that remains  
of my youth;  
on the-shoulder yours to-bend the head  
(to rest my head on your shoulder)  
and not to-awaken-myself more

### The Last Song

They told me that tomorrow  
Nina, you will be a bride.

Ed io vi canto ancor la serenata.  
Là nei deserti piani  
Là, ne la valle ombrosa,  
Oh quante volte a voi l'ho ricantata!

Foglia di rosa  
O fiore d'amaranto  
Se ti fai sposa  
Io ti sto sempre accanto.

Domani avrete intorno  
Feste sorrisi e fiori  
Nè penserete ai nostri vecchi amori.  
Ma sempre notte e giorno  
Piena di passione  
Verrà gemendo a voi la mia canzone.

Foglia di menta  
O fiore di granato,  
Nina, rammenta  
I baci che t'ho dato!

Ah! ... Ah! ...

yet still I sing my serenade to you!  
Up on the barren plateau,  
down in the shady valley,  
Oh, how often I have sung it to you!

Rose-petal  
O flower of amaranth,  
though you marry,  
I shall be always near.

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded  
by celebration, smiles and flowers,  
and will not spare a thought for our past love;  
yet always, by day and by night,  
with passionate moan  
my song will sigh to you.

Mint-flower,  
O flower of pomegranate,  
Nina, remember  
the kisses I gave you!

Ah! ... Ah! ...