

Fall 11-13-2010

Marshall University Music Department Presents a Senior Recital, Edward Brown, accompanied by David Patrick

Edward Brown
Marshall University

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DEPARTMENT of MUSIC

presents a

Senior Recital Edward Brown

accompanied by
David Patrick

Saturday, November 13, 2010
Smith Recital Hall
8:00 p.m.

This program is presented by the College of Fine Arts through the Department of Music, with the support of student activity funds. For more information about this or other music events, please call (304) 696-3117, or view our website at www.marshall.edu/cofa/music.

Program

<i>Vittoria, mio core!</i>	Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)
<i>Amarilli, mia bella</i>	Giulio Caccini (1551-1618)
<i>Where'er You Walk (Semele)</i>	George Fredrick Handel (1685-1759)

From <i>Myrthen</i> , Op. 25 Widmung Die Lotosblume Talismane	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
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<i>Ev'ry Time I Feel De Spirit</i>	Spiritual/Arr. Lawrence Brown (1893-1972)
<i>Witness</i>	Spiritual/Arr. Hall Johnson (1888-1970)

Intermission

<i>Old American Songs</i> Zion's Walls At the River Ching-a-ring Chaw	Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
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<i>Lydia</i> <i>Ici-bas</i>	Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)
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<i>Blue Mountain Ballads</i> Heavenly Grass Lonesome Man Cabin Sugar in the Cane	Paul Bowles (1910-2000)
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Give Me Jesus

Spiritual/Arr. Moses Hogan
(1957-2003)

Ride on, King Jesus!

Spiritual/Arr. Hall Johnson
(1888-1970)

Mr. Brown is a student in the voice studio of Dr. Larry Stickler.

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The Marshall University Department of Music is grateful for the support of many families and individuals who help make our department strong and vibrant.

If you would like to support the Department of Music through a donation and assist with student scholarships, academic travel for students and ensembles, or general support of the department please contact:

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Song Translations for Edward Brown's Senior Recital

Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli, my lovely one, do you not believe, o my heart's sweet desire, That you are my love? Believe it thus: and if fear assails you, Doubt not its truth. Open my breast and see written on my heart: Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli, Is my beloved.

Vittoria, mio core

Victory, my heart! Weep no more. Low servitude to love is over. The ungodly woman deceived you with glances and glances and untrue caress; Deceit and sorrow have no more place, The embers of her cruel fire have gone out! Her laughing eyes don't shoot arrows any longer, which struck a mortal wound in my breast: Neither grief nor torment worry me any longer; every snare is broken, and fear has disappeared.

Widmung

You my soul, you my heart, you my bliss, o you my pain, you the world in which I live; you my heaven, in which I float, o you my grave, into which I eternally cast my grief. You are rest, you are peace, you are bestowed upon me from heaven. That you love me makes me worthy of you; your gaze transfigures me; you raise me lovingly above myself, my good spirit my better self.

Dio Lotusblume

The lotus flower is anxious In the Sun's radiance, And with hanging head Waits, dreaming, for Night. The moon, who is her lover, Awakens her with his light, And for him she smilingly unveils Her innocent flower-face. She blooms and glows and gleams And gazes silently upwards; She sends forth fragrance, and weeps and trembles, With love and love's torment.

Talismane

God's is the Orient! God's is the Occident! Northern and southern lands repose in the peace of His hands. He, the only judge, desires for everyone what is right. Of each of his hundred names, let this one be highly praised! Amen. My errors bewilder me, yet You know how to disentangle me from my confusion. When I walk, when I write poetry, show me the right path! Even though I ponder and meditate earthly things, it stands me in higher stead. The spirit that is not dispersed with the dust, presses aloft, forced back into itself. In breathing there are two Graces: drawing in the air and exhaling it; One constrains and the other refreshes; So wondrously is Life mixed. You thank God when He presses you and thank Him when he once again releases you.

Lydia

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks, And on your neck, so fresh and white, Flow sparklingly The fluid golden tresses which you loosen. This shining day is the best of all; Let us forget the eternal grave, Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove, Sing on your blossoming lips. A hidden lily spreads unceasingly A divine fragrance on your breast; Numberless delights Emanate from you, young goddess, I love you and die, oh my love; Kisses have carried away my soul! Oh Lydia, give me back life, That I may die, forever die!

Ici-bas

In this world all the flow'rs wither, The sweet songs of the birds are brief; I dream of summers that will last Always! In this world the lips touch but lightly, And no taste of sweetness remains; I dream of a kiss that will last Always. In this world ev'ry man is mourning His lost friendship or his lost love; I dream of fond lovers abiding Always!

Heavenly Grass

My feet took a walk in heavenly grass all day while the sky show clear as glass. My feet took a walk in heavenly grass all night while the lonesome stars rolled past. Then my feet come down to walk on Earth and my mother cried when she gave me birth. Now my feet walk far and my feet walk fast, but they still got an itch for heavenly grass.

Lonesome Man

My chair rock rocks by the door all day, but nobody ever stops my way. Nobody ever stops by my way. My teef chaw chaw on an ol' hambone and I do the dishes all alone. I do the dishes all by my lone. My feet clomp clomp on the hardwood floor cause I won't buy love at the hardware store. I don't want love from the mercantile store. Now my clock ticks tocks by my single bed while the moon looks down at my sleepless head. While the moon grins down at an ol' fools head.

Cabin

The cabin was cozy and holly hawks grew bright by the door till his whisper crept through. The sun on the sill was yellow and warm till she lifted the latch for a man or a storm. Now the cabin falls to the winter wind and the walls cave in where they kissed and sinned. Now the long white rain sweeps clean the room like a white haired witch with a long straw broom.

Sugar in the Cane

I'm red pepper in a shaker bread that's waiting for the baker I'm sweet sugar in the cane never touched except by rain if you touched me God save you these summer days are hot and blue. I'm potatoes yet not mashed I'm a check that ain't been cashed I'm a window with a blind can't see what goes on behind if you did God save your soul these winter nights are blue and cold.