

Spring 4-26-2015

Marshall University Music Department Presents a  
Senior Recital, Corynn Hawkins, soprano, Dr.  
Henning Vauth, collaborative pianist, Eric Caines,  
oboe, Sarah Riddle, soprano

Corynn Hawkins  
*Marshall University*

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SCHOOL of MUSIC and THEATRE

Presents

## Senior Recital

**Corynn Hawkins, soprano**

**Dr. Henning Vauth, collaborative pianist**

**Eric Caines, oboe**

**Sarah Riddle, soprano**

**Sunday April 26, 2015**

**Smith Recital Hall**

**3:00 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/somt/music](http://www.marshall.edu/somt/music).

### Program

Domine Deus from <i>Gloria</i>	Antonia Vivaldi (1678-1741)
Chanson triste	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Mandoline	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
La Diva de L'Empire	Erik Satie (1866-1925)
Elle a fui, la tourterelle from <i>Les Contes d'Hoffmann</i>	Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)
Wie Melodien zieht es mir Vergebliches Ständchen Von ewiger Liebe	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
The Crucifixion The Monk and his Cat	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
What is this feeling? from <i>Wicked</i>	Stephen Schwartz (b.1948)

*In memory of Corynn's late grandmother, Mrs. Julia Hawkins aka "g-ma."*

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This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts degree in music education. Ms. Hawkins is a student in the voice studio of Professor Linda Dobbs.

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## Translations

"Domine Deus" from Vivaldi Gloria  
Lord God, Heavenly King,  
God Almighty Father.

Translation - Mason Barge

"Sad Song"

In your heart sleeps a moonlight, a soft summer's moonlight,  
To flee from importunate life,  
I shall drown myself in your brightness.  
I shall forget past sufferings, my beloved, when you cradle  
my sad heart and my thoughts in the loving peace of your arms.  
Oh! Sometimes you will take my sick head upon your knees,  
and will tell it a ballad which will seem to speak of us;  
and in your eyes full of sorrows, in your eyes then I shall drink so  
many kisses and tokens of love, that perhaps I shall recover.

Translation - Chris Goldsack

"Mandoline"

The givers of serenades and the lovely women who listen  
Exchange insipid words under the singing branches.  
There is Thyrsis and Amyntas and there's the eternal Clytander,  
And there's Damis who, for many a heartless woman,  
wrote many a tender verse.  
Their short silk coats, their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their joy and their soft blue shadows,  
Whirl around in the ecstasy of a pink and grey moon,  
And the mandolin prattles among the shivers from the breeze.

Translation - Nicolas Gounin

"The Diva of the Empire"

Under the great hat Greenaway, showing the burst of a smile,  
Of a laugh charming and fresh, of a surprised baby who sighs,  
Little girl with velvety eyes,  
It's the Diva of the Empire.  
It's the queen of whom become enamoured  
The gentlemen and all the dandys Of Piccadilly.  
In only a "yes" she puts so much sweetness  
That all the snobs in waistcoats to heart,  
Welcome her with frenetic hurrahs,  
On the stage toss wreaths of flowers,  
Without noticing the mocking laugh of her sweet little face.  
She dances almost automatically and lifts up, oh very modestly,  
Her underthings of frills and furbelows,  
Of her legs showing the quivering.  
It is at the same time very, very innocent  
And very, very exciting.

Translation - Korin Kormick

"Elle a fui, la toutourelle"

She has gone, the turtle dove...Oh, too sweet a memory,  
too unkind an image!  
Alas, I can hear him, see him at my feet!  
But she is still faithful and keeps her promise to you.  
My beloved. My voice calls you, yes, my heart is yours alone.  
Sweet flower, newly blossoming, for pity's sake, answer me.  
You know if he loves me still, if he is faithful to me...  
My beloved, my voice implores you, ah, let your heart come to me!  
She has gone: the turtle dove, she has flown far from you!

Translation - Emily Ezust

"It Moves like a Melody"

It moves like a melody, gently through my mind;  
It blossoms like spring flowers and wafts away like fragrance.  
But when it is captured in words, and placed before my eyes,  
It turns pale like a gray mist and disappears like a breath.  
And yet, remaining in my rhymes there hides still a fragrance,  
Which mildly from the quiet bud my moist eyes call forth.

Translation - Emily Ezust

"Futile serenade"

He: Good evening, my treasure, good evening, sweet girl!  
I come from love of you,  
Ah, open the door, open the door for me!  
She: My door is locked, and I won't let you in:  
My mother has advised me well! If you came in,  
It would all be over for me!  
He: The night is so cold, and the wind so icy that my heart will  
freeze,  
and my love will be extinguished!  
pen for me, sweet girl!  
She: If your love starts dying, then let it be extinguished!  
If it keeps dying, go home to bed, and rest! Good night, my boy!

Translation - Emily Ezust

"Of eternal love"

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field!  
Night has fallen; the world now is silent.  
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke.  
Yes, now even the lark is silent.  
From yonder village there comes the young lad,  
Taking his beloved home. He leads her past the willow bushes,  
Talking so much, and of so many things:  
"If you suffer shame and if you grieve,  
If you suffer disgrace before others because of me,  
Then our love shall be ended ever so fast  
As fast as we once came together;  
It shall go with the rain and go with the wind,  
As fast as we once came together."  
Then says the maiden, the maiden says:  
"Our love shall never end! Steel is firm and iron is firm,  
Yet our love is firmer still.  
Iron and steel can be recast by the smith  
But who would transform our love?  
Iron and steel can melt;  
Our love, our love will have to last forever!"

Translation - Leonard Lehrman