

JUNIOR RECITAL

Rene Eaton, voice

Student of Laura Storm

with

Karen Laubengayer, *piano*

Eidson-Duckwall Recital Hall

Saturday, April 19, 2025 • 2:00 P.M.

Am Abend da es kuhle war...Mache dich mein Herze rein
from *St. Matthew's Passion*

J.S. Bach
(1685-1750)

Cooper Gregar-Skillman, *bass*
Anna Shabowski, *oboe*

Vecchia zimarra senti
from *La Boheme*

G. Puccini
(1858-1924)

Ein Madchen oder Weibchen
from *The Magic Flute*

W.A. Mozart
(1756- 1791)

Le Bestiaire

F. Poulenc
(1899- 1963)

- I. Le Dromadaire
- II. La Chevre Du Thibet
- III. La Sauterelle
- IV. Le Dauphin
- V. L'Ecrevisse
- VI. La Carpe

Short pause

Selections from *Sechs Lieder op. 3*
II. Die Aufgeregten
III. Warnung

A. Schonberg
(1874-1951)

Pampamapa

C. Guastavino
(1912-2000)

Selections from *The AIDS Quilt Songbook*
blues for an imaginary valentine

Fred Hersch
(b. 1955)

The Enticing Lane

Stephen Houtz

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music degree in Performance.*

“Am Abend, da es kühle war- Mache dich mein Herze rein”, comes from Bach’s oratorio *Matteuspassionen*, composed in 1727. The oratorio features orchestra, choir and solos to tell the narrative form of the 26th and 27th chapter of the gospel of Matthew. These chapters and the oratorio tell the story of the final days of Jesus’s life. The bass recitative and aria “Am Abend, da es kühle war- Mache dich mein Herze rein” comes towards the end of the oratorio. The recit narrates Jesus’s death in the “cool evening”, and the aria expresses the narrator’s desire to bury Jesus.

Recitative- *Am Abend, da es kühle war*

Am Abend, da es kühle war
Ward Adams Fallen offenbar;
Am Abend drucket ihn der Heiland nieder
Am Abend kam die Taube wieder
Und trug ein Ölblatt in dem Munde
O schöne Zeit! O Abendstunde!
Der Friedensschluss
ist nun mit Gott gemacht
Denn Jesus hat sein kreuz vollbracht
Sein leichnam kömmt zur Ruh,
Ach! Liebe seele, bitte du
Geh, lasse dir den toten Jesum schenken
O heilsames, o kostlichs an gedenken!

In the evening, when it was cool,
Adam’s fall was made apparent;
In the evening the Savior bowed himself down.
In the evening the dove came back,
bearing an olive leaf in its mouth.
O lovely time! O evening hour!
The pact of peace
with God has now been made
Then Jesus has completed his cross
His body comes to rest,
Ah! Dear soul, ask
Go, have then give you the dead Jesus
O salutary, o precious remembrance!

Aria- *Mache dich, mein Herze rein*

Mache dich, mein mein Herze rein,
Ich will Jesum selbst begraben
Denn er soll nunmehr in mir
Fur und fur
Seine süße Ruhe haben
Welt, geh aus, lass Jesum ein!
Mache dich, mein Herze, rein,

Make yourself pure, my heart
I want to bury Jesus myself.
For from now on he shall have in me,
Forever and ever
his sweet rest.
World, get out, let Jesus in!
Make yourself pure, my heart,

“Vecchia zimarra senti” is from *La Boheme* by Puccini, composed between 1893 and 1895. The aria is sung by the character Colline, a philosopher. Colline’s friend, Mimi, is sick and in need of medicine. To raise money for this medicine, Colline decides to sell his favorite coat. This aria is his mourning the loss of his favorite coat, that has always been there for him, even when his friends haven’t.

Vecchia zimarra, senti,
io resto al pian, tu ascendere
il sacro monte or devi.
Le mie grazie ricevi.
Mai non curvasti il logoro
dorso ai ricchi ed ai potenti.
Passâr nelle tue tasche
come in antri tranquilli
filosofi e poeti.
Ora che i giorni lieti
fuggîr, ti dico: addio,
fedele amico mio.
Addio, addio.

Dear old coat, listen
I stay here below, you ascend
The mount of piety
Receive my thanks
You never bent your threadbare
Back to the rich and powerful
You have sheltered in your pockets
Like peaceful caves
Philosophers and poets
Now that happy days
Have fled, farewell
My faithful friend
Farewell, farewell

“Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen” is from Mozart’s most performed opera, *Die Zauberflöte*. First premiered in 1791, it has remained a staple in the opera repertoire since. This aria is sung by a half bird-half man character named Papageno. He wishes desperately for “a girl or a little wife” to spend his life with. He is sure he will die without a companion!

Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen
Wünscht Papageno sich.
O, so ein sanftes Täubchen
Wär Seligkeit für mich!

A girl or a little wife
Is what Papageno wishes
Oh, a sweet little dove like that
Would be bliss for me!

Dann schmeckte mir Trinken und Essen,
Dann könnt' ich mit Fürsten mich messen,
Des Lebens als Weiser mich freun,
Und wie im Elysium sein.

Then I would eat and drink with relish
Then I could hold my own with princes
enjoy life in my wisdom,
And be as if in Elysium

Ach, kann ich denn keiner von allen
Den reizenden Mädchen gefallen?
Helf' eine mir nur aus der Not;
Sonst gräm ich mich wahrlich zu Tod.

Ah, can’t I find the one then, amongst all
The lovely girls, who would like me?
Let just one help me out of my misery
Or I shall truly die of grief.

Wird keine mir Liebe gewähren,
So muss mich die Flamme verzehren!
Doch küsst mich ein weiblicher Mund,
So bin ich schon wieder gesund!

If no one will offer me love,
Then the fire will consume me!
But a kiss from a womanly mouth,
I shall be well again!

“Le Bestiaire” is a song cycle by Poulenc. The cycle was Poulenc’s first to complete and was premiered in 1919. The poetry from the cycle comes from “The Bestiary,” a collection of poems published in 1911 by Guillaume Apollinaire. The collection features a wood block portrait of each animal described in the poem, which inspired Poulenc to set some of the poems from the collection. The animals included in the song cycle include the dromedary (a camel), the Tibetan goat, grasshopper, dolphin, crab, and carp. Each animal is represented in various parts of the accompaniment. You can hear the sand sliding as the dromedary walks across the desert, the crawling of the crab, and the slow movement of the carp in a pond.

1. Le Dromadaire (The Dromedary)

Avec ses quatre dromadaire
Don Pedro d’Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l’admira
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
Si j’avais quatre dromadaire

With him the four dromedaries
Don Pedro d’Alfaroubeira
Roamed the world and admired it
He did what I would like to do
If I too had four dromedary

2. La Chèvre Du Thibet (The Goat of Tibet)

Le poil de ‘cette chèvre
Et meme, ceux d’or
Pour qui prit tant de peine Jason
Ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris

The hair of this goat
And even the golden ones’
Hair that preoccupied Jason,
Cannot match
The head of hair I’m smitten with

3. La Sauterelle (The Grasshopper)

Voici la fine sauterelle
La nourriture de Saint Jean
Puissent mes vers être comme elle
Le régal des meilleures gens

Grasshopper, mercy little fellow
Food of the Holy Saint Jean
Would that, like thee, my little verses
All might have a charm of their own

4. Le Dauphin (The Dolphin)

Dauphin vous jouez dan la mer
Mais le flot est toujours à mer?
Parfois ma joie éclate t’elle?
La vie est encore cruelle.

Dolphins have you dance in the sea
Heed ye not how false it be?
Even so, in brief hours of gladness,
I forget life and all its sadness.

5. L'Ecrevisse (The Crab)

Incertitude, O! Mes de lices
Vous et moi nous nous en allons
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,
A reculons, à reculons

Uncertain, O Earthly joys!
Like the crabs on the wild seashore,
As the crabs go,
Backwards we go too

6. La Carpe (The Carp)

Dans vos viviers dans vos étangs
Carpe, que vous vivez longtemps!
Estce que la mort vous oublie
Poissons de la mélancolie

Within your tranquil, shining pools
Carp, what a long life is yours!
Can it be that Death passed you by
With melancholy eye

“Die Aufgeregten” and “Warnung” are from Schönbergs *Sechs Lieder* for piano and voice, composed in 1899. The set of songs is among Schönberg’s early works, composed at the beginning of his exploration of atonality. Though modern in many musical senses, Schönberg pulls from the German lied tradition of rich text painting in the accompaniment. The text of these two songs are both violently sensual, told from the perspective of a man verging psychotic. The first song “Die Aufgeregten” explores violent allegories for sex through imagery of nature, and “Warnung” shows the narrator's object of obsession for his violent imagery in the first piece.

Die Aufgeregten

Welche tief bewegten Lebenslächen,
Welche Leidenschaft,
Welch’ wilder Schmerz!

Which deeply moved biography
Which passion
Which wild pain!

Eine Bachwelle und ein Sandhäufchen
Brachen gegenseitig sich das Herz
Eine Biene summt hohl
Und stieß ihren Stachel
In ein Rosenduftchen
Und die holder Schmetterling
Zerriss de azurnen Frack
In Sturm der Mailüftchen
Und die Blume schloss ihr Heiligthumchen
Sterbend über dem verspritzten Thau!

A wave and a sandpile
Broke against the side of its heart
A bee buzzed
And thrust its stinger
In a rose scent
And a lovely butterfly
Tore the azure coat
In storm of the May breeze
And the flower shot its little sanctuary
Dying over the spatters of dew

Welche tief bewegten Lebenslächen,
Welche Leidenschaft,
Welch’ wilder Schmerz!

Which deeply moved biography
Which passion
Which wild pain!

Warnung

Mein Hund, du, hat dich bloss beknurrt
Und ich hab ihn vergiftet;
Und ich hasse jeden Menschen
Der Zwietracht stiftet

My dog, just growled at you
and I have poisoned him;
and I hate every person
That provokes quarrel

Zwei blutrote Nelken schick' ich dir
Mein blut du,
An der einen eine Knospe
Den dreien, sei gut, du
Bis ich komme

Two blood red cloves I send you
My blood you,
At the one bud
The three, be good, you
until I come

Ich Komme heute Nacht noch
Sei allein, sei allein, du!
Gestern als ich ankam,
Starrtest du mit Jemand
Ins Abendrot hinein, du!

I come tonight still,
Be alone, be alone, you!
Yesterday as I arrived
I saw you with someone
In the afternoon glow, you!

Denk an meinen Hund!

Think of my dog!

“Pampamapa” is written by Argentinian composer, Carlos Guastavino. Guastavino composed over one hundred art songs as well as many more popular songs, taking inspiration from Argentinian folk music. “Pampamapa” is one of his popular songs, and uses guitar-like flourishes in the piano, pulling from the popular folk style. The title of the song translates to “map of the Pampas,” which is the “region” that is referred to in the first line of the song. The Pampas are a plain region, in the central-east portion of Argentina. However, the text for this piece does not explore the beauty of the region, but instead the bittersweet loss of someone who was.

Yo no soy de estos pagos
Pero es lo mismo
He robado la magia
De los caminos

I'm not of this region
But it's the same,
I've stolen the magic
From those paths.

Esta cruz que me mata
Me da la vida
Una copla me sangra
Que canta herida

This cross that kills me
Gives me life,
A verse bleeds from me
That sings wounded

No me pidas que deje

Don't ask me to leave

Mis pensamientos,
No encontraras la forma
De atar al viento.

My thoughts,
You'll not find a way
To stay the wind

Si mi nombre te duele
Echalo al agua
No quiero que tu boca
Se ponga amarga

If my name causes you pain,
Throw it in the water,
I don't want your mouth
To become bitter.

A la huella, mi tierra,
Tan trasnochada.
Yo te daré mis sueños,
Dame tu calma.

At your threshold my earth
Having watched all night.
I will give you my dreams,
Give me your calm.

“blues for an imaginary valentine” and **“The Enticing Lane”** are songs from *The AIDS Quilt Songbook*. The songbook was commissioned in 1992 by baritone William Parker, who felt that there was little response to the AIDS epidemic within vocal music. The songbook is inspired by the NAMES Quilt, a continuous work of art that memorializes those who have died from AIDS and AIDS related complications. There are constant additions to the book, though only the original eighteen from the 1992 edition are published. Each song relates to experiences of AIDS, either through personal diagnosis, grief of friends or lovers or anger in society's response to the epidemic. “blues for an imaginary valentine” is the second song in the songbook, composed by jazz pianist Fred Hersch, who wrote both the text and the music. You can hear the jazz influence in the repeated syncopated figure in the piano, which feels like a funeral march for the narrator's contemplation for their own approaching death. “The Enticing Lane” is the final song of the book, composed by Steven Houtz, using text by Christopher Hewitt. The text reflects on the narrator's life, and what they would have done differently if they had known they would have died from AIDS.

blues for an imaginary valentine

how ironic
that I should be the one to go
before you
how ironic

for year
I read the many notices
dreamt of being survived by my longtime companion
not facing this alone

how ironic
now that I know love
and have found feelings long buried
and strength unknown
I know the greater love
is to survive
not to abandon you
but to be abandoned

how ironic
through loss
we discover
true love

now I grieve
not for myself
but for you whom i leave behind

and for you who must face death alone

The Enticing Lane

if I should be told,
suddenly and quite unceremoniously,
that I too had
The Disease and would be taken
from all this,
I would think over the years,
I had complained too much-
the phone's ringing constantly
(lucky I was to have so many friends),
the hours of my job
(fortunate I was to have
a job I liked),
the lover leaving
(ah, but he was here
wasn't he, and in my arms
for so long?).
I should have lived in
the moment, kept a secret
corner for myself to breathe in,

allowed my life to blossom
at last- each leaf uncurling
wet with secrecy to dry
in the spring air.
I should have taken more risks-
old stick-in-the-mud that I am-
a balloon trip over the estuary;
speaking up on behalf of the deaf-mute man at the bank who
was so rudely abused by the teller;
that antique bowl with red
peonies on it that I could
have bought in a shop in England.
But I let myself be dissuaded
by the sensible people.
I should have sought more balance-
silence/laughter
cool shadow/hot rain
nights drunk on someone/night
alone with the dark's quiet watching.
I should have followed intuition
to the nth degree and trusted it,
kept to the singular path, the enticing
lane with plush hedges, ripe fruit
and wafting scents that is always there
in the heart's eye and I could have
walked it, always prepared,
even into Death's Unknown and
still have been content, peaceful
as a child dawndreaming by open windows
before the others are up and everyone,
even the child is wrenched into the world's
bombardment, the maelstrom of appointments
which constitutes a life.