

DREAM WITH ME

RÉCITAL DE DIPLÔME | GRADUATE DIPLOMA RECITAL
Bronwyn Kelly

PROGRAMME NOTES, TEXTS, & TRANSLATIONS

A questo seno deh vieni... Or che il cielo, K. 374 : W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

This concert aria, composed by Mozart in 1781, is set to text by Italian librettist Giovanni de Gamerra (1742-1803). The text for this aria is drawn from the libretto of Giovanni Paisiello's opera, *Sismano nel Mogol*. Mozart was present at the 1773 premiere of Paisiello's opera and later composed this concert aria as a stand-alone piece for soprano and orchestra. In this aria, the character of Zeira is reunited with her husband after his long absence. As she rejoices, Zeira exclaims that only those who have been fortunate enough to know true love can understand her feeling.

Recitative

A questo seno, deh!
Vieni, idolo mio. Quanti timori,
Quante lacrime, oh Dio,
Costi alla sposa tua.
Dunque tu vivi. Oh contento! Oh certezza!
Oh premio! Oh speme! Oh amor!
Numi clementi,
Nell'offrirmi, pietosi, un sì bel dono,
Tutto il vostro rigore io vi perdono.

Recitative

To this heart, ah!
Come, my idol. How many fears,
How many tears, oh God,
You have cost your wife.
So you are alive. O happiness! O certainty!
O reward! O hope! O love!
Merciful gods,
In offering me, O lenient ones, such a beautiful gift,
You make me forgive all your rigours.

Aria

Or che il cielo a me ti rende,
Cara parte del mio cor,
La mia gioia, ah, non comprende
Chi non sa che cosa è amor!
Sono all'alma un grato oggetto
Le sue barbare vicende,
Ed in sen dolce discende
La memoria del dolor.

Aria

Now that Heaven has brought you back to me,
Dear part of my heart,
No one, Ah, can understand my joy
Who does not know what love is!
To my soul, an object of gratitude
Has become of your barbaric events,
As from my heart sweetly goes away
The memory of my pain.

Selections from *Mörike-Lieder* : Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Wolf's *Mörike-Lieder*, from 1888, is a collection of 53 art songs set to texts by German poet Eduard Mörike (1804-1875). The first piece, "Der Gärtner", is sung from the perspective of a gardener as he gazes longingly at a beautiful princess who rides by on her white horse. In the next piece, "Das verlassene Mägdlein", a servant-girl sings in the early morning as she tends to the fire, heartbroken

and lonely. Next, a butterfly is wakened too early from its cocoon by the April sun in “Zitronenfalter im April”. Finally, “Elfenlied” tells the story of a silly, sleepy elf whose curiosity gets the better of him.

Der Gärtner

Eduard Mörike

Auf ihrem Leibrösslein,
So weiss wie der Schnee,
Die schönste Prinzessin
Reit't durch die Allee.
Der Weg, den das Rösslein
Hintanzet so hold,
Der Sand, den ich streute,
Er blinket wie Gold.
Du rosenfarbs Hütlein,
Wohl auf und wohl ab,
O wirf eine Feder
Verstohlen herab!
Und willst du dagegen
Eine Blüte von mir,
Nimm tausend für eine,
Nimm alle dafür!

Das verlassene Mägdlein

Eduard Mörike

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,
Eh' die Sternlein schwinden,
Muss ich am Herde stehn,
Muss Feuer zünden.
Schön ist der Flamme Schein,
Es springen die Funken;
Ich schaue so darein,
In Leid versunken.
Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Dass ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.
Träne auf Träne dann
Stürzt hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran—
O ging' er wieder!

The Gardener

English Translation by Richard Stokes

On her favourite mount,
As white as snow,
The loveliest princess
Rides down the avenue.
On the path her horse
Prances so sweetly along,
The sand I scattered
Glitters like gold.
You rose-coloured bonnet,
Bobbing up and down,
O throw me a feather
Discreetly down!
And if you in exchange
Want a flower from me,
Take a thousand for one,
Take all in return!

The forsaken servant-girl

English Translation by Richard Stokes

Early, when the cocks crow,
Before the tiny stars recede,
I must be at the hearth,
I must light the fire.
The flames are beautiful,
The sparks fly;
I gaze at them,
Sunk in sorrow.
Suddenly I realize,
Faithless boy,
That in the night
I dreamt of you.
Tear after tear
Then tumbles down;
So the day dawns –
O would it were gone again!

Zitronenfalter im April

Eduard Mörike

Grausame Frühlingssonne,
Du weckst mich vor der Zeit,
Dem nur im Maienwonne
Die zarte Kost gedeiht!
Ist nicht ein liebes Mädchen hier,
Das auf der Rosenlippe mir
Ein Tröpfchen Honig beut,
So muss ich jämmerlich vergehn
Und wird der Mai mich nimmer sehn
In meinem gelben Kleid.

Elfenlied

Eduard Mörike

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief:
„Elfe!“
Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde schlief –
Wohl um die Elfe –
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall,
Oder Silpelit hätt ihm gerufen.
Reibt sich der Elf die Augen aus,
Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus,
Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan,
Und humpelt also tippe tapp
Durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,
Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
Da sitzt der Glühwurm, Licht an Licht.
„Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
Die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,
Und treibens in dem Saale;
Da guck ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!“
– Pfui, stösst den Kopf an harten Stein!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?
Gukuk! Gukuk!

Yellow butterfly in April

English Translation by Richard Stokes

Merciless spring sun,
You wake me before my time,
For only in blissful May
Can my delicate food grow!
If there's no dear girl here
To offer me a drop of honey
From her rosy lips,
Then I must perish miserably
And May shall never see me
In my yellow dress.

Elf-song

English Translation by Richard Stokes

The village watch cried out at night:
“Eleven!”
An very small elf was asleep in the wood –
Just at eleven –
And thinks the nightingale was calling
Him by name from the valley,
Or Silpelit had sent for him.
The elf rubs his eyes,
Steps from his snail-shell home,
Looking like a drunken man,
Not having slept his fill,
And hobbles down, tippety tap,
Through the hazelwood to the valley,
Slips right up against the wall,
Where the glow-worm sits, shining bright.
“What bright windows are these?
There must be a wedding inside:
The little folk are sitting at the feast
And skipping round the ballroom;
I'll take a little peek inside!”
Ouch! he hits his head on hard stone!
Elf, don't you think you've had enough?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

***Ariettes oubliées* : Claude Debussy (1862-1918)**

Ariettes oubliées is a song cycle based on poems by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) and was composed by Debussy between 1886-1887. This cycle is subtle and deeply-nuanced, echoing the delicate and lush nature of Verlaine's texts. Turning away from the usual vast, expansive images of beauty in nature, these texts paint pictures of industrial civilization, with rain falling on the rooftops in a city, and a dizzying ride on a merry-go-round. Emotions range from lonely despair to ecstatic bliss as the piano and voice invite listeners into the private, intimate world of Debussy and Verlaine.

Paul Verlaine

English Translation by Richard Stokes

C'est l'extase langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.
Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.
Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

It is languorous rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.
O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.
This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?
Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!
Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écoëure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

Tears fall in my heart

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?
Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!
Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.

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

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

L'ombre des arbres

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

The shadow of trees

The shadow of trees in the misty stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above, in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!

How this faded landscape, O traveller,
Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly in the lofty leaves
Your drowned hopes were weeping!

Chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

Merry-go-round

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des
branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit
doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.
Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.
Je crains toujours,—ce qu'est d'attendre!—
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.
Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,
Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

Green

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely
eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

Spleen

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.
Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.
The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.
I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—
One of your agonizing departures.
I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,
And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

Lamento di Maria Stuarda : Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)

Carissimi's *Lamento di Maria Stuarda*, from 1650, is the impassioned monologue of Mary, Queen of Scots, as she faces her cruel and imminent execution. In this interpretation of the historic feud between Mary, Queen of Scots (or Mary Stuart) and Queen Elizabeth I, Mary Stuart moves through the various stages of grief whilst coming to terms with her unjust fate, facing her execution in front of the people of London with defiance and insistence on her innocence.

Lamento di Maria Stuarda - Carissimi

Ferma, lascia ch'io parli, sacrilego ministro!
Se ben fato inclemente
a morte indegna come rea mi destina,
vissi e moro innocente,
son del sangue Stuardo e son Regina.
Perche bendarmi i lumi?
S'io mirai tanti giorni, ho petto ancora
da mirar l'ultim'ora, e s'io gl'apersi al cielo,
saprò ben senza velo alla vita serarli.
Ferma, lascia ch'io parli!

Ma che dirò pur troppo? Oggi favella
a mio prò l'innocenza,
e di sì rea sentenza a Dio s'appella.
Vilipesa innocenza,
s'una Regina a te salvar non lice,
cui l'invidia fa guerra
a chi ricorrer deve in Inghilterra
un mendico, un vassallo, un infelice?
Vilipesa innocenza,
vattene pur da me, torna alle stelle,
ch'io con anima intrepida e serena
sarò fra tante squadre a Dio rubelle
di mia tragedia e spettatrice e scena.

A morire!
Per serbar giustiziae fede
più non vaglion le corone
che di stato la ragione
anco la verità sa far mentire.

English Translation - Pamela Dellal

Hold, let me speak, sacriligious minister!
If indeed inclement fate
has destined me to a shameful death as a criminal,
I lived and died innocent;
I am of Stewart blood and a Queen.
Why should I bind my eyes?
If I have seen so many days, I have the heart yet
to see the last hour, and if I have opened them to
heaven,
I know well, without any veil, how to close them to
life.
Hold, let me speak!

But what more can I say? Today innocence
speaks on my behalf,
and calls upon God for such a cruel sentence.
Contemptible innocence!
If a Queen cannot turn to you for salvation,
with whom envy makes war,
to whom in England shall go
a beggar, a servant, an unhappy one?
Contemptible innocence,
leave me, return to the stars,
so that I, with a spirit brave and serene
before such forces rebellious to God,
May be both a witness and subject of my tragedy.

To die!
To preserve justice and faith
crowns are no longer any worth
since instead reason and
even truth know how to lie.

A morire!
Versarò dal collo il sangue,
ma non già da' lumi il pianto
che sebene io resto esangue
la costanza al mio duol mesce elisire.

Voi mie care Donzelle,
che m'inchinaste al soglio, et or piangenti
mi seguite a' tormenti, compatite i miei casi,
e s'io lassa rimasi spogliata d'ogni ben,
d'ogni fortuna, non per questo morendo
gl'oblighi miei tralascio;
partitevi l'amor con cui vi lascio.
Soffrite costanti la dura mia sorte,
e s'invida Morte stillandovi in pianti
a voi mi toglie, o fideancelle in terra,
con sempiterno riso
v'abbraccierò compagne in Paradiso.
Mira Londra, et impara le vicende mondane
e tu ch'all' Anglicane schiere dai legge
o Jezabelle altera, di giustizia severa
aspetta i colpi, e se per farti in brani
mancheranno alle belve artigli e morsi
serviranno di cani i tuoi rimorsi.
Sì, sì sfogati, assali, scarica su'l mio capo a
cento,
a mille del tuo furor gli strali!
Vibra senza pietà su questo petto esangue
strazi, scempi, flagelli, atrocità!
Lascia ch'un mar di sangue m'inostr' il nero
manto;
fulmina pur, che tanto straziarmi non saprai,
quant' io soffrire: A morire!

Qui tacque, e forte, e invitta
al suo destin s'arrese la Regina Scozzese,
ne guari andò ch'un colpo indegno e rio
divise il Corpo, et unì l'anima a Dio.

To die!
I will gush forth blood from my neck,
but not yet from my eyes tears;
for though I remain bloodless,
my constancy will mix elixir with my grief.

You, my dear Ladies-in-waiting,
that knelt at my throne, and now weeping
follow me to torment, sharing my lot,
if I am left here stripped of every good,
of every possession, not for this, dying,
will I abandon my obligations;
share the love I leave with you.
Suffer in constancy my hard fate,
and if envious Death takes me from you
dissolving you in tears, o faithful servants on
earth,
with an eternal smile
I will embrace you in Paradise.
Behold, London, and learn the ways of the
world;
and you, who gives the laws to the English
people,
o second Jezebel, await the blows of severe
justice;
and if the wild animals lack talons and teeth to
shred you to tatters, your own remorse
will serve as hound.
Yes, yes, fume, assail, unleash upon my head a
hundred,
a thousand times the darts of your fury!
Hurl down without pity upon this bloodless
breast
torment, havoc, scourges, atrocities!
let a sea of blood adorn me with a black shroud;
rage away, since I will not know what torture
I suffer: To die!

Here she fell silent, and strong, and unconquered
the Scottish Queen arrived at her destiny;
nor went much farther before a cruel and
unworthy blow
divided her body, and united her soul to God.

Selections from *Canciones Clásicas Españolas* : Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

Obradors' *Canciones Clásicas Españolas*, from 1921, is a collection of 7 Traditional Spanish songs with an overarching theme of love. These pieces explore the theme of love in its many stages and forms. "Al amor" evokes the excitement of new love and infatuation. The second piece, "Corazón, porqué pasáis...", depicts the worries and uncertainties of a young person in love. "Con amores, la mi madre" is a lullaby sung from the perspective of a young woman to her mother as she rocks herself to sleep. Finally, "Del cabello más sutil" is a tender love song that expresses complete devotion and adoration.

Al Amor

Dame amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y despues...de muchos millares, tres!

Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratamos la cuenta
Y...contemos al revés.

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis...

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis
Las noches de amor despierto
Si vuestro dueño descansa
En los brazos de otro dueño?
Ah!

Con amores, la mi madre

Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí;
Así dormida soñaba
lo que el corazón velaba.
Que el amor me consolaba
Con más bien que merecí;
Adormecióme el favor
que amor me dio con amor
Dio descanso a mi dolor
La fe con que le serví.
Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí.

Del cabello más sutil

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca
Cuando fueras a beber. Ah!

To Love

Give me love, kisses without count
Grabbing my hair
And 1000 and 100 after them
And after them 1000 and 100
And after...of many thousands, three.

And why no one feels it
Let's forget the count
And...count backwards.

Heart, why do you spend...

Heart, why do you pass
The nights of love awake
If your owner rests
In the arms of another?
Ah!

With love, my mother

With love, my mother,
With love I fall asleep;
So asleep I dreamed
of what the heart watched.
That love consoled me
With more good than I deserved;
The aid lulled me to sleep
What love gave me with love
Give rest to my pain
The faith with which I served
With love, my mother,
With love I fall asleep.

Of the most subtle hair

Of the most subtle hair
That you have in your braids
I have to make a chain
To bring you to my side
A pitcher in your house
Dear one, I would like to be
To kiss you on the mouth
When you went to drink. Ah!

A Simple Song : Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

“A Simple Song” is from Bernstein’s *Mass*, performed first in 1971. Bernstein originally set out to compose a traditional Mass, but the piece became more innovative as his compositional process continued. “A Simple Song” proclaims faith in God, singing the simple song of praise to Him, “Lauda, Laude”.

Dream with Me : Leonard Bernstein

“Dream with Me” is from Bernstein’s 1950 musical, *Peter Pan*. The production originally premiered in a stripped-down version with only five songs and did not include “Dream with Me”. After Bernstein’s passing in 1990, conductor Alexander Frey discovered and restored a significant amount of unperformed material from Bernstein’s composition, and “Dream with Me” was unearthed.

Acknowledgements

As this recital marks the culminating moment of my first ever vocal performance degree, I live this moment filled to the brim with gratitude and love. After having the privilege of studying Music Theory and Analysis for the last number of years, the idea of moving over to a performance-centred degree was both daunting and exciting. My deepest thanks and appreciation goes to my incredible teacher, Christiane Riel, whose expertise, encouragement, and kindness have shaped me as an artist and as a person. I am profoundly grateful to Valerie Dueck, vocal coach and pianist extraordinaire, for all that she has taught me, both musically and personally, and for her unending support and guidance. Thank you, as well, to Jacob MacDonald, for his beautiful and touching cello contribution to this recital.

Those who are familiar with my wonderful family have certainly heard me gush about my mother’s musical talent, as a vocalist and as a pianist. It is no surprise that, as a young child, my biggest dream was always to be just like her. When I sing, I sing for her, and for my father and my brother. Just as Bernstein’s “Dream with Me” took some extra time to be performed, so did I in expressing my desire to sing. To my family, thank you for filling my life with music and with love, and for encouraging all of my dreams, sometimes before I even know I’ve had them (or am ready to proclaim them).