

A JUNIOR RECTAL

At Salisbury
University



The Fulton School of Liberal Arts Department of Music presents

Robert L. Slangen, Tenor

With Guest Appearances By

The SU German & English Diction Class & SU Voice Majors

Robert A. Baker & Veronica T. Knier, Accompanists

In partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Arts in vocal performance

**Saturday, April 26, 2008
6 p.m.
Great Hall, Holloway Hall**

Salisbury
UNIVERSITY
www.salisbury.edu

**A Junior Recital
Featuring
Robert L. Slangen, Tenor
Saturday, April 26, 2008
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Great Hall, Holloway Hall**

PROGRAM

**Selections by the German & English Diction Class & SU Voice Majors
Accompanied by Robert A. Baker**

Es muss ein wunderbares sein Franz Listz (1811-1886)
Always Irving Berlin (1888-1989)

Rhonda Woolford, mezzo-soprano

Das Veilchen Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Little Elegy John Duke (1899-1984)

Allison Bewley, soprano

Where Corals Lie Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Brittany Spicer, mezzo-soprano

Sei mir gegrüsst Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Morgan Feldman, soprano

Waldeinsamkeit Max Reger (1873-1916)

Early One Morning arr. Alan Smith

Four Folk Songs for Soprano, Viola and Piano

II. Early One Morning

Becky Norris, soprano

George Hayne, viola

Come Sunday Duke Ellington (1899-1974)

from *Black, Brown and Beige*

Natalie Brown, mezzo-soprano

Zion's Walls Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
William Willis, baritone

Poor Wandering One William Gilbert (1836-1911)
 from *The Pirates of Penzance* Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)
Monica Harwood, soprano

A Junior Recital
Robert L. Slangen, tenor
Accompanied by Veronica T. Knier

Gentle Airs, Melodious Strains George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
from *Athalia*
Dan Kotowski, cello

Amarilli, mia bella Giulio Caccini (1546-1618)

Heidenröslein Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Erbkönig

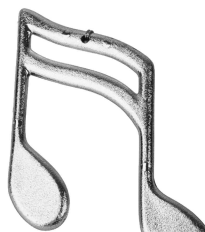
Torna 'a surriento Ernesto de Curtis (1875-1937)

D'une Prison Reynaldo Hahn (1875-1947)

L'Invitation au Voyage Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Witness Hall Johnson (1888-1970)



ABOUT THE PERFORMER

Tenor Robert Louis Slangen is a junior vocal performance major at SU. Most recently, Slangen sang the role of Aeneas in the Opera Workshop production of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. First place winner in the 2008 MD-DC NATS Student Auditions, Slangen's experience also includes work with the Dayton Opera chorus in such productions as Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* and Saint-Saens' *Samson et Dalilah*. Slangen will be featured in the upcoming "Honoring the African American Spiritual" on April 30 and in the Mendelssohn's *Elijah* on May 4. Hailing from Akron, OH, Slangen heads to Urbania, Italy, this summer where he will participate in the Centro Studi Italiani Opera Festival.

VOCAL TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Es muß Wunderbares sein

Es muß Wunderbares sein
Ums Lieben zweier Seelen,
Sich schließen ganz einander ein,
Sich nie ein Wort verhehlen,
Und Freud und Leid und Glück und Not
So mit einander tragen;
Vom ersten Kuß bis in den Tod
Sich nur von Liebe sagen.

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
kam junge Schäferin
Mit leichtem und muntrem Sinn
Daher, daher,
Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
Die schönste Blume der Natur;
Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
Ach nur, ach nur
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:
Und sterb ich denn, so sterb' ich doch
Durch sie, durch sie,
Zu ihren Füßen doch.

Pas arme Veilchen!
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

It must be a wonderful thing

It must be a wonderful thing
for two souls to be in love,
locking each other in so completely,
never concealing a word;
and joy and grief, and happiness and hardship -
enduring these with each other
from the first kiss until death,
speaking together only with love.

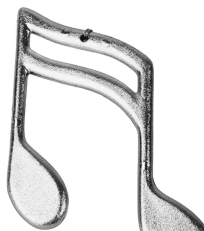
The Violet

A violet stood upon the lea,
Hunched o'er in anonymity;
So amiable a violet!
Along there came a young shepherdess
Light paced, full of contentedness
Along, along,
The lea, and sang her song.

"Ah!" thinks the violet, "were I just
The fairest flower in the dust
For just a little while yet,
Until that darling seizes me
And to her bosom squeezes me!
For just, for just
A quarter hour long!"

Ah! And alas! There came the maid
And no heed to the violet paid,
Crushed the poor little violet.
It sank and died, yet filled with pride:
"And though I die, I shall have died
Through her, through her,
And at her feet have died."

Poor little violet!
So amiable a violet.



Sei mir begrüßt

O du Entrißne mir und meinem Kusse,
Sei mir begrüßt, sei mir geküßt!
Erreichbar nur meinem Sehnsuchtgruße,
Sei mir begrüßt, sei mir geküßt!

Du von der Hand der Liebe diesem Herzen
Gegebne, Du von dieser Brust
Genommne mir! Mit diesem Tränengusse
Sei mir begrüßt, sei mir geküßt.

Zum Trotz der Ferne, die sich feindlich
trennend
Hat zwischen mich und dich gestellt;
Dem Neid der Schicksalmächte zum Verdrusse
Sei mir begrüßt, sei mir geküßt!

Wie du mir je im schönsten Lenz der Liebe
Mit Gruß und Kuß entgegenkamst,
Mit meiner Seele glühendstem Ergusse,
Sei mir begrüßt, sei mir geküßt!

Ein Hauch der Liebe tilget Raum und Zeiten,
Ich bin bei dir, du bist bei mir,
Ich halte dich in dieses Arms Umschlusse,
Sei mir begrüßt, sei mir geküßt!

Accept My Greeting

O you, who have been snatched from me and
my kiss,
I greet you, I kiss you!
Reached only by my yearning greetings,
you I greet, you I kiss!

You, given by the hand of love to this heart,
you, who from my breast
have been taken! With these flooding tears
I greet you, I kiss you.

Defying the distance that fiendishly separates us
and lies between you and me —
to irritate the envious powers of fate,
I greet you, I kiss you!

Just as you always did in the fairest spring-time
of love,
coming to greet me with a kiss,
so now, with my soul a glowing flood,
I greet you, I kiss you!

A breath of love erases space and time;
I am with you, you are with me,
I hold you in these arms, embracing you;
I greet you, I kiss you!

Waldeinsamkeit

Gestern abend in der stillen Ruh',
Sah ich im Wald einer Amsel zu;
Als ich da so saß,
Meiner ganz vergaß:
Kommt mein Schatz und schleicht sich
um mich
Und küsset mich.

So viel Laub als an der Linden ist
Und so viel tausendmal hat mich mein
Schatz geküßt;
Denn ich muß gesteh'n,
Es hat's niemand geseh'n,
Und die Amsel soll mein Zeuge sein:
Wir war'n allein.

Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,
[Dubitar non ti vale.]
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli
è il mio amore.

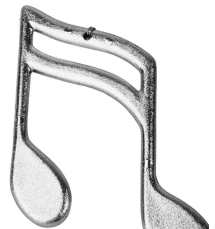
Solitude In the Woods

Yesterday evening in the peaceful stillness,
I saw in the wood a blackbird;
as I sat there,
forgetful of myself,
my darling creeps up to me
and kisses me.

For every leaf upon the linden,
a thousand times my darling kissed me;
I must confess
there was no one about to see,
and the blackbird will be my witness:
we were alone.

Amaryllis, my lovely one

Amaryllis, 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:
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
Is my beloved.



Heidenröslein

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,
Daß du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
's Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Mußt es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Rose Blossom on the Heath

Passing lad a rose blossom spied,
Blossom on the heath growing,
'Twas so fair and of youthful pride,
Raced he fast to be near its side,
Saw it with joy o'erflowing.
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,
Blossom on the heath growing.

Said the lad: I shall pick thee,
Blossom on the heath growing!
Blossom spoke: Then I'll prick thee,
That thou shalt ever think of me,
And I'll not be allowing.
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,
Blossom on the heath growing.

And the lusty lad did pick
The blossom on the heath growing;
Blossom, in defense, did prick,
'Twas, alas, but a harmless nick,
Had to be allowing.
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,
Blossom on the heath growing.

Erlekönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Es faßt ihn siher, er hält ihn warm.

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?
Siehst, Vater, du den Erlekönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?
Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.

Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;
[Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand],
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.

Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlekönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?
Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.

Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlekönig hat mir ein Leids getan!

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

The Erl King

Who's riding so late through night, so wild?
It is the father who's holding his child;
He's tucked the boy secure in his arm,
He holds him tight and keeps him warm.

My son, why hide you your face in fear?
See you not, father, the Erl King near?
The Erl King in his crown and train?
My son, 'tis but a foggy strain.

Sweet lovely child, come, go with me!
What wonderful games I'll play with thee;
Flowers, most colorful, yours to behold.
My mother for you has garments of gold.

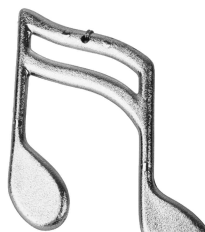
My father, my father, and can you not hear
What Erl King is promising into my ear?
Be calm, stay calm, o child of mine;
The wind through dried leaves is rustling so fine.

Wouldst thou, fine lad, go forth with me?
My daughters should royally wait upon thee;
My daughters conduct each night their song fest
To swing and to dance and to sing thee to rest.

My Father, my father, and can you not see
Erl King's daughters, there by the tree?
My son, my son, I see it clear;
The ancient willows so grey do appear.

I love thee, I'm aroused by thy beautiful form;
And be thou not willing, I'll take thee by storm.
My father, my father, he's clutching my arm!
Erl King has done me a painful harm!

The father shudders and onward presses;
The gasping child in his arms he caresses;
He reaches the courtyard, and barely inside,
He holds in his arms the
child who has died.



Torna 'a Surriento

Vedi il mare come è bello!
Ispira molto sentimento
Come te che a chi guardi
Da sveglio lo fai sognare.

Guarda, guarda questo giardino.
Senti, senti questi fiori d'arancio.
Un profumo così delicato
Dentro al cuore se ne va.

Refrain

E tu dici, « Io parto, addio !
Ti allontani da questo cuore.
Dalla terra dall'amore,
Hai il coraggio di non tornare?
Ma non lasciarmi!
Non darmi questo tormento!
Torna a Sorrento !
Famme vivere !

Vedi il mare di Sorrento,
Che tesori ha nel fondo,
Chi a girato tutto il mondo
Non l'ha visto come qua.

Guarda intorno queste Sirene,
Che ti guardano incantate,
E ti vogliono tanto bene.
Ti vorrebbero baciare.

Refrain

Return to Sorrento

See the sea, how beautiful it is!
It inspires many feelings,
Like you, who, to whoever watches,
Gives dreams while he's awake.

Look, look at this garden.
Smell, smell these orange blossoms.
No more fragrant perfume
Can enter the heart.

Refrain

And you say, "I'm leaving, farewell!"
You're leaving this heart.
From the land of love,
Do you have the courage not to return?
Do not forsake me!
Do not torment me!
Return to Sorrento!
Give me life!

See the sea of Sorrento,
What treasures there are on the bottom.
Whoever travels the whole world
Will never see anything like this.
Look around at these Sirens,
Who are watching you with enchantment.
And they wish you so well
They would kiss you.

Refrain

D'une Prison

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

L'Invitation au Voyage

Mon enfant, ma soeur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble.

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

From Prison

The sky above the roof,
So blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
Waves its crown.

The bell, in the sky I watch,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree I watch,
Plaintively sings.

My God, my God, life is there
Simple and serene.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the town.

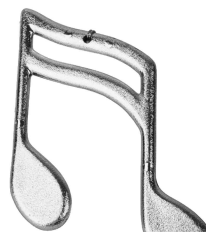
O you, O you, what have you done,
Weeping without end,
Say, O say, what have you done
With all your youth?

Invitation to the Voyage

My child, my sister,
think of the sweetness
of going there to live together!
To love at leisure,
to love and to die
in a country that is the image of you!

The misty suns
of those changeable skies
have for me the same
mysterious charm
as your fickle eyes
shining through their tears.

There, all is harmony
and beauty,
luxury, calm and delight.



Acknowledgements

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