

11-2-2013

Emalyn Bullis, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Emalyn Bullis
Cedarville University

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
EMALYN BULLIS
MEZZO-SOPRANO

STEPHEN ESTEP
PIANO

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 2013
12 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

An Evening Hymn Henry Purcell
Lord, What is Man (1659-1695)

II

Le charme Ernest Chausson
Le temps des lilas (1855-1899)
Le colibri

Une sainte en son auréole Gabriel Fauré
La lune blanche luit dans les bois (1845-1924)

III

Non so più cosa son,
from LE NOZZE DI FIGARO Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

IV

DREI ZWEISTIMMIGE LIEDER, Op. 43 Robert Schumann
1. *Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär* (1810-1856)
2. *Herbstlied*
3. *Schön Blümelein*
Assisted by Emma Gage, mezzo-soprano

V

Selections from CABARET SONGS William Bolcom
Places to Live (b. 1938)
The Actor
Waitin'
Amor

Emalyn is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Bachelor of Music Education degree.

*No flash photography, please.
Please turn off all cell phones.*

TRANSLATIONS

Le charme

When your smile surprised me, I felt a shudder through my entire being, but what tamed my spirit, at first I did not recognize.

When your glance fell on me, I felt my soul melt, but what that emotion was, at first I could not answer it.

What conquered me forever, that was a charm more sad, and I did not know that I loved you, until I saw your first tear.

Le temps des lilas

The time of lilacs and the time of roses will no longer come again to this spring; the time of lilacs and the time of roses has passed, the time of carnations also.

The wind has changed, the skies are morose, and we will no longer run to pick the lilacs in bloom and the beautiful roses; the spring is sad and cannot bloom.

Oh! Joyful and gentle spring of the year, that came last year to bathe us in sunlight, our flower of love is so wilted, alas! that your kiss cannot awaken it!

And you, what are you doing? No budding flowers, no bright sun at all nor cool shade, the time of lilacs and the time of roses, along with our love, is dead forever.

Le colibri

The hummingbird, the green prince of the heights, feeling the dew and seeing the sun's clear light shining into his nest of woven grass, shoots up in the air like a gleaming dart.

Hurriedly he flies to the nearby marsh where the waves of bamboo rustle and bend, and the red hibiscus with the heavenly scent opens to show its moist and glistening heart.

Down to the flower he flies, alights from above, and from the rosy cup drinks so much love that he dies, not knowing if he could drink it dry.

Even so, my darling, on your pure lips my soul and senses would have wished to die on contact with that first full-fragrant kiss.

Une sainte en son aùeeole

A saint within her halo, a lady in her tower, all that human speech contains of grace and of love.

The golden note by which one hears the horn in the depths of the woods, married to the tender pride of the noble ladies of the past;

With this emblematic charm: a fresh, triumphant smile, revealed with the candor of a swan and the blush of a woman-child,

Of pearly appearance, white and pink; a gentle aristocratic harmony. I see, I hear all these things in your Carolingian name.

La lune blanche luit dans les bois

The white moon shines in the woods. From each branch springs a voice beneath the arbor. Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror the pond reflects the silhouette of the black willow where the wind weeps. Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender calm seems to descend from a sky made iridescent by the moon.

It is the exquisite hour!

Non so più cosa son

I don't know any more what I am, what I'm doing, now I'm fire, now I'm ice. Any woman makes me change color, any woman makes me quiver.

At just the names of love, of pleasure, my breast is stirred up and upset, and a desire I can't explain forces me to speak of love.

I speak of love while awake, I speak of love while dreaming, to the water, the shade, the hills, the flowers, the grass, the fountains, the echo, the air, and the winds which carry away with them the sound of my vain words.

And if there's nobody to hear me, I speak of love to myself!

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär

If I were a little bird and also had two little wings I would fly to you. But because that cannot be, I remain just here.

Equally if I am far from you, yet I am with you in sleep and talk to you. When I become awake, I am alone.

There is no hour of the night goes by that my heart does not wake and is thinking of you, that many thousandfold you gave your heart to me.

Herbstlied

The foliage falls from the trees, the tender summer foliage. Life with its dreams decomposes into ash and dust.

The little birds in the woods sang, how silent the wood becomes now! Love is gone away. No little birds will sing.

Love surely returns again in the dear forthcoming year and everything then returns that has now died away.

Winter be welcome, thy garb is pure and new. He has taken the jewelry, he protects the jewelry faithfully.

Schön Blümelein

I went outside in the early morning. The little flowers were resplendent, I never saw them so beautiful.

I ventured to pluck one of them, because it pleased me so much; yet as I went to stoop, I saw a lovely game.

Butterflies and bees, beetles bright and shiny, they all had to pay it service with a merry morning song;

And they joked a lot and kissed the little flower on the mouth, and had their own way with it for probably a whole hour.

And how they showed off their game of this way and that, the little flower bowed With delight to and fro.

So I did not pluck it, it would certainly be dead tomorrow, and just said: adieu, little red flower!

And the butterflies and bees, the bright and shiny beetles, they sang with a happy expression a fine thank-you to me.



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