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Evan Felmet, Baritone, Senior Voice Recital

Evan Felmet
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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC, ART, & WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF

EVAN FELMET
BARITONE

STEPHEN ESTEP
AND
HANNAH ENDRES
PIANISTS

SUNDAY, JANUARY 10, 2010
3:00 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

Program

I

Già il sole dal Gange Alessandro Scarlatti
(1659-1725)

Dolente immagine di Fille mia Vincenzo Bellini
Vaga luna, che inargenti (1801-1835)

II

Selections from WINTERREISE Franz Schubert
Das Wirtshaus (1797-1828)
Die Nebensonnen
Der Leiermann

III

Ici-bas! Gabriel Fauré
Adieu (1845-1924)
Pleurs d'Or

Assisted by Hannah Endres, mezzo-soprano

Brief Pause

IV

Selections from SONGS OF TRAVEL Ralph Vaughan Williams
The Vagabond (1872-1958)
Whither must I wander?
Bright is the ring of words

V

Giants in the Sky, from INTO THE WOODS Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930)

The Impossible Dream,
from MAN OF LA MANCHA Joe Darion and Mitch Leigh
(1917-2001) (b. 1928)

The Elements Song Tom Lehrer and Sir Arthur Sullivan
(b. 1928) (1842-1900)

Evan is a student of Taylor Ferranti.

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

Già il sole dal Gange

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun sparkles more brightly and dries every drop of the dawn, which weeps.

With the gilded ray it adorns each blade of grass; and the stars of the sky it paints in the field.

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Sorrowful image of my Phillis, why do you sit so desolate beside me? What more do you wish for? Streams of tears have I poured on your ashes.

Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows, I could turn to another? Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully; the old flame cannot be extinguished.

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light on these shores and on these flowers and breathe the language of love to the elements, you are now the sole witness of my ardent longing, and can recount my throbs and sighs to her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance cannot assuage my grief, that if I cherish a hope, it is only for the future. Tell her that, day and night, I count the hours of sorrow, that a flattering hope comforts me in my love.

Das Wirtshaus

My path has brought me to a graveyard. Here would I lodge, I thought to myself. You green death-wreaths might well be the signs, that invite the weary traveler into the cool inn.

But in this house are all the rooms taken? I am weak enough to drop, fatally wounded. O unmerciful inn-keeper, do you turn me away? Then further on, further on, my faithful walking stick.

Die Nebensonnen

I saw three suns in the sky, I stared at them long and hard; and they, too, stood staring as if unwilling to leave me.

Ah, but you are not my suns! Stare at others in the face, then: until recently I, too, had three; now the best two are gone.

But let the third one go, too! In the darkness I will fare better.

Der Leiermann

There, behind the village, stands a hurdy-gurdy-man, and with numb fingers he plays the best he can.

Barefoot on the ice, he staggers back and forth, and his little plate remains ever empty.

No one wants to hear him, no one looks at him, and the hounds snarl at the old man.

And he lets it all go by, everything as it will, he plays, and his hurdy-gurdy is never still.

Strange old man, shall I go with you? Will you play your hurdy-gurdy to my songs?

Ici-bas!

Down here all lilacs die, all songs of the birds are short, I dream of summers that endure forever!

Down here lips fade and leave nothing of their velvet, I dream of kisses that last forever!

Down here, all men weep for their friendships or their loves... I dream of couples who remain, who remain always together!

Adieu

How quickly everything dies, the
rose uncloses, and the fresh colored
mantles of the meadows; the long
sighs, the beloved ones, disappear
in smoke! We see, in this fickle
world, change faster than the waves
at the shores, our dreams! Faster
than dew on flowers, our hearts!
One believed in being faithful to
you, cruel one, but alas, the longest
loves are short! And I say, leaving
your charms, without tears, almost
at the moment of my confession,
farewell!

Pleurs d'Or

Tears hanging from the flowers,
tears of springs lost in the mossy
hollows of the rocks;

Autumnal tears spread, painful
tears of horns heard in the great
woods.

Tears of Latin bells, Carmelites,
Feuillantines...Voices of belfries in
fervour;

Tears of starry nights, tears of
veiled flutes in the blue of the
sleepy park;

Beaded tears of long eyelashes,
tears of a mistress flowing as far as
the soul of the lover;

Drops of ecstasy, deliciously grief-
stricken, let nights fall! Let flowers
fall! Let eyes fall!



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