



Rudi E. Scheidt
School of Music

**BRODY MELTON,
TENOR &
EDLYN JARQUIN,
MEZZO-SOPRANO**
JOINT RECITAL

Amy Nguyen & Grace Gasperich, pianists

MARCH 1 | 5:30 PM

HARRIS CONCERT HALL

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music
Albert Nguyen, Interim Director
College of Communication and Fine Arts
Debra Burns, Dean

PROGRAM

Silver Rain, Op. 11

I. In time of silver rain

II. Fulfillment

V. Carolina Cabin

Robert Owens

1925-2017

Brody Melton, tenor
Amy Nguyen, pianist

Cita

Carlos Guastavino

1882-1948

Estrellita

Manuel Ponce

1882-1948

Edlyn Jarquin, mezzo-soprano
Grace Gasperich, piano

Un momento di contento (*Alcina*)

George Frideric Handel

1685-1759

Aprile

Francesco Paolo Tosti

1846-1916

Brody Melton, tenor
Amy Nguyen, pianist

An die Musik

Franz Schubert

1797-1828

Verborgenheit

Hugo Wolf

1860-1903

Ständchen

Franz Schubert

1797-1828

Ich wandle unter Blumen

Alma Mahler

1879-1964

Edlyn Jarquin, mezzo-soprano
Grace Gasperich, piano

La Rosa y el sauce

Carlos Guastavino

1912-2000

Bonita rama de sauce (*12 canciones populares*)

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Toujours

Gabriel Faure

1845-1924

L'huere Exquise

Reynaldo Hahn

1882-1948

Edlyn Jarquin, mezzo-soprano

Grace Gasperich, piano

Nachtwanderer

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel

1805-1847

Zueignung

Richard Strauss

1864-1949

Als die alte Mutter from Cigánské Melodie

Antonín Dvořák

1841-1904

Brody Melton, tenor

Amy Nguyen, pianist

Isabella Palmer, violin

Notte

Ottorino Respighi

1882-1948

Amiamo

Gaetano Donizetti

1882-1948

Edlyn Jarquin, mezzo-soprano

Grace Gasperich, piano

Bring Him Home (Les Misérables)

Claude-Michel Schönberg

b. 1944

It's Over, Isn't It? (Steven Universe)

Rebecca Sugar

b. 1987

All Falls Down (Chaplin: the Musical)

Christopher Curtis

b. 1967

Brody Melton, tenor

Amy Nguyen, pianist

The Road Home

Stephen Paulus

1949-2014

Edlyn Jarquin & Emily Woelke, soprano

Isabella Palmer, alto

Brody Melton, tenor

Benjamin Nguyen & Anthony Valle, bass

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Silver Rain, Op. 11

I. In time of silver rain

In time of silver rain
The earth
Puts forth new life again,
Green grasses grow
And flowers lift their heads,
And over all the plain
The wonder spreads
Of life,
Of life!
Of life!
In time of silver rain
The butterflies
Lift silken wings
To catch a rainbow cry,
And trees put forth
New leaves to sing
In joy beneath the sky
As down the roadway
Passing boys and girls
Go singing, too,
In time of silver rain
In time of silver rain
When spring
And life
Are new.

II. Fulfillment

The earth-meaning
Like the sky-meaning
Was fulfilled.

Robert Owens (1925-2017)
Langston Hughs (1901-1967)

We got up
And went to the river,
Touched silver water,
Laughed and bathed
In the sunshine.

Day
Became a bright ball of light
For us to play with,
Sunset
A yellow curtain,
Night,
A velvet screen.

The moon,
Like an old grandmother,
Blessed us with a kiss,
And sleep
Took us both in
Laughing.

V. Carolina Cabin

There's hanging moss
And holly
And tall straight pine
About this little cabin
In the wood.

Inside
A crackling fire,
Warm red wine,
And youth and life
And laughter
That is good.

Outside

The world is gloomy,
The winds of winter cold,
As down the road
A wandering poet
Must roam.

But here there's peace
And laughter
And love's old story told
Where two people
Make a home.

Cita

Carlos Guastavino (1882-1948)
Lorenzo Varela (1917- 1978)

Te espero en el mediodía, amiga.	I'll wait for you at noon, my friend.
Por el camino del río,	Along the river path,
A la sombra de la encina.	In the shade of the oak tree.
Llárame si estoy dormido, amiga.	Call me if I'm asleep, my friend.

Que hace mucho que no cierro	It's been a long time since I closed
Los ojos por verte, niña.	my eyes to see you, girl,
Y es muy traidora esta sombra	and this sunny shadow
Soleada de la encina.	of the oak is very treacherous.

Y al otro lado del río	And on the other side of the river
Duerme el ganado entre brisas	The cattle sleep among the breezes
De los trigales y olivos, niña.	Of the wheat fields and olive groves,
	girl.

Y ya sueño tu pañuelo	And now I dream of your handkerchief
Sobre mi frente dormida.	On my sleeping forehead.
Y las cigarras ensayan	And the cicadas rehearse
Sus coros en las encinas.	Their choirs
	in the oaks.

Te espero en el mediodía, amiga.	I'll wait for you at noon, my friend.
Dile a tu madre que vas	Tell your mother that you're going
A lavarte la camisa,	to wash your shirt,
Y que el río está impaciente	and that the river is impatiently
Esperándote en la orilla.	waiting for you on the shore.

Estrellita

Manuel Ponce (1882-1948)

Estrellita de lejano cielo
que miras mi dolor,
que sabes mi sufrir,
baja y dime si me quiere un poco
porque yo no puedo sin su amor
vivir.

Little star from the distant sky
that sees my pain,
that knows my suffering,
come down and tell me if you like me a
little
because I can't live without your love.

Tú eres estrella, mi faro de amor,
tú sabes que pronto he de morir.

You are, little star, my beacon of love,
You know that I will soon die.

Un momento di contento (Alcina)

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Anonymous Librettist

Un momento di contento
dolce rende a un fido amante
tutto il pianto che versò.

One moment of contentment
turns all the tears a faithful lover has
shed into sweetness.

Suol'amore, dal dolore
tirar balsamo alle pene,
a sanar, chi pria piagò.

Love often brings balsam
to soothe the pain and suffering
of those whom he once wounded.

Te espero en el mediodía, amiga.
Dile a tu madre que vas
A lavarte la camisa,
Y que el río está impaciente
Esperándote en la orilla.

I'll wait for you at noon, my friend.
Tell your mother that you're going
to wash your shirt,
and that the river is impatiently
waiting for you on the shore.

Aprile

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Rocco Emanuele Pagliara (1856-1914)

Non senti tu ne l'aria
il profumo che spande Primavera?
Non senti tu ne l'anima
il suon de nova voce lusinghiera?
È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil
su' prati'n fiore!

Do you not smell in the air
the perfume that Spring breathes out?
Do you not hear in your soul
the sound of a new, enticing voice?
It's April! It's the season of love!
Come, lovely one,
to the flowery meadow!

Il piè trarrai fra mammole,
avrà su'l petto rose e cilestrine,
e le farfalle candide
t'aleggeranno intorno al nero crine.
È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil
su' prati'n fiore!

Your foot will tread among violets,
you will wear roses and bluebells,
and the white butterflies
will flutter around your black hair.
It's April! It's the season of love!
Please come, my lovely one,
to the flowery meadow!

An die Musik

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Franz von Schober (1796-1882)

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen
Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis
umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb
entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt
entrückt!

Beloved art, in how many a bleak
hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's
tumultuous round,
have you kindled my heart to the
warmth of love,
and borne me away to a better world!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf
entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel besserer Zeiten mir
erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Often a sigh, escaping from your
harp,
a sweet, celestial chord
has revealed to me a heaven of
happier times.
Beloved art, for this I thank you!

Verborgeneheit

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Friedrich Mörike (1804-1875)

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lass dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Was ich traure, Weiß ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst, Und die helle Freude zücket Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket Wonniglich in meiner Brust.	Often, I am lost in thought, And bright joy flashes Through the oppressive gloom, Bringing rapture to my breast.
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Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein! Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben, Lasst dies Herz alleine haben Seine Wonne, seine Pein!	Let, O world, O let me be! Do not tempt with gifts of love, Let this heart keep to itself Its rapture, its pain!
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Ständchen

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Ludwig Rellstab 1799 – 1860

Leise flehen meine Lieder Durch die Nacht zu Dir; In den stillen Hain hernieder, Liebchen, komm' zu mir!	Softly my songs plead through the night to you; down into the silent grove, beloved, come to me!
Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen In des Mondes Licht; Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen Fürchte, Holde, nicht.	Slender treetops whisper and rustle in the moonlight; my darling, do not fear that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.
Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen? Ach! sie flehen Dich, Mit der Töne süßen Klagen Flehen sie für mich.	Do you not hear the nightingales call? Ah, they are imploring you; with their sweet, plaintive songs they are imploring for me.
Sie verstehen des Busens Sehnen, Kennen Liebesschmerz, Rühren mit den Silbertönen Jedes weiche Herz.	They understand the heart's yearning, they know the pain of love; with their silvery notes they touch every tender heart.
Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen, Liebchen, höre mich! Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen! Komm', beglücke mich!	Let your heart, too, be moved, beloved, hear me! Trembling, I await you! Come, make me happy!

Ich wandle unter Blumen

Alma Mahler (1879-1964)
Heinrich Hein (1797–1856)

Ich wandle unter Blumen
Und blühe selber mit;
Ich wandle wie im Traume
Und schwanke bei jedem Schritt.

I wander among flowers
And blossom with them;
I wander as in a dream
And sway with every step.

O, halt mich fest, Geliebte!
Vor Liebestrunkenheit
Fall' ich dir sonst zu Füßen,
Und der Garten ist voller Leut'

O, hold me fast, beloved!
Or drunk with love
I'll fall at your feet –
And the garden is full of folk.

La Rosa y el sauce

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)
Fernán Silva Valdes (1887-1975)

La rosa se iba abriendo
Abrazada al sauce,
El árbol apasionada,
La amaba tanto!

The rose began to bloom
Embracing the willow tree,
The passionate tree, passionately
It loved the rose so much.

Pero una niña, una niña coqueta
Pero una niña, una niña coqueta
Se la ha robado
Y el sauce desconsolado
La está llorando.
La está llorando.

But a little girl, a coquettish girl
But a little girl, a coquettish girl
Has stolen the rose
And the desolate willow tree
Is crying for the rose.
Is crying for the rose.

***Bonita rama de sauce
(12 canciones populares)***

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)
Arturo Vasquez (1888-1958)

Bonita rama de sauce,
bonita rama de amor,
nunca floreció, que siempre
se quedó diciendo adiós.

Beautiful willow branch,
Beautiful branch of love,
That never flourished, that was
always left saying goodbye.

El río pasa y la peina,
el río la jura amar.
La rama le da sus trenzas.
El río miente y se va.

The river goes by and it brushes her
hair, the river swears its love.
The branch gives him her tresses.
The river tells lies and is gone.

El viento pasa y la besa,
el tallo le hace cimbrar,
toda la ramita canta,
el viento miente y se va.

The wind passes by and kisses her,
And makes her stem tremble,
The whole of the branch sings,
The wind tells lies and is gone.

Se va, se va,
y la ramita se inclina,
no la vean suspirar.
y la ramita se inclina,
no la vean sollozar.

It's gone, it's gone,
And the little branch bends,
They won't see her cry.
And the little branch bends down,
They won't see her cry.

Toujours

Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)
Charles-Jean Grandmougin (1850-1930)

Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you for ever
And to go my way alone,
Forgetting whom I loved!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!

Rather ask the stars
To fall into infinity,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its light!

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots
Et quand les vents sont en démente,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Ask the boundless sea
To drain its mighty waves,
And the raging winds
To calm their dismal sobbing!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

But do not expect my soul
To tear itself from bitter sorrow,
Nor to shed its passion
As springtime sheds its flowers!

L'huere Exquise

Reynaldo Hahn (1882-1948)
Paul-Marie Verlaine (1844- 1896)

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

Ô bien aimée.

O my beloved.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Let us dream, it is the hour.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Sembble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...

C'est l'heure exquise.

Exquisite hour.

Nachtwanderer

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847)
Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Ich wandre durch die stille Nacht,
Da schleicht der Mond so heimlich
sacht
Oft aus der dunkeln Wolkenhülle,
Und hin und her im Tal,
Erwacht die Nachtigall
Dann wieder alles grau und stille.

I wander through the silent night,
The moon glides softly, secretly,
Often from the dark cloud's cover,
And here and there within the vale,
Awakes the nightingale—
Then all is gray and still once more.

O wunderbarer Nachtgesang,
Von fern im Land der Ströme Gang,
Leis Schauern in den dunkeln
Bäumen --
Irrst die Gedanken mir,
Mein wirres Singen hier,
Ist wie ein Rufen nur aus Träumen.

Oh, wondrous song of night's
embrace,
From distant lands where rivers trace,
A gentle trembling in the trees—
My thoughts drift, lost and far,
My tangled singing here,
Is but a call from fleeting dreams.

Zueignung

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Hermann von Gilm (1812-1864)

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Once, revelling in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

***Als die alte Mutter
(Cigánské Melodie)***

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)
Adolf Heyduk (1835-1923)

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte
singen,
Tränen in den Wimpern gar so oft ihr
hingen.
Jetzt, wo ich die Kleinen selber üb'
im Sange,
rieselt's in den Bart oft, rieselt's von
der braunen Wange.
Rieselt's mir vom Auge,
rieselt's oft mir auf die braunen
Wange!

When my old mother taught me
songs to sing,
Tears would well strangely in her
eyes.
Now my brown cheeks are wet with
tears,
When I teach the children how to sing
and play!
It trickles from my eye,
It often trickles from my brown cheek!

Notte

Ada Negri (1870–1945)
Ottorino Respighi (1882–1948)

Sul giardino fantastico
Profumato di rosa
La carezza de l'ombra
Posa.

On the fantastic garden
Scented with roses
The caress of the shadow
Rests.

Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito
La quiete suprema,
L'aria come per brivido
Trema.

Yet it has a thought and a heartbeat
The supreme quiet,
The air as if with a shiver
Trembles.

La luttuosa tenebra
Una storia di morte
Racconta alle cardenie
Smorte?

The mournful darkness
A story of death
Tells to the
pale cardenias?

Forse perché una pioggia
Di soavi rugiade
Entro socchiusi petali
Cade,

Perhaps because a rain
Of sweet dews
Within the half-closed petals
Falls,

Su l'ascose miserie
E su l'ebbrezze perdute,
Sui muti sogni e l'ansie
Mute.

On the hidden miseries
And on the lost intoxications,
On the silent dreams and the
silent anxieties.

Su le fugaci gioie
Che il disinganno infrange
La notte le sue lacrime
Piange...

On the fleeting joys
That disillusionment shatters
The night Weeps its tears
It cries...

Amiamo

Gaetano Donizetti (1882-1948)

Or che l'età ne invita,
Cerchiamo di goder.
L'istante del piacer passa, passa e
non torna.
Grave divien la vita
Se non si coglie il fior;
Di fresche rose amor solo l'adorna.
Più bella sei, più devi
Ad amor voti e fé;
Altra beltà non è che un suo tributo.
Amiam ché i dì son brevi;
È un giorno senza amore
Un giorno di dolor, giorno perduto.

Now that age invites us,
Let us try to enjoy.
The moment of pleasure passes,
passes and does not return.
Life becomes serious
If the flower is not picked;
Only love adorns it with fresh roses.
The more beautiful you are, the more
you owe vows and faith to love;
Other beauty is but a tribute to her.
Let us love because the days are
short; It's a day without love
A day of pain, a lost day.

Bring Him Home **(Les Misérables)**

Claude-Michel Schönberg (b. 1944)

Alain Boublil (b. 1941)

Herbert Kretzmer (1925-2020)

God on high, hear my prayer,
In my need You have always been there.

He is young, he's afraid
Let him rest heaven blessed.

Bring him home.
Bring him home.
Bring him home.

He's like the son I might have known
If God had granted me a son
The summers die one by one
How soon they fly on and on
And I am old and will be gone

Bring him peace, bring him joy
He is young, he is only a boy
You can take, You can give
Let him be, let him live
If I die, let me die
Let him live.

Bring him home.
Bring him home.
Bring him home.

It's Over, Isn't It?
(Steven Universe)

Rebecca Sugar (b. 1987)

I was fine with the men.
Who would come into her life now and again.
I was fine 'cause I knew.
That they didn't really matter until you.
I was fine when you came.
And we fought like it was all some silly game.
Over her, who she'd choose.
After all those years, I never thought I'd lose.

It's over, isn't it?
Isn't it?
Isn't it over?
It's over, isn't it?
Isn't it?
Isn't it over?
You won, and she chose you.
And she loved you and she's gone.
It's over, isn't it?
Why can't I move on?

War and glory, reinvention,
Fusion, freedom, her attention.
Out in daylight, my potential.
Bold, precise, experimental.
Who am I now in this world without her?
Petty and dull, with the nerve to doubt her.
What does it matter? It's already done.
Now I've got to be there for her son.

It's over, isn't it?
Isn't it?
Isn't it over?
It's over, isn't it?
Isn't it?
Isn't it over?
You won, and she chose you.
And she loved you and she's gone.
It's over, isn't it?
Why can't I move on?

It's over, isn't it?
Why can't I move on?

All Falls Down
(Chaplin: the Musical)

Christopher Curtis (b. 1967)

Hey there, Mr. Chaplin.
You may think I'm rather small.
'Cause the posh papers are falling at your feet.
So, go ahead and snub me.
And don't return my call.
And build your house on top of Easy Street.

But what ya gonna do when it all falls down 'cause I let a little rumor
spread?
Hah, what you gonna do if I change the name of the person sleeping in
your bed?
What you gonna do when I tell the tale that makes the country turn its
head?
Just a little gossip, and just a little lie.
I'll simply say "the little tramp is just a little spy"
And what's he gonna do when it all falls down?

Hey there, Mr. Chaplin.
Well, your act deserves applause.
You wave our flag and the country is impressed.
But I'm a voice among the crowd.
That's questioning your cause.
And now I'll spread my doubt among the rest.

And what ya gonna do when it all falls down and where you gonna go from there?

What ya gonna do when the money's gone and who you gonna buy to care?

What ya gonna do when the country says "now get yourself outta here"?

What ya gonna paint when you cannot paint the town?

I'm gonna wipe the smile from that famous little clown

And what ya gonna do when it all falls down?

And all the king's horses,

And all the king's men,

Will never put poor charlie together again,

And what ya gonna do when it all falls down?

The Road Home

Stephen Paulus (1949-2014)

Michael Dennis Browne (b.1940)

Tell me, where is the road
I can call my own,
That I left, that I lost
So long ago?
All these years I have wandered,
Oh when will I know
There's a way, there's a road
That will lead me home?

After wind, after rain,
When the dark is done,
As I wake from a dream
In the gold of day,

Through the air there's a calling
From far away,
There's a voice I can hear
That will lead me home.

Rise up, follow me,
Come away, is the call,
With the love in your heart
As the only song;
There is no such beauty
As where you belong;
Rise up, follow me,
I will lead you home.