

Colin Miller

tenor

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2024
Student of Bradley Williams

with
Justin Williams, piano

Sunday, March 3, 2024
4:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

Bist du bei mir, BWV 508

Anonymous
attrib. to Alessandro Stradella
(1639–1682)

Pietà Signore

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Die Berge, op. 57 no. 2 D. 634
from *Sunset Songs*

Am Feierabend, op. 25 no. 5 D. 795
from *Die schöne Müllerin*

Der Müller und der Bach, op. 25 no. 19 D. 795
from *Die schöne Müllerin*

Intermission

Henri Duparc
(1848–1933)

Élégie

Phidylé

Le manoir de Rosemonde

Ben Moore

(b. 1960)

Dear Theo

The Red Vineyard
I Found a Woman
Little One
The Man I have to Paint
When I'm at Work
Already Broken
Souvenir

*Thank you to my wonderful parents Elizabeth Miller and Jeffrey Miller
for always supporting me to pursue my dream.
You have been the most amazing support system I could have ever asked for.
There are no words to describe how grateful I am for you.*

*Thank you to my wonderful collaborator and mentor Justin Williams.
You bring something out in the music that no one else in the world can.
Thank you for the gift of musicianship and letting us indulge in your love of art.*

*Thank you to my voice Teacher Bradley Williams.
Your guidance and tutelage have shaped me and molded me into the artist I am today.
Thank you for always believing in my abilities and pushing me
to always be a better version of myself every single time I step into your studio.*

Thank you to all the coaches and teachers who have helped me craft this incredible program!

Greetings, friends!

Tonight, we embark on a captivating musical journey, exploring melodies that transcend the bounds of time. Join us as we delve into the enchanting world of music, where each note carries us across generations, uniting us in a timeless harmony of sound and emotion.

Our program opens tonight with Johann Sebastian Bach's tender love song, *Bist du bei mir*, and the haunting beauty of *Pietà, Signore*, attributed to Alessandro Stradella. In them, we encounter melodies that have echoed through the corridors of time, weaving their way into the fabric of human experience. Through these timeless compositions, we are reminded of the enduring qualities of love, devotion, and faith that have resonated with listeners for centuries.

As the night unfolds, we find ourselves immersed in the evocative landscapes of Franz Schubert's *Sunset Songs*, selections from *Die schöne Müllerin*, and a selection of Henri Duparc's art songs, including *Élégie*, *Phidylé*, and *Le manoir de Rosemonde*. In Schubert's melodies, we discover the ability of music to transcend the limitations of language and culture, speaking directly to the depths of the human heart. From the majestic heights of *Die Berge* to the intimate moments of *Am Feierabend* and *Der Müller und der Bach*, we are transported on a journey of introspection and revelation, where the passage of time seems to stand still. Duparc's textbook romanticism, reflected in his lush harmonies and reflections of the human condition further illuminate the timeless nature of music, inviting us into realms of beauty and longing that resonate across the ages. Through Duparc's delicate harmonies and poignant melodies, we are reminded of the eternal truths that lie at the core of the human experience—the joys, the sorrows, and the unspoken cries of the soul.

But it is in the contemporary reflections of Ben Moore's *Dear Theo* that we find ourselves truly transported beyond the confines of time. Inspired by the life and art of Vincent van Gogh, Moore's cycle captures the essence of a timeless spirit—a spirit that defies the constraints of history and speaks directly to the universal human experience. Through Moore's evocative compositions, we are invited into the world of van Gogh—a world of passion, of pain, and of unyielding creativity. Each melody becomes a brushstroke, painting a vivid portrait of the artist's journey—a journey marked by moments of triumph and despair, of hope and longing. In these melodies, we find echoes of our own struggles and triumphs, our own hopes and dreams, weaving a tapestry of shared humanity that transcends the boundaries of time and space.

As we journey through this evening of melody and memory, may we be reminded of the eternal power of music to uplift, to inspire, and to unite us in our shared humanity. I invite you to immerse yourself in the timeless melodies that unite us and

find glimpses of light within our often-shadowed world as we embark on this musical journey together.

Thank you all so much for coming!

Bist du bei mir

*Bist du bei mir, geh ich mit Freuden
Zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh.*

*Ach, wie vergnügt wär so mein Ende,
Es drückten deine schönen Hände
Mir die getreuen Augen zu.*

Gottfried Heinrich Stölzele

Pietà Signore

*Pietà, Signore, di me dolente!
Signor, pietà, se a te giunge il mio pregar;
non mi punisca il tuo rigor, meno severi,
clementi ognora, volgi i tuoi sguardi sopra di me.*

*Non fia mai che nell'inferno sia dannato
nel fuoco eterno dal tuo rigor.*

*Gran Dio, giammai sia dannato
nel fuoco eterno dal tuo rigor,
Pietà, Signore,
Signor, pietà di me dolente,
se a te giunge il mio pregare,
Meno severi, clementi ognora,
volgi i tuoi sguardi, deh! volgi sguardi su me,
Signor,
Pietà, Signore, di me dolente.*

Alessandro Stradella

Be thou with me

Be thou with me and I'll go gladly
To death and on to my repose.

Ah, how my end would bring contentment,
If, pressing with thy hands so lovely,
Thou wouldst my faithful eyes then close.

*English translation © Z. Philip Ambrose,
provided via Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Have mercy, Lord

Have mercy, Lord, on me in my suffering!
Lord, have mercy, if my prayer reaches you;
may your severity not punish me,
always forgiving eyes direct upon me.

Do not allow me in hell, to be damned
in eternal flames by your severity.

Almighty God, never allow me to be damned
in the eternal flames by your severity.
Have mercy, Lord,
Lord, have mercy on me in my suffering,
if my prayer reaches to you,
Less harshly, always forgiving,
eyes upon me, ah! direct your eyes on me,
Lord,
Have mercy, Lord, on me in my suffering.

*Translation courtesy of Anna Pavan
@riegermusic.com*

Die Berge

*Sieht uns der Blick gehoben,
So glaubt das Herz die Schwere zu besiegen;
Zu den Himmlischen oben
Will es dringen und fliegen.
Der Mensch, empor geschwungen,
Glaubt schon, er sei durch die Wolken gedrungen.*

*Bald muß er staunend merken,
Wie ewig fest wir auf uns selbst begründet.*

*Dann strebt in sichern Werken
Sein ganzes Thun, verbündet,
Vom Grunde nie zu wanken,
Und baut wie Felsen den Bau der Gedanken.*

*Und dann in neuen Freuden
Sieht er die kühnen Klippen spottend hangen;
Vergessend aller Leiden,
Fühlt er einzig Verlangen,
An dem Abgrund zu scherzen,
Denn hoher Muth schwillt ihm in hohem Herzen.*

Friedrich von Schlegel

Am Feierabend

*Hätt' ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnst' ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnst' ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könnst' ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Dass die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!*

*Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.
Und da sitz' ich in der grossen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister sagt zu Allen:*

The Mountains

When we gaze upwards,
Our hearts believe they can overcome gravity;
They desire to fly up
And reach the gods above.
Soaring aloft, man imagines
He has already passed through the clouds.

Soon he must realize with astonishment
That we are forever rooted firmly in
ourselves;
Then, with concentrated effort,
He strives to create everlasting achievements,
Endeavoring never to stray from his roots,
And builds, as of rock, an edifice of thoughts.

And then, with new joy,
He sees the bold cliffs hang in mockery;
Forgetting all his sorrows
He feels only the craving
To dally on the edge of the abyss,
For noble courage swells within his noble
heart.

After Work

If only I had a thousand
arms to wield!
If only I could drive
the rushing wheels!
If only I could blow like the wind
through every wood,
and turn
every millstone,
so that the fair maid of the mill
would see my true love.

Ah, how weak my arm is!
What I lift and carry,
what I cut and hammer –
any apprentice could do the same.
And there I sit with them, in a circle,
in the quiet, cool hour after work,
and the master says to us all:

*"Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;"
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.*

Wilhelm Müller

Der Müller und der Bach

*DER MÜLLER:
Wo ein treues Herz
In Liebe vergeht,
Da welken die Lilien
Auf jedem Beet.*

*Da muss in die Wolken
Der Vollmond gehen,
Damit seine Tränen
Die Menschen nicht sehn.*

*Da halten die Englein
Die Augen sich zu,
Und schluchzen und singen
Die Seele zu Ruh'.*

*DER BACH:
Und wenn sich die Liebe
Dem Schmerz entringt,
Ein Sternlein, ein neues
Am Himmel erblinkt.*

*Da springen drei Rosen,
Halb rot und halb weiss,
Die welken nicht wieder
Aus Dornenreis.*

*Und die Engelein schneiden
Die Flügel sich ab,
Und gehn alle Morgen
Zur Erde herab.*

*'I am pleased with your work.'
And the sweet maid
bids us all goodnight.*

The Miller and the Brook

*THE MILLER:
Where a true heart
dies of love,
the lilies wilt
in their beds.*

*There the full moon
must disappear behind clouds
so that mankind
does not see its tears.*

*There angels
cover their eyes
and, sobbing, sing
the soul to rest.*

*THE BROOK:
And when love
struggles free of sorrow,
a new star
shines in the sky.*

*Three roses,
half-red, half-white,
spring from thorny stems
and will never wither.*

*And the angels
cut off their wings,
and every morning
descend to earth.*

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

DER MÜLLER:

*Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
Du meinst es so gut:
Ach, Bächlein, aber weisst du,
Wie Liebe tut?*

*Ach, unten, da unten,
Die kühle Ruh'!
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
So singe nur zu.*

Wilhelm Müller

Élégie

*Oh ! ne murmurez pas son nom ! Qu'il dorme
dans l'ombre,
Où froide et sans honneur repose sa dépouille.*

Muettes, tristes, glacées, tombent nos larmes,

*Comme la rosée de la nuit, qui sur sa tête humecte
la gazon;*

*Mais la rosée de la nuit, bien qu'elle pleure en
silence,
Fera briller la verdure sur sa couche;*

Et nos larmes, en secret répandues,

*Conserveront sa mémoire fraîche et verte dans nos
cœurs.*

Thomas Moore, trans. Mms. Duparc

Phidylé

*L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais
peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant par mille
issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.*

THE MILLER:

*Ah, brook, beloved brook,
you mean so well:
ah, brook, but do you know
what love can do?*

*Ah, below, down below,
is cool rest!
Brook, beloved brook,
sing on.*

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Schubert: The Complete Song Texts (Schirmer
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Elegy

*Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the
shade.*

*Where cold and unhonoured his relics are
laid:*

*Silent, sad and frozen be the tears that we
shed,*

*As the night-dew that moistens the grass o'er
his head;*

But the night-dew, though in silence it weeps,

*Shall make the grass green on the grave
where he sleeps;*

*And the tear that we shed, though in secret it
rolls,*

*Shall long keep his memory green in our
souls.*

Phidylé

*The grass is soft for sleep beneath the cool
poplars
On the banks of the mossy springs
That flow in flowering meadows from a
thousand sources,
And vanish beneath dark thickets.*

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des
sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe
éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur
baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

Charles-Maria-René Leconte de Lisle

Le manoir de Rosemonde

*De sa dent soudaine et vorace,
Comme un chien l'Amour m'a mordu;
En suivant mon sang répandu,
Va, tu pourras suivre ma trace.*

*Prends un cheval de bonne race,
Pars et suis mon chemin ardu,
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,
Si la course ne te harasse.*

*En passant par où j'ai passé,
Tu verras que, seul et blessé,
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde,*

*Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir
Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir
Le bleu manoir de Rosemonde.*

Robert de Bonnières

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves
Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme, alone, in the bright
sunlight,
The fickle bees are humming.

A warm fragrance floats about the winding
paths,
The red flowers of the cornfield droop;
And the birds, skimming the hillside with
their wings,
Seek the shade of the eglantine.

But when the sun, low on its dazzling curve,
Sees its brilliance wane,
Let your loveliest smile and finest kiss
Reward me to for my waiting!

The Manor of Rosamonde

With sudden and ravenous tooth,
Love like a dog has bitten me.
By following the blood I've shed -
Come, you'll be able to follow my trail.

Take a horse of fine breeding,
Set out, and follow my arduous course
By quagmire or by hidden path,
If the chase does not weary you.

Passing by where I have passed,
You will see that, solitary and wounded,
I have traversed this sorry world,

And that thus I went off to die
Far, far away, without ever finding
The blue manor of Rosamonde.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

The Red Vineyard

"Dear Theo... my brother... if only you had been there when I saw the red vineyard, all red like red wine. In the distance it turned to yellow, and then a green sky with the sun, and the earth after the rain, violet, sparkling yellow here and there where it caught the reflection of the setting sun." (November 1888) "Oh Theo, brother...I think that I must have a starry night with cypresses, in blue and yellow light, or surmounting a field of ripe corn...there are such wonderful nights here...I am in a continual fever of work!...I hope the weather is as fine in Paris as it is here. Write as soon as you can. Ever yours, Vincent" (April 1888)

I Found a Woman

"I found a woman, not young, not beautiful. But oh, this woman, she had a charm for me. It's not the first time I was unable to resist that feeling of affection, yes affection and love for these women, who are so damned and condemned. I do not condemn them...Would you think that I have never felt the need for love? We talked, about her life, about her cares, about her misery... about everything..." (December 1881)

Little One

"Often I think of your little one, Theo, and what he means to you now in your life. Surely it's better to have a child than to expend all one's vigor as I have. Often I think of him there in his cradle. But for myself, I'm too old, too old to desire something else. Yet often I think of your baby, your baby. Oh Theo, I'm hard at work and still I say it's better by far to have a child. But, for myself, that desire was gone long ago. Long ago. Gone." (Adapted from letter of July 1890)

The Man I have to Paint

"I think of the man I have to paint. Terrible in the furnace of the full ardor of the harvest at the heart of the south. Hence the orange shades like storm flashes, vivid as red hot iron, and hence the luminous tones of the old gold in the shadows. Oh my dear boy, and the nice people will only see the exaggeration as caricature! ...The only choice I have is between being a good painter and a bad one. I choose the first. But the needs of painting are like those of a ruinous mistress: you can do nothing without money. And you never have enough of it... If you should happen to send a little extra this month I would be most grateful." (August 1888)

When I'm at Work

"But when I'm at work I feel an unlimited faith in art and that I shall succeed... And when doubt overwhelms me I try to defeat it by setting to work once again...Poverty is at my back but I'm still at work. I'm still at work...Gauguin and I, our arguments are electric!...And when that delirium of mine shakes all I dearly love, I do not accept it as reality...I'm still at work. I'm still at work." (from various letters)

Already Broken

"At times I feel already...broken, and what will come of it I do not know...my deepest hope remains the same, as you well know, brother, that I might be a lighter burden in your life...but I can see a time that's just on the horizon, a time when you might show my pictures with no shame." (summer 1887) "It's true I'm often sick and troubled, but there is harmony inside of me. For in the poorest little hut I see a picture, and I believe that very soon you will be proud to show my work; you will be satisfied...you will have something for your sacrifices, brother." (July 1882)

Souvenir

"I must leave a souvenir, a souvenir that I might offer in the shape of something true, the shape of drawings and of pictures. I must leave a souvenir, a souvenir that might remain to say to those who care to see, to those with eyes who care to see that this man felt deeply... I know I'll never do what I intended. Success requires a nature unlike mine. My strength has been depleted far too quickly, but for others, Theo, there is a chance. There is a chance for something more... If only you had been there when I saw the red vineyard, all red like red wine... There is a chance for something more. A souvenir that might remain to say to those who care to see that here was someone who felt deeply, brother, dear brother, dear Theo." (adapted from letters of August 1883, November 1888 and September 1889)

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