

OWU Department of Music presents
Departmental Student Recital
with
Dr. Youmee Kim, piano

Jemison Auditorium
Pre-recorded performances
Released Sunday, May 9, 2021

Ohio
Wesleyan
University

Trumpet Sonata (1939)
I. Mit Kraft

Paul Hindemith
(1895–1963)

Logan Page, trumpet

Ricercar No.7 for Solo Tuba

Domenico Gabrieli
(1659–1690)
transcribed by
R. Winston Morris

Hayden Houpt, tuba

Ca' the yowes to the knows (1794)

Scottish Traditional
arr. by Roger Quilter
(1877–1953)

Ici-bas

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

Madi Deckop, soprano

Tableaux de Provence (1948–1955)

II Cansoun per ma mio (Song for my love)

III La boumiano (The Gypsy)

IV Dis Alyscamps l'amo souspire (A sigh on
the soul for the Alyscamps)

Paule Maurice
(1910–1967)

Luke Belinski, alto saxophone

Sonata No. 3 (1703)
II. Allegretto

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660–1725)

Rachel Foster, double bass

Trumpet Concerto in E-flat, Hob. VIIe:1
I. Allegro

Franz Joseph Haydn
(1732–1809)

Abby Stepp, trumpet

Plaisir d'amour

Giovanni Martini
(1741–1816)

The Roadside Fire
(from *Songs of Travel*)

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)

Erlkönig

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Hunter Coon, baritone

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Ca' the yowes to the knows

Text: Robert Burns

Ca' the yowes to the knowes
Ca' them whaur the heather grows,
Ca' them whaur the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis evening sang,
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stol'n my very heart;
I can die but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes
Ca' them whaur the heather grows,
Ca' them whaur the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Ici-bas

Text: René-François Sully-Prudhomme

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts,
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent
Toujours...

Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent
Sans rien laisser de leur velours,
Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent
Toujours...

Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent
Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours;
Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent
Toujours...

Here below all the lilacs die,
All the songs of the birds are short,
I dream of summers that last
forever!

Here below the lips touch lightly
without leaving anything of their velvet,
I dream of kisses that last
forever!

Here below, all men weep
for their loves or friendships pain,
I dream of lovers who remain together
forever!

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Plaisir d'amour (The Pleasure of Love)

Text: Jean Pierre Claris de Florian

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

J'ai tout quitté pour l'ingrate Sylvie
Elle me quitté et prend un autre amant.

Tant que cette eau coulera doucement
Vers ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie,
Je t'aimerai, me répétait Sylvie:
L'eau coule encore; elle a changé pourtant.

The pleasure of love only lasts a moment;
The sorrow of love lasts a lifetime.

I have given up everything for ungrateful Sylvie;
She has left me and taken another lover.

As long as this water flows gently
Towards this stream that lines the plain,
I shall love you, Sylvie often told me:
The water still flows and yet she has changed.

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The Roadside Fire

Text: Robert Louis Stevenson

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Erlkönig (The Erlking)

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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

“Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?”

“Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?”

Who rides so late through night and wind?
It is the father with his child;
He has his boy well in the arm
He grasps him securely, he keeps him warm.

“My son, why do you hide your face so
fearfully?”

“Father, do you not see the Erl-king?
The Erl-King with crown and train?”

“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.
Sie wiegen und tanzen und singen sich ein.”

“Mein Vater, Mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönig 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!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!”

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

“My son, it is a streak of mist.”

“You lovely child, come, go with me!
I will play very beautiful games with you;
Many colorful flowers are on the shore,
My mother has many golden garments.”

“My father, my father, do you not hear,
What the Erl-king softly promises me?”

“Be calm, remain calm, my child;
The dry leaves rustle in the wind.”

“Do you want to go with me fine boy?
My daughters shall wait on you well;

My daughters lead the nocturnal dance
To rock and dance and sing you to sleep
They rock and dance and sing you to sleep.”

“My father, my father, do you not see there
Erl-King’s daughters, in the dark place?”

“My son, my son, I see it clearly,
There shines the old willows so grey.”

“I love thee, your beautiful form arouses me,
And you are not willing, so I will use force.”

“My father, my father, now he grasps onto me!
Erl-King has done me an injury!”

It horrifies the father, he rides quickly,
He holds the groaning child in his arms,
He reaches the courtyard with effort and distress;
in his arms the child was dead.

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