



Presents

Luke Harnish

Bass-Baritone

In collaboration with

Bridget Hille, piano

Patrick Orr, piano

IN A GRADUATE RECITAL

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the
Masters of Music in Opera Performance Degree
at Wichita State University

February 4, 2022 – Wiedemann Recital Hall – 7:30 p.m

PROGRAM

Ideale
Non t'amo più

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Dichterliebe

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
- III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
- IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
- V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
- VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- VII. Ich grolle nicht
- VIII. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
- IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
- X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
- XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
- XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
- XIII. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
- XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume
- XV. Aus alten Märchen
- XVI. Die alten, bösen Lieder

INTERMISSION

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

- I. Le réveil de la mariée
- II. Là-bas, vers l'église
- III. Quel galant m'est comparable
- IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
- V. Tout gai!

In Memoriam

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor
(1875-1912)

- I. Earth fades! Heaven breaks on me.
- II. Substitution.
- III. Weep not, beloved friends.

"Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre" from *Carmen*

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)



WICHITA STATE
UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS
School of Music

Ideale

Music by Franco Paolo Tosti

Text by Carmelo Errico

Translation © John Glenn Paton

I followed you like a rainbow of peace
along the paths of heaven;
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of darkness,
and I sensed you in the light, in the air,
in the perfume of flowers,
and the solitary room was full
of you and of your radiance.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long time
of the sound of your voice,
and earth's every anxiety, every torment
I forgot in that dream.
Come back, dear ideal, for an instant
to smile at me again,
and in your face will shine for me
a new dawn.

Non t'amo più

Music by Franco Paolo Tosti

Text by Carmelo Errico

Translation © Madeleine Gotschlich

Do you still remember the day that we met;
Do you still remember your promises?
Crazy from love I followed you, we were
enamored with each other
And I dreamed next to you, crazy from love.

I dreamed, happily, of caresses and kisses
A chain fading away into the sky:
But your words were misleading,
Because your soul is made of ice.

Do you still remember?
Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire;
My dream of love isn't you anymore:
I don't search for your kisses, I don't think of you.
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you anymore.

In the dear days that we spent together
I scattered flowers at your feet
You were the only hope of my heart
You were the only thought in my mind

You watched me beg, turning pale
You watched me cry before you
Only to satisfy your desire, I
Had given my blood and my faith.

Do you still remember?
Do you still remember?

Now my faith, my immense desire;
My dream of love isn't you anymore:
I don't search for your kisses, I don't think of you.
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you anymore.

Dichterliebe

Music by Robert Schumann

Text by Heinrich Heine

Translation © Richard Stokes

I. In the wondrous month of May

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

II. From my tears there will spring

From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.

III. Rose, Lily, Dove, Sun

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

IV. When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.

When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

V. Let me bathe my soul

Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.

The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

VI. In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and cherubs hover
Around our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

VII. I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking,
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.

I've known that long. For I saw you in my dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

VII. If the little flowers knew

If the little flowers knew
How deeply my heart is hurt,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew
How sad I am and sick,
They would joyfully make the air
Ring with refreshing song.

And if they knew of my grief,
Those little golden stars,
They would come down from the sky
And console me with their words.

But none of them can know;
My pain is known to one alone;
For she it was who broke,
Broke my heart in two.

VIII. What a fluting, what a scraping

What a fluting, what a scraping,
With trumpets blaring in;
That must be my dearest love
Dancing at her wedding feast.

What a clashing, what a clanging,
What a drumming, what a piping;
And the lovely little angels
Sobbing and groaning in between.

X. When I hear the little song

When I hear the little song
That my love once sang,
My heart almost bursts
With the wild rush of pain.

A dark longing drives me
Out to the wooded heights,
Where my overwhelming grief
Dissolves in tears.

XI. A boy loves a girl

A boy loves a girl
Who chooses another;
He in turn loves another
And marries her.

The girl, out of pique,
Takes the very first man
To come her way;
The boy is badly hurt.

It is an old story,
Yet remains ever new;
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.

XII. One bright summer morning

One bright summer morning
I walk around the garden.
The flowers whisper and talk,
But I walk silently.

The flowers whisper and talk,
And look at me in pity:
'Be not angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man.'

XIII. I wept in my dream

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke, and tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt that you were leaving me.
I woke, and wept on
Long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you loved me still.
I woke, and still
My tears stream.

XIV. Nightly in my dreams

Nightly in my dreams I see you,
And see your friendly greeting,
And weeping loud, I hurl myself
Down at your sweet feet.

Wistfully you look at me,
Shaking your fair little head;
Stealing from your eyes
Flow little tears of pearl.

You whisper me a soft word
And hand me a wreath of cypress.
I wake, the wreath is gone,
And I cannot remember the word.

XV. From Fairy Tales of Old

A white hand beckons
From fairy tales of old,
Where there are sounds and songs
Of a magic land;

Where brightly coloured flowers
Bloom in the golden twilight,
And glow sweet and fragrant
With a bride-like face;

And green trees
Sing primeval melodies,
Mysterious breezes murmur,
And birds too join in warbling;

And misty shapes rise up
From the very ground,
And dance airy dances
In a strange throng;

And blue sparks blaze
On every leaf and twig,
And red fires race
Madly round and round;

And loud springs gush
From wild marble cliffs.
And strangely in the streams
Reflections shine on and on.

Ah, could I but reach that land,
And there make glad my heart,
And be relieved of all pain,
And be blissful and free!

Ah, that land of delight,
I see it often in my dreams,
But with the morning sun
It melts away like mere foam.

XVI. The bad old songs

The bad old songs,
The bad and bitter dreams,
Let us now bury them.
Fetch me a large coffin.

I have much to put in it,
Though what, I won't yet say;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the vat at Heidelberg.

And fetch a bier
Made of firm thick timber:
And it must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.

And fetch for me twelve giants;
They must be even stronger
Than Saint Christopher the Strong
In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall bear the coffin away,
And sink it deep into the sea;
For such a large coffin
Deserves a large grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I'd like to bury there my love
And my sorrow too.

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques
Music by Maurice Ravel
Text by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi
Translation © Richard Stokes

I. The bride's awakening

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,
Spread your wings to the morning,
Three beauty spots - and my heart's ablaze.
See the golden ribbon I bring you
To tie around your tresses.
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!
In our two families all are related.

II. Down there by the church

Down there by the church,
By the church of Saint Sideros,
The church, O Holy Virgin,
The church of Saint Constantine,
Are gathered together, buried in infinite numbers,
The bravest people, O Holy Virgin,
The bravest people in the world!

III. What gallant can compare with me?

What gallant can compare with me?
Among those seen passing by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hanging at my belt,
Pistols and sharp sword...
And it's you I love!

IV. Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul, joy of my heart,
Treasure so dear to me;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
Oh when you appear, angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel
Under the bright sun -
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

V. So merry!

So merry,
Ah, so merry;
Lovely leg, tireli, that dances
Lovely leg, the crockery dances,
Tra la la.

In Memoriam
Music By Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

I. Earth fades! Heaven breaks on me.

Text by Robert Browning

Earth fades! Heaven breaks on me: I shall stand next
Before God's throne: the moment's close at hand
When man the first, last time, has leave to lay
His whole heart bare before its Maker, leave
To clear up the long error of a life
And choose one happiness for evermore.

II. Substitution.

Text by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

When some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new -
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
Not reason's subtle count; not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew;
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress-trees
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted, nor the angels' sweet 'All hail,'
Met in the smile of God: nay, none of these.
Speak Thou, availing Christ! - and fill this pause.

III. Weep not, beloved friends.

Text by William Wordsworth, after Chiabrera

Weep not, beloved Friends! nor let the air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life
Have I been taken; this is genuine life
And this alone--the life which now I live
In peace eternal; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end.

Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre from Carmen
Music by Geroges Bizet
Text by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy
Translation © Robert L. Larsen

I can reciprocate your toast,
gentlemen, for with soldiers,
yes, bullfighters can agree:
for pleasure they have fights!
The arena is full; it's a holiday!
The arena is full from top to bottom.
The spectators, losing their heads,
heckle each other boisterously!
Insults, screams, and commotion
pushed to the point of frenzy!
For it's the celebration of courage!
It's the celebration of people of spirit!
Let's go—on guard! Ah!

Toreador, on guard!
And do keep in mind—yes,
keep in mind, while fighting,
that a dark eye is watching you
and that love awaits you!
Toreador, love awaits you!

All of a sudden the people are silent.
Ah, what is happening?
No more screaming—this is the moment!
The bull rears,
bounding out of the pen!
He rears, he enters, he strikes!
A horse rolls over, dragging along a picador.
“Ah, well done, bull,” roars the crowd!
The bull goes, comes, and strikes again!
Shaking his banderillas,
full of rage, he runs!
The arena is strewn with blood!
People are running away;
they are leaping over the railings!
It's your turn now!
Let's go—on guard! Ah!

Toreador, on guard!
And do keep in mind—yes,
keep in mind, while fighting,
that a dark eye is watching you
and that love awaits you!
Toreador, love awaits you!