



Department of Music

presents

Carter Hallums, baritone

in a

Graduate Recital

with

Jan Corrothers, collaborative pianist

7:30 p.m.

April 12, 2025

George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall
Music/Mass Communication Building

—Program—

Dimmi, ben mio, op. 82, no. 1 (1809)

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

В темной чаще замолк соловей, op. 4, no. 3 (1866)
(Not one Nightingale sings in the Dark)

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov
(1844-1908)

Тихо вечер догорает, op. 4, no. 4 (1866)
(The evening is fading gently)

Gebet
from *Mörike-Lieder* (1888)

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

An den Mond, op. 18 (1906)

Hans Pfitzner
(1869-1949)

Four Poems by Fredegond Shove (1925)

1. Motion and Stillness
2. Four Nights
3. The New Ghost
4. The Water Mill

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

—Intermission—

Arpège, op. 76, no. 2 (1897)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

La tombe et la rose, S. 285 (1844)

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Si vous n'avez rien à me dire (1870)

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Three Poems of Oscar Wilde (1998)

1. Hélas
2. The Harlot's House
3. Requiescat

Thomas Pasatieri
(b. 1945)

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Master of Music in Vocal Performance.
from the studio of Dr. Jeffrey Williams*

—Text and Translations—

“Dimmi, ben mio” – “Say, my love”

Say, my love, you love me,
Say that you are mine
And I will not envy
The gods their power divine.
With one single look from you,
My dear, with just one smile
You will show me paradise,
Blissful content the while.

В темной чаще замок соловей - “Not one Nightingale sings in the Dark”

In the heart of the dark forest, the nightingale fell silent,
Rolled the star through the dark blue;
(The nightingale ceased its song in the heart of the dark forest, a star fell across the sky.)
The crescent is gazing through the net of branches.
Lighting the dew on the grass.
How in the moonlight meek and quiet
Your beloved outline of your face!
(The outline of your beautiful face looks so meek and quiet by the moonlight!)
This night, filled with dreams golden,
I would prolong without end!

Тихо вечер догорает - “The evening is fading gently”

The evening is fading gently
Turning the mountains into gold.
The sultry air is cooling down-
Sleep, my little child!

The nightingales are singing,
Announcing the coming of the night,
The strings are ringing timidly-
Sleep, my little child

The eyes of angels look on,
Shining with awe,
The breath of night is so tender-
Sleep, my little child!

—Text and Translations—

“Gebet” – “Prayer”

Lord! send what Thou wilt,
Pleasure or pain;
I am content that both
Flow from Thy hands.

Do not, I beseech Thee,
Overwhelm me
With joy or suffering!
But midway between
Lies blessed moderation.

“An den Mond” – “To the Moon”

Beloved moon, shed your silver radiance
through these green beeches,
where fancies and dreamlike images
forever flit before me.

Unveil yourself, that I may find the spot
where my beloved sat, where often,
in the swaying branches of the beech and lime,
she forgot the gilded town.

Unveil yourself, that I may delight in the whispering
bushes that cooled her,
and lay a wreath on that meadow
where she listened to the brook.

Then, beloved moon, take your veil once more,
and mourn for your friend.
Weep down through the hazy clouds,
as the one you have forsaken weeps.

“Motion and Stillness”

The sea shells lie as cold as death
Under the sea,
The clouds move in a wasted wreath
Eternally;
The cows sleep on the tranquil slopes
Above the bay;
The ships like evanescent hopes
Vanish away.

“Four Nights”

O when I shut my eyes in spring
A choir of heaven's swans I see,
They sail on lakes of blue, and sing
Or shelter in a willow tree:
They sing of peace in heart and mind
Such as on earth you may not find.

When I lie down in summertime
I still can hear the scythes that smite
the ripened flowers in their prime,
And still can see the meadows white.
In summertime my rest is small,
If any rest I find at all.

In autumn, when my eyes I close
I see the yellow stars ablaze
Among the tangled winds that rose
At sunset in a circled maze;
Like armoured nights they ride the skies
And prick the closed lids of my eyes.

But when in wintertime I sleep
I nothing see, nor nothing hear;
The angels in my spirit keep
A silent watch, and being there
They cause my soul to lie as dead
A stream enchanted in her bed.

—Text and Translations—

“The New Ghost”

And he cast it down, down, on the green grass,
Over the young crocuses, where the dew was.
He cast the garment of his flesh that was full of death,
And like a sword his spirit showed out of the cold sheath.

He went a pace or two, he went to meet his Lord
And, as I said, his spirit looked like a clean sword,
And seeing him the naked trees began shivering
And all the birds cried out aloud as it were late spring.

And the Lord came on, He came down, and saw
That a soul was waiting there for Him, one without flaw,
And they embraced in the churchyard where the robins play,
And the daffodils hang down their heads, as they burn away.

The Lord held his head fast, and you could see
That He kissed the unsheathed ghost that was gone free
As a hot sun, on a March day, kisses the cold ground;
And the spirit answered, for he knew well that his peace was found.

The spirit trembled, and sprang up at the Lord's word,
As on a wild April day, springs a small bird,
So the ghost's feet lifting him up, he kissed the Lord's cheek,
And for the greatness of their love neither of them could speak.

But the Lord went then, to show him the way,
Over the young crocuses, under the green may
That was not quite in flower yet, to a far distant land:
And the ghost followed like a naked cloud holding the sun's hand.

“The Water Mill”

There is a mill, an ancient one,
Brown with rain, and dry with sun,
The miller's house is joined with it,
And in July the swallows flit
To and fro, in and out,
Round the windows, all about;

The mill wheel whirrs and the waters roar
Out of the dark arch by the door,
The willows toss their silver heads,
And the phloxes in the garden beds
Turn red, turn grey,
With the time of day,
And smell sweet in the rain, then die away.

—Text and Translations—

The miller's cat is a tabby, she
Is as lean as a healthy cat can be,
She plays in the loft where the sunbeams stroke
The sacks' fat backs, and beetles choke
In the floury dust. The Wheel goes round
And the miller's wife sleeps fast and sound.

There is a clock inside the house,
Very tall and very bright,
It strikes the hour when shadows drowse,
Or showers make the windows white;
Loud and sweet, in rain and sun,
The clock strikes, and the work is done.
The miller's wife and his eldest girl
Clean and cook, while the mill wheels whirl.
The children take their meat to school,
And at dusk they play by the twilit pool;
Bare-foot, bare-head,
Till the day is dead,
And their mother calls them into bed.

The supper stands on the clean-scrubbed board,
And the miller drinks like a thirsty lord;
The young men come for his daughter's sake,
But she never knows which one to take;
She drives her needle, and pins her stuff,
While the moon shines gold, and the lamp shines buff.

“Arpège” – “Arpeggio”

The soul of a flute sighs
From deep within the melodious park;
Limpid the shadow where one breathes
Your quiet poem.

Night of languor, night of lies,
That places, with a rippling motion
Into your dreamlike hair
The moon, jewel of the East.

Sylva, Sylvie and Sylvanire,
Beauties of fickle blue glances,
The star is mirrored in the fountains.
Walk along the silver paths,

Go quickly, time is so short,
Gather in the garden of promises
The hearts that die of the dream
Of dying amid your hair.

—Text and Translations—

“La tombe et la rose” – “The tomb and the rose”

The tomb says to the rose:
From the tears with which the dawn sprinkles you
What do you make, flower of love?
The rose says to the tomb:
What do you do with that which falls
In your ever-open abyss?

The rose says: somber tomb,
From these tears I make in the shadow
A perfume of amber and of honey.
The tomb says: plaintive flower,
Of each soul that arrives in me
I make an angel of heaven.

“Si vous n'avez rien à me dire” – “If you have nothing to tell me”

If you have nothing to tell me,
Why do you draw near?
Why give me that smile
That would turn a monarch's head?
If you have nothing to tell me,
Why do you draw near?

If you have nothing to tell me
Why are you taking my hand?
About this tender, angelic dream
You dreamt on your journey here,
If you have nothing to tell me,
Why are you taking my hand?

If you wish me to go away,
Why do you pass by here?
When I catch sight of you, I tremble:
That both gladdens and troubles me.
If you wish me to go away
Why do you pass by here?

“Hélas” – “Alas”

To drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which can winds can play,
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom and austere control?
Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday
With idle songs for pipe and vielay,
Which do but mar the secret of the whole.
Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God:
Is that time dead? lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance -
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

“Harlot's House”

We caught the tread of dancing feet,
We loitered down the moonlit street,
And stopped beneath the harlot's house.

Inside, above the din and fray,
We heard the loud musicians play
The 'Treues Liebes Herz' of Strauss.

Like strange mechanical grotesques,
Making fantastic arabesques,
The shadows raced across the blind.

We watched the ghostly dancer's spin
To sound of horn and violin,
Like black leaves wheeling in the wind.

Like wire-pulled automatons,
Slim silhouetted skeletons
Went sidling through the slow quadrille.

They took each other by the hand,
And danced a stately saraband;
Their laughter echoed thin and shrill.

Sometimes a clockwork puppet pressed
A phantom lover to her breast,
Sometimes they seemed to try to sing.

—Text and Translations—

Sometimes a horrible marionette
Came out, and smoked its cigarette
Upon the steps like a live thing.

Then, turning to my love, I said,
"The dead are dancing with the dead,
The dust is whirling with the dust."

But she--she heard the violin,
And left my side, and entered in:
Love passed into the house of Lust.

Then suddenly the tune went false,
The dancers wearied of the waltz,
The shadows ceased to wheel and whirl.

And down the long and silent street,
The dawn, with silver-sandalled feet,
Crept like a frightened girl.

“Requiescat” – “May they rest in peace”

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast.
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

—Upcoming Events—

Apr. 13	APSU Symphonic Band	7:30 p.m.
Apr. 15	APSU Wind Ensemble	7:30 p.m.
Apr. 16	Savanna Watson Gr. Trombone Recital	5:30 p.m.
Apr. 17	APSU Student Recital	12:45 p.m.
	Callie Sasser Sr. Clarinet Recital	5:30 p.m.
	Katelin Csiszer Sr. Clarinet Recital	7:30 p.m.

*All of the above are free and open to the public and held in the
George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall.*

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