



Department of Music

presents

Rachel Irwin
Mezzo-Soprano
in a
Senior Recital

with

Jan Corrothers
Collaborative Pianist

7:30 p.m.
March 25, 2024

George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall
Music/Mass Communication Building

—Program—

Vi ricorda, o boschi ombrosi
from L'Orfeo

Claudio Monteverdi
(ca. 1567-1643)

Selections from Hermit Songs
The Crucifixion
The Monk and His Cat
The Desire for Hermitage

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Von ewiger Liebe
Dein blaues Auge
Meine Liebe ist grün

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Tre ariette
Il fervido desiderio
Dolente immagine di Fille mia
Vaga luna, che inargenti

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Cinco Canciones Negras
Cuba dentro de un piano
Punto de Habanera
Chévere
Canción de cuna para dormir de un negrito
Canto Negro

Xavier Montsalvatge
(1912-2002)

Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child

Moses Hogan
(1957-2003)

If I Loved You from Carousel

Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II
(1902-1979 and 1895-1960 respectively)

I Have Confidence from The Sound of Music

*In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Degree of Bachelor of Music
with a concentration in Vocal Performance.
From the studio of Dr. Min Sang Kim*

Reception immediately following in the lobby.

—Text and Translations—

Vi ricorda, o bosch'ombrosi Vi ricorda, o bosch'ombrosi, De' miei lung'h'aspri tormenti, Quando i sassi ai miei lamenti Rispondean fatti pietosi? Dite, allor non vi sembrai Più d'ogni altro sconsolato? Or fortuna ha stil cangiato Et ha volto in festa i guai. Vissi già mesto e dolente, Or gioisco, e quegli affanni Che sofferti ho per tant'anni Fan più caro il ben presente. Sol per te, bella Euridice, Benedico il mio tormento; Dopo il duol vie più contento, Dopo il mal vie più felice.	Do you recall, O shady woods Do you recall, O shady woods, my long, bitter torment, when the rocks, their hearts softened, replied to my laments? Say, did I not then seem to you more wretched than any other? Now Fortune has changed her tune and turned my woes into rejoicing. Once I lived in sadness and sorrow; now I rejoice, and those anxieties that I have suffered for so many years make my present happy state more dear. Through you alone, lovely Eurydice, I bless my torment; after sorrow, one is all the more content, after woe, one is all the happier.
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The Crucifixion At the cry of the first bird They began to crucify Thee, O Swan! Never shall lament cease because of that. It was like the parting of day from night. Ah, sore was the suffering borne By the body of Mary's Son, But sorer still to Him was the grief Which for His sake Came upon His Mother.	The Monk and His Cat Pangur, white Pangur, How happy we are Alone together, Scholar and cat. Each has his own work to do daily; For you it is hunting, for me, study. Your shining eye watches the wall; My feeble eye is fixed on a book. You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse; I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem. Pleased with his own art Neither hinders the other; Thus we live ever Without tedium and envy. Pangur, white Pangur, How happy we are, Alone together, Scholar and cat.
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The Desire for Hermitage

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
Far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world,
Alone I shall go from it.

—Text and Translations—

Von ewiger Liebe	Eternal Love
Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld! Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.	Dark, how dark in forest and field! Evening already, and the world is silent.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch, Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.	Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke, And even the lark is silent now too.
Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus, Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,	Out of the village there comes a lad, Escorting his sweetheart home,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei, Redet so viel und so mancherlei:	He leads her past the willow-copse, Talking so much and of so many things:
„Leidest du Schmach und betrübtest du dich, Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,	‘If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame, Shame for what others think of me,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind, Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.	Then let our love be severed as swiftly, As swiftly as once we two were plighted.
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind, Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.“	Let us depart in rain and depart in wind, As swiftly as once we two were plighted.’
Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht: „Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!	The girl speaks, the girl says: ‘Our love cannot be severed!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr, Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.	Steel is strong, and so is iron, Our love is even stronger still:
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um, Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?	Iron and steel can both be reformed, But our love, who shall change it?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn, Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!“	Iron and steel can be melted down, Our love must endure for ever!’

Dein blaues Auge	Your Blue Eyes
Dein blaues Auge hält so still, Ich blicke bis zum Grund. Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will? Ich sehe mich gesund.	Your blue eyes stay so still, I look into their depths. You ask me what I seek to see? Myself restored to health.
Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar, Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl: Das deine ist wie See so klar Und wie ein See so kühl.	A pair of ardent eyes have burnt me, The pain of it still throbs: Your eyes are limpid as a lake, And like a lake as cool.

Meine Liebe ist grün	My Love is Green
Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne; Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.	My love’s as green as the lilac bush, And my sweetheart’s as fair as the sun; The sun shines down on the lilac bush, Fills it with delight and fragrance.
Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall Und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder, Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht Viel liebestrunken Lied.	My soul has a nightingale’s wings And sways in the blossoming lilac, And, drunk with fragrance, exults and sings Many a love-drunk song.

—Text and Translations—

Il fervido desiderio	The fervent wish
Quando verrà quel dì che riveder potrò quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?	When will that day come when I may see again that which the loving heart so desires?
Quando verrà quel dì che in sen t'accoglierò, bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?	When will that day come when I welcome you to my bosom, beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

Dolente imagine di Fille mia	Sorrowful image of my Phyllis
Dolente immagine di Fille mia, perché sì squallida mi siedì accanto? Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto io sul tuo cenere versai finor.	Sorrowful image of my Phyllis, why are you so dreary at my side? What more do you desire? Bitter tears have I poured on your ashes.
Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri io possa accendermi ad altra face? Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace; è inestinguibile l'antico ardor	Do you fear that, forgetful of my sacred vows, I might be inflamed by another? Phyllis' shadow, rest in peace; love's ancient fire cannot be extinguished

Vaga luna, che inargenti	Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
Vaga luna, che inargenti queste rive e questi fiori ed ispiri agli elementi il linguaggio dell'amor; testimonio or sei tu sola del mio fervido desir, ed a lei che m'innamora conta i palpiti e i sospir.	Lovely moon, you who shed silver light On these shores and on these flowers And breathe the language Of love to the elements, You are now the sole witness O my ardent longing, And can recount my throbs and sights To her who fill me with love.
Dille pur che lontananza il mio duol non può lenir, che se nutro una speranza, ella è sol nell'avvenir. Dille pur che giorno e sera conto l'ore del dolor, che una speme lusinghiera mi conforta nell'amor.	Tell her too that distance Cannot assuage my grief, That if I cherish a hope, It is only for the future. Tell her that, day and night, I count the hours of sorrow, That a flattering hope Comforts me in my love.

—Text and Translations—

Cuba dentro de un piano	Cuba in a piano
Cuando mi madre llevaba un sorbete de fresa por sombrero y el humo de los barcos aún era humo de habanero.	When my mother wore a strawberry ice for a hat and the smoke from the boats was still Havana smoke.
Mulata vueltabajera Cádiz se adormecía entre fandangos y habaneras y un lorito al piano quería hacer de tenor. Dime dónde está la flor que el hombre tanto venera? Mi tío Antonio volvía con su aire de insurrecto.	Mulata from Vuelta Abajo Cadiz was falling asleep to fandango and habanera and a little parrot at the piano tried to sing tenor. Tell me, where is the flower that a man can really respect? My uncle Anthony would come home in his rebellious way.
La Cabaña y el Príncipe sonaban por los patios del Puerto. Ya no brilla la Perla azul del mar de las Antillas. Ya se apagó, se nos ha muerto.	The Cabaña and El Príncipe resounded in the patios of the port. But the blue pearl of the Caribbean shines no more. Extinguished. For us no more.
Me encontré con la bella Trinidad. Cuba se había perdido y ahora era verdad. Era verdad, no era mentira. Un cañonero huido llegó cantándolo en guajira. La Habana ya se perdió. Tuvo la culpa el dinero. Calló, cayó el cañonero. Pero después, pero ¡ah! después fue cuando al SÍ lo hicieron YES.	I met beautiful Trinidad ... Cuba was lost, this time it was true. True and not a lie. A gunner on the run arrived, sang Cuban songs about it all. Havana was lost and money was to blame. The gunner went silent, and fell. But later, ah, later they changed SÍ to YES.

Punto de Habanera	Habanera Rhythm
La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco. ¡Qué blanco! ¡Hola! Crespón de tu espuma; ¡Marineros, contempladla! Va mojadita de lunas que le hacen su piel mulata; Niña no te quejes, tan solo por esta tarde. Quisiera mandar al agua que no se escape de pronto de la cárcel de tu falda. Tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde rumor de abrirse de dalia. Niña no te quejes, tu cuerpo de fruta está dormido en fresco brocado. Tu cintura vibra fina con la nobleza de un látigo, toda tu piel huele alegre a limonal y naranjo. Los marineros te miran y se te quedan mirando. La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco. ¡Qué blanco!	The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline. How white! Hello! The billowing spray of your crepe skirt! Sailors, look at her! She passes gleaming in the moonlight which darkens her skin. Young girl, do not complain, only for tonight do I wish the water not to suddenly escape the prison of your skirt. In your body this evening dwells the sound of opening dahlias. Young girl, do not complain, your ripe body sleeps in fresh brocade, your waist quivers as proud as a whip, every inch of you skin is gloriously fragrant with orange and lemon trees. The sailors look at you and feast their eyes on you. The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline. How white!

—Text and Translations—

Chévere	The Dandy
Chévere del navajazo, se vuelve él mismo navaja: pica tajadas de luna, mas la luna se le acaba; pica tajadas de sombra, mas la sombra se le acaba; pica tajadas de canto, mas el canto se le acaba; y entonces pica que pica carne de su negra mala.	The dandy of the knife thrust himself becomes a knife: he cuts slices of the moon, but the moon is fading on him; he cuts slices of shadow, but the shadow is fading on him, he cuts slices of song, but the song is fading on him; and then he cuts up, cuts up the flesh of his evil black woman.

Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito	Lullaby for a little black boy
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, tan chiquitito, el negrito que no quiere dormir. Cabeza de coco, grano de café, con lindas motitas, con ojos grandotes como dos ventanas que miran al mar. Cierra los ojitos, negrito asustado; el mandinga blanco te puede comer. ¡Ya no eres esclavo! Y si duermes mucho, el señor de casa promete comprar traje con botones para ser un 'groom'. Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, duérmete, negrito, cabeza de coco, grano de café.	Lullay, lullay, lullay, tiny little child, little black boy, who won't go to sleep. Head like a coconut, head like a coffee bean, with pretty freckles and wide eyes like two windows looking out to sea. Close your tiny eyes, frightened little boy, or the white devil will eat you up. You're no longer a slave! And if you sleep soundly, the master of the house promises to buy a suit with buttons to make you a 'groom'. Lullay, lullay, lullay, sleep, little black boy, head like a coconut, head like a coffee bean.

—Text and Translations—

Canto Negro	Black Song
¡Yambambó, yambambé! Repica el congo solongo, repica el negro bien negro. congo solongo del Songo baila yambó sobre un pie.	Yambambó, yambambé! The congo solongo is ringing, the black man, the real black man is ringing; congo solongo from the Songo is dancing the yambó on one foot.
Mamatomba, serembé cuserembá,	Mamatomba, Serembe cuserembá.
El negro canta y se ajuma. el negro se ajuma y canta. el negro canta y se va.	The black man sings and gets drunk, the black man gets drunk and sings, the black man sings and goes away.
Acuemem e serembó aé, yambó aé. Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba del negro que tumba, tamba del negro, caramba, caramba, que el negro tumba, ¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé! ¡Baila yambo sobre un pié!	Acuemem e serembó aé, yambó aé. Bam, bam, bam, bam, bam of the black man who tumbles; drum of the black man, wow, wow, how the black man's tumbling! ¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé! He dances yambo on one foot!

Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
a long ways from home
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone
a long ways from home

If I Loved You

When I worked in the mill weavin' at the loom
I'd gaze absent minded at the roof
And half the time the shuttle'd get tangled in the threads
And the warp'd get mixed with the woof
If I loved you
But somehow I can see just exactly how I'd be
If I loved you, time and again I would try to say
All I'd want you to know
If I loved you, words wouldn't come in an easy way
Round in circles I'd go
Longing to tell you, but afraid and shy
I'd let me golden chances pass my by
Soon you'd leave me, off you would go in the mist of day
Never, never to know
How I loved you.
If I loved you

—Text and Translations—

I Have Confidence

What will this day be like?

I wonder

What will my future be?

I wonder

It could be so exciting

To be out in the world

To be free!

My heart should be wildly rejoicing

Oh, what's the matter with me?

I've always longed for adventure

To do the things I've never dared

Now here I'm facing adventure

Then why am I so scared?

A captain with seven children

What's so fearsome about that?

Oh, I must stop these doubts, all these worries

If I don't I just know I'll turn back!

I must dream of the things I am seeking

I am seeking the courage I lack

The courage to serve them with reliance

Face my mistakes without defiance

Show them I'm worthy

And while I show them

I'll show me!

So let them bring on all their problems

I'll do better than my best

I have confidence

They'll put me to the test!

But I'll make them see

I have confidence in me

Somehow I will impress them

I will be firm, but kind

And all those children

Heaven bless them

They will look up to me

And mind me!

With each step I am more certain

Everything will turn out fine

I have confidence

The world can all be mine!

They'll have to agree

I have confidence in me

I have confidence in sunshine

I have confidence in rain

I have confidence that spring will come again!

Besides, which you see

I have confidence in me!

Strength doesn't lie in numbers

Strength doesn't lie in wealth

Strength lies in nights of peaceful slumbers

When you wake up, wake up! It's healthy

All I trust I leave my heart to

All I trust becomes my own

I have confidence in confidence alone

(spoken)

"Oh, help"

I have confidence in confidence alone

Besides which you see, I have confidence in me!

Upcoming Events

Mar. 26	Student Recital Ariel M. Sequiera Gr. Tuba Recital	12:45 p.m. 7:30 p.m.
Mar. 28	Student Recital	12:45 p.m.
Apr. 1	Luke Anderson Jr. Percussion Recital Ciara Simmons Sr. Percussion Recital	5:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m.
Apr. 2	Student Recital Jacob Cantrell Sr. Percussion Recital	12:45 p.m. 7:30 p.m.
Apr. 3	Jeffrey Thomas Jr. Piano Recital	7:30 p.m.

*Events listed above are held in the George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall in the
Music/Mass Communication Building and are free and open to the public,
unless indicated otherwise.*

If you would like to be added to the Music Department patron database to be notified about
future events, please send your name, address and email
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