



School of

Music

College of Arts and Sciences

WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY

presents

James Heer, tenor *Graduate Voice Recital*

Elena Panchenko, piano

Thou Shalt Break Them, *Messiah*

Comfort Ye, *Messiah*

Ev'ry Valley, *Messiah*

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Offrande

Infidélité

Quant je fus prins ou pavillon

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Jägerlied, *Mörrike-Lieder*

An die Geliebte, *Mörrike-Lieder*

Gebet, *Mörrike-Lieder*

Denk' es O Seele, *Mörrike-Lieder*

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Lovliest of Trees

I can't be Talkin of Love

The Babe

John Duke (1925-2003)

La poema en forma de canciones

Dedicatoria

Nunca olvida

Cantares

Los dos miedos

Las locas por amor

Joaquin Turina (1882 -1949)

Tuesday, February 25, 2025 at 7:30 p.m. Bryan Hall Theatre

Thou Shalt Break Them

Thou shalt break them
Thou shalt break them With a rod of iron
Thou shalt dash them in pieces
Like a potter's vessel
Thou shalt dash them In pieces In pieces
Like a potter's vessel

Comfort Ye

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

Ev'ry Valley

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the mind.

Pure and faithful, to your side
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love!

Offrande

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches
And then here is my heart beating only for you.
Don't tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift be sweet to your beautiful eyes.

I arrive still covered with dew
That the morning wind comes to freeze my brow.
Suffer my fatigue, at your feet rested,
Dream of the dear moments that will relax her.

On your young bosom let my head roll
All still sonorous from your last kisses;
Let it calm down from the good storm,
And that I sleep a little since you are resting.

Infidélité

Here is the elm that sways
Its shadow on the path;
Here is the young wild rose,
The wood where silence sleeps;
The stone bench where, at evening,
We would love to sit.

Here is the fragrant canopy
Of ebony and lilac trees,
Where, when we were tired,
Together, my beloved,
Beneath garlands of flowers,
We would let the heat waft by.

The air is pure, sweet the grass...
Nothing has changed but you.

Quant je fus prins ou pavillon

When I was possessed
By my very gentle and beautiful lady,
I burned myself by candlelight,
As the moth does:
 I blush like vermilion,
As blazing as a spark,
When I was possessed
By my very gentle and beautiful lady,
 If I had been a merlin
Or had wings as strong,
I should have shielded myself
From her who stung me,
When I was possessed

Jägerlied

A bird steps daintily in the snow
On the mountain heights:
Daintier still is my sweetheart's hand,
When she writes to me in far-off lands.

A heron soars high into the air,
Beyond the reach of shot or shaft:
The thoughts of faithful love
Are a thousand times as swift and high

An die Geliebte

When, from the deep calm I feel at seeing your image,
I mutely take delight in your high worth,
then I properly hear the gentle breathing
of the angel that is disguised within you.

And an astounded, questioning smile springs
to my lips, as I wonder: isn't it a deceiving dream,
that now, in you, to my eternal pleasure,
my boldest wish - my only wish - is fulfilled?

To the depths then to the depths my senses fall;
I hear in the nocturnal distance of divinity
the melodious roaring of the stream of fate.

Dazed, I turn my eyes then upwards,
toward the heavens, and there all the stars are smiling;
I kneel to listen to their song of light.

Gebet

Lord, send what You will,
love or sorrow;
I am content that both
spring from Your hands.
But may you wish with neither joy
nor sorrow
to overwhelm me!
For in the middle
lies modest contentment.

Denk' es O Seele

A little tree is greening, where
Who knows, in the forest
A rose bush, who says
In which garden?
They are exquisitely beautiful
Think it, O soul!
To root on your grave
And to grow

Two black horses graze
On the meadow
They return home to the city
In lively leaps
They will walk step by step
With your lightness;
Maybe, maybe before
On their hooves
Getting rid of the iron
That I see flashing!

Loveliest of Trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

I Can't be Talkin of Love

I can't be talkin' of love, dear, I can't be talkin' of love. If there be one thing I can't talk of, that one thing do be love.

But that's not sayin' that I'm not lovin' -- Still water, you know, runs deep, An' I do be lovin' so deep, dear, I be lovin' you in my sleep.

I can't be talkin' of love, dear, I can't be talkin' of love. If there be one thing I can't talk of, that one thing do be love.

The Babe

A tiny perfect seashell on the shore by the waves gently laid

The awful waves!

By trembling hands received a folded message,

A babe yet slumbering, with a ripple on its face remindful of the ocean

And two twind forms that overbend it, smiling,

And wonder to what land love must have journeyed, who brought this back

This world of sweetest meaning

Two lives made one, and visible as one

And here in all creation

1. Dedicatoria - Solo piano work

2. Nunca olvida...

Since this world left,

Before giving account to God,

Here it is between the two,

I will tell you my confession:

-- With all my soul I forgive

Even those I have always hated;

To you, who I have loved you so much,

I will never forgive you!

3. Cantares

Closer to me I feel you

The more I run from you,

Well your image is in me

Shadow of my thought.

Tell me again,

Well, enchanted, yesterday

I listened to you without hearing,

And I looked at you without seeing.

4. Los dos miedos

As the night of that day began,

she, far from me,

-- Why are you getting so close? -- She told me;

-- I'm afraid of you! --

And after the night had passed

She said, close to me:

-- Why do you stay so far from my side?

I'm scared without you! --

5. Las locas por amor

"I will love you, goddess Venus, if you prefer

May I love you long and sanely."

And the goddess of Cytheres answered:

--"I prefer, like all women,

that they love me for a short time and crazy!