



SENIOR RECITAL
Caitlyn Everroad, voice
Student of Kirsten Gunlogson
with
Grace Lee, piano

Eidson-Duckwall Recital Hall
Saturday, December 7, 2024 • 8:00 P.M.

| | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| El mirar de la maja | Enrique Grandados (1867-1916) |
| El paño moruno | Manuel de Falla (1876-1946) |
| Asturiana | |
| An ein Veilchen | Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) |
| Liebe und Frühling II | |
| Wie melodien zieht es mir | |
| Gia il sole dal gange | Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725) |
| Mandoline | Gabriel Dupont (1878-1914) |
| Ici-bas! | Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) |
| Les Berceaux | |
| Heaven's Gaze | Michael Ching (b. 1958) |
| <i>from</i> Birds Songs The Wren | Liza Lehmann (1862-1918) |
| <i>from</i> Natasha, Pierre and The Great Comet of 1812 No One Else | Dave Malloy (b. 1976) |

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music degree in Education.*



“El mirar de la Maja” “The gaze of the Maja”

Music by:
Enrique Granados
(1867 - 1916)

12 Tonadillas en estilo antiguo
No. 6
(1913)

Text by:
Fernando Periquet
(1873 - 1940)

History/Background:

In “El mirar de la Maja,” the sixth piece in Enrique Granados’s *12 Tonadillas en estilo antiguo*, the Maja** reflects on her beauty and the impact of her gaze. Having largely healed from past grief, she recalls, with calm confidence, a chispero* who once loved her deeply. The memories of past romances, once painful, have become distant yet treasured parts of her history. The music captures her sense of self-assurance, illustrating how her gaze captivated those who looked upon her, bringing a blush to their faces. Rather than dwelling on sorrow, she now views these experiences with pride and resilience, appreciating her allure and the romances that shaped her.

Original:

¿Por qué es en mis ojos
Tan hondo el mirar
Que a fin de cortar desdenes
Y enojos los suelo entornar?

¿Qué fuego dentro llevarán
Que si acaso con calor
Los clavo en mi amor
Sonrojo me dan?

Por eso el Chispero*
A quien mi alma dí
Al verse ante mí
Me tira el sombrero
Y dícame así:

“Mi Maja**, no me mires más
Que tus ojos rayos son
Y ardiendo en pasión
La muerte me dan.”

Translation:

Why is it in my eyes
so intense the look
that in-order-to avoid disdains
and angers I tend to look away?

What fire inside will they carry
that if perhaps with passion
them I-fix on my love
blush to-me they-give?

For that the Chispero
to whom my soul I-gave
seeing himself before me
to-me he-tosses the hat
and he-says-to-me like-this:

“My Maja, look at me no more
because your eyes rays they-are
and burning in passion
death to-me they-give.”

**Chispero: A Spanish man, possibly a blacksmith, of the lower class.

*Maja: A Spanish belle of the working- lower class



“El paño Moruno” “The Moorish* cloth”

Music by:
Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

***Siete canciones
populares españolas***
No. 1
(1914)

Text by:
Spanish Folk Poetry

History/Background:

The song “El paño Moruno” (“The Moorish Cloth”), the first piece in Manuel de Falla’s *Siete canciones populares españolas* (Seven Spanish Folksongs), presents what seems a trivial story: a cloth discounted due to a spot. The lyrics, referencing the Moorish region of southern Spain, reveal a deeper metaphor beneath this simple tale. The cloth, once prized but devalued due to a flaw, serves as a warning for young women to guard their purity to avoid social judgment. It can also be seen as a reflection of the self. The cloth, despite its outward flaw, remains inherently valuable—just as a person, even if scarred or damaged in the eyes of others, retains inner worth.

Original:

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

Translation:

On-the cloth fine, in the shop,
A spot fell:
For less price it sells
Because it-lost its value.
Ay!

*Moorish Spain refers to the period when the Moors, a group of North African and Arabian Muslims, colonized Spain and the Iberian Peninsula from 711 to 1492.



“Asturiana”
“Girl from Asturia”

Music by:
Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

***Siete canciones
populares españolas***
No. 3
(1914)

Text by:
Spanish Folk Poetry

History/Background:

In “Asturiana,” the third song of Manuel de Falla’s *Siete canciones populares españolas*, the singer and a green pine tree reach toward one another, sharing an unspoken sadness. This folk song is from Asturias, a lush, pine-covered region in northern Spain. The melancholy of Asturiana is quiet but profound; neither the singer nor the tree’s pain turns to anger. Instead, a pure, enduring sadness runs through the song. The tree, though sympathetic, is powerless to offer comfort beyond silent empathy. De Falla’s simple, haunting melody reflects this feeling of immobility and inevitability. From beginning to end, the song remains in this stasis of sorrow, echoing the tree’s quiet acceptance of its own helplessness. The melody and accompaniment allow the stillness to breathe, creating a delicate understanding of mutual grief; and leaves both characters with a sense of unresolved yearning.

Original:

Por ver si me consolaba,
Arrime a un pino verde,
Por ver si me consolaba.

Por verme llorar, lloraba,
Y el pino como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

Translation:

In-order to-see myself consoled,
I-leaned against a pine green,
In-order to-see myself consoled.

In-order to-see-me cry, it-cried,
And the pine was green,
In-order to-see-me cry, it-cried.





“An ein Veilchen” “To a Violet”

Music by:
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Op. 49, No. 2
(1868)

Text by:
Christoph Hölty
(1748-1776)

History/Background:

In this piece, the repeated text reflects the rapid, restless movement of a flower, to which the protagonist tenderly urges, “schmiege dich ihr ans Herz” (“nestle close to her heart”). The flower here is a symbolic stand-in for the passionate lover, expressing the profound yearning for their beloved and the anguish of their separation. Toward the end of the song, we discover that this flower embodies the lover’s suffering to the point of desiring death as an escape from longing. In a particularly touching moment, the protagonist cries into the flower’s calyx,* as if the tears might convey sorrow and devotion directly to their beloved. The flower, receiving the grief, becomes a vessel for the lover.

Original:

Birg, o Veilchen, in deinem blauen Kelche,
Birg die Tränen der Wehmut, bis mein
Liebchen Diese Quelle besucht!

Entpflückt sie lächelnd
Dich dem Rasen, die Brust mit dir zu
schmücken,
O dann schmiege dich ihr ans Herz,
und sag ihr,

Dass die Tropfen in deinem blauen Kelche
Aus der Seele des treu'sten Jünglings
flossen,
Der sein Leben verweinet, und den Tod
wünscht.

Translation:

Hold, oh violet, in your blue calyx,
hold the tears of melancholy, until my
Beloved this spring visits!

Picks she smilingly
you from-the grass, the bosom with you to
adorn,
oh then nestle yourself to-her on-the heart,
and tell her

that the drops in your blue calyx
from the soul of-the truest lad
flowed,
who his life is-weeping-away, and (for) death
wishes.

*Calyx: the shell or pod of plants; the calyx of a flower, a bud.



“Liebe und Frühling II” “Love and Spring II”

Music by:
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Op. 3, No. 3
(1853)

Text by:
August Heinrich
Hoffmann von
Fallersleben
(1798-1874)

History/Background:

Johannes Brahms, a German composer, pianist, and conductor of the Romantic period, is known for his masterful blend of traditional Classical forms with Romantic expression. Born in Hamburg and later establishing his career in Vienna, Brahms was viewed by many as both a traditionalist and an innovator. His music, firmly grounded in the techniques of composers like Beethoven, combines rigorous structure with emotional depth—a style that won him lasting admiration. In “Liebe und Frühling II” (“Love and Spring II”), Brahms reflects his Romantic spirit while maintaining Classical restraint. “Liebe und Frühling II” captures the youthful passion and tenderness of springtime love, embodying both delicacy and fervor. Through this piece, Brahms artfully conveys the fleeting beauty of both love and nature.

Original:

Ich muss hinaus, ich muss zu dir,
Ich muss es selbst dir sagen:
Du bist mein Frühling, du nur mir
In diesen lichten Tagen.

Ich will die Rosen nicht mehr seh'n
Nicht mehr die grünen Matten;
Ich will nicht mehr zu Walde gehn,
Nach Duft und Klang und Schatten.

Ich will nicht mehr der Lüfte Zug,
Nicht mehr der Wellen Rauschen,
Ich will nicht mehr der Vögel Flug
Und ihrem Liede lauschen.

Ich muss hinaus, ich muss zu dir,
Ich muss es selbst dir sagen:
Du bist mein Frühling, du nur mir
In diesen lichten Tagen.

Translation:

I must-go out, I must-go to you,
I must it myself to-you say:
You are my spring, only you are my spring
in these bright days.

I wish the roses not more to-see
no more the green meadows;
I wish not more to-the forest to-go,
for-its fragrance and sounds and shadows.

I wish no more the breezes' blowing,
no more the waves' rushing,
I do not wish to hear the flight of birds
or listen to their song.

I must-go out, I must-go to you,
I must it myself to-you say:
You are my spring, only you are my spring
in these bright days.



“Wie melodien zieht es mir” “Like melodies it moves in me”

Music by:
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Op. 105, No. 1
(1886)

Text by:
Klaus Groth
(1819 - 1899)

History/Background:

“Wie melodien zieht es mir” (Op. 105, No. 1) is one of Brahms’s most beloved songs. The melody, with its gentle, flowing lines, is emotionally captivating. The poem, written by Klaus Groth, is somewhat elusive. The meaning of “es” (“it”) in the poem is unclear. The poem seems to describe something intangible, like the perfume or mist that slips away just as one is about to grasp it. The vagueness of the poem is part of its appeal, and it becomes clear that it is a poem about thoughts themselves—about the difficulty of transferring thoughts into words, and the gaps that remain even in the most sensitive reading.

Original:

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es,
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Translation:

Like melodies it moves
in-me quietly through the mind,
like spring-flowers it blooms,
and floats like-a fragrance away.

But comes the word and takes-hold of-it,
and leads it before the eye,
like-a gray-mist pales it
and disappears like a breath.

And yet remains in-the rhyme
hidden perhaps a fragrance,
that gently from-the silent bud
a moist eye calls-forth.





“Gia il sole dal Gange” “Already the sun from-the Ganges”

Music by:
Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660 - 1725)

L'Honestà negli Amori
(1680)

Text by:
Felice Parnasso
(c. 1700)

History/Background:

“Già il sole dal Gange,” an aria from Domenico Scarlatti’s opera *L'Honestà negli Amori* (Honesty in Love Affairs), celebrates the dawn with a vibrant melody that reflects joy and reverence for nature. *L'honestà negli amori* is a dramma per musica in 3 acts by composer Alessandro Scarlatti. Written in 1679-1680 when Scarlatti was 19 years old, it was his second opera. This aria is known for its rhythmic energy and lyrical simplicity. Its words depict the rising sun, illuminating the Ganges River, symbolizing the victory of day over night. This river reference, as John Glenn Paton notes, is a metaphor for the East. The melody conveys an uplifting spirit and love for nature, making it one of Scarlatti’s most enduring and frequently performed arias.

Original:

Già il sole dal Gange*
Più chiaro sfavilla,
E terge ogni stilla
Dell'alba che piange.

Col raggio dorato
Ingemma ogni stelo,
E gli astri del cielo
Dipinge nel prato.

Translation:

Already the sun from-the Ganges
More brightly sparkles
And dries every drop
Of-the-dawn which weeps.

With-the ray gilded,
It-adorns every blade
And the stars of the sky,
It-paints in-the meadow.

*The River Ganges emerges in the western Himalayas and flows down across northern India into Bangladesh, where it empties into the Bay of Bengal





“Mandoline” “Mandolin”

Music by:
Gabriel Dupont
(1878-1914)

(1882)

Text by:
Paul Verlaine
(1844 - 1896)

History/Background:

Paul Verlaine’s poem *Mandoline*, from his collection *Fêtes galantes* (1869), evokes a lively, flirtatious scene of couples gathering in a garden, serenaded by a mandolin. This musical text, filled with references to serenaders, singing branches, and pastoral figures like *Tircis*, *Aminte*, *Clitandre*, and *Damis*, has inspired composers including Fauré, Debussy, and Dupont. *Tircis* is the name of a shepherd in *La Fontaine’s Fables*, for example, while *Aminte* is the subject of a pastoral by Torquato Tasso, and *Clitandre* appears. Dupont’s setting reflects an early interest in French Impressionism, capturing the poem’s lighthearted charm through a lilting rhythm and dynamic shifts that suggest the carefree atmosphere of a garden party. The vocalist imitates the strumming of a mandolin, enhancing Verlaine’s imagery with subtle harmonies and fleeting tonal changes that mirror the scene’s playful energy.

Original:

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est *Tircis* et c'est *Aminte*,
Et c'est l'éternel *Clitandre*,
Et c'est *Damis* qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Translation:

The serenaders
and the lovely listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath the singing branches

It is *Thyrsis* and it is *Amyntas*
and it is the eternal *Clytander*,
and there is *Damis* who for many
cruel women writes many verses tender.

Their short jackets of silk,
their long gowns with trains,
their elegance, their joy
and their soft blue shadows

whirl in the ecstasy
of a moon pink and grey
and the mandolin chatters
amid the shivers of the breeze



“Ici-bas!”
“Here-below!”

Music by:
Gabriel Faure
(1845 - 1924)

Op. 8, No. 3
(1874)

Text by:
Sully Prudhomme
(1839 - 1907)

History/Background:

In “Ici-bas!,” Gabriel Fauré conveys the poem's universal theme: on earth, everything is transient. Flowers wilt, love fades, and people mourn, reflecting the inevitability of time and change. Sully Prudhomme's poetry, with its simple yet evocative imagery, meditates on the aching beauty of impermanence. The recurring phrase "Ici-bas" ("Here below") underscores the earth's fleeting nature, contrasting with an unspoken, perhaps eternal, realm beyond. The poem's quiet resignation—accepting the nature of the world without rebellion—heightens its emotional impact. Fauré's setting amplifies these themes with profound simplicity. Fauré emphasizes the fragile beauty of life and love, blending text and music into a reflection on the transience of existence, capturing the poem's sense of longing and melancholy.

Original:

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts,
Jereve aux etes qui demeurent toujours.

Ici-bas les levres effleurent
sans rien laisser de leur velours,
Jereve aux baisers qui demeurent toujours!

Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent
leurs amities ou leurs amours;
Jereve aux couples qui demeurent toujours!

Translation:

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 anything leaving of their velvet,
I dream of kisses that last forever!

Here-below all the men weep,
The friendship of their loves;
I dream of couples who last forever!



“Les berceaux”

Music by:
Gabriel Faure
(1845 - 1924)

Trois Mélodies
Op. 23, No. 1
(1879)

Text by:
Sully Prudhomme
(1839 - 1907)

History/Background:

In *Les berceaux*, Gabriel Fauré sets Sully Prudhomme’s poetry to music, capturing the tension and sorrow of separation. The poem contrasts the lives of sailors who depart for the sea with the women who stay behind, rocking their children in cradles—a reflection on duty and sacrifice, encapsulated in the theme “Men must work, and women must weep.” The song opens with a gentle, rocking piano accompaniment that mirrors the sway of both the ships and the cradles, setting an intimate and reflective tone. As the piece unfolds, it grows in intensity, expressing the pain of separation and the allure of the distant horizons that draw the men away; we sense both the women’s heartbreak and their resentment toward the sea, which has become the sailors’ constant mistress. Fauré then brings the piece back to a more subdued tone, echoing the beginning melody as the men prepare to depart. Yet the final lines hint at a connection that remains: though the sailors leave, an invisible bond holds them back, symbolized by the children, whose presence grounds their fathers even as they journey afar.

Original:

Le long du quai, les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là, les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l’âme des lointains berceaux.

Translation:

The length of-the pier, the great ships,
Which the swell tilts in silence,
Do-not take any notice of-the cradles,
That the hand of-the woman rock.

But will-come the day of farewells,
For it is-necessary that the women cry,
And that the men curious
Attempt the horizons that entice-them!

And on-that day the great ships,
Leaving the port which recedes,
Shall-feel their bulk held-back
By the-soul of-the distant cradles.





“Heaven’s Gaze”

Dedicated to Marie Everroad

Music by:
Michael Ching
(b. 1958)

Essentials
No. 1
(2021)

Text by:
Reg Huston
(n.d.)

History/Background:

Michael Ching, a prolific opera composer, librettist, conductor, and songwriter, has created works that span genres and connect deeply with audiences. Among his most well-known pieces is *Speed Dating Tonight!*, which has seen over 120 productions since its 2013 premiere, making it one of the most performed operas of the 21st century. Even during the challenges of the pandemic, Ching remained innovative, creating many songs, including “Heaven’s Gaze,” the first song in his *Essentials*. I dedicate this performance to my mother, in honor of her mother, whom we recently lost. The lyrics offer a powerful reminder that even in times of loss, there is profound beauty in the world—beauty we can see through love and gratitude. The song explores the themes of love’s strength, humanity’s depth, and the awe of seeing the world through someone else’s eyes. This piece serves as a reminder of the power of love and the light it brings to our lives.

Text:

What can Heaven show me that I can’t see in your eyes;
When I look upon their beauty, they reflect the starry skies.
What can nature offer, what magnificence, indeed;
Your humanity is deeper than all of her vast seas.

Can the mountain ranges overpower the strength you own?
They bow in humble silence for the goodness that you’ve shown.
They cast empty shadows but your light shines through, I find
And your laughter echoes clearly, and your kindness clears my mind.

When I look to heaven and I seek to find what’s true,
I am thankful that you love me
And that Heaven’s Gaze is you.



“The Wren”

Music by:
Liza Lehmann
(1862-1918)

Bird Songs
No. 4
(1907)

Text From:
A.S.
(n.d.)

History/Background:

The British composer Liza Lehmann initially made her mark as a singer, performing in concerts, recitals, and oratorios across London and internationally. However, damage to her vocal cords led her to focus on composition and accompaniment, passions she had nurtured since childhood. Among her many works, her *Bird Songs* cycle is a charming and evocative collection, showcasing Lehmann’s talent for vivid musical storytelling. The piano introduction in “The Wren,” the fourth song in the cycle, effectively mimics the bird’s song, a motif later imitated by the voice in the interlude between verses two and three. This interplay between piano and voice captures the delicate and lively essence of the wren. Through her music, Lehmann brings the natural world to life, offering an intimate connection between nature and the human experience. “The Wren” and its companion pieces stand as delightful examples of her ability to blend melodic charm with expressive imagery, making her contributions to the English song repertoire both enduring and beloved.

Text:

A wren just under my window
Has suddenly sweetly sung;
He woke me from my slumbers
With his sweet shrill tongue.

It was so very early,
The dew drops were not dry,
And pearly cloudlets floated
Across the rosy sky.

His nest is in the ivy
Where his little wife sits all day,
And by her side he sings to her,
And never flies far away.



“No One Else”
Based on War and Peace

Music by:
Dave Malloy
(b.1976)

***Natasha, Pierre & the Great
Comet of 1812***
(2012)

Text By:
Dave Malloy
(b. 1976)

History/Background:

Dave Malloy's *Natasha, Pierre & The Great Comet of 1812* is a revolutionary electropop opera based on a scandalous slice of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. It tells the story of Natasha Rostova, who, while awaiting her fiancé's return, falls for the reckless Anatole, leading to heartbreak and redemption with the help of Pierre. Natasha's aria, "No One Else," captures her longing and youthful passion as she dreams of her distant fiancé under the moonlit sky. This piece evokes both joy and melancholy, reflecting Natasha's impatience for life to begin. The song's personal resonance is to embrace risks and recognize the beauty already present in life.

Original:

The moon
First time I heard your voice
Moonlight burst into the room

And I saw your eyes
And I saw your smile
And the world opened wide

And the world was inside of me

And I catch my breath
And I laugh and blush
And I hear guitars
You are so good for me

I love you x5

Oh the moon
Oh the snow in the moonlight

And your child-like eyes
And your distant smile
I'll never be this happy again

You and I
And no one else



We've done this all before
We were angels once
Don't you remember?

Joy and life
Inside our souls
And nobody knows
Just you and me

It's our secret

This winter sky
How can anyone sleep?
There was never such a night before!

I feel like putting my arms 'round my knees
And squeezing tight as possible
And flying away

Like this...

Oh the moon
Oh the snow in the moonlight

And your child-like eyes
And your distant smile
I'll never be this happy again

You and I x3
And no one else

Maybe he'll come today
Maybe he came already
And he's sitting in the drawing room
And I simply forgot

