

UCSD MUSIC Presents

Undergraduate  
Honors Voice Recital

Brian Wahlstrom | Baritone  
May 19<sup>th</sup>, 2009 8:00pm  
Mandeville Recital Hall  
Katalin Lukács | Piano

“Bella siccome un Angelo”  
From Don Pasquale

G. Donizetti (1797-1848)

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Lydia  
Adieu  
Beau Soir

G. Fauré (1845-1924)

C. Debussy (1862-1918)

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Morgen!  
Breit über mein Haupt  
Zueignung

R. Strauss (1864-1949)

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“Deh vieni alla Finestra”  
From Don Giovanni

W.A Mozart (1756-1791)

INTERMISSION

Largo al Factotum  
From The Barber of Seville

G. Rossini (1792-1868)

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Linden Lea  
The New Suit

R.V Williams (1872-1958)

M. Blitztein (1905-1964)

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The Humbling  
Home

Jeff Hamilton  
Brian Wahlstrom

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“Au Fond Du Temple Saint”  
From The Pearl Fishers

G. Bizet (1838-1875)

Bernardo Bermudez , Tenor, as Nadir  
Brian Wahlstrom, Baritone, as Zurga

\* Encore

**Bella, siccome un angelo**                      **Donizetti**  
In this aria from Don Pasquale, Doctor Malatesta  
advises Pasquale to marry a girl, beautiful as an angel.

**Lydia**                      **Gabriel Fauré**

Lydia sur tes roses joues  
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,  
Roule étincelant  
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,  
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.  
Laisse tes baisers de colombe  
Chanter sur ta lèvres en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse  
Une odeur divine en ton sein;  
Les délices comme un essaim  
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.  
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!  
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,  
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

**Adieu!**                      **Gabriel Fauré**

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose déclore,  
Et les frais manteaux diaprés des prés;  
Les longs soupirs, les bienaimées,  
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger changer,  
Plus vite que les flots des grèves, nos rêves,  
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,  
Nos coeurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle, Cruelle,  
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours sont courts!  
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes, sans larmes,  
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,  
Adieu!

**Beau Soir**                      **Claude Debussy**

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,  
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,  
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses  
Et monter vers le coeur troublé.  
Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde,  
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,  
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette onde,  
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.

Pasquale has no idea that the Doctor is setting him up  
with his nephew's girlfriend, who Pasquale has never  
met and of whom he disapproves - to teach him a lesson!

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,  
And on your neck, so fresh and white,  
Flow sparkingly  
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;  
Let us forget the eternal grave,  
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,  
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly  
A divine fragrance on your breast;  
Numberless delights  
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;  
Kisses have carried away my soul!  
Oh Lydia, give me back life,  
That I may die, forever die!

Like everything that dies quickly, the blown rose,  
the fresh multi-colored cloaks [of flowers]  
on the meadows.  
Long sighs, those we love, gone like smoke.

One sees in this frivolous world, Change.  
Quicker than the waves on the beach, our dreams,  
Quicker than frost on the flowers,  
Our hearts.

One believes oneself faithful to you, Cruel,  
But alas! the longest of love affairs are short!  
And I say on quitting your charms, without tears,  
Close to the moment of my avowal,  
Adieu!

When streams turn pink in the setting sun,  
And a slight shudder rushes through the wheat fields,  
A plea for happiness seems to rise out of all things  
And it climbs up towards the troubled heart.  
A plea to relish the charm of life  
While there is youth and the evening is fair,  
For we pass away, as the wave passes:  
The wave to the sea, we to the grave.

## Morgen

Richard Strauss

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,  
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
wird uns, die [Seligen]<sup>1</sup>, sie wieder einen  
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde . . .

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen. . .

## Breit' über mein Haupt

Breit' über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar,  
neig' zu mir dein Angesicht,  
da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar  
mir deiner Augen Licht.

Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht,  
noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,  
ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht  
und deiner Blicke Glanz.

## Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,  
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,  
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,  
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich der Freiheit Zecher,  
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,  
Und du segnetest den Trank,  
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,  
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,  
[heilig, heilig an's Herz]<sup>2</sup> dir sank,  
Habe Dank.

## Deh, vieni alla finestra - from Don Giovanni Mozart

In this aria, Giovanni serenades another woman he is trying to seduce, pleading with her to open her balcony windows and to let him in.

## Largo al Factotum - from Barber of Seville Rossini

Figaro, the Barber of Seville, runs the town - he is much in demand, to keep people looking terrific and to help them arrange their secret assignments. In this aria, he sings about how much he enjoys - being Figaro!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,  
and on the path I will take,  
it will unite us again, we happy ones,  
upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue waves,  
we will descend quietly and slowly;  
we will look mutely into each other's eyes  
and the silence of happiness will settle upon us.

Spread over my head your black hair,  
and incline to me your face,  
so that into my soul, so brightly and clearly,  
will stream your eye's light.

I do not want the splendor of the sun above,  
nor the glittering crown of stars;  
I want only the night of your locks  
and the radiance of your gaze.

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,  
How I suffer far from you,  
Love makes the heart suffer,  
But I am grateful - .

Once I, drinker of freedom,  
Held high the amethyst beaker,  
And you blessed the drink,  
I am grateful!

And you exorcised the evils in it,  
Until I, as I had never been before,  
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,  
Oh, I am grateful.

## Duet from The Pearl Fishers - Bizet

Two best friends discover they are in love with the same beautiful woman, but pledge to keep their friendship alive, no matter what.