

Student Artist Diploma Recital

Adam Wells, Baritone

With:

Matthew Sebald, Piano

4:30 p.m., Sunday, September 10, 2023

Grusin Music Hall (C112)

Hatsukoi

Tatsunosuke Koshitani (1909-1982)

Sakura Yokochō

Sadao Bekku (1922-2012)

Funauta

Ikuma Dan (1924-2001)

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

- I. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht
- II. Ging heut' Morgen über's Feld
- III. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer
- IV. Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

—Intermission—

Le vieux coffret

André Caplet (1878-1925)

- I. Songe
- II. Berceuse
- III. In una selva oscura
- IV. Forêt

“I can give you the starlight” from The Dancing Years
“Why is there ever goodbye” from Careless Rapture
“The land of might-have-been” from Our Nell

Ivor Novello (1893-1951)

About the performer

Lyric baritone, **Adam Wells** is a second year Artist Diploma student at the University of Colorado Boulder studying under the tutelage of Andrew Garland. Wells has appeared in a multitude of 20th and 21st century operas and musicals ranging from Paul in Glass’ *Les Enfants Terribles* to the title role in Sondheim’s *Sweeney Todd*. They have sung with companies including The Glimmerglass Festival, Rochester Philharmonic, and Ohio Light Opera. Wells is a 2020 Grand Concours Vocal Competition finalist, 2019 SC District Winner of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Audition, and 2013 winner in classical voice with the National YoungArts Foundation. They hold degrees from the Eastman School of Music and Oberlin Conservatory.

Program Notes

In 1925, my grandmother, Sue Hiram Wells, was born in southeastern Colorado. First generation Japanese-American, she was the eldest daughter of five siblings. In 1947 she graduated from the University of Colorado College of Nursing. She was one of the many Nisei alumni honored in 2013 by the Nursing Alumni Association for her “tenacity and triumph.” It has always been a goal of mine to learn a set of Japanese pieces to include my Japanese heritage in my music. But until I was introduced to Dr. Mutsumi Moteki’s *Japanese Art Song Anthology*, I had no idea where to start. I would like to give special thanks to Dr. Moteki for helping me prepare these pieces. And I look forward to learning many more of these songs while I finish my degree at CU.

I don't recall hearing of the composer Andre Caplet while in school, despite Pierre Bernac claiming *Forêt* to be, "one of the most beautiful melodies of all the French concert repertoire: a perfect alloy of poem and music..." That was, until I received an email from a faculty member the fall after graduating, excitedly sharing an upcoming program he was working on and how he thought ***Le vieux coffret*** would be an excellent addition to my repertoire. Almost five years later to the date, I am finally performing them on this recital. This set would not be possible if the late, Dr. Russell Miller had not taken the time to send me that email, despite my time at Eastman having concluded. Dr. Miller was one of the greatest mentors I have had the pleasure of working with. I would like to dedicate this and hopefully future performances of *Le vieux coffret* to him.

Translations

Hatsukoi

Suna-yama no suna ni harabai
Hatsu-koi no
Itami o tōku omoi izuru hi

First Love

Lying on my stomach on a sand dune
The pain of first love
This day, I recall from a distance

Sakura Yokochō

Haru no yoi sakura ga saku to
Hana bakari sakura yokochō

Cherryblossoms Lane

Spring night when cherry blossoms
bloom,
nothing but blossoms in cherry alley

Omoidasu koi no kino
Kimi wa mō koko ni inai to
Aa, itsumo hana no Joō
Hohoenda yume no furusato

I recall our romance of yesteryear;
you are not here any longer.
Ah, you were always the queen of
blossoms,
homeland of my smiling dreams.

Aimiru no toki wa nakarō
“Sono-go dō?” “Sjibarakune,” to
Ittatte hajimaranai to
Kokoroete hana demo miyō

Funauta (Katakoi)

Akashiya no to aka to ga chiruzoena
Kawatara no aki no hikari ni
chiruzoena

Kata-koi no usugi no neru no wag
aurei
Hikifune no mizu no hotori o yuku-
koro o
Yawarakana kimi ga toiki no
chiruzoena

There will be no chance to see each
other again.
“How have you been?” “It’s been a long
time.”
Understanding that saying such things
would be useless,
let’s just look at the blossoms.

Boat Song (Unrequited Love)

Gold and red leaves of acacias are
falling
Falling in the autumn glow of twilight

Unrequited love like thin flannel is my
sorrow
When walking along the bank of the
Hikifune
Your soft sighs are falling

Translation from *Japanese Art Song Anthology*, Volume 1 & 2,
edited by Kumiko Shimizu and Mutsumi Moteki,
published by Classical Vocal Reprints

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein,
Weine, wein' um meinen Schatz,
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

Songs of a Wayfarer

When my darling has her wedding- day

When my darling has her wedding-day,
her joyous wedding-day,
I will have my day of mourning!
I will go to my little room,
my dark little room,
and weep, weep for my darling,
for my dear darling!

Blümlein blau! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß! Du singst auf grüner
Heide.
Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!
Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus.
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leide.
An mein Leide!

Ging heut morgen übers Feld

Ging heut morgen übers Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
"Ei du! Gelt? Guten Morgen! Ei gelt?
Du! Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling, kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt! Heia!"

Blue flower! Do not wither!
Sweet little bird - you sing on the green
heath!
Alas, how can the world be so fair?
Chirp! Chirp!
Do not sing; do not bloom!
Spring is over.
All singing must now be done.
At night when I go to sleep,
I think of my sorrow,
of my sorrow!

I walked across the fields this morning

I walked across the fields this morning;
dew still hung on every blade of grass.
The merry finch spoke to me:
"Hey! Isn't it? Good morning! Isn't it?
You! Isn't it becoming a fine world?
Chirp! Chirp! Fair and sharp!
How the world delights me!"

Also, the bluebells in the field
merrily with good spirits
told out to me with bells (ding, ding)
their morning greeting:
"Isn't it becoming a fine world?
Ding, ding! Fair thing!
How the world delights me!"

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles Ton und Farbe gewann
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!
"Guten Tag, ist's nicht eine schöne
Welt?
Ei du, gelt? Schöne Welt?"

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein, nein, das ich mein',
Mir nimmer blühen kann!

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
Ein Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! Das schneid't so tief
In jede Freud' und jede Lust.
Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh', nimmer hält er
Rast,
Nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht, wenn
ich schlief.
O Weh!

Wenn ich in dem Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen stehn.
O Weh! Wenn ich im gelben Felde
geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde wehn.
O Weh!

And then, in the sunshine,
the world suddenly began to glitter;
everything gained sound and color
in the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small!
"Good day, is it not a fine world?
Hey, isn't it? A fair world?"

Now will my happiness also begin?
No, no - the happiness I mean
can never bloom!

I have a red-hot knife

I have a red-hot knife,
a knife in my breast.
O woe! It cuts so deeply
into every joy and delight.
Alas, what an evil guest it is!
Never does it rest or relax,
not by day or by night, when I would
sleep.
O woe!

When I gaze up into the sky
I see two blue eyes there.
O woe! When I walk in the yellow field,
I see from afar her blond hair
waving in the wind.
O woe!

Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern' Lachen,
O Weh!
Ich wollt', ich läg auf der schwarzen
Bahr',
Könnt' nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

When I start from a dream
and hear the tinkle of her silvery laugh,
O woe!
Would that I lay on my black bier -
Would that I could never again open my
eyes!

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem
Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt
geschickt.
Da muß' ich Abschied nehmen vom
allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen blau, warum habt ihr mich
angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen.

The two blue eyes of my darling

The two blue eyes of my darling -
they have sent me into the wide world.
I had to take my leave of this well-
beloved place!
O blue eyes, why did you gaze on me?
Now I will have eternal sorrow and grief.

Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht
Wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt.
Ade! Mein Gesell' war Lieb' und
Leide!

I went out into the quiet night
well across the dark heath.
To me no one bade farewell.
Farewell! My companions are love and
sorrow!

Auf der Straße steht ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf
geruht!

Unter dem Lindenbaum,
Der hat seine Blüten über mich
geschneit,
Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles, Lieb und Leid
Und Welt und Traum!

On the road there stands a linden tree,
and there for the first time I found rest in
sleep!

Under the linden tree
that snowed its blossoms onto me -
I did not know how life went on,
and all was well again!
All! All, love and sorrow
and world and dream!

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Le vieux coffret

Songe

Je voudrais t'emporter dans un monde
nouveau
Parmi d'autres maisons et d'autres
paysages
Et là, baisant tes mains, contemplant
ton visage,
T'enseigner un amour délicieux et
nouveau,

Un amour de silence, d'art et de paix
profonde:
Notre vie serait lente et pleine de
pensées,
Puis, par hasard, nos mains un instant
rapprochées
Inclineraient nos cœurs aux caresses
profondes,

The Old Chest

Dream

I wish to carry you to a new world
Among other houses and other landscapes
And there, while kissing your hand, gazing
at your face,
Teach you a delectable and new love,

A love of silence, art and deep peace:
Our life would be slow and full of thoughts,
Then, by chance, our hands momentarily
drawn together
Would incline our hearts to profound
caresses,

Et les jours passeraient, aussi beaux
que des songes,
Dans la demi clarté d'une soirée
d'automne,
Et nous diront tout bas, car le bonheur
étonne:
Les jours d'amour sont doux quand la
vie est un songe.

Berceuse

Viens vers moi quand tu chantes, amie,
j'ai des secrets
Que tu liras toi-même au reflet de mes
yeux.
Viens, entoure mon cou de tes bras,
viens tous près
Et ton cœur entendra des mots
silencieux.

Viens vers moi quand tu rêves, amie, j'ai
des paroles
Dont le murmure seul est comme une
douceur.
Elles imposent l'oubli, le doute, elles
désolent,
Et pourtant leur musique enchante la
douceur.

Viens vers moi quand tu ris, amie, j'ai
des regards
Très longs qui vont porter la peur au
fond de l'âme.
Viens, ils transperceront ton cœur de
part en part
Et tu sentiras naître en toi une autre
femme.

And the days would pass, as beautiful as
dreams
In the half light of an autumn evening,
And we would quietly whisper, for
happiness is surprising:
Days of love are sweet when life is a
dream.

Lullaby

Come to me when you sing, my love, I have
secrets
That you will read yourself in the reflection
of my eyes.
Come, wrap your arms around my neck,
come very close
And your heart will hear silent words.

Come to me when you dream, my love, I
have words
Whose murmur alone is like a sweetness.
They impose oblivion, doubt, they distress,
And yet their music enchants sweetness.

Come to me when you laugh, my love, I
have very
Penetrating glances which will carry fear to
the depth of the soul.
Come, they will pierce your heart through
and through
And you will feel another woman born within
you.

Viens vers moi quand tu pleures, amie,
j'ai des caresses
Qui captent les sanglots amers au bord
des lèvres
Et feront de ton amertume une
allégresse:
Amie, viens boire une âme nouvelle sur
mes lèvres.

In una selva oscura

La lumière est plus pur et les fleurs sont
plus douces,
Le vent qui passe apporte des roses
lointaines,
Les pavés sous nos pieds deviennent
de la mousse,
Nous aspiront l'odeur des herbes et des
fontaines.

Un printemps nous enveloppe de son
sourire,
Entre nous et le bruit un rideau de
verdure
Tremble et chatoie, nous protège et
soupire,
Cependant que notre âme s'exalte et se
rassure.

O vie! Fais que ce léger rideau de
verdure
Devienne une forêt impénétrable aux
hommes
Où nos cœurs, enfermés dans sa
fraicheur obscure,
Soient oubliés du monde, sans plus
penser au monde!

Come to me when you cry, my love, I have
caresses
Which capture the bitter sobs on the edge
of the lips
And will make a joy of your bitterness:
My love, come to drink a new soul upon my
lips.

In a dark forest

The light is purer and the flowers are
sweeter,
The wind blowing by brings distant roses,
The cobbles beneath our feet become moss
We breathe in the scent of the grasses and
the fountains.

A springtime envelops us in its smile,
Between us and the noise a curtain of
verdure
Trembles and glistens, protects us and
sighs,
Whilst our soul enthuses and reassures
itself.

O life! Make this fragile curtain of verdure
Into a forest, impenetrable to mankind,
Where our hearts, enclosed in its dark
freshness,
May be forgotten by the world without
thinking further of the world.

Forêt

O Forêt, toi qui vis passer bien des
amants
Le long de tes sentiers, sous tes
profonds feuillages,
Confidentes des jeux, des cris et des
serments,
Témoin à qui les âmes avouaient leurs
orages.

O Forêt, souviens-toi de ceux qui sont
venus
Un jour d'été fouler tes mousses et tes
herbes,
Car ils ont trouvé là des baisers ingénus
Couleur de feuilles, couleur d'écorces,
couleur de rêves.

O Forêt, tu fus bonne, en laissant le
désir
Fleurir, ardente fleur, au sein de ta
verdure.
L'ombre devint plus fraîche: un frisson
de plaisir
Enchantait les deux cœurs et toute la
nature.

O Forêt, souviens-toi de ceux qui sont
venus
Un jour d'été fouler tes herbes solitaires
Et contempler, distraits, tes arbres
ingénus
Et le pâle océan de tes vertes fougères.

Forest

O forest, you who have seen so many
lovers pass
Along your paths, beneath your deep
foliage,
Confidant of the games, the cries and the
oaths,
Witness to whom souls confessed their
passions.

O forest, remember those who came
One summer's day to trample your mosses
and grasses,
For there they found ingenuous kisses,
The color of leaves, of bark, of dreams.

O forest, you were good, in allowing desire
To blossom, ardent flower, in the bosom of
your verdure.
The shade became cooler: a shiver of
pleasure
Enchanted the two hearts and all nature.

O forest, remember those who came
One summer's day to trample your solitary
grasses
And to gaze, absent-mindedly, at your
simple trees
And the pale ocean of your green ferns.

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