

Anasofia Gallegos
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QUEEN BEE



A Junior Voice Recital
featuring Nathan Uhl, piano
20 April 2015
7.30 PM
Organ Hall

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

Program

Bist du bei mir J.S. Bach
Bereite dich Zion (1685-1750)

Die Mainacht Johannes Brahms
Auf Dem Kirchhofe (1833-1897)
Von Ewiger Liebe

Il Vecchiotto Cerca Moglie Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

There will be a 10-minute intermission

Hermit Songs Samuel Barber
At St. Patrick's Purgatory (1940-1981)
Church Bell at Night
St. Ita's Vision
The Heavenly Banquet
The Crucifixion

Four Recipes Leonard Bernstein
Plum Pudding (1918-1990)
Oxtails
Tavouk Gueunksis
Rabbit at Top Speed

Tales from the Bad Years Kerrigan and Lowdermilk
How to Return Home

In the Heights Lin-Manuel Miranda
Paciencia y Fe

Out of respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones and watches to their silent mode. Thank you.

Bist du Bei Mir

Bist du bei mir, geh' ich mit Freuden
zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh'.
Ach, wie vergnügt wär' so mein Ende,
es drückten deine lieben [schönen]¹ Hände
mir die getreuen Augen zu!

Bereite dich Zion

Bereite dich, Zion, mit zatlischen Trieben
Den Schoensten den Liebsten bald bei dir zu sehn
Deine Wangen
Mussen heit viel shoner prangen
Eile, den Brautigam sehnlichst zu lieben

Auf Dem Kirchhofe

Der Tag ging regenschwer und sturmbewegt,
Ich war an manch [vergessenem]¹ Grab gewesen,
Verwittert Stein und Kreuz, die Kränze alt,
Die Namen überwachsen, kaum zu lesen.
Der Tag ging sturmbewegt und regenschwer,
Auf allen Gräbern fror das Wort: Gewesen.
Wie sturместot die Särge schlummerten,
Auf allen Gräbern taute still: Genesen.

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen [geußt]²,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wand' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.
Überhüllet von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Thräne rinnt.
Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Thräne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab!

If You are With Me

If you are with me, I will gladly go
to [my] death and to my rest.
Ah, how pleasant would my end be
if your dear, fair hands shut
my faithful eyes!

Prepare Yourself Zion

Prepare yourself, Zion, with tender efforts,
To behold your lovely one, your beloved, near you soon!
Your cheeks must now glow more radiantly,
Hurry to love the Bridegroom with passion!

In the Church Yard

The day was heavy with rain and disturbed by storms;
I was walking among many forgotten graves,
with weathered stones and crosses, the wreaths old,
the names washed away, hardly to be read.
The day was disturbed by storms and heavy with rain;
on every grave froze the words "we were."
The coffins slumbered calmly like the eye of a storm,
and on every grave melted quietly the words: "we were healed."

The May Night

When the silvery moon beams through the shrubs
And over the lawn scatters its slumbering light,
And the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly through the woods.
Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves
Coo their delight to me;
But I turn away seeking darker shadows,
And a lonely tear flows.
When, o smiling image that like dawn
Shines through my soul, shall I find you on earth?
And the lonely tear flows trembling,
Burning, down my cheek.

Von Ewiger Liebe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.
Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
"Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell, wie wir früher vereinigt sind.
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind."
Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
"Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!"

Il Vecchiotto Cerca Moglie

Il vecchiotto cerca moglie,
vuol marito la ragazza;
questo freme, quella è pazza.
Tutti e due son da legar.
Ma che cosa è questo amore
che fa tutti delirar?
Egli è un male universale,
una smania, un pizzicore ...
un solletico, un tormento ...
Poverina, anch'io lo sento,
né so come finirà.
Oh! vecchiaia maledetta! ...
Son da tutti disprezzata ...
E vecchietta disperata.
mi convien così preparar.

Of Eternal Love

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field!
Night has fallen; the world now is silent.
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke.
Yes, now even the lark is silent.
From yonder village there comes the young lad,
Taking his beloved home.
He leads her past the willowbushes,
Talking so much, and of so many things:
"If you suffer shame and if you grieve,
If you suffer disgrace before others because of me,
Then our love shall be ended ever so fast
As fast as we once came together;
It shall go with the rain and go with the wind,
As fast as we once came together."
Then says the maiden, the maiden says:
"Our love shall never end!
Steel is firm and iron is firm,
Yet our love is firmer still.
Iron and steel can be recast by the smith
But who would transform our love?
Iron and steel can melt;
Our love, our love will have to last forever!"

The Old Man Seeks a Wife,

The old man seeks a wife,
and the maiden wants a husband,
the one is frenzied, the other crazy,
both of them need restraining.
What on earth is all this love
which makes everyone go mad?
It is a universal evil,
it is a mania and an itch,
a thing which tickles and torments you.
Unhappy me, I also feel it
and do not know how to escape.
Oh, accursed old maid!
By all I am despised,
an old maid without a hope,
I shall die in desperation.

Hermit Songs

1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
Oh King of the churches and the bells
bemoaning your sores and your wounds,
but not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
Oh, only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
who shunned not the death by three wounds, pity me on my pilgrimage to
Loch Derg
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

2. Church bell at night

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
than be with a light and foolish woman.

3. Saint Ita's vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
in the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him".
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl
But were begot on Mary the Jewess
By Heaven's light.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast".

4. The heavenly banquet

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house;
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Mary's,
their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

5. 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.

Four Recipes

1. Plum Pudding

Now first you take eleven pounds of juicy Concord grapes
Combined with equal parts of extra fine Tokays.
(Be sure they are juicy;)
And then you take two cups or so of bread-crumbs
into which you melt a pound or so of butter fat or lard:
(Use spray or use Crisco.)
Eleven cups of sugar (either brown or white or powdered);
A glass of milk, and half a glass of Bacardi or brandy;
Three eggs, and a lemon.
Now mustard, powdered cinnamon, and ginger,
All together making half a teaspoonful of condiment
Which you combine with half a teaspoonful of table salt.

2. Oxtails

Are you too proud to serve your friends an oxtail stew?
You're wrong! For if you had enough of them
You'll find you can make a fine ragout.

Remove the tails which you have used to make the stew,
And then you can bread them, and grill them,
and prepare them with a sauce.
You'll find them delicious and different and so tempting.
Are you too proud to serve your friends an oxtail stew?

3. Tavouk Gueunksis

Tavouk Gueunksis, so Oriental!
Put a chicken to boil, young and tender and sweet;
then in the Arab manner you slice it up into pieces.
Then boil flour and water, and add it to the chicken;
Then prepare it as above, in the manner we described for Mahalebi.
Tavouk Gueunksis, a Turkish heaven.

4. Rabbit at Top Speed

When you have a sudden guest, or you're in an awful hurry,
May I say, there's a way to make a rabbit stew in no time.
Take apart the rabbit in the ordinary way you do.
Put it in a pot or in a casserole, or a bowl
With all its blood and liver mashed.
Take half a pound of breast of pork, finely cut (as fine as possible);
Take little onions with some pepper and salt (say twenty-five or so);
A bottle and a half of rich claret.
Boil it up, don't waste a minute, on the very hottest fire.
When boiled a quarter of an hour or more
The sauce should now be half of what it was before.
Then you carefully apply the flame,
As they do in the best most expensive cafes.
After the flame is out, just add the sauce to
half a pound of butter with flour, and mix them together...
And serve.

Thank You!

I wanted to thank you for coming out to my junior recital and supporting me. This particular selection of repertoire has proven to be incredibly difficult, and I hope that you will see the amount of effort that both Nathan and I have put into this set.

Thank you especially to my wonderful teacher David Britton, who gave me endless support and motivation, and who challenged me with these works.

A huge thank you goes out to my family and to my mother, for always believing in me and pushing me towards my goals. I love you endlessly.

I hope you enjoy!