



# Hugh Hodgson School of Music

## UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

presents an  
Undergraduate Recital

**Benjamin Brown, piano and baritone voice**  
**Aly Soriano, piano**

March 29, 2024

4:30 pm, Edge Recital Hall

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Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue in D minor, BMV 903	Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
3 Shakespeare Songs III. <i>Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind</i>	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Six Songs, Op. 48 VI. <i>Ein Traum</i>	Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)
<i>O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst</i>	Franz Liszt (1811-1886)
	Aly Soriano, piano
<i>Gaspard de la nuit</i> I. <i>Ondine</i>	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
5 Elizabethan Songs IV. <i>Sleep</i>	Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)
2 Romances I. <i>L'âme évaporée</i> II. <i>Les cloches</i>	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
	Aly Soriano, piano
Piano Concerto in E major, Op. 59 I. <i>Moderato</i>	Moritz Moszkowski (1854-1925)
	Liza Stepanova, piano
Fight the Dragons (from <i>Big Fish</i> )	Andrew Lippa (b. 1964)
	Aly Soriano, piano
Who Cares? (from <i>Of Thee I Sing</i> )	George Gershwin (1898-1937)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Arts in AB Music.  
Benjamin Brown is a student of Dr. Liza Stepanova and Dr. Amy Petrongelli.*

*\*\* Out of respect for the performer, please silence all electronic devices throughout the performance.  
Thank you for your cooperation.*

*\*\* For information on upcoming concerts, please see our website: [music.uga.edu](http://music.uga.edu)  
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## Text and Translations

Blow Blow, Thou Winter Wind  
Roger Quilter (1877-1953)  
William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Blow, blow thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen  
Although thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!  
Unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning,  
Most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!  
unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning,  
most loving mere folly  
Then, heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

Ein Traum  
Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)  
Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt (1819-1892)

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:  
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;  
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,  
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,  
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut—  
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,  
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum  
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit—  
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,  
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,  
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her—  
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang  
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!  
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit—  
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,  
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:  
A blonde maiden loved me,  
It was in the green woodland glade,  
It was in the warm springtime:

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,  
From the distant village came the sound of bells—  
We were so full of bliss,  
So lost in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than the dream,  
It happened in reality,  
It was in the green woodland glade,  
It was in the warm springtime:

The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,  
From the village came the sound of bells—  
I held you fast, I held you long,  
And now shall never let you go!

O woodland glade so green with spring!  
You shall live in me for evermore—  
There reality became a dream,  
There dream became reality!

O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst  
Franz Liszt (1811-1886)  
Ferdinand Freiligrath (1810 - 1876)

O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst!  
O lieb, so lang du lieben magst!  
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt,  
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst.

Und sorge, daß dein Herze glüht  
Und Liebe hegt und Liebe trägt,  
So lang ihm noch ein ander Herz  
In Liebe warm entgegenschlägt.

Und wer dir seine Brust erschließt,  
O tu ihm, was du kannst, zu lieb!  
Und mach ihm jede Stunde froh,  
Und mach ihm keine Stunde trüb.

Und hüte deine Zunge wohl,  
Bald ist ein böses Wort gesagt!  
O Gott, es war nicht bös gemeint, -  
Der andre aber geht und klagt.

O lieb, solang du lieben kannst!

O love, love as long as you can!  
O love, love as long as you will!  
The time will come, the time will come,  
When you will stand grieving at the grave.

And let it be that your heart glows  
And nurtures and carries love,  
As long as another heart is still  
Warmly bestruck by love for you!

And to one who spills his breast to you,  
O to him, do what you can, in Love!  
And make him happy for each moment,  
And never let him be sad for one!

And guard your tongue tightly,  
In case any slight escapes your mouth!  
O God, it was not meant that way, -  
But the other recoils, hurt and sighing.

O love, love as long as you can!

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Sleep  
Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)  
John Fletcher (1579-1625)

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dream beguile  
All my fancies, that from thence  
I may feel an influence,  
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy.  
We, that suffer long annoy,  
Are contented with a thought  
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:  
O let my joys have some abiding.

L'âme évaporée  
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)  
Paul Borget (1852-1935)

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,  
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante  
Des lis divins que j'ai cueillis  
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,  
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,  
Cette âme adorable des lis?

The spent and suffering soul,  
The sweet soul, the soul steeped  
In the divine lilies I gathered  
In the garden of your thoughts,  
Where have the winds dispersed it,  
This adorable lilies' soul?

N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste  
De la suavité céleste  
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais  
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,  
Faite d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,  
De béatitude et de paix?

Does not a single scent remain  
Of the heavenly softness  
Of the days when you enclosed me  
In a supernatural mist,  
Made of hope, of faithful love,  
Of bliss and of peace?

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French Song Companion (Oxford University Press), provided via Oxford International Song Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org)).

### Les cloches

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)  
Paul Borget (1852-1935)

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des branches,  
Délicatement.  
Les cloches tintaitent, légères et franches,  
Dans le ciel clément.

The leaves opened upon the edge of the branches,  
Delicately.  
The bells rang, light and free,  
In the clear sky.

Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne,  
Ce lointain appel  
Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne  
Des fleurs de l'autel.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an antiphon,  
This distant call  
Reminded me of the Christian whiteness  
Of altar flowers.

Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années,  
Et, dans le grand bois,  
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées  
Des jours d'autrefois.

These bells told of happy years,  
And, in the great forest,  
Seemed to revive the withered leaves  
Of days gone by.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French Song Companion (Oxford University Press), provided via Oxford International Song Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org)).

### Fight the Dragons

Andrew Lippa (b. 1964)

I've never been a man who lived an office life  
I've never been a man behind a desk  
I've always been a man who said that staying still was playing dead  
The kind who's looking forward to the challenges ahead

People say that's irresponsible  
People tell me stay at home  
But I'm not made for things like mowing lawns or apron strings  
I'm my best, when not at rest

So I fight the dragons and I storm the castles  
And I win a battle or two  
Then comes the day it's time,  
I'm packing up and I am bringing all my stories home to you

All I can see is miles ahead with miles to go  
All I can feel is wind and sun and sky  
Stop for a coffee, make a friend, and pray the day will never end  
'Cause there's one more adventure waiting 'round another bend

Where I fight the dragons and I storm the castles  
And I win a battle or two  
But then a feeling comes  
Like fifty thousand drums all banging, "Bring my stories home to you"

And I wonder as I wander on the road from door to door

Exactly what you think of where I've been

Do you know I joined the circus, met a mermaid, fought a war?  
Do you know I think of you through thick and thin?  
Because even though I'm making deals and bringin' people joy  
I'm usually only thinking of my boy

Out there on the road I pray  
You'll come to my one day  
And say, "Let's fight the dragons and then storm the castles 'til we win what needs to be won"  
So when I'm old and tired, you'll do the job required  
You'll be there telling stories to your son

Then we fight the dragons and then storm the castles  
And I do the best that I can  
But everybody knows that's how the story goes  
To turn each boy into a bigger man  
So I'll fight the dragons  
'Til you can

Who Cares?

George Gershwin (1898 – 1937)  
Ira Gershwin (1896 – 1983)

Let it rain and thunder,  
Let a million firms go under.  
I am not concerned with  
Stocks and bonds that I've been burned with!

I love you and you love me  
And that's how it will always be  
And nothing else can ever mean a thing

Who cares what the public chatters  
Love's the only thing that matters

Who cares if the sky cares to fall in the sea  
Who cares what banks fail in Yonkers  
Long as you've got a kiss that conquers?

Why should I care?  
Life is one long jubilee,  
So long as I care for you  
And you care for me!