

# *Doctoral Voice Recital: Songs of Magic*

*Amanda Lauricella, soprano  
Will Preston, piano*

*Saturday, April 24, 2021, 1:00pm  
Collins Recital Hall*

*"Happiness can be found, even in the darkest of times,  
if one only remembers to turn on the light."*

*-Albus Dumbledore,  
Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*

MEAD WITTER SCHOOL OF MUSIC

A series of concentric, semi-circular arcs in a light gray color, originating from the bottom right and curving upwards and to the left, creating a sense of movement and depth.A small, solid black horizontal bar.

MEAD WITTER SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
HAMEL MUSIC CENTER  
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Dear listeners,

Given the fact that this recital was, in part, inspired by the magic I found while reading the *Harry Potter* series for the first time amidst the pandemic, I wanted to briefly address the controversy surrounding the author of the *Harry Potter* books, J.K. Rowling. As many of you may know, Rowling has made several public comments about people who identify as transgender and non-binary in the last year. While this recital uses the words of the characters created by J.K. Rowling, I wanted to take this time to declare that I wholeheartedly disagree with her perspective on gender and offer my support to the trans and non-binary community.

For this reason, I intentionally do not mention her name beyond this point, both in the written program and in my spoken words. Instead, I will discuss what the characters and story have personally given me and, perhaps more importantly, how the general idea of magic has transformed my own perspective on finding moments of joy amidst difficult times. I have deliberately chosen to separate the magic of these books from the author herself, despite the mixed feelings that I still carry with me to this day. For me, *Harry Potter* is about the magic of friendship, belonging, hope, and the courage to stand up for what is right—all of which the people of the trans and non-binary community generously exhibit every day.

## Program

### *MAGIC IN NATURE*

*"And now, Harry, let us step out into the night and pursue that flighty temptress, adventure."*  
-Albus Dumbledore, *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince*

Le roitelet  
Beau soir  
Chère nuit

Émile Paladilhe (1844-1926)  
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)  
Alfred Bachelet (1864-1944)

### *MAGIC IN LOVE*

*"Do not pity the dead, Harry. Pity the living, and, above all those who live without love."*  
-Albus Dumbledore, *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows*

Mattinata  
Vaghissima sembianza  
Amorosi miei giorni  
Il bacio

Ruggero Leoncavallo (1857-1919)  
Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)  
Luigi Arditi (1822-1903)

--- Intermission ---

### *MAGIC IN MUSIC*

*"Ah, music...A magic beyond all we do here!"*  
-Albus Dumbledore, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*

Die Lorelei  
Das Zauberlied

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)  
Erik Meyer-Helmund (1861-1932)

### *MAGIC IN DREAMING*

*"For in dreams we enter a world that is entirely our own."*  
-Albus Dumbledore, *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*

"Laurie's Song" from *The Tender Land*  
"I Wish It So" from *Juno*  
"My Ship" from *Lady in the Dark*

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)  
Marc Blitzstein (1905-1964)  
Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

## Texts and Translations

### Le roitelet

Rapide comme un rêve,  
Vif comme un feu follet,  
Tu voltiges sans trêve  
Du chêne au serpolet,  
Aile alerte et mignonne,  
Petit porte-couronne,  
Roitelet, roitelet!

Sous la branche qui pousse  
Comme un vert mantelet,  
Ton nid, berceau de mousse,  
Fuit l'oeil du tiercelet.  
C'est là qu'est ton royaume,  
L'odeur des pins l'embaume,  
Roitelet, roitelet!

C'est là qu'est ta nichée,  
Dix oeufs blancs comme lait,  
Ta pondeuse cachée  
Les couve, et ton filet  
De voix joyeux et frêle  
Dit partout la nouvelle,  
Roitelet, roitelet!

Même en hiver encore  
L'arbre entend ton sifflet,  
Ta huppe à crête aurore  
Y laisse un chaud reflet,  
Et les bois blancs de givre  
Par toi seul semblent vivre,  
Roitelet, roitelet!

-André Theuriot

### Beau soir

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 cœur 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.

-Paul Bourget

### The wren

Quick as a dream,  
Vivid as a light,  
You fly without ceasing  
From the oak to the wild thyme,  
Wing alert and delicate,  
Little crown holder,  
Wren, wren!

Under the branch which grows  
Like a green cloak,  
Your nest, a cradle of moss,  
To escape the eye of the falcon.  
It is here that is your kingdom,  
The fragrance of pines permeates it,  
Wren, wren!

It is here that is your nest,  
Ten eggs white as milk,  
Your laying hen hides  
The young, and your  
Cheerful and frail voice  
Proclaims the news everywhere,  
Wren, wren!

Even in the winter  
The tree still hears your whistle,  
Your dawn-colored crest  
Leaves a warm reflection,  
And the white frosted woods,  
Through you alone, seem to live,  
Wren, wren!

### Beautiful evening

When in the setting sun the rivers are pink,  
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,  
All things seem to advise contentment  
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Advise us to savor the charm of being in the world  
While we are young and the evening is beautiful,  
For we are going, as this wave goes:  
It to the sea—we to the tomb.

### Chère nuit

Voici l'heure bientôt.  
Derrière la colline  
Je vois le soleil qui décline  
Et cache ses rayons jaloux.  
J'entends chanter l'âme des choses,  
Et les narcisses et les roses  
M'apportent des parfums plus doux!

Chère nuit aux clartés sereines,  
Toi qui ramènes  
Le tendre amant,  
Ah! descends et voile la terre  
De ton mystère calme et charmant.

Mon bonheur renaît sous ton aile,  
Ô nuit plus belle  
Que les beaux jours:  
Ah! lève-toi! Pour faire encore  
Briller l'aurore de mes amours!

-Eugène Adénis

### Dear night

Night will soon be here.  
Behind the hill  
I see the sun set  
And hide its jealous rays.  
I hear the soul of things singing,  
And the narcissuses and roses  
Send me the sweetest perfumes!

Dear night of serene brightness,  
You who brings back  
The tender lover,  
Ah! descend and veil the earth  
With your calm and charming mystery.

My happiness is reborn beneath your wing,  
O night more beautiful  
Than beautiful days:  
Ah! arise! And again  
Make the dawn of my love shine forth!

### Mattinata

L'aurora di bianco vestita  
Già l'uscio dischiude al gran sol;  
Di già con le rosee sue dita  
Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!

Commosso da un fremito arcano  
Intorno il creato già par;  
E tu non ti desti, ed invano  
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar.

Metti anche tu la veste bianca  
E schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!  
Ove non sei la luce manca,  
Ove tu sei nasce l'amor!

-Ruggero Leoncavallo

### Morning

The dawn, dressed in white  
Has already opened the door to the sun;  
Already with her rosy fingers  
Caresses the myriad of flowers!

A mysterious trembling seems  
To disturb all nature;  
Yet you do not awaken, and in vain  
I stay here aching to sing.

Dress yourself, too, in white  
And open the door to your minstrel!  
Where you are not, all is dark,  
Where you are, love is born!

### Vaghiissima sembianza

Vaghiissima sembianza d'antica donna amata,  
chi, dunque, v'ha ritratta con tanta simiglianza  
ch'io guardo, e parlo, e credo d'avervi a me  
davanti come ai bei dì d'amor?

La cara rimembranza che in cor mi s'è destata  
si ardente v'ha già fatta rinascere la speranza,  
che un bacio, un voto, un grido d'amore  
più non chiedo che a lei che muta è ognor.

-Alberto Donaudy

### Amorosi miei giorni

Amorosi miei giorni,  
chi vi potrà mai più scordar,  
or che di tutti i beni adorni,  
date pace al mio core  
e profumo ai pensieri?

Poter così, finché la vita avanza,  
non temer più gli affanni  
d'una vita d'inganni,  
sol con questa speranza:  
che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio splendor  
e un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

Chi di me più beato,  
se accanto a sè così non ha  
un dolce e caro oggetto amato,  
sì che ancor non può dire  
di saper cos'è amore?

Ah, ch'io così, finché la vita avanza,  
più non tema gli affanni  
d'una vita d'inganni,  
sol con questa speranza:  
che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio splendor  
e un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

-Alberto Donaudy

### Charming image

Very charming image of a woman formerly loved,  
who, then, has portrayed you with so much similarity  
that I look, and I speak, and I believe to have you  
before me as in the beautiful days of love?

The dear remembrance that has awakened in my heart  
so ardently has revived my hopes,  
so that a kiss, a vow, a cry of love  
I do not ask more of her who is silent forever.

### My amorous days

My amorous days,  
who could ever forget you,  
now that you adorn all with blessings,  
give peace to my heart  
and give perfume to my thoughts?

To be able, as life advances,  
to no longer fear the anxieties  
of a life of deceptions,  
with this hope alone:  
that one look of his may be all my splendor  
and one smile of his may be all my treasure!

Who more blessed than I,  
If she does not have beside her  
a sweet and dear beloved object,  
so that she cannot yet say  
she knows what love is?

Ah, may I, as life advances,  
no longer fear the anxieties  
of a life of deceptions,  
with this hope alone:  
that one look of his may be all my splendor  
and one smile of his may be all my treasure!

## Il bacio

Sulle labbra se potessi  
dolce un bacio ti darei.  
Tutte ti direi le dolcezze dell'amor.

Sempre assisa a te d'appresso,  
mille gaudii ti direi, ah! ti direi.  
Ed i palpiti udirei  
che rispondono al mio cor.

Gemme e perle non desio,  
non son vaga d'altro affetto.  
Un tuo sguardo è il mio diletto,  
un tuo bacio è il mio tesoro.

Ah, vieni! Più non tardare a me!  
Ah! vien, nell'ebbrezza d'un amplesso  
ch'io viva!

-Gottardo Aldighieri

## Die Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten  
Daß ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei,  
Das hat eine wundersame,  
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh,  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn.  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Lorelei getan.

-Heinrich Heine

## The kiss

If I could only give you  
a sweet kiss on your lips.  
It would tell you all the sweetness of love.

Always near you,  
a thousand joys I would tell you, ah! I would tell you.  
And the heart's palpitations I would hear  
that respond to my heart.

Gems or pearls I do not desire,  
nor do I seek others' affections.  
Your look is my delight,  
your kiss is my treasure.

Ah, come! Do not delay me anymore!  
Ah! Come, it is in the intoxication of an embrace  
that I live!

## The Loreley

I do not know the reason  
Why I am so sorrowful;  
A fairy tale from old times  
Will not leave my mind.

The air is cool and it is dark,  
And calmly flows the Rhine;  
The peak of the mountain sparkles  
In the evening sunlight.

The most beautiful maid sits  
Up there wonderfully,  
Her golden jewelry glitters,  
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb  
And sings a song,  
That has a miraculous,  
Powerful melody.

The boatman in his little boat  
Is gripped by a wild woe,  
He does not see the rocky reef,  
He only sees what's above.

I think the waves consumed them  
In the end, boat and boatman.  
And that is what, with her singing,  
The Lorelei has done.

## Das Zauberland

Wenn dein ich denk', dann sinn' ich oft  
in träumerischem Gang;  
weiß nicht, was ich von dir gehofft,  
weiß nicht, warum mir bang.

Weiß eines nur, seitdem ich schied,  
von deinem Reiz bezwungen:  
du hast mit deinem Zauberland  
dich in mein Herz gesungen.

Und immerdar erklingt nun leis',  
die Seele mir berückend,  
geheimnisvoll die holde Weis',  
erinn'ungsvoll beglückend.

Denn seit dem Tag, an dem ich schied,  
von ew'ger Lieb' bezwungen:  
Hör' ich, ach, nur dein Zauberland  
tief in mein Herz gesungen.

-Georg von Dyhern

## The Magic Song

When I think of you, I often ponder  
in a dreamy gait;  
I do not know what I hoped from you,  
I do not know why I am afraid.

I only know one thing since I parted,  
conquered by your charm:  
you have, with your magic song,  
sung yourself into my heart.

And now it sounds softly,  
enchancing my soul,  
in a mysteriously lovely way,  
reminiscent of joy.

'Cause since the day I parted,  
conquered by eternal love:  
I hear, oh, only your magic song  
sung deep into my heart.

## Laurie's Song

Once I thought I'd never grow tall as this fence.  
Time dragged heavy and slow.  
But April came and August went before I knew just what they meant,  
and little by little I grew.  
And as I grew, I came to know how fast the time could go.

Once I thought I'd never go outside this fence.  
This space was plenty for me.  
But I walked down the road one day, and just what happened I can't say.  
But little by little it came to be  
that line between the earth and sky came beckoning to me.

Now the time has grown so short;  
the world has grown so wide.  
I'll be graduated soon.  
Why am I strange inside?  
What makes me think I'd like to try  
to go down all those roads beyond that line  
above the earth and 'neath the sky?

Tomorrow when I sit upon  
that graduation platform stand,  
I know my hand will shake when I reach out  
to take that paper with the ribboned band.

Now that all the learning's done,  
oh who knows what will now begin?  
Oh it's so strange, I'm strange inside.  
The time has grown so short, the world so wide.

-Horace Everett [Erik Johns]



## **I Wish It So**

I've an unrest inside me.  
Oh, it's long I have had such an unrest inside me,  
And it's gettin' real bad.  
I'm sleepin' at night,  
And my heart beats so loud that I wake.  
All dizzy and light  
With the dreamin' and feelin' this ache.  
Such a thumpin' inside me,  
That I think I'll go mad.

For I wish it so!  
What I wish I still don't know.  
But it's bound to come  
Though so long to wait.  
I keep saying "Tonight!"  
Or "Today," through the endless days  
And my heart clamors and prays it will not come too late!

But when come it does,  
In the shape of love or life,  
I will give my life,  
And my love, I know.  
I've such grand aims,  
With so many names,  
That I grow numb,  
But sure, one is bound to come!  
Because I wish, I wish it so.

-Marc Blitzstein

## **My Ship**

My ship has sails that are made of silk,  
The decks are trimmed with gold,  
And of jam and spice there's a paradise in the hold.

My ship's aglow with a million pearls  
And rubies fill each bin,  
The sun sits high in a sapphire sky  
When my ship comes in.

I can wait the years  
Till it appears  
One fine day one spring,  
But the pearls and such  
They won't mean much if there's missing just one thing.

I do not care if that day arrives,  
That dream need never be,  
If the ship I sing doesn't also bring my own true love to me.

-Ira Gershwin

*Special thank you to:*

*Mimmi Fulmer  
Will Preston  
Martha Fischer  
James Doing  
Dr. Julia Rottmayer  
Paul Rowe  
Patricia Boyette  
David Ronis*

*The Mead Witter School of Music gratefully acknowledges the Vilas Trust,  
the Anonymous Fund, and its many donors for supporting these  
concerts and other activities at the School of Music.*

*Special thanks to WORT 89.9 FM and Wisconsin Public Radio  
for their publicity support of our concert season.*



Mead Witter School of Music  
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON



music@music.wisc.edu

| www.music.wisc.edu

| 608-263-1900