

# Nathan Buckland Senior Recital

with Dr. Song Hwa Chae

May 5th, 2025

7:30pm

All Faiths Chapel, Kansas State University

## PROGRAM

Let Beauty Awake ..... Ralph Vaughan Williams  
From Far, From Eve and Morning

Vainement, ma bien-aimée ..... Edward Lalo  
from *Le Roi d'Ys*

Schöne Fremde..... Robert Schumann  
Mondnacht

Vienni vienni o mia Ninetta..... W. A. Mozart  
from *La Finta Semplice*

Lydia ..... Gabriel Fauré  
Nell  
Sylvie

How It Ends ..... Andrew Lippha  
You'll be Back ..... Lin-Manuel Miranda

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Ralph Vaughan Williams was a British composer born in 1872 in Gloucestershire England. He studied all over Europe, eventually becoming a professor in composition at Trinity college. Vaughan Williams' compositions included pieces for orchestra, stage music, chamber works, and vocal composition.

Robert Louis Stevenson was a Scottish poet who was born in Edinburgh in 1850. He wrote many different novels throughout his life, including *Treasure Island* and the *Master of Ballantrae*.

A.E. Housman was an English poet born in England in March 1869. He was a student of St. John's College, Oxford. He wrote 2 collections of poems titled *A Shropshire Lad*, and *Last Poems*, with most of his works contained in *A Shropshire Lad*.

Edouard Lalo born in January 1823, was a French composer best known for his orchestral works. Along that he was also an accomplished violinist. Lalo was a master of chamber works, writing many different quartets and trios for strings and piano. Lesser known among his works is *Le Roi d'Ys*, his opera.

Edouard Blau was a French librettist born in 1836. He wrote for many newspapers in his early life, along with making friends with another librettist, Louis Gallet. Blau and Gallet won a competition for the libretto of *La Coupe du roi de Thule*, which then set him on a path to focus solely on writing librettos, including for *Le Roi d'Ys*.

Vainement ma bien-aimée

Puisqu'on ne peut fléchir ces  
jalouses gardiennes,  
Ah! laissez-moi conter mes peines  
Et mon emoi !

Vainement, ma bien-aimée,  
On croit me désespérer :  
Pres de ta porte fermée.  
Je veux encor demeurer !

Since these jealous guardians  
will not be moved to mercy,  
Ah, let me tell you of my anguish  
and my torment!

In vain, my beloved,  
do I seem to despair:  
next to your closed door  
I am determined to stay!

*Translation cont.*

Les soleils pourront s'éteindre,  
Les nuits remplacer les jours,  
Sans t'accuser et sans me plaindre,  
Là je resterai toujours !

Je le sais, ton ame est douce,  
Et l'heure bientôt viendra,  
Ou la main qui me repousse.  
Vers la mienne se tendra!

Ne sois pas trop tardive  
A te laisser attendre !  
Si Rozenn bientôt n'arrive,  
Je vais, hélas ! mourir !

Suns may be extinguished,  
nights replace days,  
but without blaming you or complaining,  
I shall stay here for ever!

I know that you have a kind heart,  
and the hour will soon come  
when the hand which now pushes me away  
will reach out towards mine!

Do not delay too long  
in allowing yourself to be won over by your  
tender feelings;  
If Rozenn does not appear soon soon,  
I, alas, shall die!

Robert Schumann was a German composer born in June 1810. Schumann was a German Romantic composer who was mostly known for his piano music, lieder, and orchestral music. Most of his pieces that are the most well-known were written for his wife, Clara Schumann.

Joseph von Eichendorff, born in Prussia in 1788, was a German romantic lyricist who is considered to be one of the best of all time. His poetry of the time was expressing his sensitivity to nature, and gained the attention of composers of folk tunes such as Schumann.

**Schöne Fremde**

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,  
Als machten zu dieser Stund'  
Um die halb versunkenen Mauern  
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

The tree-tops rustle and shudder  
As if at this very hour  
The ancient gods  
Were pacing these half-sunken walls.

*Translation cont.*

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen  
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,  
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in Träumen,  
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne  
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,  
Es redet trunken die Ferne  
Wie von künftigem großen Glück!

### **Mondnacht**

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,  
Die Erde still geküßt,  
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer  
Von ihm nun träumen müßt'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,  
Die Ähren wogten sacht,  
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,  
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte  
Weit ihre Flügel aus,  
Flog durch die stillen Lande,  
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Here beyond the myrtle trees  
In secret twilit splendour,  
What are you saying, fantastic night,  
Obscurely, as in a dream?

The glittering stars gaze down on me,  
Fierily and full of love,  
The distant horizon speaks with rapture  
Of some great happiness to come!

It was as though Heaven  
Had softly kissed the Earth,  
So that she in a gleam of blossom  
Had only to dream of him.

The breeze passed through the fields,  
The corn swayed gently to and fro,  
The forests murmured softly,  
The night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread  
Her wings out wide,  
Flew across the silent land,  
As though flying home.

Mozart was an Austrian composer that is considered one of the greatest composers of western music that ever lived. He wrote and excelled in every musical genre of his time and was proficient in each one. *La Finta Semplice* was written when Mozart was only 13.

Marco Coltellini was an Italian librettist and tenor. He set up a print shop to publish the works of many prominent figures of the time. Coltellini was the successor to Metastasio as the imperial poet in the court of Vienna. He provided libretto for many different works, as well as revising Carlo Goldoni's *La Finta Semplice* so it could be set by Mozart.

### **Vieni, vieni o mia Ninetta**

Vieni vieni, o mia Ninetta,  
Che ho gran fretta di sposar.  
L'han giurato  
Si, l'han promesso,  
Son soldato e non e adesso  
Troppo tempo di tremar

Come, come, oh my Ninetta  
For I am in great haste to marry.  
They have pledged her to me  
Yes, they have promised her,  
I am a soldier and now there is not  
Too much time to hesitate.

Gabriel Faure was a French composer born May 1845, and is commonly recognized as one of the most prominent figures when it comes to the evolution of French music in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Some of his most recognized works are the *Requiem* and his opera *Promethee*.

Leconte de Lisle was a French poet born in October 1818, who was acknowledged as the best French poet between 1865 and 1885. His poetry often was expressed with deliberate provocativeness and exaggeration, while some of his shorter poems were conveying a compelling and individual vision.

## Lydia

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 lèvre 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!

## Nell

Ta rose de pourpre, à ton clair soleil,  
Ô Juin, étincelle enivrée;  
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:  
Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse  
Monte un soupir de volupté;  
Plus d'un ramier chante au bois écarté,  
Ô mon cœur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflammé,  
Étoile de la nuit pensive!  
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive  
Qui rayonne en mon cœur charmé!

Lydia, over your rosy cheeks,  
and over your neck, so fresh and white,  
sparkling, rolls  
the fluid gold that you untie.

The day which is gleaming is the best:  
let us forget the eternal tomb.  
Let your dove's kisses  
sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily ceaselessly diffuses  
a divine scent in your breast:  
like a swarm, delights  
escape from you, young Goddess!

I love you and am dying, o my loves!  
My soul is ravished by kisses.  
O Lydia, give me back my life,  
that I might die eternally!

Your crimson rose in your bright sun  
Glitters, June, in rapture;  
Incline to me also your golden cup:  
My heart is like your rose.

From the soft shelter of shady leaves  
Rises a languorous sigh;  
More than one dove in the secluded wood  
Sings, O my heart, its love-lorn lament.

How sweet is your pearl in the blazing sky,  
Star of meditative night!  
But sweeter still is the vivid light  
That glows in my enchanted heart!



*Translation cont.*

La chantante mer, le long du rivage,  
Taira son murmure éternel,  
Avant qu'en mon cœur, chère amour, ô Nell,  
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!

### **Sylvie**

Si tu veux savoir ma belle,  
Où s'envole à tire d'aile,  
L'oiseau qui chantait sur l'ormeau?  
Je te le dirai, ma belle,  
Il vole vers qui l'appelle,  
Vers celui-là  
Qui l'aimera!

Si tu veux savoir ma blonde,  
Pourquoi sur terre et sur l'onde  
La nuit tout s'anime et s'unit?  
Je te le dirai ma blonde,  
C'est qu'il est une heure au monde  
Où loin du jour  
Veille l'amour!

Si tu veux savoir Sylvie,  
Pourquoi j'aime à la folie  
Tes yeux brillants et langoureux?  
Je te le dirai Sylvie.  
C'est que sans toi dans la vie  
Tout pour mon cœur  
N'est que douleur.

The singing sea along the shore  
Shall cease its eternal murmur,  
Before in my heart, dear love, O Nell,  
Your image shall cease to bloom!

If you want to know my fair one,  
whither, on strong wings, the bird  
which was singing on the elm is flying?  
I shall tell you, my fair one,  
it is flying to the one who calls it,  
towards the one  
who will love it!

If you want to know my blond one,  
why, on earth and on the waves,  
the very night grows alive and smooth?  
I shall tell you, my blond one,  
it is because there is an hour in the world  
when, far from day,  
love keeps watch!

If you want to know Sylvie,  
why I madly love  
your brilliant and languorous eyes?  
I shall tell you Sylvie.  
It is that without you in life  
all is but pain  
for my heart.

Andrew Lipka is an American born composer born in 1965, and is a composer and writer best known for many musical works including *Big Fish*, a musical adaptation on the novel and film of the same name.

Lin-Manuel Miranda is an award winning American composer, best known for some of his musical works which include *Hamilton*, *In The Heights*, and the movie musical *Encanto*.

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