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Senior Recital: "Lullabies to my Sorrows" - Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

Amy Brinkman-Davis

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Program

Drei Intermezzi, Op. 117 (1892)  
I. E-flat major  
II. B-flat minor  
III. C-sharp minor  
Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Sonata No. 23 in F Minor, Op. 57  
"Appassionata" (1804)  
I. Allegro assai  
II. Andante con moto  
III. Allegro ma non troppo - Presto  
Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

Intermission

Sonata in E-flat Minor, Op. 26 (1949)  
I. Allegro energico  
II. Allegro vivace e leggero  
III. Adagio mesto  
IV. Fuga: Allegro con spirito  
Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

*The title for this program, "lullabies to my sorrows" is a quote from a letter Brahms wrote to his friend, George Henschel, in regards to his three Op. 117 intermezzi.

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Piano Performance.  
Amy Brinkman-Davis is from the studio of Dr. Jennifer Hayghe.
The first two of the Brahms intermezzi are based on a old Scottish song entitled, "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament."

It reads as follows:

Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep
If thou'lt be silent I'll be glad
Thy moaning makes my heart full sad.
Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy
Thy father bred me great annoy
Baloo, baloo, baloo, baloo
Baloo, baloo, lu-li-li-li-

O'er thee I keep my lonely watch
Intent thy lightest breath to catch
O, when thou wak'st to see thee smile
And thus my sorrow to beguile.
Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy
Thy father bred me great annoy
Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Twelve weary months have crept away
Since he, upon thy natal day
Left thee and me, to seek afar
A bloody fate in doubtful war.
Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad
Thy moaning makes my heart full sad.

I dreamed a dream but yesternight
Thy father slain in foreign fight
He, wounded, stood beside my bed
His blood ran down upon thy head
He spoke no word, but looked on me
Bent low, and gave a kiss to thee!
Baloo, baloo, my darling boy
Thou'rt now alone thy mother's joy.

The third intermezzo was inspired by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem, "Victor Galbraith."

Under the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to play,
Victor Galbraith!
In the mist of the morning damp and gray,
These were the words they seemed to say:
"Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith!"

Forth he came, with a martial tread;  
Firm was his step, erect his head;  
Victor Galbraith,  
He who so well the bugle played,  
Could not mistake the words it said:  
"Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith!"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,  
He looked at the files of musketry,  
Victor Galbraith!  
And he said, with a steady voice and eye,  
"Take good aim; I am ready to die!"  
Thus challenges death  
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,  
Six leaden balls on their errand sped;  
Victor Galbraith  
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead;  
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead,  
And they only scath  
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,  
But he rises out of the dust again,  
Victor Galbraith!  
The water he drinks has a bloody stain;  
"O kill me, and put me out of my pain!"  
In his agony prayeth  
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame,  
And the bugler has died a death of shame,  
Victor Galbraith!  
His soul has gone back to whence it came,  
And no one answers to the name,  
When the Sergeant saith,  
"Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey  
By night a bugle is heard to play,  
Victor Galbraith!  
Through the mist of the valley damp and gray  
The sentinels hear the sound, and say,  
"That is the wraith  
Of Victor Galbraith!"