

Mom, Dad and Danielle...

Your support of me has been second to none. I am so incredibly grateful for all you have done to help me succeed and it truly means the world to me that you have supported me so whole-heartedly through all my endeavors. Thank you.

Alyssa...

Thank you so much for the lovely programs and your lovely voice... oh, and the five best years of my life (so far). Your love and care have changed me for the best and I am so excited to enter this new phase of my life together with you. I love you!

Mr. Faracco...

To say that working with you for the past two years has changed my voice would be a sizable understatement. I cannot thank you enough for your support and advice over these years and I hope to continue to have the opportunity to work with you.

Jihye...

It has been a pleasure and an honor being able to work with you this year. I admire and adore not only your musicianship but also your kindness. Thank you for sharing your talents with me this evening!

Melissa...

You have truly enabled me to pursue a wonderful set of music that otherwise would not have been possible. For that and your superb talents, I thank you.

Grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins...

Thank you all for being in attendance. It means so much to me that you've taken the time to travel here and allow me to share my recital with you.

Peers at Westminster Choir College...

Completing an education at this school is like a four-year-long Dr. Young theory class. You work extremely hard just to fail so miserably but each time you fail at a higher level – and then suddenly you've passed! Thank you for allowing me to be a part of your journey.

Friends...

We have shared many great moments and I expect that there will be many more. It means a lot that you're here tonight to share another important moment with me.

All those in attendance...

I offer you my deepest gratitude that you've made it here this evening to see me. Thank you so much.

The senior voice
recital of

Steve
Nolen,
tenor

with

Jihye
Park,
piano

Alyssa
Brode,
soprano

Melissa
Bohl,
oboe

Sunday, April 18th
at 7 pm in
Williamson Hall

Westminster Choir College

Welcome to my recital! First and foremost, thank you for attending – it means so much to me that each one of you was able to join me this evening. Three years ago I took a step away from my comfort zone (generally sitting in front of my computer... or at least toying with some electronic gadget) to pursue a passion of mine. I really had no idea what I was getting myself into.

In those past three years I have been able to attend this unbelievable school, receiving a first-rate education from some of the most incredible professors with whom I have ever had the chance to work. The work ethic and professionalism that Westminster Choir College stands for have forever changed my actions and revealed my musical abilities. Being surrounded every day by people so truly passionate about this field has been a life-changing experience, and for that I could not be more grateful.

In attending Westminster, I was given the chance to experience this unique world, an opportunity that I had never before anticipated. I was able to do something unusual for a computer major, breaking out of the stereotype, and in the process allowed this to be an essential part of my life. I'm thrilled to have the chance to share a piece of this with my friends and family tonight. Thank you again for being here and I hope you have a good time!

Steve is a candidate for the
Bachelor of Arts in Music degree.

Steve is a student of Thomas Faracco.

Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild:
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

The Shepherd

text by William Blake

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

Ah, Sunflower

text by William Blake

Ah, Sunflower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done:

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

Eternity

text by William Blake

He who binds himself a Joy
Doth the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses the Joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

The look of love alarms,
Because it's fill'd with fire;
But the look of soft deceit
Shall win the lover's hire.

Infant Joy

text by William Blake

“I have no name:
I am but two days old.”
What shall I call thee?
“I happy am,
Joy is my name.”
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty Joy!
Sweet Joy, but two days old.
Sweet Joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

The Piper

text by William Blake

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

“Pipe a song about a lamb.”
So I piped with merry chear.
“Piper, pipe that song again.”
So I piped: he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy chear.”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

The Lamb

text by William Blake

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;

The senior voice recital of

Steve Nolen,

tenor

Sunday, April 18th • 7 pm • Williamson Hall • Westminster Choir College

From *Die schöne Müllerin*

Wohin?

Danksagung an den Bach

An die Nachtigall

Die Forelle

F. Schubert

(1797—1828)

From *Ten Blake Songs*

Infant Joy

The Piper

The Lamb

The Shepherd

Ah! Sunflower

Eternity

R. Vaughan Williams

(1872—1958)

Silent Noon

Early in the Morning

From *The Gondoliers*

Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes

R. Vaughan Williams

(1872—1958)

N. Rorem

(b. 1923)

A. Sullivan

(1842—1900)

From *Evil Dead the Musical*

Housewares Employee

From *Pippin*

Corner of the Sky

G. Reinblatt

(b. 1977)

S. Schwartz

(b. 1948)

Wohin?

text by Wilhelm Müller

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
hinab zum Tale rauschen,
so frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
nicht, wer den Rat mir gab.
Ich mußte gleich hinunter
mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter
und immer dem Bache nach,
und immer frischer rauschte
und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag ich denn von Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
es singen wohl die Nixen
dort unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen
und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
in jedem klaren Bach.

Danksagung an den Bach

text by Wilhelm Müller

War es also gemeint,
mein rauschender Freund,
dein Singen, dein Klingen,
war es also gemeint?

Zur Müllerin hin!
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
Zur Müllerin hin!

Hat sie dich geschickt,
oder hast mich berückt?
Das möcht' ich noch wissen
ob sie dich geschickt.

Where to?

I heard a brooklet murmuring
from its rocky source,
murmuring down into the valley,
so bright and wondrous clear.

I do not know what seized me,
or who prompted me.
I too had to journey down
with my wanderer's staff.

Down and ever onwards,
always following the stream,
as it murmured ever brighter
and murmured ever clearer.

Is this, then, my path?
O brooklet, say where it leads?
You have with your murmuring
quite bemused my mind.

Why do I speak of murmuring?
That's no murmuring I hear:
it must be the water nymphs
singing and dancing below.

Let them sing, let the stream murmur,
and follow it cheerfully!
For mill-wheels turn
in every clear stream.

Giving Thanks to the Brook

Is this what you meant,
my murmuring friend,
your singing, your ringing,
is this what you meant?

To the maid of the mill!
That is what you wish to say.
Have I understood you?
To the maid of the mill!

Was it she who sent you,
or have you bewitched me?
I should dearly like to know
whether she it was who sent you.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,
ich gebe mich drein;
was ich such', hab' ich funden,
wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
nun hab ich genug,
für die Hände, für's Herze,<
vollauf genug!

An die Nachtigall

text by Matthias Claudius

Er liegt und schläft an meinem Herzen,
mein guter Schutzgeist sang ihn ein;

Und ich kann fröhlich sein und scherzen,
kann jeder Blum' und jedes Blatts mich freun.

Nachtigall, ach! Nachtigall, ach!
Sing mir den Amor nicht wach!

Die Forelle

text by Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart

In einem Bächlein helle, da schoss in froher Eil,
die launische Forelle vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade und sah
in süßer Ruh
des muntern Fischleins Bade
im klaren Bächlein zu

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
wohl an dem Ufer stand,
und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang' dem Wasser Helle, so dacht ich,
nicht gebricht,
so fängt er die Forelle mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe die Zeit zulang.
Er macht das Bächlein tückisch trübe
und eh ich es gedacht,
so zuckte seine Rute,
das Fischlein, das Fischlein, zappelt dran,
und ich mit regem Blute
sah die Betrog'ne an.

Well, however it may be,
I accept my fate;
what I seek, I've found,
however it may be.

I asked for work,
now I have enough,
for my hands, for my heart,
more than enough!

To the Nightingale

He lies and slumbers on my heart,
my guardian angel sang him to sleep;

And I can make merry and jest,
delight in every flower and leaf.

Nightingale, ah! Nightingale, ah!
With your singing do not wake!

The Trout

In a clear stream, in lively haste,
the capricious trout darted by like an arrow.
I stood on the bank,
contentedly watching
the frisky fish
in the clear stream.

An angler with his rod
stood on the bank,
and cold-bloodedly watched
the fish twist and turn.
As long as the water, I thought,
stays clear,
he'll never catch the trout with his hook.

But finally the thief lost patience.
Cunningly he muddied the stream,
and before I realized,
there was a flick of his rod,
where the little fish writhed,
and I, my blood boiling,
looked at the cheated creature.