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

Amy Brinkman-Davis

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Brinkman-Davis, Amy, "Senior Recital: "Lullabies to my Sorrows" - Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano" (2014). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 768.

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# Senior Recital: "Lullabies to my Sorrows"

Amy Brinkman-Davis, piano

Ford Hall  
Friday, November 14th, 2014  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# 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.

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Piano Performance.  
Amy Brinkman-Davis is from the studio of Dr. Jennifer Hayghe.

## Program Notes

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-lu.

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!"