



Presented by Kent State School of Music

## Senior Recital

**Shiloh Graham-Mumma, *baritone***  
**Karen Prasser, *piano***

Sunday, November 2, 2025, 3:00 p.m., Ludwig Recital Hall

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*Five Mystical Songs* (1911)

Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872-1958)

1. Easter
2. I got me flowers
3. Love bade me welcome
4. The call
5. Antiphon

Beau soir (c. 1880)

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

L'attente (c. 1855)

Camille Saint-Saëns  
(1835-1921)

Loch Lomond (1993)

Traditional Scottish, arr. David Overton

Guest Singers: Keni Gervase *alto*, Melanie Johnson *mezzo*, Andrew Rothhaar *bass*, Dustin Smith *tenor*, Trevor Warren *baritone*

### *Intermission*

Selections from *Don Giovanni* (1787)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Fin ch'han dal vino ("Champagne Aria")  
Deh vieni alla finestra

Du bist wie eine Blume, op. 25, No. 24 (1840)

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Volksliedchen, op. 51, No. 2 (1842)

Dein Angesicht, op. 127, No. 2 (1850)

Love Me As Though There Were No Tomorrow (1956)

Harold Adamson (1906-1980)

Jimmy McHugh (1894-1969)

Guv'ment from *Big River: The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1985)

Roger Miller

(1936-1992)

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Shiloh Graham-Mumma is a student of Tim Culver and is presenting this recital in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts in Music degree.

## Translations

### **Beau soir (c. 1880)**

Lorque au soliel couchant  
Les rivières sont roses,  
Et qu'un tiède frisson court  
Sur les champs de blè,  
Un consell d'être heureux  
Semble sortir des choses  
Et monter vers le coeur trouble.

When the sun sets  
the rivers are rose-tinted,  
And a warm breeze shivers  
Across the wheat fields,  
A suggestion to be happy  
Seems to emanate from all things  
And rises towards the restless heart.

Un conseil de goûter  
Le charme d'être au monde  
Cependant qu'on est jeune  
Et que le soi rest beau,  
Car nous en allons,  
Comme s'en va sette onde:  
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.

A suggestion to savor  
the pleasure of being alive  
While one is young  
And the evening is beautiful  
For we shall go,  
As this wave goes:  
It to the sea, we to the tomb.

### **L'attente (c. 1855)**

Monte, écureuil, monte au grande chêne,  
Sur la branche des cieux prochaine,  
Qui plie et tremble comme un jonc.  
Cigogne, aux vieilles tours fidèle,  
Oh! vole et monte à tire-d'aile  
De l'église à la citadelle,  
Du haut clocher au grand donjon.

Climb, squirrel, climb the great oak,  
To the branch nearest the sky,  
That bends and trembles like a reed.  
Stork, inhabitant of ancient towers,  
Oh! Swiftly fly and wing your way  
From the church to the fortress,  
From the high steeple to the mighty keep.

Vieux aigle, monte de ton aire  
À la montagne centenaire  
Que blanchit l'hiver éternel.  
Et toi qu'en ta couche inquiète  
Jamais l'aube ne vit muette,  
Monte, monte, vive alouette,  
Vive alouette, monte au ciel!

Old eagle, rise from your eyrie  
To the ancient mountain peak  
Eternally white with snow.  
And you, ever restless in your nest  
Who never fails to greet the dawn,  
Rise, rise, lively lark,  
Ascend into the sky!

Et maintenant, du haut de l'arbre,  
Des flèches de la tour de marbre  
Du grand mont, du ciel enflame,  
A l'horizon, parmi la brume,  
Voyez-vous flotter une plume,  
Et courir un cheval qui fume,  
Et revenir ma bien-aimée?

And now from the high tree-top,  
From the marble tower's spire,  
From the mountain crest, from the flaming sky,  
On the horizon, in the mist,  
Do you see a fluttering plume  
And a steaming, galloping horse  
And my beloved returning home?

### **Fin ch'han dal vino ("Champagne Aria") (1787)**

Fin ch'han dal vino calda la testa,  
Una gran festa fa preparar!  
Se trovi in piazza qualche ragazza,  
Teco ancor quella cerca menar!

Go and prepare a great party,  
So that their heads become hot from the wine!  
If in the plaza you find some girl,  
Try to make her come along, too!

Senza alcun ordine la danza sia:  
Chi 'l minuetto chi la follia,  
Chi l'alemana farai ballar.

Let the dancing be without any order:  
Let some dance the minuet,  
Some the folia, some the allemande.

Ed io fra tanto dall'atro canto  
Con questa e quella vo' amoreggiar.  
Ah la mia lista doman mattina  
D'una decina devi aumentar!

And in the meantime, I for my part  
Will flirt with one after the other.  
Oh tomorrow morning you can add  
Ten more to my list!

### **Deh vieni alla finestra (1787)**

Deh vieni alla finestra, o mio tesoro,  
Deh vieni a consolar il pianto mio.  
Se neghi a me di dar qualche ristoro,  
Davanti agli occhi tuoi morir vogl'io.

Come to the window, my treasure,  
Come to console my lament.  
If you deny me some relief,  
I want to die before your eyes!

Tu ch'hai la bocca dolce più che il miele,  
Tu che il Zucchero porti in mezzo al core,  
Non esser, gioia mia, con me crudele,  
Lasciati almen veder, mio bell'amore!

You whose mouth is sweeter than honey,  
You whose heart cradles sweet desires,  
Do not, my beloved, be cruel to me,  
At least let me see you, my loved one!

### **Du bist wie eine Blume (1840)**

Du bist wie eine Blume,  
so hold un schön und rein;  
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut  
Schleicht mir ins Herz hin ein.

You are like a flower,  
so lovely and fair and pure;  
I look at you, and sadness  
Steals down into my heart.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände  
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',  
Betend, dass Gott dich er halte  
So rein und schön und hold.

I feel as if my hands  
Should lay upon your head,  
Praying that God may keep you  
So pure and lovely and fair.

### **Volksliedchen (1842)**

Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh'  
In meinem grünen Hut,  
Ist mein erster Gedanke,  
Was nun mein Liebster tut?

When I go into the garden in the morning  
In my green hat,  
I am thinking first of all,  
What is my sweetheart doing now?

Am Himmel steht kein Stern,  
Den ich dem Freund nicht gönnte.  
Mein Herz gäb' ich ihm gern,  
Wenn ich's heraus tun könnte.

In the heavens shines no star  
That I would not wish for my friend.  
I would gladly give him my heart,  
Could I but take it out.

### **Dein Angesicht (1850)**

Dein Angesicht, so lieb un schön,  
Das hab' ich jüngst im Traum gesehn,  
Es ist so mild und engelgleich,  
Und doch so bleich, so schmerzenreich.

Your countenance, so dear and fair,  
I saw but lately in my dream,  
It is so mild, so angelic,  
And yet so pale, so full of pain.

Und nur die Lippen, die sind rot;  
Bald aber küsst sie bleid der Tod.  
Er löschen wird das Himmelslicht,  
Das aus den frommen Augen bricht.

Only your lips, they are so red;  
But soon death's kiss will make them pale.  
The heavenly light will all be gone,  
That shines forth from your innocent eyes.