

CAL POLY

SAN LUIS OBISPO

Music Department
California Polytechnic State University

Sarah Nulton ◆ soprano ◆

A Senior Recital in Partial Fulfillment of the
Requirements for a Bachelor of Arts in Music

Paul Woodring, accompanist

January 29, 2012

Sunday at 3 p.m.

Davidson Music Center

Room 218



Sponsored by the Cal Poly Music Department and College of Liberal Arts

Program

Senior Recital
Sarah Nulton, soprano
Paul Woodring, piano

Soirées musicales Gioachino Rossini
La pastorella dell'alpi (1792-1868)

Dans un bois solitaire Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Le nozze di Figaro Mozart
Un moto di gioia

Calla niño, calla Rafael Aponte-Ledée
(b. 1938)

Carnavalito Yvette Souviron
(1914-2010)

La Rondine Giacomo Puccini
La canzone di Doretta (1858-1924)

~ **Intermission** ~

Lucia di Lammermoor Gaetano Donizetti
Il dolce suono (1797-1848)

Azor and Zemira Louis Spohr
Rose Softly Blooming (1784-1859)

She Moved Through the Fair Traditional

Siuil a ru Traditional

Dúlamán Traditional

Jonathan Withem, bodhran

Texts and Translations

La pastorella delle Alpi

Son bella pastorella,
Che scende ogni mattino
Ed offre un cestellino
Di fresche frutta e fior.
Chi viene al primo albore
Avarà vezzose rose
E poma rugiasodse,
venite al mio giardin,
Ahu, ahu ah!
Chi del notturno orrore
Smarrì la buona via,
Alla capanna mia
ritroverà il cammin.
Venite o passaggiero,
La pastorella è qua,
Ma il fior del suo pensiero
Ad uno solo darà!
Ahu, ahu, ah!

Dans un bois solitaire

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre
Je me promenais l'autr' jour
Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,
C'était le redoutable Amour.
J'approche, sa beauté me flatte,
Mais je devais m'en défier;
Il avait les traits d'une ingrante,
Que j'avais juré d'oublier.
Il avait la bouche vermeille,
Le teint aussi frais que le sien,
Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille;
L'Amour se réveille de rien.
Aussitôt déployant ses ailes et saisissant
Son arc vengeur,
L'une de ses flèches, cruelles en partant
Il me blesse au cour.
Va! va, dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie,
De nouveau languir et brûler!
Tu l'aimeras toute la vie,
Pour avoir osé m'éveiller.

The Shepherdess from the Mountains

I am the pretty shepherdess
who descends every morning
and offers a little basket
of fresh fruit and flowers.
Whoever comes at the first dawn
will have pretty roses
and apples sprinkled with dew.
Come to my garden.
aoo, aoo, ah!
Whoever, in the night's terror
loses the safe path,
at the little hut mine
will again find the way.
Come oh traveler,
the shepherdess is here,
but the flower of her thought
she will give to one alone!
aoo, aoo, ah!

In a Dark and Secluded Wood

In a dark and secluded wood
I walked the other day;
A child was sleeping in the shade,
It was the formidable Cupid.
I drew near, for his beauty pleased me,
But I had to be wary;
As he had the features of a faithless woman,
Whom I had sworn to forget.
His lips were bright red,
His complexion as lovely as hers,
I sigh, he awakes;
Cupid wakes at the slightest thing.
Immediately spreading his wings and seizing
His vengeful bow,
In parting, with one of his cruel arrows,
He wounds me to the heart.
"Go! go," he says, "at the feet of Sylvie,
Languish and burn anew!
You shall love her all your life,
For having dared to wake me."

Un moto di gioia

Un moto di gioia
Mi sento nel petto,
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor!
Speriam che in contento
Finisca l'affanno
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.
Di pianti di pene
Ognor non si pasce,
Talvolta poi nasce
Il ben dal dolor:
E quando si crede
Più grave il periglio,
Brillare si vede
La calma maggior.

Calla niño, calla

Calla niño, calla,
que tengo que hacer:
lavar los pañales,
ponerme a coser.

Qué majo que eres,
qué mal que lo entiendes,
que está el padre en casa
y el niño no duerme.

Al run rún del alma,
al run rún del alma.

Carnavalito

Viene bajando por los cerros mi Carnavalito,
se oye a lo lejos el sonido de queñas y tambor.

Aymarà, aymarà, no me hagas llorar más.
Ñuritay mi querer, ñuritay mi penar,
por tu cariño toda mi vida todita te i di dar.
La, la, la, la...

Se va alejando por los cerros mi Carnavalito,
se oye a lo lejos el sonido de queñas y tambor.

La canzone di Doretta

Chi il bel sogno di Doretta potè indovinar?
Il suo mister come mai finì?
Ahimè! un giorno uno studente in bocca la bacio
E fu quel bacio rivelazione:
Fu la passione! Folle amore! Folle ebbrezza!
Chi la sottile carezza d'un bacio così ardente
Mai ridir potrà? Ah! mio sogno! Ah! mia vita!
Che importa la ricchezza
Se infine è refiorita la felicità?
O sogno d'or poter amar così?

A Feeling of Joy

A feeling of joy
stirs in my breast,
it proclaims delight
amid my fears.
Hope that in contentment
your distress will end;
for fate and love
are not always tyrants.
Tears and pain
can steal the appetite,
but sometimes is born
joy from sorrow.
And when one believes
the hour is the darkest,
one sees shining
a greater calmness.

Hush, Child, Hush

Hush, child, hush
What I have to do:
Wash the diapers,
Set myself to sewing.

How handsome you are,
How bad that you do not understand,
That your father is at home
And the child does not sleep.

To the murmuring of the soul,
To the murmuring of the soul.

The Little Carnival

My little carnival comes down from the hills;
Far away you hear the sound of flutes and drums.

Aymarà, Aymarà, Don't make me cry any more.
My darling and my love, my darling and my pain
For your endless affection, I should give all my life to you.
La, la, la, la...

My carnival goes further away through the hills,
Far away you hear the sound of flutes and drums.

Doretta's Song

Who could guess the beautiful dream of Doretta?
Its mystery, how ever did it end?
Alas! one day a student kissed her on the mouth,
and this kiss was a revelation:
it was the passion! Mad love! Mad intoxication!
Who could ever describe the gentle touch
of a kiss so ardent? Ah! my dream! Ah! my life!
Of what importance are riches
If at last happiness has blossomed?
Oh dream of gold, to be able to love thus!

Il dolce suono . . . Spargi d'amaro pianto

*Il dolce suono mi colpi di sua voce!
Ah! quella voce m'è qui nel cor discesa!
Edgardo! Io ti son resa, ah! Edgardo mio!
Fuggita io son da' tuoi nemici.
Un gelo mi serpeggia ne sen!
Trema ogni fibra! Vacilla il piè!
Presso la fonte meco t'assidi alquanto, sì!
Ohimè! sorge il tremendo fantasma e ne separa!
Qui ricovriamo, Edgardo, a piè dell'ara.
Sparsa è di rose!
Un'armonia celeste, di', non ascolti?
Ah, l'inno suona di nozze!
Il rito per noi s'appresta! Oh me felice!
Oh gioia che si sente, e non si dice!
Spargi d'amaro pianto il mio terrestre velo,
mentre lassù nel cielo io pregherò per te.
Al giunger tuo soltanto
fia bello il ciel per me! Ah! sì!*

Rose Softly Blooming

Rose softly blooming, formed to allure,
Emblem of nature, lovely and pure!
Thorns press around thee, yet, gentle flower
Smiles still are thine, the charm of the bow'r!

Nurtured of heav'n, thy beauties I'll wear;
Pride of my bosom! I'll cherish thee there:
Smiles still are thine, in the day's wasting hour;
So, gentle flower,
Peacefully smiling, oh, let me be,
Living and dying, sweet rose, like thee!

She Moved Through the Fair

My young love said to me
My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you
For your lack of kind.
And she stepped away from me
And this she did say
"Oh, it will not be long love
"Til our wedding day."

She stepped away from me
And she moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her
Move here and move there.
And she made her way homeward
With one star awake
As the swan in the evening
Moves over the lake.

The Sweet Sound . . . Sprinkle with Bitter Tears

The sweet sound of his voice has struck me!
Ah! that voice has penetrated into my heart!
Edgardo! I am yours again, ah! my Edgardo!
I have fled from your enemies.
A chill snakes its way unto my heart!
Every fiber within me trembles and my steps are unsteady!
Sit with me by near the fountain for a while!
Alas! a specter rises up and separates us!
Edgardo, let us retreat here, to the feet of the altar
It is strewn with roses!
Do you hear that heavenly harmony?
Ah! the hymn is playing for the wedding!
The ceremony is prepared for us! Oh, I am so happy!
Oh the joy which one feels, and yet cannot express!
Sprinkle my earthly grave with bitter tears,
While I pray for you in heaven.
Only after your arrival
Will heaven be beautiful for me! Ah, yes!

Last night she came to me
She came softly in
So softly she came
Her feet made no din.
And she laid her hand on me
And this she did say
"It will not be long love
"Til our wedding day."

Siuil a run

Siuil, siuil, siul a run,
Siuil go sochair agus siuil go ciuin
Siuil go doras agus ealaigh lion
Is go dte tu mo mhuirnin slan

Dúlamán

A 'nion mhín ó, sin anall na fir shúirí,
A mháthair mhín, ó cuir na roithleán go dtí mé.
Dúlamán na Binne Buí, Dúlamán Gaelach,
Dúlamán na farraige, 's é b'fhearr a bhí in Éirinn.
Tá cosa dubha dúbailte ar an dúlamán gaelach
Tá dhá chluais mhaol ar an dúlamán gaelach
Rachaidh muid go Doire leis an dúlamán gaelach,
'S ceannóidh muid bróga daora ar an dúlamán gaelach.
Bróga breaca dubha ar an dúlamán gaelach,
Tá bearéad agus triúis ar an dúlamán gaelach.
Ó chuir mé scéala chuici, go gceannóinn cíor dí,
'S é'n scéal a chuir sí chugam, go raibh a ceann cíortha.
Cad é a thug na tíre thú? arsa an dúlamán gaelach,
Ag súirí le do 'nion, arsa an dúlamán maorach.
Ó cha bhfaigheann tú mo 'nion, arsa an dúlamán gaelach,
Bheul, fuadóidh mé liom í, arsa an dúlamán maorach.

Come, O Love

Come, come, come, O love,
Quickly come to me, softly move;
Come to the door, and away we'll flee
And safe for aye may my darling be!

I wish I was on yonder hill
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill
I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel
I'll sell my only spinning wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red
And 'round the world I'll beg my bread
Until my parents shall wish me dead

Seaweed

Dear daughter, here come the courtin' men,
Dear mother, oh bring me my spinning wheel.
Seaweed from the yellow cliff, Irish seaweed,
Seaweed from the ocean, the best in all of Ireland.
Two black thick feet are on the Irish seaweed,
Two narrow ears on are the Irish seaweed.
We'll go to Derry with the Irish seaweed,
And we'll buy expensive shoes on the Irish seaweed.
Black spotted shoes on the Irish seaweed,
There's a cap and trousers on the Irish seaweed.
O I told her the news, that a comb would be bought for her,
That's the story she told me, that it was a fine one.
What did you bring from the land? said the Irish seaweed,
Courting with your daughter, said the upstart seaweed.
O you're not taking my daughter, said the Irish seaweed,
Well, I'll take her away with me, said the upstart seaweed.

Program Notes

***La pastorella dell'alpi* by Rossini**

Few composers can boast of doing more for opera than Rossini. His style influenced all those who followed him. He was born in 1792 and was first instructed in music by his father. By the age of 31, he had written 34 operas. Many of these are still performed today, including *The Barber of Seville*, which he was able to write in three weeks. He also wrote *Il viaggio a Reims* for the coronation of Charles X. Of all of his operas, his last – *William Tell* – was his most ambitious. Not surprisingly, he was known for redefining Italian opera. He died in 1864 at the age of 72.

Many special events today employ live bands or DJs to provide the music for parties. Important gatherings in the Romantic era did the same thing. However, instead of DJs, composers were hired to write new pieces so hosts could have these compositions performed for their guests. In 1835, Rossini composed a group of songs called *Les soirées musicales* for society parties in Paris. One of the arias, “*La pastorella dell'alpi*,” was written as a type of French waltz called a Tyrol, named for the region of the Austrian Alps from whence it originated. The waltz was still a relatively new dance at that point, so it would have been a popular style in Paris. The song features a cheerful woman who invites weary travelers to rest while selling them flowers and fresh produce.

Many aspects of the music emphasize the character’s gaiety and open nature. Articulation is very important. Much of the song uses short accented notes, or staccato, to give the impression that the character is calling out to the people passing through the mountain village. Part of each verse is also repeated in a legato, or long and smooth, manner. At this point, she has their attention and is repeating herself so that they understand the important parts of what she said. The major key emphasizes her cheerfulness. The wide dynamic range also helps to emphasize the story. While the singer is yodeling, the loud sections represent the singer and the quiet sections represent the echo.

Dans un bois solitaire

What’s the first name that comes to mind when you think of classical music? For many people, it is Mozart, who lived from 1756 to 1791. Mozart began composing while he was young. In fact, he wrote his first opera at the age of twelve, but his most popular operas were written in his late-twenties or early-thirties. While earning his living as a freelance composer and an instructor in Vienna, he collaborated with librettist Lorenzo da Ponte to compose three of his most popular operas: *Le nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Così fan tutte*. *Dans un bois solitaire* was an unusual aria for Mozart to compose. It was written in 1778 at the request of Elisabeth Augusta Wendling upon his first trip to Mannheim. Wendling was the mistress to Carl Theodor. Sadly, due to the exorbitant demands of her and her family, she eventually lost the position as his mistress, and no other man would have her after that. This is one of only two songs Mozart ever wrote in French, and the finer details of the song help to emphasize the duality of emotions in the song. *Dans un bois solitaire* speaks of a man who is longing for the woman he once loved and also regrets falling in love with her at all. The form reflects this opposition. It is split into two distinct sections with a return to a shortened version of the first section at the end. The first and last are representative of the character’s longing for love and the middle shows his remorse over falling in love with someone so unfaithful.

***Un moto di gioia* by Mozart**

While Mozart was known for tailoring his songs to the performer's capabilities, "Un moto di gioia" stands in stark contrast. It was composed in 1789, during the Classical era. This arietta comes from the opera *Le nozze di Figaro*, or *The Marriage of Figaro*, and was a replacement for "Venite, inginocchiatevi." The second production had Farrerese del Bene cast in the part of Susanna. Mozart was not fond of the woman, and so he wrote "Un moto di gioia" in such a way as to expose the awkward transition between her head and chest voice. He also was aware of the small range of her voice, and so he wrote the song with both her highest and lowest notes in them and then forced her to leap between them.

Besides this difficulty, the song looks and sounds deceptively simple. The song has four main sections that sound almost identical to each other. The simple harmony helps to belie the complicated and sophisticated nature of the piece. There is very little word painting to enhance the emotions in the song, but there is an ascending line on the word *brillare*, which means "bright." There is also a long note on *calma maggior*, or "overwhelming calm." Much of the difficulty comes from communicating the story. The servants Figaro and Susanna are engaged, but Susanna is worried that their employer, the Count, will exercise his privilege as the landowner to have first rights to the marriage bed of any who live on his property. During this part of the opera, Susanna and the Countess are disguising the pageboy, Cherubino, to trap the Count and save Susanna.

Calla niño, calla

The music and composers of the Americas are too frequently overlooked. Rafael Aponte-Ledée was born in 1938 in Puerto Rico and lives there still today. He attended the Conservatorio de Música de Madrid in 1957 and in 1965 entered the Instituto Torcuato di Tella. In 1967, he began teaching at the Musical Conservatory of Puerto Rico and went on to become a founding member of the Colegio de Compositores Latinamericanos de Música de Arte and SGAE. *Calla niño, calla* was written in 1961 while Aponte-Ledée was attending the Madrid Conservatory.

The song is a lullaby, meant to soothe a fussy child, and the form lends itself to the subject. The mother is exhausted and can't get her work done until her baby is asleep. The song is strophic, meaning it has one melody that repeats with different words; the tune is to be sung over and over until the child passes out. It is in a major key, and the melody is sweet, but the accompaniment is biting and acerbic. It demonstrates the irritated emotions roiling beneath the soothing lullaby.

Carnavalito

Many musicians are known by stage names. One such person was Clarita Souviron, born in 1914 in Argentina, who went by "Yvette" on stage and screen. She studied piano with Argentine pianist/composer Lia Cimaglia Espinoza and voice with Maria Pini de Chrestia. She specialized in performance, but she also was interested in composition, particularly folk songs.

Souviron was very interested in traditional cultural practices, and *Carnavalito* was a result of her interest. Written in 1960, it is styled after the carnavalito dances from South America, especially popular in Bolivia and northern Argentina. It celebrates the feasts of the Aymara people of Bolivia. This 20th-century song has a celebratory and nostalgic mood. The song begins with the carnival making its way over the hills toward the little town of

Aymara. The next section revolves around the excitement of the carnival. The final section is a repetition of the first, but with one major difference: the carnival is leaving, not coming. *Carnavalito* is in a minor key, emphasizing the bittersweet feeling of the town. The people of the town enjoy the carnival when it comes, but dread the feeling of loss when it leaves.

***La canzone di Doretta* by Puccini**

“If at first you don’t succeed, try, try again” could very well have been Puccini’s mantra, for his career was full of initial failures and enduring popularity. The composer, who was born in 1885 and died in 1924, never experienced immediate success. Even *La bohème*, one of Puccini’s most enduring operas, was not originally very popular. It was not until the opera was revised that it gained any sort of following.

La rondine, originally performed in 1917, followed the same precedent of the rest of Puccini’s operas. In fact, he was working on the third revision of the opera when he died. The final revision was never performed. “*La canzone di Doretta*” itself centers around a fantasy. A kept woman, Magda, is living vicariously through the character in her song. She imagines kissing a man she saw at a restaurant. Eventually, she runs away with the man, but must leave him when she realizes that a soiled dove such as herself could never marry such a kind and poor man. This song was very popular about ten years ago, but has since fallen out of vogue.

Puccini used many tools to create the dreamy, whimsical mood of the song. The song is in binary (AB) form. The first part is primarily narrative and the second is all about succumbing to the fantasy. The song is sung mostly legato to sound whimsical. The major key helps to convey the happiness the story brings Magda. There is a fairly wide dynamic range from very soft to loud. The range reflects Magda’s fear of expressing her emotions, although she gives in once or twice before remembering herself. The high C near the end is an expression of ecstasy when she loses herself completely in her imagination. Moreover, certain words, like “caress” and “ardent,” are emphasized through the music by being held longer, in order to enjoy them more.

***Il dolce suono . . . Spargi d’amaro pianto* by Donizetti**

Puccini was not the only composer who had to work for his music to be appreciated. Donizetti, who lived from 1797 to 1848, did not gain international recognition until his 31st opera, *Anna Bolena*. He wrote 65 operas total, but only a handful have retained popularity, including *La favorite*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Nevertheless, his name is now synonymous with bel canto, or “beautiful singing,” a style of opera known for the free sound of the vocalists.

Lucia di Lammermoor is based on Sir Walter Scott’s book, *The Bride of Lammermoor*. Lucia is a Juliet-like character who has fallen in love with her brother’s enemy. No sooner are they engaged than her lover is called away to war. Lucia’s brother finds out about the engagement and forges a letter that convinces her that the engagement was broken. When her lover, Edgardo, comes back, he finds she has just married another man and he leaves in a rage. The resulting anger and pain cause her delicate mind to fracture and she kills her new husband on their wedding night. “*Il dolce suono . . . Spargi d’amaro pianto*” takes place right after the murder. She is convinced that she is about to marry the man she loves. She eventually dies of a fever and Edgardo kills himself once he hears the news. Since its premiere in 1835, this opera has been one of Donizetti’s most enduring. The song has since been featured in the film *The Fifth Element*, starring Bruce Willis.

Donizetti's famous mad scene shows the extent to which a human mind can break, laying the groundwork for all other classical works of insanity. This complexity can be seen most clearly in the details of the song. The Romantic aria is interspersed with a speech-like recitative containing very little orchestral accompaniment, showing the infusion of lucidity amongst the confusion. There is no repetitive form; rather, the song is organized in seventeen distinct sections, distinguished by changing meters and tempos, helping to demonstrate the fractured state of her mind. The dotted rhythms also seem broken and uneven. The piano, too, reveals her thoughts by playing the strains of a dance-like song, resembling a wedding waltz.

Rose Softly Blooming

Certain people have the innate ability to annoy those around them. Louis Spohr was just such a person. The composer, who lived from 1784 to 1859, was extremely liberal and his strong beliefs caused him to be shunned by many musical leaders of the time. Spohr was extremely talented and mostly self-taught; the only formal compositional training he received was at the hands of organist Carl August Hartung.

At that time most composers competed for the best librettos, but sometimes they lost out. "Rose Softly Blooming" is the result of just such an incident in Spohr's life. This Classical aria was composed in 1818 or 1819 for the opera *Azor and Zemira*. His first choice of libretto was already taken, so he decided to redo this French opera, which is a version of "Beauty and the Beast." At this particular point in the story, Zemira's father has just stolen Azor's rose and is on his way home. Zemira, unaware of the dreadful fate attached to the flower, is waiting for her father's return. In her joyous anticipation, she sings of how much she wishes she were more like the beautiful flower that she loves. The opera was liked initially, but afterward was considered inferior to *Faust*, its predecessor. Nevertheless, "Rose Softly Blooming" has remained popular since its premiere.

The song's composition emphasizes the story line. Zemira performs long, smooth lines, but the piano plays short, accented notes, which may symbolize Zemira's naiveté about the implications her love of roses will have quite soon in her life. The aria is separated into five sections, with the first section reappearing three times, unfurling like a rose. The mode is major, emphasizing the fact that Zemira is happy, completely unaware of the pain that will soon arise.

She Moved Through the Fair

For centuries, much music has been handed down via a word-of-mouth tradition, with no one remembering from whence it came. *She Moved Through the Fair* follows just such a folk song tradition. The earliest known copy dates back to 1909, but may be from the Middle Ages, possibly of Middle Eastern origin or from Gypsy culture. It has been recorded many times since Fairport Convention's version aired in the 1960s. The numerous versions of the song in circulation suggest that it has been popular for quite some time.

To have happiness tinged with sadness is a typical thing for Irish music. The scale used sounds almost like a major scale, but there is a lowered note in it that hints at minor. *She Moved Through the Fair* uses the same melody multiple times with slight variations. This is quite common in folk songs, giving a storyteller the opportunity to demonstrate his ability to make the song interesting. Some of the story is written into the melody itself; for example, the long notes emphasize the grace of the girl's movements as the melody floats, ghost-like, over the bass-line.

Siuil a run

Word-of-mouth traditions can be problematic for music historians, because it is difficult to tell exactly when a song was written. *Siuil a run* is a folk song that presents a perplexing predicament for musicologists. It is written as if it dated back to the seventeenth century, but the reference to a “spinning wheel” and the bilingual nature of the piece suggest that it was actually written much later, possibly as late as the nineteenth century. This song has grown popular with the resurgence of traditional Irish songs in the latter half of the twentieth century.

The sad but determined mood that pervades the song is built upon centuries of turmoil and heartache. Most believe the text to be speaking of the “wild geese,” or soldiers who left Ireland to fight on the continent during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. One wave of service began under the leadership of the Stuarts during the Glorious Revolution. The war started when King James II brought forth a Catholic heir, James Francis Edward Stuart, which prevented his daughter Mary II (a Protestant) from inheriting the kingdom of England. She and her husband William of Orange fought for the crown and won. The “Jacobites” were those Catholics loyal to the Stuart cause.

The same sad determination that is shown through the lyrics is also worked into the music itself, and the form helps to facilitate these emotions. During the verses, the accompaniment brings life to the scene by imitating the sound of a spinning wheel. The song slows down and the accompaniment drops out whenever it comes to the last line of the chorus. It almost seems that the woman is about to succumb to her loneliness as she sings “and safe for aye may my darling be!” The dynamics range from very loud to very soft, suggesting the range of emotions at play in the woman’s heart.

Dúlamán

Songs often give us an insight into the everyday life of those who wrote them. *Dúlamán* is no exception. This folk song speaks of two men who sell seaweed for very different reasons: one for food and another for dyeing cloth. During the famines that have swept Ireland over the centuries, many coastal people relied on seaweed for sustenance. Those who had money associated seaweed consumption with complete destitution. Seaweed was also used for dyeing cloth and the dyer was considerably higher in the hierarchy of working men than those who sold the saltwater plant for food. In this song, a young man, who sells food to the poor, wishes to marry the daughter of the man who sells his wares to the rich. The content of this song gives it a playful and flirtatious nature as the young man attempts to woo the other man’s daughter. It is unclear when the song was actually written, but several groups have performed it over the years, including Celtic Woman and Clannad.

Dúlamán, similar to *She Moved Through the Fair*, is written to facilitate storytelling. This is accomplished through the verse-chorus form, which forces the performer to work to communicate the story. There are no real dynamic markings throughout, but the performer can facilitate the storytelling aspect of the song by manipulating the volume according to what is being sung.

Acknowledgments

I would first like to thank God for giving me this gift and the opportunities that I have had to use it for His glory!

Mom & Dad– Thank you for always encouraging me and helping me see my own worth. Mom, singing with you around the house has always been one of my favorite activities. Dad, you have never failed to remind me that I am capable of anything. I love you!

Lisa & Jonny– Thank you guys for being there through all the highs and lows our family has dealt with. We have had some crazy times, but you have never failed to make me smile again!

Megan & Kylee– You have been with me about as long as my family, so thank you! Thank you for being friends with me. You two changed my life!

Jackie– Thank you for putting up with my morbid humor, strange analogies, and inability to be a diva. I have been so blessed to have you as a teacher!

Paul– I cannot even remember how many times you have saved me from crashing and burning. Thank you for all your help, wry humor, and wonderful advice.

Jonathan– I can't even say how happy I am that you picked up a new instrument for me. Thank you for being a wonderful brother to me since the beginning and for helping me with this crazy Irish song I wanted to do!

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Michele & Druci– You guys are AMAZING!!! To the driving force behind the department: thank you for keeping us from all having nervous breakdowns!

Music Faculty– I don't know of any other department where teachers play link tag with their students, specially not at the department head's house. You have never been afraid to be accessible and to make our classes fun. Thank you for showing us your passion and helping us find our own!

Fellow Music Majors– I can't quite remember how half of our ridiculous conversations began, but I will always remember the laughter and fun we had, no matter what we were doing. May all your endeavors be successful and full of joy.

Roomies– Wow, I don't have the words to express how much I will miss you and your antics next year. You remind me there is a life outside of music and draw me out of my shell when I am hiding. Thank you for being the best roomies ever!