A SENIOR RECITAL

KRISTOPHER JORDAN,
BARITONE

WITH

ELENA MIRAZCHIYSKA,
PIANO

Sunday, 11 May 2008
2:00 P.M.
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beck Music Center
- Program -

_Tutta Raccolta Ancor_  
from _Scipione_  
Georg Friedrich Händel  
(1685 - 1759)

_Frondi tenere...Ombra mai fu_  
from _Serse_  
Robert Schuman  
(1810-1856)

_Der arme Peter_  
_Belsatzar_  
Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

_Le Bestiaire ou Cortège d'Orphée_  
Le dromadaire  
La chèvre du Thibet  
La sauterelle  
Le dauphin  
L'écrevisse  
La carpe

- Interval -

_Blagoslovljaju vas, lesa..._  
_Nam zvjozdy krotkije sijali..._  
_Serenada Don-Zhuana_  
Pyotr Il'ich Tchaikovsky  
(1840-1893)

_Two Stevenson Songs_  
_Rain_  
_Where go the boats?_  
Carlisle Floyd  
(b. 1926)

_Echo_  
_The Ballad Singer_  
Lori Laitman  
(b. 1955)

Kristopher Jordan is a student of Dr. Serdar Ilban. This performance is offered in partial fulfillment for the Bachelor of Music Degree in Vocal Performance.
- Program Notes and Translations -

Composed at opposite ends of Händel's career, Scipione (1726) and Serse (1738) were both unsuccessful. However, both operas later gained acclaim for individual musical numbers that have garnered fame even to this day. "Ombra mai fù," is certainly one of Händel's most well-known arias, and the opera Serse has been successfully revived in the recent times at many international venues. "Tutta raccolta ancor" carries a simple but soulful energy within its melody where the imagery of the lyrics is expertly painted by the composer.

Tutta Raccolta Ancor (Paolo Antonio Rolli)

Tutta raccolta ancor
Nel palpitante cor,
Tremante ho l'alma;
Nel palpitante cor.

In 1840, known as the "Liederjahre" (Year of Song), Robert Schumann composed a majority of his total song output — 138 songs in one year! Belsatzar, Op. 57 was composed in February and is one of his earliest ventures into vocal writing and helped to cement many elements of his style. The unbalanced nature of the harmonies and the constant motion of the piano create the sensation of foreboding that is realized in the eventual outcome of Belsatzar's feast. Heinrich Heine wrote the poetry for both of these compositions, though the style of each is different. In contrast to the rich couplet-ballad of Belsatzar, Der arme Peter, Op. 53 is built of three seamlessly linked songs. The simplicity of the song’s style offers an evocative contrast to the deeper meaning of the text as Schumann’s music depicts the various emotional conditions in Heine’s lyrics. Interestingly, this composition was written later in the year though it is numbered earlier.

Der arme Peter
(Heinrich Heine)

I.

In meiner Brust, da sitzt ein Weh,
Das will die Brust zersprengen;
Und wo ich steh' und wo ich goh',
Will's mich von hinnen drängen.

II.

Es treibt mich nach der Liebsten Näh',
Als könnt die Grete heilen;
Doch wenn ich der ins Auge seh',
Muß ich von hinnen eilen.

III.

Ich steig' hinauf des Berges Höh',
Dort ist man doch alleine;
Und wenn ich steh' dort oben steh',
Dann steh' ich still und weine.

Poor Peter

I.

Hans and Grete dance around
and cheer with loud joy.
Peter stands so still and mute,
and is as pale as chalk.

II.

Hans and Grete are bride and groom,
and shine in their wedding clothes.
Poor Peter bites his nails
and goes about in workday clothes.

III.

Poor Peter shuffles past,
quite slowly, deathly pale and distant.
When they see him, almost the same,
the people in the street appear.

The maidens whisper in one another's ears:
"He has surely climbed out of the grave!
But no, dear young girls,
he has not yet climbed into his grave.

He has lost his only treasure;
therefore the grave is the best place for him.
Where he might best lie
and sleep until Judgment Day.
Jehovah! dir kiind' ich auf ewig Hohn
Von stummen Ruh' lag Babylon.

Nur oben in des Königs Schloß,
Da flackert's, da lärm't des Königs Troß.

Dort oben, in dem Königsaal,
Belshazzar hielt sein Königsmahl.

Die Knechte saßen in schimmernden Reihen,
Und leereten die Becher mit funkelndem Wein.

Es klingten die Becher, es jauchzten die Knecht;
Zu deuten die Flammenschrift an der Wand.

Und ohne den König, ward aber in selbiger Nacht
Belshazzar sein Komögsmahl.

Belsatzar (Heinrich Heine)

Die Mitternacht zog näher schon;
In stummer Ruh' lag Babylon.

Nur oben in des Königs Schloß,
Da flackert's, da lärm't des Königs Troß.

Dort oben, in dem Königsaal,
Belshazzar hielt sein Königsmahl.

Die Knechte saßen in schimmernden Reihen,
Und leereten die Becher mit funkelndem Wein.

Es klingten die Becher, es jauchzten die Knecht;
Zu deuten die Flammenschrift an der Wand.

Und ohne den König, ward aber in selbiger Nacht
Belshazzar sein Komögsmahl.

Belsatzar

Midnight drew nearer already; in quiet peace lay Babylon.
Only above, in the king's castle, did torches flicker and the king's horde break the silence.
And above, in the king's hall, Belshazzar held his kingly feast.
The knights sat in shimmering rows, and emptied goblets of sparkling wine.
The goblets clinked, the knights rejoiced; so was the proud king pleased by the din.
The king's cheeks glowed; through wine his courage grew bolder.
And blindly, his courage gave him strength, and he lashed at God with sinful words.
And he boasted impertinently and blasphemed wildly, the knights all roared their approval.
The king called with a proud look; the servant hurried off and soon came back.
He carried back many golden relics on his head, that were stolen from Jehovah's Temple.
And the king seized with his criminal hand a holy goblet, filled to the brim.
And he drank it hastily to the bottom, and called loudly with foaming mouth:
"Jehovah! I announce my eternal scorn - I am the king of Babylon!"
But hardly had those gray words died away, when the king grew secretly anxious in his breast.
The ringing laughter fell silent at once; the hall became deathly still.
And behold! behold! at the white wall there came forth a human-like hand; and it wrote and disappeared.
The king sat staring at nothing, with knocking knees, and pale as death.
The knights became cold and gray, and sat entirely still, without a sound.
The magicians came, but none understood the meaning of the flaming script on the wall.
But Belshazzar, that very night, by his knights, was killed.

Le Bestiaire

Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l'admira.
Il fit que je voudrais faire
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

La chèvre du Thibet
Les pois de cette chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine
Jason, ne valent rien au prix
Des chevaux dont je suis épris.

La sauterelle
Voici la fine sauterelle,
La nourriture de saint Jean.
Puissant mes vers être comme elle,
Le régal des meilleures gens.

Le dauphin
Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,
Mais le flot est toujours amer.
Parfois, ma joie éclate-t-elle?
La vie est encore cruelle.

L'écrevisse
Incertaine, ô mes délices
Vous et moi nous nous en allons
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,
À reculons, à reculons.

La carpe
Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs,
Carpes, que vous vivez longtemps !
Est-ce que la mort vous oublie,
Poissons de la mélancolie?

Published in 1920, with a dedication to Louis Durey, Le Bestiaire ou Cortège d'Orphée is Francis Poulenc's first vocal composition. The poetry, written by Guillaume Apollinaire, describes a variety of animals over the course of 30 poems. Poulenc made his dedication to Durey after meeting him while on leave from the military in 1919; learning that Durey had made a setting of all 30 of the poems. Both Durey and Poulenc were members of the group known as Les Six, a group of French composers dedicated to the ideals of French form and style—preferring simpler, more refined compositions to the "gigantism" of the late romantics. It was on the advice of George Auric, another member of Les Six, that Poulenc hemmed the complete cycle of 12 to a selection of 6–3 animals of the land, and 3 of the sea. Each depicts elements of joke and irony within the personification of the animal, yet Poulenc cautions that an ironic performance misses the mark on interpretation of the poetry and the music.  

The Bestiary

The Drumedary [camel]

With his four dromedaries,
Don Pedro of Alfaroubeira
Travelled the world and admired it.
He did what I would like to do
If I had four dromedaries.

The Tibetan Goat

The hair of this goat and even
That of gold for which Jason took such pains
Are worth nothing compared
To the hair that I most prize.

The Grasshopper

Here is the delicate grasshopper,
The food of Saint John.
Let my verses be as she
The feast of great people.

The Dolphin

Dolphins, you play in the sea,
But the wave is always bitter.
Sometimes, does my joy burst forth?
Life is always cruel.

The Crayfish

Hesitantly, Oh! my delights,
You and I, we go
As go the crayfish—
Backwards, backwards.

The Carp

In your pools, in your ponds,
Carp, you live a long time!
Does death forget you,
Melancholic fish?
Tchaikovsky’s songs are more refined and have a distinct sense of lyricism and melody that is often lacking in the compositions of his fellows, including the so-called “Mighty Handful” - the group of five Russian composers dedicated to creating Russian “nationalistic” music. Tchaikovsky regularly chose poets of his contemporaries, including the so-called “Mighty Handful” - the group of five Russian composers dedicated to creating Russian “nationalistic” music. Tchaikovsky’s use of Tolstoy’s poetry was equally common, although the two never met. Tolstoy’s poetry is simple, yet very exciting, making it ideal for song composition. 

Blagoslavl’jenya vas, lesa... (A. K. Tolstoy)

I bless you, woods...
I bless you, woods, valleys, fields, mountains, waters, I bless freedom and blue heavens.

Nam zvjozdy krotkije sijali... (A. N. Pleshcheyev)

The tender stars shone on us...
The tender stars shone on us, A silent breeze was hardly heard, The smell of sweet flowers surrounded us, And waves tenderly murmured At our feet.

Serenada Don-Zhuana
(A. K. Tolstoy)

Gasnut dal’nej Al’pakhary
Zolotistye kjara,
Na prizvyj zvon gitary
Vjidi, milaja moja!

Vsekh, kto skazhet, chto drugaja
Zlez’ ravnayetaja s toboj,
Vsekh, ‘uboviji cgoraja,
Vsekh, vsekh, vsekh zovu na smertnyj boj!

Ot lunogo sveta
Zardel neboskon,
O, vjidi, Niseta, o vjidi, Niseta,
Skorej na balkon!

Ot Sevil’ji do Grenady,
V tikhom sunrake nochej,
Razdajutsja serenady,
Razdajutsja stukh mechej.

Mnogo krovi, mnogo pesnej
Dlja prelesey l’jutsja darn,
Razdajotsja stukh mechej.

Ot lunogo sveta
Zardel neboskon,
O, vjidi, Niseta, o vjidi, Niseta,
Skorej na balkon!

Don Juan’s Serenade

Darkness descends on Alpujara’s golden edges. My guitar invites you, come out my dear! Any who says that another Can be equaled to you, All who burn for your love, All, I challenge them all to a duel!

Now the moonlight Ensivers the sky, come out, Nisetta, oh come out, Nisetta, on to your balcony, quickly!

From Seville to Granada in the silence of the nights, are the sounds of serenades, and the clash of fighting swords.

Much blood, much song, Flow forth for the charming ladies, and I, for the most charming of all, am ready to give my song and my blood.

Now the moonlight Ensivers the sky, Came out, Nisetta, oh come out, Nisetta, on to your balcony, quickly!

Nam zvjozdy krotkije sijali...
(A. K. Tolstoy)

I bless you, woods...
I bless you, woods, valleys, fields, mountains, waters, I bless freedom and blue heavens.

Nam zvjozdy krotkije sijali...

The tender stars shone on us...
The tender stars shone on us, A silent breeze was hardly heard, The smell of sweet flowers surrounded us, And waves tenderly murmured At our feet.

Nam zvjozdy krotkije sijali...

The tender stars shone on us...
The tender stars shone on us, A silent breeze was hardly heard, The smell of sweet flowers surrounded us, And waves tenderly murmured At our feet.

Pomerkli zvjozdy, i unylo ponikli bleklyje cvety...
Kogda zh, o serdce, vse, chto bylo, chto nam vesna s toboj darila, zabudesh’ ty?
Known primarily for his opera composition, Carlisle Floyd is an American composer made famous by his operas, *Susannah* and *Of Mice and Men*, among others. Having studied piano with Ernst Bacon, Floyd implies that composition sort of came, more or less, by osmosis. The evident wit of his composition speaks to both the poetry and persona of Stevenson and that of his native South Carolina.\(^{i}\)

Lori Laitman is one of America's most prolific and widely performed composers of art song. "It is difficult to think of anyone before the public today who equals her exceptional gifts for embracing a poetic text and giving it new and deeper life through music." (Journal of Singing)

Laitman has worked with many of today's important poets — among them Mary Oliver, Thomas Lux, Paul Muldoon, Dana Gioia, Joyce Sutphen, Margaret Atwood, Toi Derricotte, Annie Finch, David Mason, John Wood, Anne Rasasinghe, and Jerzy Ficowski — in addition to setting such classic poets as Emily Dickinson and William Carlos Williams. Recent U.S. performances of her music have taken place at Weill Recital Hall, Merkin Hall and Alice Tully Hall (New York); Shriver Hall (Maryland); Benaroya Hall (Washington); The Cleveland Institute of Art (Ohio); The Skylight Opera Theatre (Wisconsin), and The U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, The Corcoran Gallery and The Kennedy Center (DC). In June 2004, The Cleveland Opera premiered Ms. Laitman's opera, "Come to Me in Dreams." Currently, Laitman is composing an opera based on "The Scarlet Letter" with a new libretto by David Mason — for a fall 2008 premiere at The University of Central Arkansas.

Laitman graduated from Yale College and received her M.M. in flute performance from the Yale School of Music. Initially, she focused on composing music for film and theatre, but in 1991 Laitman started composing for voice. Albany Records released her debut CD, "Mystery — The Songs of Lori Laitman" in August 2000, "Dreaming" in May 2003 and "Becoming a Redwood" in October 2006, all to critical acclaim. Laitman's songs have been recorded on such other labels as Channel Classics, Gasparo, Capstone and Naxos.\(^{ii}\)

---

**Two Stevenson Songs**  
*(Robert Louis Stevenson)*

**Rain**

The rain is raining all around,  
It falls on field and tree,  
It rains on the umbrellas here,  
And on the ships at sea.

Where go the boats?  
Dark brown is the river,  
Golden is the sand.  
It flows along for ever,  
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,  
Castles of the foam,  
Boats of mine a-boatin' —  
Where will all come home?

On goes the river  
And out past the mill,  
Away down the valley,  
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,  
A hundred miles or more,  
Other little children  
Shall bring my boats ashore.

**Echo**  
*(Christina Rossetti)*

Come to me in the silence of the night;  
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;  
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright  
As sunlight on a stream;  
Come back in tears,  
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,  
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,  
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;  
Where thirsting longing eyes  
Watch the slow door  
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live  
My very life again though cold in death:  
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give  
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:  
Speak low, lean low,  
As long ago, my love, how long ago!

---

**The Ballad Singer**  
*(Thomas Hardy)*

Sing, Ballad-singer, raise a hearty tune;  
Make me forget that there was ever a one  
I walked with in the meek light of the moon  
When the day's work was done.

Rhyme, Ballad-rhymer, start a country song;  
Make me forget that she whom I loved well  
Swore she would love me dearly, love me long,  
Then - what I cannot tell!

Sing, Ballad-singer, from your little book;  
Make me forget those heart-breaks, aching, fears;  
Make me forget her name, her sweet sweet look —  
Make me forget her tears.

---

*All translations by Kristopher Jordan*

---


\(^{ii}\) Kimball, Song, pp. 225-26.

\(^{iii}\) Ibid.

\(^{iv}\) http://tchaikov.ru/tchaikov.html

\(^{v}\) http://tchaikov.ru/tchaikov.html

\(^{vi}\) http://www.evermore.com/azo/c_bios/floyd.php3

\(^{vii}\) Courtesy of Lori Laitman.