UNLV
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, LAS VEGAS
College of Fine Arts - Department of Music

Presents a

Junior Recital

Belinda Jackley
mezzo-soprano

with
Nancy Porter, piano

Sunday, April 18, 2010
2:00 pm
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beckman Music Center
Program

When I am Laid in Earth (Dido’s Lament)  Henry Purcell
(1659-1696)

Perché dolce, caro bene  Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

O del mio amato ben

Dors, Ami  Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Le colibri  E. Chausson
(1855-1899)

Morgen!  R. Strauss
(1864-1949)

Wiegenlied

Nana  Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

Program Notes and Translations

Henry Purcell was a Baroque composer of secular and sacred music. Although his life was very short, he was considered the finest and most original composer of his day. Purcell spent much of his life in the service of the Chapel Royal as a composer, organist, and singer. He wrote numerous works for the church such as verse anthems and full anthems for the liturgy of the Church of England. Along with settings of the Morning and Evening Service, the Magnificat and Nunc dimittis, Te Deum and Jubilate. Purcell only wrote one opera (Dido and Aeneas) that was written for an all girls’ school. His baroque style is exemplified in the most well known piece from the opera (Dido’s Lament).

When I am Laid in Earth

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me,
On thy bosom let me rest,
More I would, but Death invades me;
Death is now a welcome guest.
When I am laid, am laid in earth,
May my wrongs create

No trouble, no trouble in thy breast;
Remember me, remember me, but ah!
Forget my fate.
Remember me, but ah! Forget my fate.

Text by: Nahum Tate

Stefano Donaudy was a small however very significant composer who was active in the early twentieth century. He wrote mostly vocal music, dividing his efforts between opera and song, though he did produce some chamber and orchestral music. Donaudy was best known for his “36 Arie di Stile Antico” a set that contained popular numbers he composed. Most of Donaudy’s compositions had the libretto written by Donaudy’s brother Alberto. All the songs from this set are known for their legato style and flowing text. Both compositions are from his “36 Arie di Stile Antico” set and showcase his style.

Perché dolce, caro bene

Perché dolce, caro bene
stizzezza poi non manca,
daccorso li dure pene
che nel cor soffriro per te?
Mordimi! Baciami! Battimi! Abbracciami!
Ah! pietà!
O ti prendi servito,
o mi rendi libertà!

Se ti parlo, non m’ascolti;
se ti guardo, guardi in giu;
ma non guardo, e allor ti volti;
ma non parlo, e parli tu!

Why, sweet, dear beloved

Why, sweet, dear beloved
Are you peevish with me,
Since you know the cruel pains
Which I suffer for you in my heart?
Bite me! Kiss me! Strike me! Embrace me!
Ah! Have pity! pity! pity!
Either take me in bondage,
Or give me freedom!

If I speak to you, you do not listen to me;
If I look at you, you look down;
But if I don’t look, then you turn;
But if I don’t speak, then you speak!

Translation by Gretchen Armacost

This concert is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Bachelor of Arts in Music.
Belinda Jackley is a student of Alfonso Anderson.
O del mio amato ben
O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vantato!
Oo per la muta campagna
sempre lo cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invano, chiamo invano!
E il pianger m'è al caro,
che di pianto sento il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno,
mi sembra gelo il loco.
Se pur talvolta spero
darmi ad altra cura,
soi mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lui, ch'arder? 
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved
Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far from my eyes is he
who was, to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms
I always seek him and call him
with a heart full of hope?
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
that with weeping alone I nourish my heart.

It seems to me, without him, everywhere.
The day seems like night to me;
The first seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope
give myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me.
But without him, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
without my beloved.

Translation by Donna Bareket

Jules Massenet was one of the most esteemed French composers of his day; he was a member of the Academy and a professor of composition at the Conservatoire. He is best known for his operas, however Massenet also composed many concert suites, ballet music, oratorios, and over 200 songs. He had very high standards for himself as a composer and it is noted by many that even in his lowest passages, the instrumental texture is always lucid. This is showcased in “Dors, ami” a relatively unknown song that was written by Massenet in 1872.

Dors, ami
Dors, ami, dors et que les songes
Tapporent leurs riants mensonges,
Dors, ami, dors et que les songes, que les songes
Tapporent leurs mensonges
Et te bercent de doux accord.
Dors, ami, dors à mon seul ami... dors!

Translation by Peter Low

Sleep, friend
Sleep, friend, sleep while the dreams
Bring you their laughing lies.
Sleep, friend, sleep while the dreams, while the dreams
Bring you their lies.
And cradle you softly.
Sleep, friend, sleep oh my only friend... sleep!
Sleep! Sleep, friend!

While you rest,
the radiant sunlight,
the white and pick rays,
seem to play on your eyes.
No! The clarity the sweetens
Your calm and rosy cheeks
Would not still know how to be
The clarity of your final sunlight.
No! It is not your final sunlight.

Sleep, friend, sleep while the dreams
Bring you their laughing lies.
Sleep, friend, sleep while the dreams, while the dreams

Dors, ami, dors à mon seul ami,
Dors! Dors, ami, dors! dors; dors ami,
mon seul ami, dors! mon seul ami!

Bring you their lies.
And cradle you softly.
Sleep, friend, sleep oh my only friend... sleep!
Sleep! Sleep, friend!

Poetic translation by Brian Myer

Ernest Chausson was a French, Romantic composer who was known for his compositions for the solo voice. He was greatly influenced by the music of Massenet. Debussy, Wagner, and Franck. Chausson's work is divided into 3 time periods. From his 1st period of works, his work "Le colibri" is Chausson's hymn to a humming-bird and sets a poem by Leconte de Lisle. His 1st period is marked by its primarily fluid and elegant melodies.

Le colibri
Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rose et le soleil clair,
Livre dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açaïe rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au cœur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose.
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il la pu tarir?
Sur ta levre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme est voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parlumée.

The hummingbird
The hummingbird, the green prince of the heights,
feeling the dew and seeing the sun's clear light
shining into his nest of woven grass,
shoots up in the air like a glistening dart.

Hurriedly he flies to the nearby marsh
where the waves of bamboo rustle and bend,
and the red hibiscus with the heavenly scent
opens to show its moist and glittering heart.

Down to the flower he flies, alights from above,
and from the rose cup drinks so much love
that he dies, not knowing if he could drink it dry.
Even so, my darling, on your pure lips
my soul and senses would have wished to die
on contact with that first full-fledged kiss.

Translation by Peter Low

Richard Georg Strauss was considered the last of the great Romantic composers. Strauss wrote several tone poems, operas, and lieder. Although he is best known for his romantic style, at various times during his life, his composing style went through a number of changes, touching upon both classicism and modernism. Strauss is famous for writing "Programmatic" music, which is music that tells a story rather than being abstract in nature. Both of his pieces, "Morgen!" and "Wiesenglied" are compositions the are examples of his programmatic style.

Morgen!
Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns die Glücksliche ein weiterer
Inmitten dieser sonnenbrandenden Erde
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenbäusen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glauben stummes Schweigen.

Tomorrow
And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the way that I will go,
will she, the happy ones, again unite
amidst this sun-breathing earth,
and to the beach, wide, wavy-blue
will we still and slowly descend
silently we will look in each other's eyes
and upon us sinks the mute silence of happiness.

Translation by John Bernhoff
**Cradlerong**

Dream, dream, my sweet life,  
of the heaven that brings flowers.  
Shimmering there are blossoms that live on  
the song that your mother is singing.

Dream, dream, bud of my worries,  
of the day the flower bloomed;  
of the bright morning of blossoming.  
when your little soul opened up to the world.

Dream, dream, blossom of my love,  
of the quiet, of the holy night  
when the flower of his love  
made this world a heaven for me.

*Translation by Emily Ezust*

Manuel de Falla was a Spanish composer who was greatly influenced by the  
music of Debussy, Ravel, and Dukas. He wrote a one-act opera, many works for solo  
voice, and several instrumental pieces. His song cycle *Seis canciones populares españolas* (7 Spanish Folksongs) was written in the Spanish folk music style and  
showcases his Spanish roots. "Nana" the 8th piece in the set is a mother’s lullaby to  
her child.

**Nana**

Duérmete, niño, duerme,  
Duerme, mi alma,  
Duérmete, lucerito  
De la mañana.

Nanita, nana,  
Nanita, nana.  
Duérmete, lucerito  
De la mañana.

**Nana**

Sleep yourself, child, sleep  
Sleep, my soul  
Sleep yourself, little star  
Of the morning.

Nanita, nana  
Nanita, nana  
Sleep yourself, little star  
Of the morning.

*Translation by Belinda Jackley*