UNLV
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS

The University of Nevada, Las Vegas
College of Fine Arts
Department of Music

Presents

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 fù**  
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 -

**Blagoslovijaju vas, lesa...**  
*Pyotr Il'ich Tchaikovsky*  
(1840-1893)

**Nam zvjozdy krotkije sijali...**  
**Serenada Don-Zhuana**

**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. "Ombrà 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
(Heinrich Heine)

All Remains Settled

ARIA:

Soave piu.

In 1840, known as the "Liederjahre" (Year of Song), Robert Schumann composed a majority of his total song output – 136 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
(Henrich Heine)

I.

Der Hans und die Grete tanzen herum,
Und jauchen vor larter Freude.
Der Peter steht so still und so stunn,
Und ist so blaf wie Kreide.

II.

"In meiner Brust, da sitzt ein Weh,
Dass will die Brust zersprengen;
Und wo ich steh' und wo ich geh',
Will's mich von hinnen drangen."

III.

Der Hans und die Grete sind Bräut'gam und Braut,
Und blitzen im Hochzeitgeschmeide.
Der arme Peter die Nágel kaut
Und geht im Werkeltagkleide.

Peter spricht leise vor sich her,
Und schautet betrübet auf beide:
"Ach! wenn ich nicht gar zu vernünftig wäre,
Ich täte mir was zuleide."

Peter
(Hans J. Jung)

I.

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

Poor Peter

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.

Peter speaks softly to himself,
gazing gloomily at the pair:
"Ah, if I weren't so sensible,
I might do myself harm."

III.

"In my breast there is a pain,
that is breaking my heart;
and wherever I stay, and wherever I go,
it is always there — pressing me.

"It drives me to my beloved's presence,
as if Grete could heal me;
but when I see my woe in her eyes,
I must hurry away from there.

"I climb to the heights of the mountain,
there one can yet be alone;
and when I stay up there in quiet,
then I stand quietly and weep."

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.
Belsazar
(Heinrich Heine)

Die Mitternacht zog näher schon;
In stummer Ruhe liegt Babylon.

Nur oben in des Königs Schloß,
Da flackerte’s, da lärmt des Königs Trost.

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

Die Knechte saßen in schimmernden Reihen,
Und leerten öBe Becher mit funkelndem Wein.

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

(Ihrer Flammenschrift – Heinrich Heine)

Im Wein erwuchs ihm kecker Mut.
In stummer Ruh’ lag Babylon.

Einen heiligen Becher, gefüllt bis am Rand.
Die Magier kamen, doch keiner verstand
Die Knechteschar saß kalt durchgraut,
Doch fast noch ein Teil der Becher
Das war aus dem Tempel Jehovah’s geraubt.

Die Knechteschar ihm Beifall briellt.
Die Knechte saßen in schimmernden Reihen,
Das war aus der Schreibschar des Konigs.
Und die Knechte saßen in schimmernden Reihen,
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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-worded days 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 man like-hand;
and it wrote and wrote on the white wall
letters of fire; 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.

Belshazzar
Midnight drew nearer already;
in quiet peace lay Babylon.

Only above, in the king’s castle,
did torches flicker and the king’s horn 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 dinked, the knights rejoiced;
so was the proud king pleased by the din.
The king’s cheeks glowed;
through wine his courage grew bolder.
And blindy, 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 he boasted
and called loudly with foaming mouth:
"Jehovah! I announce my eternal scorn —
I am the king of Babylon!"

But hardly had those gray-worded days died away,
when the king grew secretly anxious in his breast.
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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 because Durey 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.11

Le Bestiaire
(Guillaume Apollinaire)

Le dromadaire

Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d’Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l’admira.
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
S’i avais quatre dromadaires.

La chèvre du Tibet

Les poils de cette chèvre et même
Ceux d’or pour qui prit tant de peine
Jason, ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris.

La sauterelle

Voici la fine sauterelle,
La nourriture de saint Jean.
Puisant 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?
Le mélange de vers et des delices.

Laicrévisse

Incertitude, 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?

The Bestiary

The Dromedary [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 for his romances. Plescheyev was known for his high romantic and lyrical style of poetry and was a source of inspiration for much of Tchaikovsky's romance literature. Nam zvijozdy krotkije sijali was the final collaboration between the two. Tchaikovsky's use of Tolstoy's poetry is equally common, although the two never met. Tolstoy's poetry is simple, yet very exciting, making it ideal for song composition.

Blagosloviljavui vas, lesa...
(A. K. Tolstoy)

Blagosloviljavui vas, lesa, doliny, nivy, gory, vody,
Blagosloviljavui ja svobodu i golubuye nebesa!

I posokh moi blagosloviljavui, 'etu bednuju sumu,
I step' ot kraju i do kraju,
i solnca svet, i nochi t'nu,
I odinokuju tropinku, po kojej, nishij, ja idu,
I v pole kazhduju bylinku,
I v nebe kazhduju zvezdu!

O, jesli b mog vse zhiz'n' smeshat' ja,
Vajju dusthu vneste s vami shit',
O, jesli b mog v moji ob'jat'ja
ja vas, vraji, druž'ja, i brat'ja,
I vsju prirodu v moji ob'jat'ja zakljucht'!

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

I bless my staff and my humble rags.
And the steppe from edge to edge,
And the sun-light, and night's darkness,
And the lonely path on which, begging, I go
And, in the field every blade of grass,
And every star in the sky!

Ot' if only I could bring all life together,
And join my soul with yours.
O! if only I could embrace you all -
Euzmies, friends and brothers,
And all of nature in my embraces enfold!

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

We were young, we were in love,
And we believed in the future;
Our dreams were bright within us,
And we were not frightened
By the blizzards of gray winter.

Where are those nights of shining stars?
Of sweet, fragrant beauty
And mysterious, murmuring waves?
Hopes, passionate dreams -
Where are they all?

The stars have grown dim, and sad
Hang the faded flowers...
When, o Heart, will you forget
All that the spring bestowed upon us?
When will you forget?

Serenada Don-Zhuana
(A. K. Tolstoy)

Gasnut dal'nej Al'pukhary
Zolotistye kraja,
Na priazy-nuy zvon gitary
Vyjdi, milaja moja!

Vsekh, kto skazhet' chto drugaja
Zles' ravnajajetsja s toboj,
Vsekh, 'byovuiju sgoraja,
Vsekh, vsekh, vsekh zovu na smertnyj boj!

Ot lunnogo sveta
Zardel neboskon,
O, vyjdi, Niseta, o vyjdi, Niseta,
Skorej na balkon!

Ot Sevil'ji do Grenady,
V tikom sumrake nochej,
Razdajotsja stukh mechej,
Razdajotsja stukh mechej.

Mnogo krovi, mnogo pesnej
Dlya prelestnykh l'jutsja darn,
Ja zhe toj, kto vsekh prelestnej,
Vajo, pesn' i krov' moju otdam!

Ot lunnogo sveta
Zardel neboskon,
O, vyjdi, Niseta, o vyjdi, 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 equal to you,
All who burn for your love,
All, I challenge them all to a duel!

Now the moonlight
Ensilvers 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
Ensilvers the sky,
Come out, Nisetta, oh come out, Nisetta,
on to your balcony, quickly!
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.

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 Picowski — 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.

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-boatting -
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 waking should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull 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, achings, fears;
Make me forget her name, her sweet sweet look -
Make me forget her tears.

*All translations by Kristopher Jordan

iii Ibid.
iv http://tchaikov.ru/ple schev.html
v http://tchaikov.ru/atolstoy.html
vi http://www.evermore.com/azo/c_bio floyd.php3
vii Courtesy of Lori Laitman.