Jules Massenet

Jules Massenet was a French composer best known for his operas. Of some three dozen stage works, Massenet's opera Manon is perhaps the best known, a version of the novel by the Abbé Prévost also used by Puccini. In En fermant les yeux, Le Chevalier des Grieux conveys his modest vision of his future happiness to Manon Lescaut, who is deciding whether or not to leave him for Monsieur de Brétigny. Unaware of Manon's decision, De Grieux explains what he saw in a dream he had.

En fermant les yeux
Instant charmant,
Où la crainte fait trève,
Où nous sommes deux seulement!
Tiens, Manon,
En marchant je viens de faire un rêve!

En fermant les yeux, je vois Labas...
une humble retraite,
Une maisonnette
Toute blanche au fond des bois!

Sous ses tranquilles ombrages
Les clairs et joyeux ruisseaux,
Où se mirent les feuillages,
Chantent avec les oiseaux!

C'est le paradis! Oh non!
Tout est là triste et morose,
Car il y manque une chose,
Il y faut encore Manon!

Viens!
Là sera notre vie,
Si tu le veux,
O Manon!

The Dream of Des Grieux
A moment charming
where fear makes interruption,
Where we are two alone!
Hey Manon,
While walking I just had a dream!

While closing my eyes I see down there...
A humble retirement,
A maisonnette
All white at the far end of the wood!

Under its quiet shade
The clear and joyous streams
Where the foliages gaze at themselves
Sing with the birds!

This is paradise! Oh no!
All is sad and morose,
For there lacks a thing,
it that is necessary again Manon!

Come!
There will be life,
If you want it,
O Manon!

Translation by Emmanuel Mojica

Emmanuel Mojica

tenor

Junior Recital

with

Nancy Porter, piano

Friday, November 20, 2009
7:30pm
Beam Music Center
Doc Rando Recital Hall
~ Program ~

**Total Eclipse**
From *Samson*

**Come Again**

**Awake Sweet Love**

George Frederic Handel  
(1685-1759)

John Dowland  
(1523-1626)

**Vittoria, mio core!**

Giacomo Carissimi  
(1605-1674)

Giovanni Legrenzi  
(1626-1690)

Stephano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)

**Che fiero costume**

**Spirate pur, Spirate**

**Die Forelle**

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Gustav Mahler  
(1860-1911)

**Liebst du um Schönheit**

**En fermant les yeux**
From *Manon*

Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

George Frederic Handel

George Frederic Handel was a German-English Baroque composer famous for his operas, oratorios, and concerto grossi. Some of his works include the Messiah, Water Music, and Samson. Originally an oratorio, Samson was also staged as an opera. In this scene, Samson is imprisoned and expresses anguish and defeat at the loss of his sight. The libretto based off of the figure Samson from Chapter 16 of the Book of Judges. Samson is considered one of Handel’s finest dramatic works.

**Total Eclipse**

Oh, loss of sight! Of thee I most complain!  
Oh, worse than begging, old age, or chains!  
My very soul, in real darkness dwells.

**Total eclipse! No sun, no moon,**  
**All dark, amidst the blaze of noon!**

O, glorious light! No Cheering ray  
To glad my eyes with welcome day!  
Total eclipse! No sun, no moon,  
All dark, amidst the blaze of noon!

**Why thus depriv’d thy prime decree?**  
**Sun, moon and stars are dark to me,**  
**Sun, moon and stars are dark to me!**

John Dowland

John Dowland is best known for some of the most exquisitely melancholic music that has ever been written for the lute (and by default - the guitar) of all time. It is said his works were both introspective and melancholy but were of great popular appeal. Being by turns both “sour & happy” in nature he was probably well positioned to reflect this through music. This fact, it could be argued, is what gave his music its charm and appeal along with his more elaborate compositions than those of his contemporaries. The text in both *Come Again* and *Awake Sweet Love* are good examples of his wistful style.

**Come Again**

Come again, sweet love doth now invite,  
The graces that refrain, to do me due delight,  
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,  
With thee again, in sweetest sympathy.

**Come again, that I may cease to mourn**  
**Through thy unkind disdain, for now, left and forlorn,**  
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,  
In deadly pain, and endless misery.

**Gentle love, draw forth thy wounding dart,**  
**Thou canst not pierce her heart, For I that do approve,**  
**By sighs, and tears, more hot, than are, thy shafts,**  
**Did tempt, while she, while she for triumphs laughs.**

Emmanuel Mojica is a student of Dr. Ruth Jacobson. Tonight’s recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music degree in Music Education/Voice.
Awake Sweet Love
Awake, sweet love, thou are return’d,
My heart, which long in absence mourn’d,
Lives now in perfect joy.
Let love, which never absent dies,
Now live forever in her eyes,
Whence came, my first annoy.

Only herself hath seemed fair,
She only I could love,
She only drove me to despair,
When she unkind did prove.
Despair did make me wish to die,
That I my joys might end.
She only which did make me fly,
My state may now amend.

If she esteem thee now aught worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth,
Which so despair hath prov’d.
Despair hath proved now in me,
That love will not in constant be,
Though long in vain I lov’d.

If she at last reward thy love,
And all thy harms repair.
Thy happiness will sweeter prove,
Raised up from deep despair.
And if that now thou welcome be,
When thou with her dost meet.
She all this while but play’d with thee,
To make thy joys more sweet.

Giovanni Legrenzi
Legrenzi was active in most of the genres current in northern Italy in the late 17th century, including sacred vocal music, opera, oratorio, and varieties of instrumental music. Though best known as a composer of instrumental sonatas, he was predominantly a composer of liturgical music with a distinctly dramatic character. In his heroic costume, the performer is tormented by the talents of Cupid, showing madness with the most phrases and performing con moto (with emotion).

Che fiero costume
Che fiero costume
D’aligero nume,
Che a forza di pene si faccia adorar!
E pur nell’ ardore
Il dio traditore
Un vago sembiante mi fe’ idolatrar.

How cruel are the ways
How cruel are the ways
of that pitiless god,
to make us worship him by making us suffer!
The treacherous deity
compels me in my passion
to idolize a pleasing appearance.

Che crudo destino
Che un cieco bambino
Con bocca di latte si faccia stimar!
Ma questo tiranno
Con barbaro ingannar,
Entrando per gli occhi, mi fe’ sospirar!

O evil fate,
that a sightless infant,
his mouth still full of milk, can command my respect.
Yet this false
and barbarous tyrant
has entered through my eyes to bring me grief.

Translation by Lynn Steele

Stephano Donaudy
Stephano Donaudy enjoyed composing in “Stile Antico,” or the ancient style. It refers to a manner of composition which is historically-conscious, and has been associated with composers of the Baroque and early Classical periods of music, in which composers control use of dissonance, modal effects and the avoidance of overly instrumental textures and lavish ornamentation to imitate the compositional style of the late Renaissance. Sprate pur, Sprate is one of the compositions in his famous 30 Arie di Stile Antico.
Spirate pur, Spirate  
Spirate pur, Spirate  
attorno a lo mio bene,  
auretta, e v accertate  
g ella nel cor mi tiene.  
Spirate, spirate pur, auretta!  
Se nel suo cor mi tiene,  
v accertate, aure beate,  
aure lievi e beate!

Blow, then blow  
Blow, then blow  
Around my beloved,  
Gentle breezes, and find out  
If she holds me in her heart.  
Blow, gentle breezes!  
If she holds me in her heart,  
Find out blessed breezes,  
Breezes light and blessed.

Translation by Emmanuel Mojica

Franz Schubert
Franz Schubert's gifts had been most notably expressed in song, his talent for melody always evident in his compositions. He wrote some 600 Lieder, nine symphonies (including the famous "Unfinished Symphony"), liturgical music, operas, some incidental music, and a large body of chamber and solo piano music. The melodic lines are evident in the lied Die Forelle, with poetry by Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart.

Die Forelle  
In einem Bäcklein hell,  
Da scholl in froher Eil  
Die laurische Forelle  
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süßer Ruh  
Des muttern Fisches Bade  
Im klaren Bäcklein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht ich, nicht gebracht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang. Er mach't  
Das Bäcklein tückisch trieb,  
Und eh ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Rute.  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrogene an.

The Trout  
In a bright little brook  
there shot in merry haste  
a capricious trout:  
past it shot like an arrow.  
I stood upon the shore  
and watched in sweet peace  
the cheery fish's bath  
in the clear little brook.

A fisher with his rod  
stood at the water-side,  
and watched with cold blood  
as the fish swam about.  
So long as the clearness of the water  
remained intact, I thought,  
he would not be able to capture the trout  
with his fishing rod.

But finally the thief grew weary  
of waiting. He stirred up  
the brook and made it muddy,  
and before I realized it,  
his fishing rod was twitching:  
the fish was squirming there,  
and with raging blood I  
gazed at the betrayed fish.

Translation by Emily Ezust

Johannes Brahms
A German composer, Johannes Brahms was at the forefront of the Romantic period. Brahms composed for piano, chamber ensembles, symphony orchestra, and for voice and chorus. A virtuous pianist, he gave the first performance of many of his own works; he also worked with the leading performers of his time. Many of his works have become staples of the modern concert repertoire. Brahms, an uncompromising perfectionist, destroyed many of his works and left some of them unpublished. Sonntag is one of the five songs in Op. 47, and reflects the characteristics of the Romantic period.

Sonntag
So hab ich doch die ganze Woche  
Mein liebes Liebchen nicht gesehen,  
Ich sah es einmal Sonntag  
Wohl vor der Seele steh'n;  
Das taudsendschöne Jungfräulein,  
Das taudsendschöne Herzelein,  
Wolle Gott, wollt Gott,  
ich war heute bei ihr!

So will ich doch die ganze Woche  
Das Lachen nicht vergessen;  
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag  
Wohl in die Kirche geh'n;  
Das taudsendschöne Jungfräulein,  
Das taudsendschöne Herzelein,  
Wolle Gott, wollt Gott,  
ich war' heute bei ihr!

Sunday
Though I haven't for the whole week long  
Seen my pretty sweetheart,  
I saw her on a Sunday  
Standing at the door.  
The thousandfold beautiful maiden,  
The thousandfold beautiful darling.  
Would to God  
I were with her today!

So, for the whole week long,  
My joy will not cease;  
I saw her on a Sunday  
going in church.  
The thousandfold beautiful maiden,  
The thousandfold beautiful darling,  
Would to God  
I were with her today!

Translation by Anonymous

Gustav Mahler
Gustav Mahler was best known in his own time as one of the leading Austrian conductors of his day, but is now remembered as an important composer linking the late 19th century with the Modern musical period, particularly for his vast symphonies and his symphonic song cycle, Das Lied von der Erde. *Liedet du um Schönheit* is from the Rückert-Lieder, 5 songs for voice and orchestra or piano by Gustav Mahler, based on poems written by Friedrich Rückert.

Liedet du um Schönheit  
Liedet du um Schönheit, o nicht mich liebe!  
Liedet die Somme, sie trägt ein goldenes Haar!  
Liedet du um Jugend, o nicht mich liebe!  
Liedet die Frühling, der jung ist jades Jahr!  
Liedet du um Schätze, o nicht mich liebe!  
Liedet die Meerfrau, sie hat viel! Perlen klar!  
Liedet du um Liebe, o jo mich liebe!  
Liedet die Schüler, sie sind meine!  
Liedet du um Liebe, ich liebe dich immerdar!

If You Love for Beauty  
If you love for beauty, then do not love me!  
Love the sun, with its golden hair!  
If you love for youth, then do not love me!  
Love the spring, which is young every year!  
If you love for treasure, then do not love me!  
Love the mermaid, who has many shining pearls!  
If you love for love, then love me!  
Love me always, as I will always love you!

Poetry by Friedrich Rückert  
Translation by Emmanuel Mojica