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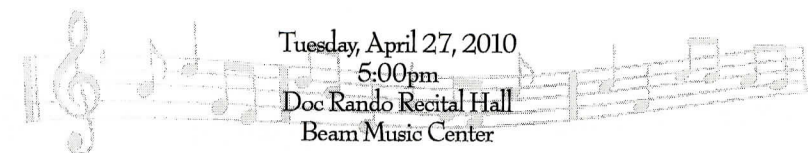
Junior Recital

Jessica Waslesky

soprano

with

???, piano



PROGRAM

Das Veilchen K.476

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

An Chloë K. 524

Als Luise die Briefe ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte K. 520

Romance

from *Deux Romances*

Les Cloches

from *Deux Romances*

Daisies

The Little Horses (Lullaby)

from *Old American Songs*

Nel Cor Piu Non Mi Sento

Se Tu M'ami

O del mio amato ben

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Giovanni Pasiello
(1741-1816)

Alessandro Parisotti
(1853-1913)

Stefano Donaudy
(1880-1941)

*This concert is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree
Bachelor of Music in Performance.
Jessica Waslesky is a student of Tod Fitzpatrick.*

Mozart was one of the most influential composers of vocal music in the Classical era. His works combined a variety of musical textures and timbres, which served as a basis to create musical drama. In "Als Luise" and "Das Veilchen," Mozart uses recitative and parlendo to move the story forward as it becomes more dramatic. "An Chloë" takes a different, more melodic approach in order to express the feeling of love through its flowing vocal line and imitative piano accompaniment.

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
gebückt in sich und unbekannt:
es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam ein' junge Schäferin
mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn
daher, daher, die Wiese her und sang.

Ach! Denkt das Veilchen,
wår ich nur die schönste Blume der Nature, ach, nur
ein kleines Veilchen,
bis mich das Liebchen abgepfückt
und an dem Busen matt gedrückt,
ach nur, ach nur ein Viertelstündchen lang.

Ach, aber ach! Das Mädchen kam
und nicht in acht das Veilchen nahm,
ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:
und sterb ich denn, so sterb ich doch
durch sie, durch sie,
zu ihren Füßen doch.
Das arme Veilchen!
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

Text by: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

An Chloë

Wenn die Leib aus deinen blauen,
hellen, offen Augen sieht,
und für Lust, hinein zu schauen,
mir's im Herzen kloft und glüht,
und ich halte dich und küsse deine
Rosen wangen warm,
liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe zitternd dich in
meinen Arm, in meinem Arm, im meinen Arm!

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
dich an meinen Busen fest,
der im letzten Augenblicke sterben,
sterben nur dich von sich läßt;
den berauschten Blick umschattet
eine düstre Wolke mir, eine düstre Wolke mir, und
ich sitze dann ermattet, ermattet, ermattet,
aber selig neben dir.

Text by: Johann Georg Jacobi

The Violet

A Violet stood in the meadow,
hidden and unknown:
it was a lovely Violet.
There a young maiden came
with a spritely step and amiable heart
here, here, in the meadow and sang.

"Ah!" Thinks the Violet,
"were I only the most beautiful flower in nature,
ah, for only a fleeting moment,
it would be so nice when my dear one plucked me
and held me at her breast,
ah only, ah only for a quarter hour!"

Ah, but oh! The maiden came
but did not see the Violet,
and trampled the poor Violet:
It sank and died and yet the Violet rejoiced:
"and if I die, if I die
because of her, because of her,
at least I die by her foot."
Poor Violet!
It was a lovely Violet.

Translation by: Jessica Waslesky

To Chloë

Dear, if those blue,
bright, open eyes,
and when I gaze with desire inside them,
my heart thumps and glows,
and I hold you and kiss
your rosey cheeks warmly,
Dear maiden, and I grasp you trembling
in my arms, in my arms, in my arms!

Maiden, maiden, and I grasp you
to my breast,
That in my last moments,
before I die, will I relinquish you;
my intoxicated eyes become shadowed
by a dark cloud, by a dark cloud,
and here I sit weakened, weakened, weakened,
so delighted next to you.

Translation by: Jessica Waslesky

Claude Debussy was an innovator of his time, composing in a new way that involved the use of complex harmonies. In his setting of "Romance," Debussy paints the meaning of the text through articulations and dynamics, in order to express love. "Les Cloches," revolves around a resounding accompaniment, that illustrates the repeating memory in the singer's mind, until the sound comes to and end and the memory fades with it.

Als Luis die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte As Luise burned the letters of her unfaithful lover

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
in einer schwärmerischen
Stunde zur Welt gebrachte,
geht zu Grunde, geht zu Grunde,
ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Produced by a rapturous fantasy,
in a moment of passion
you brought these words to the world,
go back to the earth,
you children of melancholy!

Ihr danket flammen euer Sein,
ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,
denn ach!
Er sang nicht mir allein.
Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.

I hurl you to the flames,
and there you will burn within again,
and all the passionate songs,
because ah!
He did not sing them for me.
You burn and soon, you will not love,
there will be no trace of you here.

Doch ach!
Der Mann, der euch geschrieben,
brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

But ah!
The man who wrote those letters,
will burn forever in me.

Text by: Gabriele von Baumberg

Translation by: Jessica Waslesky

Romance

Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce,
L'âme odorante Des lis divins que j'ai cueillis Dans le
jardin de ta pensée,
Ou donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lis ?
N'est il plus un parfum qui reste
De la suavité céleste
Des jours ou tu m'enveloppais
D'une vapeur surnaturelle
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix ?

The soul evaporated and long suffering,
The tender soul,
The soul so fragrant of the lily divine
That I picked in the garden of your mind,
Where has the wind driven it,
This charming soul of the lilies?
One more pure perfume that rests
Of the heavenly sweetness
Of the days when you wrapped me
In the supernatural mist
Made of hope, of faithful love
Of blessedness and peace?

Text by : Paul Bourget

Translation by: Jessica Waslesky

Les cloches

The Bells

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des branches,
Délicatement,
Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches,
Dans le ciel élément.

The green leaves opened on the tips of branches,
Delicately,
The bells tinkled lightly and free,
In the calm sky.

Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne,
Ce lointain appel
Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne
Des fleurs de l'autel.

Rhythmic and fervent as an antiphon,
This faraway call
I remembered the whiteness of flowers
On the holy altar.

Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années,
Et dans le grand bois
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées
Des jours d'autrefois.

These bells spoke of happy days,
And in the grand forest
The green leaves faded
Into other times.

Text by: Paul Bourget

Translation by: Jessica Waslesky

Samuel Barber and **Aaron Copland** are two of the most popular American composers in 20th century music. Although both Barber and Copland were around during the same time, their styles differ greatly. Samuel Barber's approach to music is more melodic and tonal, "The Daisies" shows how even though he uses 20th century techniques, he maintains consonance in his sound. Aaron Copland's piece "The Little Horses," centers around an open fifth throughout the entire piece, evoking a stark and haunting sound.

The Daisies

The Little Horses (Lullaby)

In the scented bud of the morning O,
When the windy grass went rippling far!
I saw my dear one walking slow
In the field where the daisies are.

Hush you bye, Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake, you shall have,
All the pretty little horses.

We did not laugh, and we did not speak,
As we wandered happily to and fro,
I kissed my dear on either cheek,
In the bud of the morning O!

Blacks and bays, Dapples and grays,
Coach and six a little horses.
Blacks and bays, Dapples and grays,
Coach and six a little horses.

A lark sang up, from the breezy land;
A lark sang down from a cloud afar;
As she and I went, hand in hand,
In the field where the daisies are.

Hush you bye, Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake, You'll have sweet cake, and
All the pretty little horses.

Text by: James Stephens

A brown and a gray and a black and a bay and a Coach
and six a little horses.
A black and a bay and a brown and a gray and a Coach
and six a little horses.

Hush you bye, Don't you cry,
Oh you pretty little baby.
Go to sleepy little baby.
Oh you pretty little baby.

Text by: Anonymous(Folksong)

Alessandro Parisotti was a composer of the 19th century and is most well known for the collection of arie antiche, a collection of baroque and classical vocal selections that singers still refer to today. His most famous work, "Se tu m'ami" which was written in the Baroque style, depicts a young woman who is trying out her feminine wiles on a man. The accompaniment depicts the flirtatiousness of her character.

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri

If you love me, if you sigh

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri
Sol per me, gentil pastor,
Ho dolor de' tuoi martiri,
Ho diletto del tuo amor,
Ma se pensi che soletto
Io ti debbari amar,
Pastorello, sei soggetto
Facilmente a t'ingannar.

If you love me, if you sigh
Only for me, gentle shepherd,
I feel sorrow for your agony,
Yet I delight in you love.
But if you think that
I should only love you,
Shepherd, you are prone
To being easily deceived.

Bella rosa porporina
Oggi Silvia sceglierà,
Con la scusa della spina
Doman poi la sprezzera.

Ma degli uomini il consiglio
Io per me non seguirò.
Non perché mi piace il giglio
Gli altri fiori sprezzero

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri
Sol per me, gentil pastor,
Ho dolor de' tuoi martiri,
Ho diletto del tuo amor,
Ma se pensi che soletto
Io ti debbari amar,
Pastorello, sei soggetto
Facilmente a t'ingannar

Text by: Paolo Antonio Rolli

A beautiful purple rose
Silvia will pick today,
But with the excuse of its thorns,
She will despise it tomorrow.

Men give me advice,
But I will not heed it.
Just because I like the lily,
Does not mean I spurn the other flowers.

If you love me, if you sigh
Only for me, gentle shepherd,
I feel sorrow for your agony,
Yet I delight in you love.
But if you think that
I should only love you,
Shepherd, you are prone
To being easily deceived.

Translation by: Jessica Waslesky

Giovani Paisiello was well known in the Classical era for his operas, one of the most popular being the "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." His music enhances the meaning of the text, often telling the underlying truth, as happens in his work "Nel cor più non mi sento." The singer expresses lament over how cruel love is, but underneath the accompaniment is bright and happy, stating that she is really not unhappy about the situation at all.

Nel Cor Pui Non Mi Sento

Nel cor più non mi sento
Brillar la gioventù;
Cagion del mio tormento,
Amor, sei colpa tu.

Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi,
Mi pungichi, mi mastichi;
Che cosa è
Questo ahimè?

Pietà, pietà, pietà!
Amore è un certo che,
Che disperar mi fa.

Text by: Giuseppe Palomba

In My Heart I Do Not Feel

In my heart I do not feel
The excitement of youth;
The reason form my torment
Love, is you.

You sting me, you tease me,
You cut me, you consume me,
How much more
Can I bear?

Have pity, have pity, have pity!
Love you most certainly,
Drive me to despair.

Translation by: Jessica Waslesky

Stephano Donaudy, a remarkable composer of the Romantic era, was a master at setting text to music. In his composition "O del mio amato ben," he uses specific articulations, dynamic changes, and tempo markings to express the oppressing emotion that the singer feels. His phrases run in a fluid lagato in the accompaniment and vocal line, which creates unity between the two instruments, allowing for a deep connection to the music.

O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei

chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre lo cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura, sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lui, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

Text by: Alberto Donaudy

who was my glory and pride!
Throughout the silent rooms
I search for you endlessly and call out
with my heart full of hopes?
But I seek in vain, I call out in vain!
Only in weeping alone
can I nourish my heart.

Without him, every place is desolate.
The days are like night to me;
and fire feels like ice.
Sometimes I hope
for another cure,
but one thought torments me alone:
Without him, what will I do?
My life, everything is in vain
without my beloved.

Translation by: Jessica Waslesky