



presents:

Aaron Michael Copic, *Tenor*
In a Senior Recital

Assisted by:
Dr. Korey Barrett, *Piano*

**In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the B.A. degree in Music Education Choral/General
From the Studio of Jeff Brich**

Program:

Selected Early Works:

Nuit d'étoiles
Zéphyr (*Triolet à Philis*)
Aimons-nous et dormons

Claude Debussy
(b. 1862-1918)

36 Arie Di Stile Antico

Venuto é Aprile
Ah mai non cessate
Perduta ho la speranza
O del mio amato ben

Stefano Donaudy
(b. 1879-1925)

—Intermission—

Die Schöne Müllerin op. 25 D. 795

2. Wohin?
4. Danksagung an den Bach
6. Der Neugierige
12. Pause
17. Die Böse Farbe

Franz Schubert
(b. 1797-1828)

3 Shakespeare Songs op. 6

1. Come Away Death
2. O Mistress Mine
3. Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

Roger Quilter
(b. 1877-1953)

Selected Early Works by Claude Debussy, Poems by Théodore de Banville,
Translations by James R Briscoe

Nuit d'étoiles:

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles
 sous ta brise et tes parfums,
 triste lyre qui soupire
 je rêve aux amours défunts.

Starry Night, beneath your veils
 under the breeze and your perfumes,
 like a sad lyre that sighs,
 I dream of past loves.

la sereine mélancolie,
 vient éclore au fond de mon coeur,
 et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
 tressallir dans les bois reveur.

the serene melancholy
 Comes and breaks forth in the depths of my heart,
 and i hear the soul of my love
 tremble in the dreaming woods.

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles...

Je revois à notre fontaine
 tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
 Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
 et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

I, again see you in our fountain
 your glances as blue as the sky;
 This rose, it is your breath,
 and these stars are your eyes.

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles...

Zéphyr (Triolet à Philis):

Si j'étais le Zéphyr ailé,
 j'irais mourir sur votre bouche.
 ces voiles j'en aurais la clé,
 Si j'étais le Zéphyr ailé.

If I were the winged breeze, the Zephyr,
 I would go to die on your lips.
 To these veils I would possess the key,
 If I were the winged Zephyr.

Près des seins pour qui je brûlais,
 je me glissière dans la couche.
 Si j'étais le Zéphyr ailé,
 j'irais mourir sur votre bouche.

Near to that bosom, for which I burn,
 I would glide into bed.
 If I were the winged Zephyr,
 I would go to die on your lips.

Aimons-nous et dormons:

Aimons-nous et dormons
 Sans songer au reste du monde;
 Ni le flot de la mer, ni l'ouragan des monts,
 Tant que nous nous aimons
 Ne courbera ta tête blonde,
 Car l'amour est plus fort
 Que les Dieux et la mort!

Let us love and sleep
 without thinking of the rest of the world;
 Neither surge of the sea, nor the mountain storm,
 will touch your blonde head,
 As long as we love each other,
 For love is stronger
 than the gods and death!

Le soleil s'éteindrait
 Pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure;
 Le vent qui jusqu'à terre incline la forêt,
 En passant n'oserait
 Jouer avec ta chevelure,
 Tant que tu cacheras
 Ta tête entre mes bras.

The sun will fade away
 to let your innocence shine more purely;
 The wind that bends the forest to the ground,
 whilst passing wouldn't dare
 to play in your hair,
 As long as you hide
 your head in my arms!

Et lorsque nos deux cœurs
 S'en iront aux sphères heureuses
 Où les célestes lys éclorent sous nos pleurs,
 Alors, comme deux fleurs,
 Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,
 Et tâchons d'épuiser
 La mort dans un baiser!

and when two hearts
 shall go away to happy realms
 where celestial lilies shall bloom beneath our tears,
 then, like two flower,
 Let us join our loving lips,
 and seek to extinguish
 death with a kiss!

36 Arie Di Stile Antico by Stefano Donaudy, poems by Alberto Donaudy,
Translations by Martha Gerhart

Venuto è Aprile:

Venuto è l'aprile tessendo ghirlande
 e ninfe e silvani sul prato raunando.
 Accordan gli ontani i loro strumenti
 e ai primi concetti del vento
 fra i rami comincia la danza.
 Prima un fauno s'avanza... La sua ninfa lo mira...
 Sospira... E volano insiem!

April has arrived, weaving garlands
 and gathering nymphs and sylvans in the meadow.
 The alder trees are tuning their instruments
 and at the first harmonies of the wind
 among the branches the dance begins
 First a faun advances... his nymph sees him...
 Sighs... and they fly off together!

Folleggian le coppie tra i fonti e le rive,
 e poi nelle selve scompaiono furtive...
 Ma Clori, che intanto gelosa è di Nice,
 aspetta infelice e sola, nel pianto
 che cessi la danza.
 Ma un pastore s'avanza... e già Clori lo mira...
 Sospira... E volano insiem!

The couples frolic among the fountains and the brooks,
 and then disappear furtively in the woods...
 But Clori, in the meantime, is jealous of Nice,
 waits unhappily and lonely in tears,
 for the dance to end.
 but a shepherd approaches.... and already Clori sees him...
 Sighs... and they fly off together!

Ah, mai non cessate:

Ah mai non cessate dal vostro parlar,
o labbra desiate ond'io folle vo;
col miel delle vostre parole
vo' far un dolce guanciaie
su cui dormirò.

O sonni beati da niun mai sognati
che su quel guanciaie dormendo farò
dormendo e sognando vicino al tuo cor,
il dolce desiato mio sogno d'amor.
Ah! Dormendo, sognando, sognando d'amor!

Perduta ho la speranza:

Perduta ho la speranza in voi mirare,
e di speranza sola nutrivo il core!
Ahime! Ah! come farò se per amare,
la fede ho già smarrita,
la fede nell'amore?

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 la 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 lei, 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 lei, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa senza il mio ben.

Ah never cease your speaking,
Oh desired lips to which I madly go;
with the honey of your words
I wish to make a sweet pillow
upon which I will sleep.

Oh blessed dreams never dreamed by anyone
, which, sleeping on that pillow I will have
Sleeping and dreaming close to your heart,
my sweet desired dream of love.
Ah! Sleeping, dreaming, dreaming of love!

I have lost the hope of seeing you
and with that hope alone I was nourishing my heart
Alas! ah, what will I do, if through loving
I have already lost faith,
My faith in love?

Oh lost enchantment of my dearly beloved
far from my sight is...
the one who, for me, was glory and pride
Now throughout the silent rooms
Always I seek her and call out
with my heart full of hopes...
but I seek in vain, I cry in vain
and weeping to me is so dear
that with weeping only do i nourish my heart.

Without her , every place seems sad to me
Day feels like night to me;
and to me fire seems ice cold.
Even though at times I hope
to devote myself to another concern
a single thought torments me
but without her what will I do?
Life thus seems to me a futile thing, without my beloved

—*Intermission*—

Die Schöne Müllerin by Franz Schubert, poems by Wilhelm Müller:
Translations by: Gerard Mackworth-Young

2.) Wohin?:

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
 Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
 Hinab zum Tale rauschen
 So frisch und wunderhell.
 Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
 Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
 Ich mußte auch hinunter
 Mit meinem Wanderstab.

I heard a brooklet rushing
 from its rocky spring
 Rushing down to the valley
 So fresh and wonderfully clear.
 I know not how it befell me
 Nor who counselled me
 But, I too had to go down the hill,
 With my walking stick.

Hinunter und immer weiter
 Und immer dem Bache nach,
 Und immer heller rauschte,
 Und immer heller der Bach.
 Ist das denn meine Straße?
 O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
 Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
 Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Downwards and ever onwards
 and ever following the brook
 and ever fresher and brighter
 The brook went rippling
 Is that then my road?
 Oh brooklet, say... whither?
 You, with your rushing
 Have quite bemused my senses

Was sag' ich denn vom Rauschen?
 Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
 Es singen wohl die Nixen
 Tief unten ihren Reihn.
 Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen,
 Und wandre fröhlich nach!
 Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
 In jedem klaren Bach.

“Rippling” do I say?
 That certainly is no rippling,
 It must be the nymphs singing
 Their roundelays in the depths
 Cease singing, my friend, cease rippling
 and wander freely on!
 For there are milling wheels turning
 in every clear stream.

4.) Danksagung An Den Bach:

War es also gemeint, Mein rauschender Freund,
 Dein Singen, dein Klingen, War es also gemeint?
 “Zur Müllerin hin!” So lautet der Sinn.
 Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden? “Zur Müllerin hin!”

Was it meant to be so, my rushing friend?
 Your singing, your music, was it meant to be so?
 “To the maid of the mill” it seemed to say;
 Now, have I heard it correctly? “To the maid of the mil.”

Hat sie dich geschickt? Oder hast mich berückt?
 Das möcht' ich noch wissen, Ob sie dich geschickt.
 Nun wie's auch mag sein, Ich gebe mich drein:
 Was ich such', hab' ich funden, Wie's immer mag sein.

Did she direct you? Or have you bewitched me?
 I would like to know, did she direct you?
 Well however it may be, I am content
 What I've sought, I have found, however it happened

Nach Arbeit ich frug, Nun hab' ich genug,
 Für die Hände, für's Herze Vollauf genug!

I asked for work, and now I have enough
 For my hands, for my heart... Yes, more than enough.

6.) Der Neugierige:

Ich frage keine Blume,
 Ich frage keinen Stern,
 Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
 Was ich erfähr' so gern.
 Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
 Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
 Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
 Ob mich mein Herz belog.

I ask it of no flower,
 I ask it of no star:
 None of them could tell me
 What I would learn so gladly.
 I am no gardener, after all,
 and the stars are far too high
 So I will ask my brooklet
 Whether my heart has deceived me.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
 Wie bist du heut' so stumm!
 Will ja nur Eines wissen,
 Ein Wörtchen um und um.
 Ja, heißt das eine Wörtchen,
 Das andre heißet Nein,
 Die beiden Wörtchen schließen
 Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O brooklet my love,
 How mute you are today!
 I want to know one thing only
 One little word again and again
 "Yes" is the one little word,
 and the other is "No"
 The two of these words contain
 The whole world for me.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
 Was bist du wunderlich!
 Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,
 Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

O brooklet, my love
 How strange you are
 I will repeat not what you say
 Say, brooklet, does she love me?

12.) Pause

Meine Laute hab' ich gehängt an die Wand,
 Hab' sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band –
 Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,
 Weiß nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.
 Meiner Sehnsucht aller heißesten Schmerz
 Durft' ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz,
 Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,
 Glaub' ich doch, mein Leiden wär' nicht klein.
 Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines Glückes Last,
 Daß kein Klang auf Erden es in sich faßt?

I've hung my lute on the wall
 and around it I have wound a green band
 I can sing no more, my heart is too full
 That I know not how to contain it in rhyme
 The burning pain of my desire
 I dared to breathe forth in light songs
 and though my plains were soft and gentle
 I knew well that my sorrow was not a trifle.
 Oh how great then is the burden of my happiness
 Since no sound on earth can express it

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh' an dem Nagel hier!
 Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,
 Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,
 Da wird mir so bange und es durchschauert mich.

Now lovely lute rest here on your nail
 and if a light breeze passes over your strings,
 Or a bee brushes its wings against you,
 I shall tremble and a shiver shall pass through me

Warum ließ ich das Band auch hängen so lang?
 Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.
 Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?
 Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

Why did I leave the band, also, hanging for so long?
 Often it flutters around the strings with a sighing sound.
 Is it the echo of my love pangs?
 Or will this be the prelude to new songs?

17.) Die böse farbe

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
 Hinaus in die weite Welt,
 Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär'
 Da draußen in Wald und Feld!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all
 Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
 Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all'
 Weinen ganz totenbleich.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
 Was siehst mich immer an,
 So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
 Mich armen, armen weißen Mann?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür,
 Im Sturm und Regen und Schnee,
 Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht
 Das eine Wörtchen Ade!

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt,
 Da klingt ihr Fensterlein,
 Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,
 Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab
 Das grüne, grüne Band,
 Ade, Ade! und reiche mir
 Zum Abschied deine Hand!

I would like to go forth into the world
 Forth into the wide world
 If it were only not so green, so green
 Out there in the wood and field

' I would like all the green leaves
 to be plucked from every branch
 I would like to turn all the green grasses
 to a deathly white with my tears

Oh green you evil color
 why do you look at me always,
 so proudly, so insolently , so gloatingly
 At me a poor pale miller

I would like to lie before her door
 In storm and rain and snow
 and softly sing by day and night
 one little word: "adieu"

Hark! When a horn sounds in the woods
 Her window rattles open
 and though she looks out not for me
 I may still look inside

Oh, unbind from your brow
 The green, green riband
 Adieu, Adieu, and give me
 Your hand in farewell.

3 Shakespeare Songs by Roger Quilter, poems by William Shakespeare

1.) Come Away Death

Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid.
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it!
 My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown.
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there!

2.) O Mistress Mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low;
 Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure:
 In delay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

3.) Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Although thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!
Unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
Most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!
unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
most loving mere folly
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

***La Bohème - Che Gelida Manina* by Giacomo Puccini, libretto by Giuseppe Giacosa, Luigi Illica
(after the novel *Scènes de la Vie Bohème* by Henri Muger) Translation by Martha Gerhart**

Che gelida manina—
 Se la lasci riscaldar.
 Cercar che giova?
 Al buio non si trova.
 Ma per fortuna è una notte di luna,
 e qui la luna l'abbiamo vicina.
 Aspetti, signorina—
 Le dirò con due parole
 chi son, e che faccio
 come vivo,
 vuole?
 Chi son? Sono un poeta.
 Che cosa faccio? Scrivo.
 E come vivo? Vivo.
 In povertà mia lieta
 scialo da gran signore
 rime ed inni d'amore.
 Per sogni e per chimere
 E per castelli in aria,
 L'anima ho milionaria.
 Talor dal mio forziere
 Ruban tutti i gioielli
 due ladri: gli occhi belli.
 V'entrar con voi pur ora
 ed i miei sogni usati
 e i bei sogni miei
 tosto si dileguar!
 Ma il furto non m'accora
 Poiché v'ha preso stanza
 la dolce speranza!
 Or che mi conoscete
 Parlate voi, deh! Parlate
 Chi siete? Vi piaccia dir!

What a cold little hand—
 Let it be warmed.
 What use is searching?
 In dark it can't be found
 But fortunately it's a moonlit night
 and here we have the moon close-by
 Wait, miss—
 I will tell you in a couple words
 Who I am, and What I do
 How I live
 Would you like that?
 Who am I? I'm a poet
 What do I do? I write
 And how do I live? I live!
 In my happy poverty
 I squander like a grand lord
 rhymes and hymns of love
 In dreams and Fantasies
 and in castles in air
 My soul is a millionaire
 From time to time two thieves
 — beautiful eyes—
 rob all the jewels from my coffer
 They came in with you just now
 and my usual dreams
 and my beautiful dreams
 all at once disappeared
 But the theft doesn't distress me
 since what has taken its place
 is the sweet hope
 Now that you're acquainted with me
 You speak, come on, speak
 Who are you? Will you please tell!