

presents

Joley Seitz, Soprano
In a Graduate Recital

assisted by:
Natia Shioshvili, piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the Master's of Music degree in Vocal Performance
From the Studio of Dr. Jean McDonald

Dich, teure Halle
from *Tannhäuser*

Richard Wagner
(1813 – 1883)

Les nuits d'été
Villanelle
Le Spectre de la Rose
L'Absence
L'île inconnue

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Intermission

Three Poems of Fiona MacLeod
1. The Lament of Ian the Proud
2. Thy Dark Eyes to Mine
3. The Rose of the Night

Charles Griffes
(1884-1920)

Marienlied
Ständchen
Am Fenster
Bitte
Valse de Chopin

Joseph Marx
(1882-1964)

Translations

Dich, teure Halle

text from Richard Wagner

Dich, teure Halle, grüss'ich wieder,
froh grüß' ich dich, geliebter Raum!
In dir erwachen seine Lieder
und wecken mich aus düstrem Traum.
Da er aus dir geschieden,
wie öd' erschienst du mir!
Aus mir entfloh der Frieden,
die Freude zog aus dir.
Wie jetzt mein Busen hoch sich hebet,
so scheinst du jetzt mir stolz und hehr.
Der mich und dich so neu belebt,
nicht länger weilt er ferne mehr,
Sei mir gegrüßt! Sei mir gegrüßt!
Du teure Halle, sei mir gegrüßt!

Villanelle

text from Théophile Gautier

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
Des bois!

You, dear hall

translated by Nico Castel

You dear hall, I greet again,
gladly I greet you, beloved room!
In you awakens his songs,
and wakes me out of a gloomy dream.
Since he departed from you,
how deserted he appeared to me!
The peace disappeared from me,
the happiness vanished out of you.
As now my bosom high heaves,
you seem proud and stately to me;
you newly revive him to me,
and not tarry him far away anymore!
I greet you! I greet you!
You, dear hall, I greet you!

Villanelle

translated © by Richard Stokes

When the new season comes,
When the cold has gone,
We two will go, my sweet,
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods;
Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew
We see quivering each morn,
We'll go and hear the blackbirds
Sing!

Spring has come, my sweet;
It is the season lovers bless,
And the birds, preening their wings,
Sing songs from the edge of their nests.
Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank
To talk of our beautiful love,
And tell me in your gentle voice:
Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray from our path,
Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place
And the deer reflected in the spring,
Admiring his great lowered antlers;
Then home we'll go, serene and at ease,
And entwining our fingers basket-like,
We'll bring back home wild
Strawberries

Le spectre de la rose

text from Théophile Gautier

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et parmi le fête étoilée
Tu me promenas tout le soir.

Ô toi, qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose
À ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni De profundis ;
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie:
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: Ci-gît une rose
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.

L'Absence

text from Théophile Gautier

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée;
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Entre nos cœurs quelle distance!
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
À lasser le pied des chevaux.

The specter of the rose

translated © by Richard Stokes

Open your eyelids,
Brushed by a virginal dream;
I am the specter of a rose
That yesterday you wore at the dance.
You plucked me still sprinkled
With silver tears of dew,
And amid the glittering feast
You wore me all evening long.

O you who brought about my death,
You shall be powerless to banish me:
The rosy specter which every night
Will come to dance at your bedside.
But be not afraid – I demand
Neither Mass nor De Profundis;
This faint perfume is my soul,
And I come from Paradise.

My destiny was worthy of envy;
And for such a beautiful fate,
Many would have given their lives –
For my tomb is on your breast,
And on the alabaster where I lie,
A poet with a kiss
Has written: Here lies a rose
Which every king will envy.

Absence

translated © by Richard Stokes

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!

Such a distance between our hearts!
So great a gulf between our kisses!
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!
O great unassuaged desires!

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!

So many intervening plains,
So many towns and hamlets,
So many valleys and mountains
To weary the horses' hooves.

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

L'île inconnue

text from Théophile Gautier

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique
Dans la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours.
– Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?
La brise va souffler.

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!

The unknowable isle

translated © by Richard Stokes

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze is about to blow!

The oar is of ivory,
The pennant of watered silk,
The rudder of finest gold;
For ballast I've an orange,
For sail an angel's wing,
For cabin-boy a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze is about to blow!

Perhaps the Baltic,
Or the Pacific
Or the Isle of Java?
Or else to Norway,
To pluck the snow flower
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?

Take me, said the pretty maid,
To the shore of faithfulness
Where love endures forever.
– That shore, my sweet,
Is scarce known
In the realm of love.

Where is it you would go?
The breeze is about to blow!

The Lament of Ian the Proud

text from William Sharp

What is this crying that I hear in the wind?
Is it the old sorrow and the old grief?
Or is it a new thing coming, a whirling leaf
About the gray hair of me who am weary and blind?
I know not what it is, but on the moor above the shore
There is a stone which the purple nets of heather bind,
And thereon is writ: She will return no more.
O blown, whirling leaf, and the old grief,
And wind crying to me who am old and blind!

The Rose of the Night

text from William Sharp

The dark rose of thy mouth
Draw nigher, draw nigher!
Thy breath is the wind of the south,
A wind of fire,
The wind and the rose and darkness,
O Rose of my Desire!

Deep silence of the night,
Husht like a breathless lyre,
Save the sea's thunderous might,
Dim, menacing, dire,
Silence and wind and sea, they are thee,
O Rose of my Desire!

As a wind-eddy flame
Leaping higher and higher,
Thy soul, thy secret name,
Leaps thro' Death's blazing pyre,
Kiss me, Imperishable Fire, dark Rose,
O Rose of my Desire!

Thy Dark Eyes to Mine

text from William Sharp

Thy dark eyes to mine, Eilidh,
Lamps of desire!
O how my soul leaps
Leaps to their fire!

Sure, now, if I in heaven,
Dreaming in bliss,
Heard but a whisper,
But the lost echo even
Of one such kiss --

All of the Soul of me
Would leap afar --
If that called me to thee
Aye, I would leap afar
A falling star!

Marienlied

text from Friedrich von Hardenberg

Ich sehe dich in tausend Bildern,
Maria, lieblich ausgedrückt,
Doch keins von allen kann dich schildern,
Wie meine Seele dich erblickt.
Ich weiß nur, daß der Welt Getümmel
Seitdem mir wie ein Traum verweht,
Und ein unnennbar süßer Himmel
Mir ewig im Gemüte steht.

Ständchen

text from Paul Heyse

Gute Nacht, geliebtes Leben,
Ruf ich dir ins Fensterlein,
Und dann geh' ich meiner Wege --
Ach, im Traum gedenke mein!
Denn du weißt ja, dir ergeben
Muß mein Herz in Qualen beben;
Gute Nacht, geliebtes Leben --
Ach, im Traum gedenke mein!

Am Fenster

text from Paul Heyse

Ich hab' empor gesehen und geglaubt,
Im Fenster dort ging' auf der Sonne Glanz;
Die Brust noch drinnen, vorgelehnt das Haupt,
Ums schöne Haar schlang sich ein Veilchenkranz.
Gib acht, Signor, dass ich dich nicht verwunde.
Du trägst der Liebe Waffen auf dem Haupt.
Zwei Löckchen sind auf deinem Haupt zu sehn,
Blickst du empor, so ist's um dich geschehn.

Mary's Song

translated © by Joel Ayau

In a thousand images I see you,
Mary, lovingly depicted.
But none of them can portray you
Quite like my soul beholds you.
I only know that, ever since that time,
The turmoils of this world have drifted away
like a dream,
And that a sweet and unnameable heaven
Remains forever in my thoughts

Serenade

translated © by Sharon Krebs

Good night, my dear life,
I call to you through your window,
And then I go my way --
Ah, think of me in your dreams!
For you know well that, utterly yours,
My heart must tremble in agonies;
Good night, my dear life,
Ah, think of me in your dreams!

At the window

translated © by Richard Stokes

I looked up and I thought
I saw the glowing sun rising at the window;
Her breasts were still inside, her head leaned
forward,
A wreath of violets encircled her beautiful
hair.
Beware, Signor, that I do not wound you.
You bear love's weapons on your head.
Two small curls can be seen on your brow,
If you look up, you are done for.

Bitte

text from Hermann Hesse

Wenn du die Hand mir gibst,
Die so viel Ungesagtes sagt,
Hab ich dich jemals dann gefragt,
Ob du mich liebst?

Ich will ja nicht, daß du mich liebst,
Will nur, daß ich dich nahe weiß
Und daß du manchmal stumm und leis
Die Hand mir gibst.

Valse de Chopin

text from Otto Erich Hartleben; based on Albert Giraud's
Pierrot lunaire

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken,
Also ruht auf diesen Tönen
Ein vernichtungs süchtiger Reiz.

Wilder Lust Accorde tören
Der Verzweiflung eisigen Traum -
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.

Heiß und jauchzend, süß und schmachtend,
Melancholisch düstrer Walzer,
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen!
Haftest mir an den Gedanken,

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

Request

translated © by Sharon Krebs

When you give me your little hand,
that says so many unsaid things,
Have I ever asked you then,
If you love me?

For I do not want you to love me,
I only want to know that you are near
And that sometimes, mutely and quietly,

You give me your hand.

Chopin Waltz

translated © by Mimmi Fulmer

As a bleached drop of blood
Stains a sufferer's lips,
So lurks within this music
The lure of annihilation.

In untamed strains the chords disorder
Despair's icy dream-
As a bleached drop of blood
Stains a sufferer's lips.

Fierce, exulting, sweet, and yearning,
Melancholy dismal waltzes,
You cling to my consciousness,
You are borne on my thoughts

Like a bleached drop of blood.
