

presents

Joley Seitz, Soprano
In a Senior Recital

assisted by:

Dr. Korey Barrett, piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance
From the studio of Dr. Jean McDonald

Io son l'umile ancella
From *Adriana Lecouvreur*

Francesco Cilea
(1866-1950)

Songs of the Rose of Sharon

I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys
I sat down under his shadow
His left hand is under my head
O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock
My beloved is mine, and I am his
The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away

John La Montaine
(1920-2013)

Intermission

Die Nacht
Allerseelen
An die Nacht
Breit über mein Haupt
Zueignung

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Ne poi krasavitsa
Polyubila ja na pechal' svoyu
Son
Vesennie vody

Sergei Rachmaninov
(1873-1943)

Davis Hall, at 6:00 P.M.

Tuesday, April 12, 2022

Io son l'umile ancella

Arturo Colautti

Ecco, respire appena,

Io son l'umile ancella
 del genio creator;
 Ei m'offre la favella
 Io la diffondo ai cor...
 Del verso io son l'accento,
 l'eco del drama uman
 il fragile strumento
 vassallo della man...
 Mite, Gioconda, atroce,
 Mi chiamo Fedeltà;
 Un soffio è la mia voce,
 che al novo di morrà.

I'm but the humble servant

Trans. Miriam Ellis

Look here; I'm scarcely breathing...

I'm but the humble servant
 of the brilliant creator;
 He offers me the words
 that I impart to the heart...
 I'm the verse's music,
 the echo of human drama,
 the fragile instrument,
 the lowly handmaiden...
 Timid, joyous, terrible,
 I'm called Faithfulness.
 My voice is just a whisper,
 which, with the new day, will die.

I am the rose of Sharon

Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

I am the rose of Sharon,
 and the lily of the valleys.
 As the lily among thorns,
 so is my love among the daughters.
 As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
 so is my beloved among the sons.

I sat down under his shadow

Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

I sat down under his shadow with great delight,
 and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
 He brought me to the banqueting house,
 and his banner over me was love.
 Stay me with flagons,
 comfort me with apples:
 for I am sick of love.

His left hand is under my head

Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

His left hand is under my head,
 and his right hand doth embrace me.

O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock

Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock,
 in the secret places of the stairs,
 let me see thy countenance,
 let me hear thy voice;
 for sweet is thy voice,
 and thy countenance is comely.

My beloved is mine, and I am his

Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

My beloved is mine, and I am his:
He feedeth among the lilies.
Until the daybreak,
and the shadows flee away.
turn, my beloved, and be thou like a
roe or a young hart upon the mountains of
Bethel.

**The voice of my beloved! behold, he
cometh**

Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

The voice of my beloved! behold,
he cometh leaping upon the mountains,
skipping upon the hills.
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart:
behold, he standeth behind our wall
he looketh forth at the windows,
shewing himself through the lattice.
my beloved spake, and said unto me...

Rise up, my love my fair one and come away

Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

Rise up, my love my fair one and come away.
For, lo, the winter in past, the rain is over and
gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
the time of the singing of birds is come,
the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
the fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
and the vines with the tender grape give a good
smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

Die Nacht

Hermann von Gilm

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,

Night

Trans. Richard Stokes

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc,
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colours
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,

Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
The gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch

The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me.

Allerseelen

Hermann von Gilm

All Souls' Day

Trans. Richard Stokes

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder
habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.

An Die Nacht

Clemens Brentano

To the Night

Trans. Richard Stokes

Heilige Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Sterneschloss'ner Himmelsfriede!
Alles, was das Licht geschieden,
Ist verbunden,
Alle Wunden
Bluten süß im Abendrot!

Holy night, holy night!
Heavenly peace, encircled in stars!
All things divided by light,
Are united,
All our wounds
Bleed sweetly in the sunset!

Bjelbog's Speer, Bjelbog's Speer
Sinkt in's Herz der trunknen Erde,
Die mit seliger Geberde
Eine Rose

Bielbog's spear, Bielbog's spear
Plunges into the heart of the drunken earth,
Which with a gesture of bliss
Immerses a rose

In dem Schoße
Dunkler Lüste niedertaucht!

Heilige Nacht! züchtige Braut, züchtige Braut!
Deine süße Schmach verhülle,
Wenn des Hochzeitbechers Fülle
Sich ergießet.
Also fließet
In die brünstige Nacht der Tag!

Breit über mein Haupt
Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Breit' über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar,
Neig' zu mir dein Angesicht,
Da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar
Mir deiner Augen Licht.

Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht,
Noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,
Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

Zueignung
Hermann von Gilm

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe macht
die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

In the womb
Of darkened desire!

Holy night! chaste bride, chaste bride!
Veil your sweet shame,
When the wedding-cup
Overflows.
Thus does day
Stream into fervent night!

Unbind your black hair
Trans. Richard Stokes

Unbind your black hair right over my head,
Incline to me your face!
Then clearly and brightly into my soul
The light of your eyes will stream.

I want neither the glory of the sun above
Nor the gleaming garland of stars,
All I want are your black tresses
And the radiance of your eyes.

Dedication
Trans. Richard Stokes

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.

Once, reveling in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

Ne poi krasavitsa

Alexander Pushkin

Ne pói krasavitsa, pri mné
 Ty pésen Grúzii pechal naj:
 Napaminajut mné ané
 Drugúju zhyzn i béreg dal naj.

Uvy napamnajut mné
 Tvají zhestókije napévy
 I step, i nóch, i pri luné
 Cherty daljókaj bédnaj dévy!...

Ja prízrak mílyj, rakavój
 Tebja uvídev, zabyvaju;
 No ty pajósh i preda mnój
 Jevó ja vnóf vaabrazhaju.

Ne pói krasavitsa, pri mné
 Ty pésen Grúzii pechal naj:
 Napaminajut mné ané
 Drugúju zhyzn i béreg dal naj

Polyubila ja na pechal' svoyu

Alekséi Pleschéyev, Taras Shevchenko

Polyubila ja
 na pechal' svoyu
 Siratínushku
 bestalannava.
 Ush takaja dólja
 Mne vypala.
 Razluchíli nas
 Ljúdi síl' nyje;
 Uvezlí jevó.
 Zsali v rékuty...
 I saldatkaj ja
 Adinókaj ja,
 Znat', f chuzhój izbé
 I sastarejus'.
 Ush takaja dólja
 Mne vypala.
 A! A!

Sing not to me, beautiful maiden

Trans. Richard D. Sylvester

Do not sing for me, fair beauty,
 Your songs of sad Georgia:
 They remind me
 Of another life and distant shore.

Alas they bring back memories,
 Your cruel melodies,
 Of the steppe at night, and, in the moonlight,
 The features of a poor maiden far away!...

Seeing you, I forget
 That dear, fateful vision:
 But when you sing, again
 I imagine it before me.

Do not sing for me, fair beauty,
 Your songs of sad Georgia:
 They remind me
 Of another life and distant shore.

The Soldier's Wife

Trans. Richard D. Sylvester

I fell in love
 To my sorrow
 With a poor orphan
 An unlucky lad.
 Such us the fate
 That has befallen me.
 Powerful folks
 Separated us;
 They took him away
 Made him an army recruit...
 And I'm a soldier's wife.
 All alone,
 In a stranger's hut
 I'll grow old, it seems.
 Oh what a fate
 Has befallen me.
 Ah! Ah!

Son

Alekséi Pleschéyev, Heinrich Heine

I u menja byl kraj radnój;
Prekrasen ón!
Tam jél' kachalas' nada mnój...
No tó byl són

Sem'ja družéj zhyva byla,
Sa fsékh starón
Zvuchali mné ljubví slava...
No tó byl són

Vesennie vody

Feodor Tyutchev

Jeshchó f paljakh beléjet snék,
A vódy ush vesnój shumjat,
Begút y búdjat sónnyj brék,
Begút y bléshchut y glasjat,

Aní glasjat va fsé kantsy:
"Vesna idjót! Vesna idjót!
My maladój vesny gantsy,
Ana nas vyslala fperjót,

Vesna idjót! Vesna idjót!"
I tikhikh, tjóplykh majskikh dnéj
Rumjanyj, svétlyj kharavót
Talpítsa vésele za néj.

A dream

Trans. Richard D. Sylvester

I too had a native land;
So beautiful!
A fir tree swayed above me there...
But it was a dream!

My family were living friends,
And all around me
Words of love were spoken...
But it was a dream!

Spring waters

Trans. Richard D. Sylvester

The fields are still white with snow,
But already the waters are proclaiming spring,
Running along and waking sleepy riverbanks,
Running and glittering and declaring.

The declare in all directions:
"Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
We are heralds of the young spring,
She sent us in advance.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"
And the still, warm days of May
In a rosy, bright circle-dance,
Crowd together and gaily follow behind.