
THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC PRESENTS

Student Recital

Anastasia Karnezis, soprano

with Nicole Lee, piano

Saturday, April 10, 2021, 5:00 P.M.

Duesenberg Recital Hall

PROGRAM

From *BWV 204 Ich bin in mir vergnügt*
Meine Seele sei vergnügt

J. S. Bach
(1685-1750)

-brief pause-

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios

1. ¿Con qué la lavaré?
2. Vos me matásteis
3. ¿De dónde venís, amore?
4. De los álamos vengo, madre

Joaquín Rodrigo
(1901-1999)

-brief pause-

From *Rusalka*
Song to the Moon

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

-brief pause-

From *Don Pasquale*
Quel guardo il cavaliere
So anch'io la virtù magica

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

-intermission-

From *The Ballad of Baby Doe*
The Willow Song

Douglas Moore
(1893-1969)

-brief pause-

Beau Soir

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

From *Hermit Songs*
III. St. Ita's Vision

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

-brief pause-

From *Faust*
The King of Thulé
The Jewel Song

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

-brief pause-

From *Exsultate, Jubilate*
Alleluia

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Anastasia Karnezis is a senior music performance major from the studio of Prof. Maura Janton Cock. This program is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance.

Nicole Lee, piano, is an Adjunct Professor of Music.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Meine Seele sei vergnügt

Meine Seele sei vergnügt,
Wie es Gott auch immer fügt.
Dieses Weltmeer zu ergründen,
Ist Gefahr und Eitelkeit,
In sich selber muss man finden
Perlen der Zufriedenheit.

May my soul be content
As God always ordains.
To fathom the depths of this world,
Is a dangerous and frivolous thing,
rather in oneself must be found
The pearls of contentment

Text: Christian Friedrich Hunold

Translation: Pamela Dellal

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios

1. ¿Con qué la lavaré?

¿Con qué la lavaré
La tez de la mi cara?
¿Con qué la lavaré,
Que vivo mal penada?
Lávanse las casadas
Con agua de limones:
Lávome yo, cuitada,
Con penas y dolores.
¿Con qué la lavaré,
Que vivo mal penada?

With what shall I wash
The skin of my face?
With what shall I wash it?
I live in such sorrow.
Married women wash
In lemon water:
In my grief I wash
In my pain and sorrow.
With what shall I wash it?
I live in such sorrow.

2. Vos me matásteis

Vos me matásteis
Niña en cabello,
Vos me habéis muerto.
Riberas de un río
Ví moza vírgen,
Niña en cabello
Vos me matásteis,
Vos me habéis muerto.

You killed me,
Girl with hair hanging loose,
You have slain me.
By the river bank
I saw a young maiden.
Girl with hair hanging loose,
You have killed me,
You have slain me.

3. ¿De dónde venís, amore?

¿De dónde venís, amore?
Bien sé yo de dónde.
¿De dónde venís, amigo?
Fuere yo testigo!
Bien sé yo de dónde.

Where hast thou been, my love?
I know well where.
Where hast thou been, my friend?
Were I a witness!
I know well where!

4. De los álamos vengo, madre

De los álamos vengo, madre
De ver cómo los menea el aire.
De los álamos de Sevilla,
De ver a mi linda amiga,
De ver cómo los menea el aire.
De los álamos vengo, madre,
De ver cómo los menea el aire.

I come from the poplars, mother,
From seeing the breezes stir them.
From the poplars of Sevilla,
From seeing my sweet love,
From seeing the breezes stir them.
I come from the poplars, mother,
From seeing the breezes stir them.

Text: Anon

Song to the Moon

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém
Světlo tvé daleko vidí,
Po světě bloudíš širokém,
Díváš se v příbytky lidí.
Měsíčku, postůj chvíli
řekni mi, kde je můj milý
Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá ramě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomnul ve snění na mě.
Zasvet' mu do daleka,
řekni mu kdo tu naň čeká!
O mněli duše lidská sní,
at' se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

O moon high up in the deep sky,
Your light sees far away regions,
You travel round the wide,
Wide world peering into human dwellings.
O, moon, stand still for a moment,
Tell me where my lover is!
Tell him. Please, silvery moon in the sky,
That I am hugging him firmly,
That he should for at least a while
Remember his dreams!
Light up his far away place,
Tell him who is here waiting!
If he is dreaming about me,
May this remembrance wake him!
O, moon, don't disappear, disappear!

Text: Jaroslav Kvapil

Translation: Jules Brunelle

Quel guardo il cavaliere... So anch'io la virtù magica

“Quel guardo il cavaliere
in mezzo al cor trafisse,
piegò il ginocchio e disse:
Son vostro cavalier!
E tanto era in quel guardo
sapor di paradiso,
che il cavalier Riccardo,
tutto d'amor conquiso,
giurò che ad altra mai
non volgeria il pensier.”
So anch'io la virtù magica
d'un guardo a tempo e loco,
so anch'io come si bruciano
i cori a lento foco;
d'un breve sorrisetto
conosco anch'io l'effetto,
di menzognera lagrima,
d'un subito languor.
Conosco i mille modi
dell'amorose frodi,
i vezzi e l'arti facili
per adescare un cor.
Ho testa bizzarra,
son pronta, vivace...
brillare mi piace,
mi piace scherzar.
Se monto in furore,
di rado sto al segno,
ma in riso lo sdegno
fo presto a cangiar.
Ho testa bizzarra,
ma core eccellente.

“Thus did her look transfix him
Bending his knee before her,
He vowed to love and adore her,
Saying, 'My heart is yours.'
Then as her glances grew tender,
Heavenly transport filled him
This cavalier of splendor.
Conquered by love that thrilled him,
He swore eternal fondness,
Pledging that true love endures.”
I feel I also know the knack
Of looks well-timed and charming;
I also know that embers glow
With ardor quite disarming.
The craft of furtive smiling
Is often most beguiling;
An artful tear can melt a heart,
And so can a fainting spell.
A thousand tricks are handy
To capture any dandy.
I know the coaxing, willy art
In which I can excel.
My head full of whimsy,
I'm lively and witty.
I tease as I please
In this I excel.
I'm never malicious,
But find life delicious.
If tempers grow vicious,
I'm quick to appease.
Although I'm capricious,
My heart is a kind one.

*Text: Gaetano Donizetti
Translation: Lorraine Noel Finley*

The Willow Song

Willow, where we met together
Willow, when our love was new
Willow, if he once should be returning
Pray tell him I am weeping too.
So far from each other
While the days pass in their emptiness away.
Oh my love, must it be forever
Never once again to meet as on that day?
And never rediscover
The way of telling
The way of knowing
All our hearts would say.
Gone are the ways of pleasure
Gone are the friends I had of yore
Only the recollection fatal
Of the word that was spoken: Nevermore.
Oh, willow, where we met together
Willow, when our love was new
Willow, if he once should be returning
Pray tell him I am weeping too.

Text: John Latouche

Beau Soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant
les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court
sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux
semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;
Un conseil de goûter le charme
d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune
et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons,
comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

When at sunset
Rivers are pink
And a warm breeze
Ripples the fields of wheat
All things seem
To advise content-
And rise toward the troubled heart;
Advise us to savor
the gift of life,
While we are young
and the evening fair,
For our life slips by,
as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

Text: Paul Bourget

Translation: Richard Stokes

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schlief mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!
Sorglich strählt' ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.
Lockenschatten, Windessausen

In the shadow of my tresses
My lover has fallen asleep.
Shall I wake him now? -Ah no!
Carefully, I combed my curly
Tresses early each morning,
But my efforts are in vain,
For the winds tousele them.
Shade-giving tresses, sighing breezes

Schläferden den Liebsten ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!
Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme
Diese meine braune Wange,
Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!

Have lulled my lover to sleep.
Shall I wake him now? -Ah no!
I shall have to hear how he grieves,
How he has languished so long,
How his whole life depends
On these my dusky cheeks.
And he calls me his serpent,
And yet he fell asleep at my side,
Shall I wake him now? -Ah no!

*Text: Anonymous Spanish
Translation: Richard Stokes*

St. Ita's Vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"Unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."
So that Christ came down to her in the form of a Baby
And then she said:
"Infant Jesus, at my breast, Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus, at my breast, by my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl but were begot
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light.
Infant Jesus, at my breast, what King is there but You who could
Give everlasting Good?
Wherefor I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who ev'ry night is Infant Jesus at my breast,
At my breast."

Text: Anon

The King of Thule

Il était un roi de Thulé
Qui, jusqu'à la tombe fidèle,
Eut, en souvenir de sa belle,
Une coupe en or ciselée!
Il avait-bonne grâce,
à ce qu'il m'a semblé.
Nul trésor n'avait tant de charmes!
Dans les grands jours il s'en servait,
Et chaque fois qu'il y buvait,
Ses yeux
se remplissaient de larmes!
Quand il sentit venir la mort,
Étendu sur sa froide couche,
Pour la porter jusqu'à sa bouche
Sa main fit un suprême effort!
Je ne savais que dire,
et j'ai rougi d'abord.
Et puis,
en l'honneur de sa dame,
Il but une dernière fois;

Reigned a King in Thule of old,
Who unto death was true-hearted
And, for sake of one departed,
Treasured a goblet of gold.
He was gentle of bearing,
His voice was very kind.
This rare cup so tenderly cherished,
E'er at his side the King did keep,
And everytime it touched his lips
He wept,
and thought of her long perished
Over the sea at last came death;
On his couch the old king, lying,
Called for the cup when he was dying,
Almost with his latest breath.
I knew not what to answer,
And blushed like any child!
Once more,
With the old, true devotion,
The King would have his cup of gold,

La coupe trembla
 dans ses doigts,
 Et doucement il rendit l'âme!
 Les grands seigneurs
 ont seuls des airs si résolus,
 Avec cette douceur!
 Allons! n'y pensons plus!
 Cher Valentin,
 si Dieu m'écoute,
 Je te reverrai!
 me voilà toute seule!
 Un bouquet!
 C'est de Siebel, sans doute!
 Pauvre garçon!
 Que vois-je là?
 D'où ce riche coffret peut-il venir?
 Je n'ose y toucher,
 Et pourtant...
 Voici la clef, je crois!
 Si je l'ouvrais!
 Ma main tremble! Pourquoi?
 Je ne fais, en l'ouvrant,
 rien de mal, je suppose!
 O Dieu! que de bijoux!
 est-ce un rêve charmant
 Qui m'éblouit, ou si je veille?
 Mes yeux n'ont jamais vu
 de richesse pareille!
 Si j'osais seulement
 Me parer un moment
 De ces pendants d'oreille!
 Ah! voici justement,
 Au fond de la cassette, un miroir!
 Comment n'être pas coquette?

The Jewel Song

Ah! je ris de me voir,
 Si belle en ce miroir!
 Est-ce toi, Marguerite?
 Réponds-moi, réponds vite! –
 Non! non! – ce n'est plus toi!
 Non! non! – ce n'est plus ton visage!
 C'est la fille d'un roi,
 Qu'on salue au passage! –
 Ah, s'il était ici! ...
 S'il me voyait ainsi!
 Comme une demoiselle,
 Il me trouverait belle.
 Achevons la métamorphose!
 Il me tarde encor d'essayer
 Le bracelet et le collier!
 Dieu! c'est comme une main
 qui sur mon bras se pose!
 Ah! je ris de me voir
 Si belle en ce miroir!

Then with hand in death
 in death growing cold
 He flung the goblet in the ocean!
 Nobles alone
 can bear with so bold a mien
 So tender, too, with all!
 No more! An idle dream!
 Dear Valentine
 May Heaven bless thee
 Bring thee home again!
 I am left here so lonely!
 A bouquet!
 I know it is from Siebel!
 Poor, faithful boy!
 But what is this?
 Who has left such a lovely casket?
 I hardly dare to touch it,
 Though maybe...
 And here's the key, I think!
 If I should try!
 My hand trembles! But why?
 To unlock it, I think,
 Cannot harm anybody!
 O Heavens! How many gems!
 Is it a dream of delight
 That charms my sight?
 Oh, never in my life
 Have I seen aught so lovely!
 If I dared, only dared
 for a moment to try
 This lovely pair of earrings
 Ah! And here, just at hand
 Within the little casket, is a glass!
 Who could resist it any longer?

Ah! The joy past compare
 These jewels bright to wear!
 Is it thou, Marguerite?
 Now reply, tell me truly!
 No, this is not I!
 No, surely enchantment is o'er me!
 Some king's daughter I spy
 All are bending before me!
 Ah, might it only be!
 Were he but here to see!
 Now as a royal lady
 He would indeed adore me.
 Here are more, ready to adorn me!
 I can hardly wait to try on
 The bracelet here, the necklace yon!
 Ah! It is like a hand
 Laid on my arm to oppress me
 Ah! The joy past compare,
 These jewels bright to wear!

Est-ce toi, Marguerite?
Reponds-moi, reponds vite! –
Ah, s'il était ici! ...
S'il me voyait ainsi!
Comme une demoiselle,
Il me trouverait belle.
Marguerite, ce n'est plus toi,
Ce n'est plus ton visage,
Non! c'est la fille d'un roi,
Qu'on salue au passage!

Is it thou, Marguerite?
Now reply, tell me truly!
Ah! Might it only be!
Were he but here to see!
Now as a royal lady
He would indeed adore me!
Marguerite, This is not I!
Some enchantment is o'er me,
No! Some king's daughter I spy,
All are bending before me!

Text: Jules Barbier

Translation: H.T. Chorley and Dr. Th.Baker

