

Upcoming Events

Theatre: <i>Step On A Crack</i> by Suzan Zeder	10/8, 10/9, 10/10, 10/11, 10/16, 10/17, 10/23, 10/24	Studio Theatre	7:30 p.m.
Music: Concert Choir & Chamber Choir Concert	10/9	Griffin Concert Hall	7:30 p.m.
Theatre: <i>Step On A Crack</i> by Suzan Zeder	10/10, 10/17, 10/18, 10/24, 10/25	Studio Theatre	2 p.m.
Contemporary Music Series: Young Ancients with special guest J.A. G'Schwind	10/10	Organ Recital Hall	7:30 p.m.
Music: Octubafest 2015	10/11	Runyan Hall/ Organ Recital Hall	All Day
Music: Virtuoso Series Concert: Barbara Thiem, Cello & Theresa Bogard, Piano	10/12	Organ Recital Hall	7:30 p.m.
Music: Men's Chorus & University Chorus Concert	10/13	Griffin Concert Hall	7:30 p.m.
UAM Scrimmage Lecture & Reception: Shaun Leonardo	10/14	Organ Recital Hall	5 p.m.
UAM Sport Talk in the Art Museum: Talkin' Tough	10/15	University Art Museum	4 p.m.
CSU: Homecoming & Family Weekend	10/15-10-18	CSU Campus	
Music: Symphonic Band Concert	10/15	Griffin Concert Hall	7:30 p.m.
Theatre: Visit Day	10/16	University Center for the Arts	All Day
Music: Percussion Ensemble Concert with Special Guest John W. Parks IV	10/18	Griffin Concert Hall	7:30 p.m.
Music: Concert Orchestra Concert: The Lure of London	10/18	Organ Recital Hall	7:30 p.m.
Music: Virtuoso Series Concert: Michelle Stanley, Flute	10/19	Organ Recital Hall	7:30 p.m.
Music: Guest Artist Recital: Percunova	10/21	Organ Recital Hall	7:30 p.m.
Music: Guest Artist Recital: Fortress Brass Quartet	10/24	Organ Recital Hall	6 p.m.
Music: Classical Convergence Series: Lysander Piano Trio with Mischa Bouvier, Baritone	10/28	Organ Recital Hall	7:30 p.m.

event calendar • e-newsletter registration

www.uca.colostate.edu

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Guest Artist Recital

Jennifer Black, soprano
Christopher Reed, piano

October 7, 2015

6:00 P.M.

Organ Recital Hall

Cinq mélodies populaires Grecques, Song cycle by Maurece Ravel (1875-1937)

Le réveil de la mariée
La-bàs, ver l'église
Quel gallant m'est comparable?
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
Tout gai!

Vier letzte Lieder, Richard Strauss (1864 – 1949)

Frühling
September
Beim Schlafengehn
m Abendrot

—Intermission—

Selected Songs by Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Stornello
Nell'orror di notte oscura
Perduto ho la pace

Opus 27, Anna Akhmatova Lieder, Sergey Prokofiev (1891-1953)

Sontse komnatu napolnila
Nastayaschaya nezhnast'
Pamyat' a sontse
Zdrastvuy!
Seroglazyj korol'

Selected songs by Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Nuvoletta
Nocturne
Sure on this shining night

Nedda/Silvio duet, *Pagliacci*, Ruggero Leoncavallo

~ guest appearance by Dr. John Seesholtz ~

Jennifer Black

Soprano



Cinq mélodies populaires grecques Song Cycle by Maurice Ravel (1875 - 1937)

Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes. Trois grains de
beauté, mon coeur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte, Pour le
nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877 - 1944)

Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église, Vers l'église
Ayio Sidéro, L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costandino,
Se sont réunis, Rassemblés en nombre
infini, Du monde, ô Vierge sainte, Du
monde tous les plus braves!

by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877 - 1944)

Quel galan m'est comparable?

Quel galan m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture, pistolets et
sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877 - 1944)

The Bride's awakening

Awake, awake, my darling partridge,
Open to the morning your wings. Three
beauty marks; my heart is on fire!
See the ribbon of gold that I bring To tie round
your hair.
If you want, my beauty, we shall marry!
In our two families, everyone is related!

Translation by Emily Ezust

Yonder, near the church

Yonder, by the church, By the church of
Ayio Sidéro, The church, o blessed Virgin,
The church of Ayio Costandino,
There are gathered, Assembled in numbers
infinite, The world's, o blessed Virgin, All
the world's most decent folk!

Translation by Emily Ezust

What gallant compares with me?

What gallant compares with me,
Among those one sees passing by?
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!
See, hanging on my belt, My pistols and my
curved sword.
And it is you whom I love!

Translation by Emily Ezust

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Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme, Joie de mon coeur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher,
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
Ô lorsque tu parais, Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux, Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil, Hélas ! tous nos
pauvres cœurs soupirent !

by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877 - 1944)

Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la la...

By Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877 - 1944)

Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul, joy of my heart,
treasure which is so dear to me,
joy of my soul and heart,
you whom I love ardently,
you are more handsome than an angel.
O when you appear, angel so sweet, Before
our eyes, Like a fine, blond angel,
Under the bright sun, Alas! all of our poor hearts
sigh!

Translation by Emily Ezust

All merry!

Everyone is joyous, joyous!
Beautiful legs, tireli, which dance,
Beautiful legs; even the dishes are
dancing! Tra la la, la la la!

Translation by Emily Ezust



Vier letzte Lieder

Song Cycle by Richard Strauss (1864 - 1949)

Frühling

In dämmrigen Grüften träumte ich lang
von deinen Bäumen und blauen Lüften,
von deinem Duft und Vogelsang.
Nun liegst du erschlossen in Gleich und
Zier, von Licht übergossen
wie ein Wunder vor mir.
Du kennst mich wieder,
du lockst mich zart,
es zittert durch all meine Glieder deine selige
Gegenwart!

By Hermann Hesse (1877 - 1962)

Spring

In dusky vaults I have long dreamt
of your trees and blue skies,
of your scents and the songs of birds.
Now you lie revealed in glistening
splendor, flushed with light,
like a wonder before me.
You know me again,
you beckon tenderly to me;
all of my limbs quiver from your blissful presence!

Translation by Emily Ezust

September

Der Garten trauert,
kühl sinkt in die Blumen der Regen.
Der Sommer schauert still seinem Ende entgegen.
Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt nieder vom hohen
Akazienbaum.
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und matt in den
sterbenden Gartentraum.
Lange noch bei den Rosen bleibt er stehen,
sehnt sich nach Ruh.
Langsam tut er die großen müdgewordnen
Augen zu.

By Herman Hesse (1877 - 1962)

Beim Schlaffen

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,
soll mein sehnliches Verlangen freundlich
die gestirnte Nacht wie ein müdes
Kind empfangen.
Hände, laßt von allem Tun, Stirn, vergiß
du alles Denken, alle meine Sinne nun
wollen sich in Schlummer senken.
Und die Seele unbewacht will in freien
Flügen schweben, um im Zauberkreis der
Nacht tief und tausendfach zu leben.

By Herman Hesse (1877 - 1962)

Im Abendrot

Wir sind durch Not und Freude Gegangen
Hand in Hand, Vom Wandern ruhen wir
beide Nun überm stillen Land.
Rings sich die Täler neigen, Es dunkelt
schon die Luft, Zwei Lerchen nur noch
steigen Nachträumend in den Duft. Tritt
her, und laß sie schwirren Bald ist es
Schlafenszeit, Daß wir uns nicht verirren
In dieser Einsamkeit.
O weiter, stiller Friede!
So tief im Abendrot...
Wie sind wir wandermüde -- Ist das etwas
der Tod? –

Josef Karl Benedikt von Eichendorff (1788 - 1857)



September

The garden is mourning,
the rain sinks coolly into the flowers.
Summer shudders as it meets its end.
Leaf upon leaf drops golden down from the lofty
acacia.
Summer smiles, astonished and weak, in the dying
garden dream.
For a while still by the roses it remains standing,
yearning for peace.
Slowly it closes its large eyes grown weary.

Translation by Emily Ezust

While going to sleep

Now that the day has made me so tired, my
dearest longings shall be accepted kindly
by the starry night like a weary child.
Hands, cease your activity, head, forget all
of your thoughts; all my senses now will sink into
slumber.
And my soul, unobserved, will float about
on untrammelled wings in the enchanted
circle of the night, living a thousandfold more
deeply.

Translation by Emily Ezust

In the twilight

Through adversity and joy we've gone
hand in hand; We rest now from our
wanderings Upon this quiet land.
Around us slope the valleys, The skies
grow dark; Two larks alone are just
climbing, As if after a dream, into the
scented air. Come here and let them whirl
past, For it will soon be time to rest; We do
not wish to get lost In this solitude.
O wide, quiet peace!
So deep in the red dusk...
How weary we are of our travels -- Is this
perhaps - Death? --

Translation by Emily Ezust

Nocturne, Op 13, No. 4

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed.
Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.
Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow.
Northwards flames, Orion's horn,
Westward th'Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn.
But the blind eternal night.

by Frederic Prokosch (1908 - 1989) , title 1: "Nocturne", from The Carnival, no. 30, published 1938

Sure on this shining night, Op 13, No. 3

Sure on this shining night of star-made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me this side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder
Wand'ring far alone of shadows on the stars.

by James Agee (1909 - 1955) , title 1: "Description of Elysium", from Permit Me Voyage, stanzas 6-8,

published 1934



Seroglazyy korol'

Slava tibe, bezyskhodnaya bol!
Umer fchera siraglazyy karol'.
Vechir assenny bil dushen i al.
Mush moy, vernuvshis', spakoyna skazal:
„Znayesh', s akhoty yivo prinesli,
Tela u starava duba nashli.
Zhal' karalevu. Takoy maladoy!
Za nach' adnu ana stala sedoy.”

Trubku svayu na kamine nashol
I na rabotu nachnuyu ushol.
Dochku svayu ya sichas razbuzhu,
F seryie glazki yeyo pagljazhu.
A za aknom shylistyat tapalya:
„Nyet na zimle tvayevo karalja.”

The Gray-Eyed King

Bless you, hopeless pain!
Yesterday died the gray-eyed king.
That Autumn evening was stifling and scarlet.
My husband come home and quietly said:
“His body was found near an old oak
after the hunt.
The queen is to be pitied
He died so young, her hair turned gray in one
night.”

He took his pipe
And left for his night work.
I'll wake my daughter
And look into her gray eyes.
The poplars are rustling outside:
“Nowhere on earth are the eyes of your king...”



Selected songs of Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Nuvoletta, Op 25

Nuvoletta in her light dress,
spun of sixteen shimmers,
was looking down on them,
leaning over the bannisters and list'ning all she childishly could...
She was alone. All her nubied companions were asleeping with the squir'ls...
She tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught her.
She tossed her sfumastelliacinous hair like la princesse de la Petite Bretagne
and she rounded her mignons arms like Missis Cornwallis-West
and she smiled over herself
like the image of the pose of the daughter of the Emperour of Irelande
and she sighed after herself
as were she born to bride with Tristis Tristor ristissimus.
But, sweet madonnine, she might fair as well have carried her daisy's worth to Florida...
Oh, how it was dusk.
From Vallee Maraia to Grasyaplaina, dormimust echo!
Ah dew! Ah dew!
It was so dusk that the tears of night began to fall,
first by ones and twos, then by threes and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens,
for the tired ones were wecking; as we weep now with them.
O! O! Par la pluie...
Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life
and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one.
She cancelled all her engauzements.
She climbed over the bannisters; she gave a chily cloudy cry:
Nuée! Nuée! A light dress fluttered. She was gone.

by James Joyce (1882 - 1941) , no title, from *Finnegan's Wake*, extracts from pp. 157-9



Selected Songs by Giuseppe Verdi (1813 - 1901)

Stornello

Tu dici che non m'ami...
anch'io non t'amo...
Dici non vi vuoi ben, non te ne voglio.
Dici ch'a un altro pesce hai teso l'amo.
Anch'io in altro giardin la rosa coglio.
Anco di questo vo'che ci accordiamo:
Tu fai quel che ti pare, io quel che voglio.
Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.

Costanza nell'amor è una follia;
Volubile io sono e me ne vanto.
Non tremo più scontrandoti per via,
Né, quando sei lontan mi struggo in pianto.
Come usignuol che uscì di prigionia Tutta
la notte e il dì folleggio e canto.

Anonymous

Nell'orror di notte oscura

Nell'orror di notte oscura,
Quando tace il mondo intier,
Del mio bene in fra le mura
Vola sempre il mio pensier.
E colei che tanto adoro
Forse ad altri il cor donò;
Ciel, per me non v'ha ristoro,
Io d'ambascia morirò.
Quando in terra il giorno imbruna
Il mio spirito apparirà
Ed il raggio della luna Fosco fosco si vedrà.
D'un amante moribondo,
D'un tradito adorator,
Udirà l'intero mondo Il lamento del dolor.
E d'amore nella storia Sarà scritto ognor così:

Maledetta la memoria Di colei che lo tradi!

by Carlo Angiolini

Rhyme

You say that you don't love me...
so I don't love you...
You say that you reject me, so I reject you.
You'll have your fish-hook set for other fishes
So I will pick new roses in other gardens.
Let us agree about it, now, together:
You behave as you like an' I'll do as you do.
I'll devote to myself, each one commands
me, Servant to everyone, but I won't serve for
anyone.

A constant love affair is only madness
Inconstantly I live with pride and boldness
I won't be scared of you if I will meet you I
won't cry anymore if you shall leave me,
just like a nightingale out of his cage All
night and day long I'll rejoice and twitter.

Translation by Mario Giuseppe Genesi

In the horror of a dark night

In the horror of a dark night,
When all the world is quiet,
To my beloved in ancient walls
Fly always my thoughts.
And to her, who I adore so much
As perhaps others do, I give my heart;
Heaven will not revive you for me,
I die of anguish.
When on earth the day grows dark,
My spirit will appear,
And in the rays of a dark moon Will be seen.
Of a dying lover,
Of a betrayed adorer,
The whole world will hear The painful lament.
And in the story of love This will be written
evermore:
Curse the memory Of she who betrayed him!

Translation by Robert Grady



Five Poems of Anna Akhmatova, Op 27

Sergei Prokofiev (1891-1953)

Perduta ho la pace

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

M'è buio di tomba
ov'egli non è;
Senz'esso un deserto
è il mondo per me.

Mio povero capo
confuso travolto;
Oh misera, il senno,
il senno m'è tolto!

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

S'io sto al finestrello,
ho gl'occhi a lui solo;
S'io sfuggo di casa,
sol dietro a lui volo.

Oh, il bel portamento;
oh, il vago suo viso!
Qual forza è nei sguardi,
che dolce sorriso!

E son le parole un magico rio;
Qual stringer di mano,
qual bacio, mio Dio!

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

Anela congiungersi
al suo il mio petto;
Potessi abbracciarlo,
tenerlo a me stretto!

Baciarlo potessi,
far pago il desir! Baciarlo!
e potessi baciata morir.

By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749 - 1832)

I have lost my peace

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
Ah, no, I will find it never
and never more.

That is the grave
Where I do not have him,
Without him this world
Is a desert for me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
Oh misery,
Is torn apart.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
Ah, no, I will find it never
and never more.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,

And his mouth's magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses I should die!

Sontse komnatu napolnila

Sontse komnatu napolnila
Pylyu zholtay i skvaznoj.
Ya prasnulas' i pripomnila:
Milyj, nynche prazdnik tvoy.
Attavo i osnizhonnaya
Dal' za oknami tepla,
Attavo i ya, bessonnaya,
Kak prichasnitsa spala.

Nastayaschaya

Nastayaschaya nezhnast' ne sputayesh'
Ni s chem, i ana tikha.
Ty naprasna berizhna kutayish'
Mne plechi i grut' v mekha
I naprasna slava pakorniyi
Gavarish' a pervay lyubvi.
Kak ya znayu `eti upornyje,
Nessytiye vzglyady tvayi!

Pamyat' a sonste

Pamyat' a sontse f sertse slabeyet,
Zheltey trava.
Veter snezhinkami rannimi veyet
Yedva, yedva.
Iva na nebe pustom rasplastala
Veyer skvaznoy.
Mozhet byt', luchshe, shto ya ne stala
Vashey zhenoy.
Pamjat' a santse f sertse slabeyet.
Shto `eta? T'ma? Mozhet byt'!
Za noch' priyti uspeyey zima.

Zdrastvuy!

Zdrastvuy! Lyokhkiy shelest slyshish'
Sprava at stala?
Etikh strochek ne napishesh' -
Ya k tebe prishla.
Neuzhely ty abidish'
Tak, kak f proshly ras:
Gavarish', shto ruk ne vidish',
Ruk mayikh i glas.
U tebya svetlo i prosta.
Ni gani menya tuda,
Gde pad dushnym svodam mosta
Stynet gryaznaya vada.

The Sun has filled the room

The sun has filled the room
With yellow and transparent dust.
When I woke up I recalled:
Darling, today is your celebration day.
This is why the snowy landscape
Outside is warm.
This is why I, a sleepless one,
Slept like a fresh communicant last night.

Real Tenderness

Real tenderness cannot be mixed up
with anything else, and it is quiet.
It's needless for you to cover
my shoulders carefully with fur
And to talk of a first love
so obediently.
I do know these steady,
hungry glances of yours!

Memory of the Sun

The memory of the sun gets weaker
The grass becomes more yellow.
The wind breathes with snowflakes
faintly, faintly.
The wind spreads its transparent fan
against the empty sky.
Maybe it was for the best that I did not
become your wife.
The memory of the sun gets weaker.
What's that? Darkness? Perhaps!
Winter will have time to come during the night.

Hello!

Hello! Hear a soft rustle
to the right of the desk?
You're not going to write those lines-
I've come to you!
You will not offend me
like you did last time, will you;
you said you could not see my hands,
could not see my eyes.
It's light and easy at your place.
Don't drive me
to the cold, dirty flow
under the bridge.