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Junior Recital: Eric Piasecki, bass baritone

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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The University of Richmond
Department of Music
Presents

Eric Piasecki,
*bass baritone*

Junior Recital

Assisted by:
Dr. Joanne Kong, *piano*

Saturday, March 20, 2010
3:00 p.m.
Perkinson Recital Hall
Robert Schumann composed this twelve-song cycle in the year 1840. Given that Schumann wrote two cycles which he entitled Liederkreis, Opus 39 is often referred to as the Eichendorff Liederkreis, largely because it features the poetry of Joseph von Eichendorff. The cycle highlights the many emotions that we incur on our journey through human experience. From its tentative and rather somber beginning, the cycle spans the continuum of human emotion until it climaxes in the twelfth song of the cycle, in which the meaning of both journey and journey’s end are realized.

1. In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauschet die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner mehr kennt mich auch hier.

From the direction of home, behind the red flashes of lightning
There come clouds,
But Father and Mother are long dead;
No one there knows me anymore.

How soon, ah, how soon will that quiet time come,
When I too shall rest, and over me
the beautiful forest’s loneliness shall rustle,
And no one here shall know me anymore.

2. Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund’.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

Your blissful, wonderful image
I have in my heart’s depths;
it looks so freshly and joyously
at me in every moment.

My heart sings mutely to itself
an old, beautiful song
that soars into the air
and hastens to your side.

Continued...
Program

Eric Piasecki, bass baritone
Dr. Joanne Kong, piano

From Leiderkreis Op. 39

In der Fremde
Intermezzo
In der Fremde
Wehmuth
Frühlingsnacht

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Bright is the Ring of Words

R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

The Vagabond

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

Rodger Quilter (1877-1953)

Confiado Jilguerillo

Antonio Literes (1673-1747)

Ya canta el Ave

Luis Misón (1727-1776)

El Contrabandista

Manuel García (1775-1832)

Please silence cell phones, digital watches, and paging devices before the recital.
8. **In der Fremde**

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen
Im Walde her und hin.
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen,
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was sagen
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondesschimmer fliegen,
Als säh ich unter mir
Das Schloß im Tale liegen,
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müßte in dem Garten,
Voll Rosen weiß und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,
Und ist doch lange tot.

---

9. **Wehmut**

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draußen Frühlingsluft,
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.
12. Frühlingsnacht

Über'n Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel ziehn,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdufte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blühn.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Träumen rauscht's der Hain,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist deine! Sie ist dein!

Above the garden and across the sky
I heard migrating birds passing;
that meant that spring was in the air;
below, things are already beginning to bloom.

I could rejoice, I could weep -
I feel as though it cannot be!
Old wonders appear again
with the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,
and in a dream the grove murmurs it,
and the nightingales sing it:
she is yours! She is yours!
Based on poems by Robert Louis Stevenson, the Songs of Travel were written by **Vaughan Williams** between 1901 and 1904. This cycle focuses on the depiction of a man's life. From "Youth and Love" to "Whither must I wander," this cycle captures the many ventures man takes, all of which direct the course of one's journey through life. "The Vagabond" reveals a young man who desires the best of what life has to offer, and musically characterizes his determination to obtain it. Conversely, "Bright is the Ring of Words," passively accepts that the best of life is often not realized until one's life is over, but revels in the fact that the beauty of one's life work proliferates beyond their death and remains a testament to the traveler that once was.

**Quilter's** piece *Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal* is based on a poem by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Written in 1897, this piece was among the first to showcase Quilter's unique abilities as a word painter. His use of modified strophic form and lush accompaniment set Quilter's work apart from the traditional English art song. Though brief, this piece represents a great deal of artistic innovation for its period.
1. *Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal now the White* by R. Quilter

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;  
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font;  
The firefly wakens, waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,  
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danae to the stars,  
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves  
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts, in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake.  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

2. *Bright is the Ring of Words* by R. Vaughan Williams

Bright is the ring of words  
When the right man rings them,  
Fair the fall of songs  
When the singer sings them.  
Still they are carolled and said --  
On wings they are carried --  
After the singer is dead  
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings  
And the maid remembers.
3. *The Vagabond* by R. Vaughan Williams

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river -
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field -
Warm the fireside haven -
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above,
And the road below me.
The baroque Spanish music of Literes, Mison, and García, show the versatility and uniquely expressive nature of Spanish vocal literature. Each piece demonstrates a rather unique circumstance and its accompanying emotion. While Literes' Confiado jilguerillo mourns the loss of a love that once was, Mison's Ya canta el ave features the dialog of two lovers who are searching for one another in a large garden. Finally, García's Contrabandista reveals a swashbuckling masked bandit who woos the Spanish maidens with his daring antics.

1) Confiado jilguerillo by Antonio Literes

Confiado jilguerillo mira como importuna de tu estado primero,

Trusting little linnet, see how ultimately love and fortune

te derribo el amor y la fortuna, you made fall from that high place

y el viento que tan ufano presumiste, and the wind, you once so proudly took

aún no le hallaste cuando le perdiste. for granted, is now lost, never to be found.

Si de rama en rama, From bough to bough, from flower to

Si de flor en flor flower, you used to flit, bustle and sing:

Iba saltando, bullendo y cantando, "lucky are those who find pleasure in

Dichoso quien am alas ansias de amor longing for love."

Advierte que prisa el llanto la risa y el

gusto dolor
2) Ya canta el ave by Luis Misón

Ya canta el ave,  
Viene la aurora,  
Y se lo dora todo el vergel.  
Si habrá salido mi dueño hermoso,  
Qué perezoso, fin y cruel!  
Decidme rosas, decidme Fuentes, decidme tronco, decidme claveles  
Si ha venido, mas chito!  
Pues ya se advierte en que están todos bellos que ella está ausente.

Birds are singing,  
The day is dawning and the whole garden seems made of gold.  
If my fair mistress is already out, how lazy, shrewd and cruel I have been!  
Tell me roses, tell me fountains, tell me trees, tell me carnations,  
If she has come, but hush!  
I can tell that she is not here, because you are still beautiful.

Ya todo el valle la luz es malta, y el ave salta de flor en flor.  
Si el dueño mio se anticipado,  
Cruel ha estao con el mi amor.  
Decidme rosas, decidme Fuentes, decidme troncos, decidme claveles.  
Si ha venido, mas cielos!  
Que es lo que hallo? Ya encontró me descuido con el cuidado.

Now the whole valley is painted in light,  
Now birds are flitting from flower to flower,  
If my beloved has come earlier, he has been cruel with my love.  
Tell me roses, tell me fountains, tell me trees, tell me carnations,  
If she has come, but heavens!  
He has already anticipated me with thoughtfulness.
3) *El Contrabandista* by Manuel Garcia

Yo soy el contrabandista
Y campo por mi respeto;
A todos los desafío
Pues a nadie tengo miedo
Ay, ay, ay jaleo muchachas!
Quién me marca algún hilo negro?
Mi caballo está cansado, y yo me marcho corriendo
Ay, ay, ay, que viene la ronda, y se movió el tiroteo;
Ay, ay, caballito mío,
Caballo mío careto!
Ay Jaleo!
Ay jaleo, que nos cogen!
Ay, sácame de este aprieto!
Ay, caballito, jaleo!
Ay!

---

I am a smuggler and fight for my reputation.
I challenge everyone and fear no one.
Listen ladies, hurry up! Who wants to buy my black thread?
My horse is tired and I must get going.
The patrol is approaching and the shooting just began.
Run, my little horse, run my white faced horse!
Run, they are catching up with us!
Get me out of this mess!!