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Junior Recital: Jacob Anthony Litt, baritone

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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JACOB ANTHONY LITT
BARITONE

FROM THE STUDIO OF
JENNIFER CABLE

CAMP CONCERT HALL
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 2017 5:30 PM

Department of Music



RICHMOND
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PROGRAM

- from *Semele*
Where'er You Walk
George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)
- Vezzosa Aurora
Alessandro Melani
(1630-1703)
- Non posso disperar
Giovanni Battista Bononcini
(1670-1747)
- Tortorella
Carlo Pietragrua
(1665-1726)
- Quella fiamma
Francesco Bartolomeo Conti
(1681-1732)
- Tre ariette*
Il fervido desiderio
Dolente immagine di Fille mia
Vaga luna, che inargenti
Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)
- from *Dichterliebe*
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht
Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Jacob Anthony Litt, *baritone*
Dr. Joanne Kong, *piano*

“Where’er You Walk” - George Frideric Handel

Where’er you walk
Cool gales shall fan the glade
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade

Where’er you tread
The blushing flowers shall rise
And all things flourish
Where’er you turn your eyes.

(William Congreve)

“Vezzosa Aurora” - Alessandro Melani

Lovely Aurora, oh rise,
rise and gild the meadow, as you bring the day!
Dear dawn, hasten your foot,
for the world is void without you!

(Anon., tr. Knud Jeppesen)

“Non posso disperar” - Giovanni Battista Bononcini

I cannot despair;
you are far too dear to my heart.
The mere hope
of enjoying you
is for me a sweet suffering,
an adorable pain.

(Anon., tr. Lynn Steele)

“Tortorella” - Carlo Pietragrua

Little turtle-dove, calling and grieving!
To find her gentle love
she searches every shore.

Thus, too, my lost soul,
when far from you, my dear life,
wanders about and searches for mercy.

(Anon., tr. Evelyn Heepe)

Continued...

“Quella fiamma” - Francesco Bartolomeo Conti

My fire of love, however far or near I might be,
never changing, will always be burning for you, dear eyes.

That flame which kindled me
is so pleased with my soul
that it never dies.
And if fate entrusts me to you,
lovely rays of my beloved sun,
my soul will never be able
to long for any other light.

(Anon., tr. Bertram Kottmann)

These three short arias by **Vincenzo Bellini** (1801-1835) revolve around the many feelings associated with the loss of a lover, whether separated by distance or by death. I became acquainted with these pieces, Bellini's other works, and the *bel canto* style of Italian opera and song during an opera program I participated in this past summer in Florence, Italy.

“Il fervido desiderio”

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which my loving heart so desires?

When will that day come
when I welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

“Dolente immagine di Fille mia”

Sorrowful image of my wife
why do you sit so desolate beside me?
What more do you wish for? I have poured
streams of tears on your ashes.

Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows,
I might be burned by another flame?
Shadow of my wife, rest in peace;
the old flame cannot be extinguished.

“Vaga luna, che inargenti”

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
on these shores and on these flowers
and breath the language
of love to the elements,
you are now the sole witness
of my ardent longing,
and can recount my throbs and sighs
to her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
cannot assuage my grief,
that if I cherish a hope,
it is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
but that a flattering hope
comforts me in my love.

(Anon., tr. Camilla Bugge)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) was a prominent German composer and music critic. He fell in love with a young Clara Wieck around 1835, but faced great legal challenges from Clara's father, who evaded Schumann's requests for marriage to his daughter. Finally, in 1840, Robert and Clara Schumann were married after settling her father's legal objections. The song cycle *Dichterliebe* ("A Poet's Love"), with texts by Heinrich Heine, was composed by Schumann during that same year. Today's performance features the first seven pieces of *Dichterliebe*. The first five capture the poet expressing his significant passion for his lover, while songs six and seven mark a turning point, as challenges arise that are eventually resolved by the close of the cycle.

“Im wunderschönen Monat Mai”

In the glorious month of May,
as all the buds were breaking,
then in my heart
love bloomed.

In the glorious month of May,
as all the birds were singing,
then I revealed to her
my longing and desire.

Continued...

“Aus meinen Tränen spriessen”

From my tears spring up
many fair blossoms,
and my sighs become
a chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
and before your window shall sound
the song of the nightingale.

“Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne”

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in amorous bliss.
I love them no more, I love alone
the small one, the dainty one, the pure one,
the only one.

She herself, all the bliss of love,
is rose and lily and dove and sun.
I love only the small one, the dainty one,
the pure one,
the only one!

“Wenn ich in deine Augen seh”

When I look into your eyes,
all my suffering and grief disappears,
but when I kiss your mouth,
I become healthy through and through.

When I lean on your breast,
I feel the bliss of heaven,
but when you say: I love you!
Then I must weep bitterly.

“Ich will meine Seele tauchen”

I want to bathe my soul
in the chalice of the lily;
The lily shall breathe aloud
a song of my dearest.

The song shall tremble and tingle
like a kiss from her lips,
that she once gave me
in a marvelously sweet moment.

“Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome”

In the Rhine, the holy river,
is reflected in the waves
with its vast cathedral
the great, holy Cologne.

In the cathedral is an image,
painted upon golden leather;
Into the wilderness of my life
it gazed benevolently.

Flowers and angels float
around our dear Lady;
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks,
they're exactly like my beloved's.

“Ich grolle nicht”

I don't complain,
even if my heart is breaking,
love lost forever! I don't complain.
Even as you glow in the splendor of diamonds,
no ray penetrates the night of your heart.
I've known that for a long time.

I don't complain,
even if my heart is breaking,
I saw you in a dream,
and saw the night inside your heart,
and saw the serpent that gnaws at your heart,
I saw, my love, how miserable you are.
I don't complain.

(Heinrich Heine, tr. Celia Sgroi)