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Fall 8-27-2017

La Giuditta and Other Selections

Daniel Schuetz, Countertenor

Illinois State University

Patricia Foltz, Piano & Harpsichord

Illinois State University

David Gresham, Bass clarinet

Illinois State University

Judith Dicker, oboe d'amore

Illinois State University

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Giuditta

Mia speranza, di te solo vincerò.
Già l'Ardir in mè s'avanza,
se vicino hà il suo conforto quel desio
che m'agitò.

My hope, from you only I shall be victor.
Already ardor rises in me,
so near is the comfort of the
desires which burn within me.

Empio, dirò, tu sei

from *Giulio Cesare in Egitto* (1724)—HWV 17

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Empio, dirò, tu sei,
togliti a gli occhi miei,
sei tutto crudeltà.

Merciless—that's what I'll say you are.
Get out of my sight.
You are entirely cruel.

Non è da re quel cuor,
che donasi al rigor,
che in sen non ha pietà.

It is not fitting for a king
to have an unbending heart
that holds no place for pity.

Chiome d'oro

from *Settimo Libro di Madrigali* (1619)

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Chiome d'oro, bel tesoro,
tu mi leghi in mille modi,
se t'annodi, se ti snodi,

Golden head of hair, beautiful treasure,
you entwine me in a thousand ways,
whether bound or loose.

Candidette perle elette
se le rose che scoprite
discoprite, mi ferite

Precious little snow-white pearls [teeth]
if the roses [lips] that conceal you
reveal, you wound me.

Vive stelle, che si belle
e si vaghe risplendete
se ridete m'ancidete.

Vivacious stars [eyes]
that shine so beautiful and bright
if you laugh you kill me.

Preziose, amorose
coralline labbra amate
se parlate mi beate.

Precious, amorous,
beloved coral lips
if you speak you bless me.

O bel nodo per cui godo!
O soave uscir di vita!
O gradita mia ferita!

O beautiful bind in which I delight!
O pleasing departure [exiting of life]!
Oh gratifying wound!

Illinois State University
College of Fine Arts
School of Music

Charles W. Bolen Faculty Recital Series**“La Giuditta”**

~and other selections~

Daniel Schuetz, countertenor
Patricia Foltz, piano & harpsichord
David Gresham, bass clarinet
Judith Dicker, oboe d'amore
Kimberly McCoul Risinger, flute
Katherine Cosenza, mezzo-soprano
Yangyang Tai, soprano
Kelsey Klopfenstein, violin
Alicia Gummess, violin
Yichen Li, countertenor
Adriana La Rosa Ransom, cello

August 27, 2017
Sunday Afternoon
3:00 PM

Center for the Performing Arts

This is the first program of the 2017-2018 season.

Program

Ganymed (*Goethe*)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Wie im Morgenglanze,
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne,
Sich an mein Herze drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärmer Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!

Daß ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich und schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst dem brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morganwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebelal.

Ich komm', ich komme!
Wohin? Ach, wohin?

Hinauf! Hinauf, strebt's!
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich, der sehnenen Liebe
Mir! Mir!
In eurem Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend, umfassen
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Alliebender Vater!

Parto, parto
from *La clemenza di Tito* (1791)—K. 621

Parto, ma tu ben mio,
Meco ritorna in pace;
Sarò qual più ti piace
Quel che vorrai farò.

Guardami, e tutto oblio,
E a vendicarti io volo.

How in the morning light,
you glow around me,
beloved spring!
With love's thousand-fold bliss,
to my heart presses
the eternal warmth of sacred feelings,
and endless beauty!

Would that I could clasp
you in these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie and languish,
and your flowers and your grass
press themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
lovely morning breeze!
The nightingale calls
lovingly to me from the misty gale.

I am coming, I am coming!
Where to, to where?

Upwards I strive, upwards!
The clouds float
downwards, the clouds
bow down to yearning Love
To me, to me!
In Your lap
upwards
embracing, embraced
upwards to Your breast,
All-loving Father!

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

I go, but, my dearest,
make peace again with me.
I would be what you would most
have me be, do whatever you wish.

Look at me and I will forget all,
and fly to avenge you.

Ah, qual poter, oh Dei!
Donaste alla beltà.

Sposa, non mi conosci [Bride you do not know me]
from *La Merope* (1734)

Sposò son disprezzata.
fida son oltraggiata,
Cieli che feci mai?
E pur egl'è il mio cor
La mia sposa, il mio cor'.
la mia speranza.

Wenn des Kreuzes bitterkeiten
from *Was Gott tut, das ist wohlgetan*—BWV 99

Wenn des Kreuzes Bitterkeiten
Mit des Fleisches Schwachheit streiten,
Ist es dennoch wohlgetan.
Wer das Kreuz durch falschen Wahn
Sich vor unerträglich schätzt,
Wird auch künftig nicht ergötzet.

Vanne, vanne pur
from *La Giuditta* (1693)

Vanne, vanne pur, che in
un'istante, bella mia, ti rivedrò,
e ti gloria haver Amante
chi già l'Orbe incatenò.

Mio conforto/Mia speranza
from *La Giuditta* (1693)

Oloferne
Mio conforto, per te
sola vincerò.
Già l'Amor in mè s'avanza,
se vicino hà il suo conforto
quel pensier che m'agitò.

Ah, God, what power
You have given beauty.

Geminiano Giacomelli
(1692-1740)
piano arrangement by Alessandro Parisotti
(1853-1913)

I am a scorned husband.
faithful, yet insulted.
Heavens, what did I do?
And yet, she is my heart
my bride, my love,
my hope.

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

When the bitterness of the cross
struggles with the weakness of the flesh,
nevertheless it is well done.
Whoever, through misapprehension,
considers the cross unbearable,
will also in the future never share [its] delight.

~Intermission~

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

Go, only go, as in an instant,
my beauty, I shall return; take
pride to have as your lover he
who has imprisoned the world

Alessandro Scarlatti

My consolation, for you only
I shall be victorious.
Already love advances in me,
so near is the comfort of the
thoughts which burn within me.