



Rudi E. Scheidt
School of Music

ANTHONY VALLE BARITONE

JUNIOR RECITAL

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Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music
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College of Communication and Fine Arts
Debra Burns, Dean

PROGRAM

Nuit d'étoiles

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

La lune blanche luit dans le bois

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Cementerios en la Nieve

Salvador Moreno (1928-1995)

Olvido

Drei Gedichte von Michaelangelo

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

I. Wohl denk' ich oft

II. Alles endet, was entstehet

III. Fühlt meine Seele

I'm Glad I'm Not a Tenor

Ben Moore (b.1960)

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Nuit d'étoiles

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

La sereine mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Serene melancholy
Now blooms deep in my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Quiver in the dreaming woods.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

Night of stars...

Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Once more at our fountain I see
Your eyes as blue as the sky;
This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

Night of stars...

La lune blanche luit dans le bois

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

Ô bien aimée.

O my beloved.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Let us dream, it is the hour.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...

C'est l'heure exquise.

Exquisite hour.

Cementerios en la Nieve

Salvador Moreno (1928-1995)
Xavier Villarrutia (1903-1950)

A nada puede compararse un
cementerio en la nieve.
¿Qué nombre dar a la blancura
sobre lo blanco?
El cielo ha dejado caer insensibles
piedras de nieve
sobre las tumbas,
y ya no queda sino la nieve sobre la
nieve
como la mano sobre sí misma
eternamente posada.

Nothing can compare to a
cemetery in the snow.
What name to give to the
whiteness upon the white?
The sky has dropped indifferent
snowstones
upon the graves,
and nothing remains but the snow
upon the snow
like a hand forever resting upon
itself.

Los pájaros prefieren atravesar el
cielo,
herir los invisibles corredores del
aire
para dejar sola la nieve,
que es como dejarla intacta,
que es como dejarla nieve.

The birds prefer to cross the sky,
wounding the invisible corridors of
the air
to leave the snow alone,
which is like leaving it intact,
which is like leaving it snow.

Porque no basta decir que un
cementerio en la nieve
es como un sueño sin sueños
ni como unos ojos en blanco.

Because it is not enough to say
that a cemetery in the snow
is like a dream without dreams
nor like eyes in white.

Si algo tiene de un cuerpo
insensible y dormido,
de la caída de un silencio sobre
otro
y de la blanca persistencia del
olvido,
¡a nada puede compararse un
cementerio en la nieve!

Porque la nieve es sobre todo
silenciosa,
más silenciosa aún sobre las losas
exangües:
labios que ya no pueden decir una
palabra.

Olvido

Cierra los ojos y a oscuras piérdete
bajo el follaje rojo de tus párpados.
Húndete en esas espirales
del sonido que zumba y cae
y suena allí, remoto,
hacia el sitio del tímpano,
como una catarata ensordecida.
Hunde tu ser a oscuras,
anégate la piel,
y más, en tus entrañas;
que te deslumbre y ciegue
el hueso, lívida centella,
y entre simas y golfos de tiniebla
abra su azul penacho al fuego
fatuo.

If it has anything of an insensible
and sleeping body,
of the fall of one silence upon
another
and of the white persistence of
oblivion,
nothing can compare to a
cemetery in the snow!

Because the snow is above all
silent,
even more silent upon the
bloodless stones:
lips that can no longer speak a
word.

Salvador Moreno (1928-1995)
Octavio Paz (1914-1998)

Close your eyes and, in the dark,
lose yourself
under the red foliage of your
eyelids.
Sink into those spirals
of the sound that hums and falls
and sounds there, distant,
towards the spot of the eardrum,
like a deafened waterfall.

Sink your being into the dark,
drown your skin,
and more, into your entrails;
let the bone be dazzled and blind,
pale spark,
and between abysses and gulfs of
darkness
open its blue plume to the will-o'-
the-wisp.

En esa sombra líquida del sueño
moja tu desnudez;
abandona tu forma, espuma
que no sabe quien dejó en la orilla;
piérdete en ti, infinita,
en tu infinito ser,
ser que se pierde en otro mar:
olvidate y olvídame.

En ese olvido sin edad ni fondo,
labios, besos, amor, todo renace:
las estrellas son hijas de la noche.

In that liquid shadow of the dream
wet your nakedness;
abandon your form, foam
that doesn't know who left it on the
shore;
lose yourself in yourself, infinite,
in your infinite being,
a being that gets lost in another sea:
forget yourself and forget me.

In that timeless, bottomless oblivion,
lips, kisses, love, all are reborn:
the stars are daughters of the night.

Drei Gedichte von Michaelangelo

I. Wohl denk' ich oft

Wohl denk' ich oft an mein
vergang'nes Leben,
Wie es, vor meiner Liebe für Dich,
war;
Kein Mensch hat damals Acht auf
mich gegeben,
Ein jeder Tag verloren für mich war.
Ich dachte wohl, ganz dem Gesang
zu leben,
Auch mich zu flüchten aus der
Menschen Schar...
Genannt in Lob und Tadel bin ich
heute,
Und, dass ich da bin, wissen alle
Leute!

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Walter Heinrich Robert (1852-1895)

I often recall my past life,
As it was before I loved you;
No one then paid heed
to me,
Each day for me was a loss;
I thought to live for song alone,
And flee the thronging crowd.
Today my name is praised and
censured,
And the entire world knows that I
exist!

II. Alles endet, was entsteht

Alles endet, was entsteht,
Alles, alles rings vergehet,
Denn die Zeit flieht, und die Sonne
sieht,
Dass Alles rings vergehet,
Denken, Reden, Schmerz und
Wonne;
Und die wir zu Enkeln hatten,
Schwanden wie bei Tag die
Schatten,
Wie ein Dunst im Windeshauch.
Menschen waren wir ja auch,
Froh und traurig, so wie ihr;
Und nun sind wir leblos hier,
Sind nur Erde, wie ihr sehet;
Alles endet, was entsteht,
Alles, alles rings vergehet!

III. Fühlt meine Seele

Fühlt meine Seele das ersehnte
Licht
Von Gott, der sie erschuf? Ist es
der Strahl
Von and'rer Schönheit aus dem
Jammertal,
Der in mein Herz
erinnrungweckend bricht?

Ist es ein Klang, ein Traumgesicht,
Das Aug' und Herz mir füllt mit
einem Mal
In unbegreiflich glüh'n'der Qual,
Die mich zu Tränen bringt? Ich
weiss es nicht.

All must end that has beginning,
All things round us perish,
For time is fleeting, and the sun
sees
That all things round us perish,
Thought, speech, pain and rapture;
And our children's children
Vanished as shadows by day,
As mists in a breeze.
We were also human beings,
With joys and sorrows like your
own.
And now there is no life in us here,
We are but earth, as you can see;
All must end that has beginning,
All things round us perish!

Does my soul feel the longed-for
light
Of God who created it? Is it the ray
Of some other beauty from this
vale of tears
That storms my heart, awakening
memories?

Is it a sound, a vision in a dream
That suddenly fills my eyes and
heart
With inconceivable, searing pain,
Reducing me to tears? I do not
know.

Was ich ersehne, fühle, was mich
lenkt,
Ist nicht in mir: Sag' mir, wie ich's
erwerbe?
Mir zeigt es wohl nur eines And'ren
Huld.

Darein bin ich, seit ich Dich sah,
versenkt;
Mich treibt ein Ja und Nein, ein
Süss und Herbe...
Daran sind, Herrin, Deine Augen
Schuld!

What I long for, what I feel, what
guides me
Is not in me: tell me how to achieve it!
Only another's favour is likely to
reveal it.

This has absorbed me, since seeing
you.
I am torn between yes and no,
bitterness and sweetness –
Your eyes, my lady, are the cause!

I'm Glad I'm Not A Tenor

Ben Moore (b.1960)

All the good tunes go to tenors in the opera world, it would appear.
That tessitura can alone insure a gorgeous melody that people come to
hear.

Well, I'm not hooked on "Nessun dorma" and to prove my case
I'll now perform a little song to make it absolutely clear...

I'm glad I'm not a tenor, for anyone can see
They're philistines and drama queens
And rarely over five-foot-three.
Yes, I'm glad I'm not a tenor. Why would I want it so?
To have to try to sing so high when it's so nice and comfy way down low.
Yet since my first voice lesson I've heard: "You've got the stuff!"
But higher scales each session were never high enough!

So I'm glad I'm not a tenor, but people aren't convinced.
They say the things I've said to you, and nothing new
Like "Tenors get the good tunes!"
Well, I am here to say that's just not true!

Take this tune which you'll agree has an awesome melody.
Tenors can argue, rant and hiss. No tune of theirs comes even close to
this.
Hear how it modulates, what joy this noble tune creates,
And it's only one of so many greats all for the baritone.

Why would I care to sing a tenor part at all With so much music at my beck
and call, When you've got tunes for baritones this strong,
You just can't go wrong...Let's move along!

To those wondrous Verdi anthems, beautiful as any tenor tune you can
name,
And the thrill as the rhythm changes makes you think of how truly strange
it is
That some baritones wish they had led tenor lives instead,
Let's skip ahead!

To Wagner the man who'll save the day. His tunes could never go astray.
For they have simply no relation to that Italian cheap sensation.
But there it is again! No, no, this is not what this should be about
And just so there's no doubt, I'll drown it out! Ah, bravo Figaro, bravo
bravissimo, a te fortuna non manche...
Toreador en gar...No!!...

I'm glad I'm not a tenor, I'd never sink that low.
But one admits some tenor hits are sort of, well...agreeable, and so
The only thing to say is "Vincerò"!