

**Malatesta**  
I'll teach you the part right now.

**Norina**  
I can give you some lessons in that.

**Malatesta**  
Head drooping, lips straight.

**Norina**  
Now let's try this other act.

**Malatesta**  
Yes, now let's try your other act

**Norina**  
I'm so shy...

**Malatesta**  
Brava! Brava! Brava!

**Norina**  
I'm a simple young girl...

**Malatesta**  
Brava, brava, you little minx.  
That's exactly what we want...  
Brava, brava, brava,  
just like that.

**Norina**  
Thank you kindly...at your service...  
Your servant, sir, yes, sir

**Malatesta**  
Head inclined.

**Norina**  
Like this?

**Malatesta**  
Beautiful.  
Lips closely folded.

**Norina**  
Like this?

**Malatesta**  
Lovely!

**Norina**  
No more delay, let us away!  
Success is ours, of that I'm certain;  
Our little play begins today,  
And we will now raise the curtain.

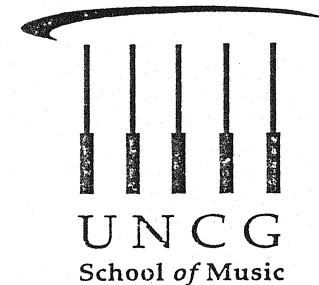
**Malatesta**  
Yes, if you've the courage for the  
undertaking,  
Your good fortune and Ernesto's you'll  
be making,  
For against you Don Pasquale cannot  
ever  
stand his ground.

**Both**  
For the plot that we're preparing  
All depends on dash and daring;  
I assure you, I assure you,  
With success it will be crowned.

**Malatesta**  
Don Pasquale little reckons  
That in ten or twenty seconds  
He'll be wishing he was safely  
Dead and buried underground.

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Appreciation is expressed to  
David Holley for the staging  
of the duet from *Don Pasquale*



class  
2020

**JESSE PADGETT**  
**baritone**

**ANDREW MOCK, piano**

*assisted by*  
**Danica Baker, soprano**

Graduate Recital

Saturday, February, 7, 1998  
7:30 p.m.  
Hart Recital Hall, Brown Music Building

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
**GREENSBORO**

In silent nights so many weeping  
Will soothe their pain,  
And then you think in the morning,  
Ever joyful are their hearts.

### Trois Ballades de François Villon

#### Ballad I- from Villon to his love

False beauty, who has cost me so dear,  
Cruel really, deceitful sweetness,  
Love harder than iron to be chewed:  
I can call you sister of my ruin.  
Felonious charm, the death of a poor  
heart,  
Hidden pride, that sends people to  
death,  
Pitiless eyes! Will not severe justice  
Help a poor man instead of crushing  
him.

It would have been better for me to go  
call  
For help elsewhere, it would have made  
me happier:  
Nothing would have been able to tear me  
out of this reality,  
I must run away in flight with disgrace.  
Shame, shame, cry loud and soft!  
And what is this? I will die without  
striking a blow,  
Or pity can, according to this refrain,  
Help a poor man instead of crushing  
him.

A time will come that will cause to  
wither,  
Yellow, wilt your full-bloomed flower:  
I shall laugh then, if I can still walk,  
But alas! Nay: It would then be madness.  
I shall be old; you ugly and colorless.  
Now, drink deep, as long as the brook  
can run.  
Do not give this grief to all,  
help a poor man instead of crushing  
him.

Prince of love, the greatest of all lovers,  
I would not want to incur your displea-  
sure:  
But every honest heart must, by our  
Lord,  
Help a poor man instead of crushing  
him.

#### Ballade II- made by Villon, at his mother's request, as a prayer to the Virgin Mother

Lady of Heaven, regent of the earth,  
Empress of the infernal marshes,  
Receive me, your humble Christian.  
That I may be included among your  
elect.  
Although I was never worth anything.  
Your goodness, my lady and mistress  
Is far greater than my sinfulness  
Without which no soul can merit  
Or gain Heaven. I am not lying.  
In this faith will I live and die.

Say to your Son that I am His:  
May my sins be abolished by Him:  
Let Him forgive me as He forgave the  
Egyptian woman.  
Or as He forgave the clerk Theophilus,  
Who was acquitted and forgiven by  
you.  
Although he had made a pact with the  
devil.

Preserve me from doing the same!  
O Virgin that bore without incurring  
blemish  
The sacrament that is celebrated at  
Mass.  
In this faith will I live and die.

I am a poor old woman,  
Who knows nothing; never could read a  
letter;  
I see in the church of which I am a  
parishioner  
A painted paradise with harps and  
lutes

And a hell where the damned are  
boiled:  
One frightens me, the other brings me  
joy and gladness.  
Give me joy, great Goddess:  
To whom all sinners must turn,  
Full of faith, without hypocrisy or sloth.  
In this faith will I live and die.

### Program Notes

#### Widmung Dedication

Oh you, my soul, oh you, my heart,  
Oh you, my delight, oh you, my sorrow,  
Oh you, my world wherein I live,  
You my heaven into which I soar,  
Oh you my grave, wherein deep down  
Forever I have laid my sorrow!

You are the rest, you are the peace:  
Heaven has destined you for me.  
That you love me makes me deem myself  
worthy,  
Your gaze has transfigured me to myself,  
Your love lifts me above myself,  
My good spirit, my better self!

You my soul, you my heart,  
You my delight, oh you, my sorrow,  
You my world wherein I live,  
My heaven you, into which I soar,  
My good spirit, my better self!

#### Ihre Stimme Her Voice

Let me read deeply in you,  
And do not hide from me  
The magic of your being  
That speaks out of your voice.

So many words come ringing  
To our ears without a plan,  
And even as they fade again,  
Everything is over and done!

But though maybe from far away  
Your voice sounds near to me,  
I listen to it so gladly,  
And I cannot forget it.

I tremble then, afire  
With ardour, rashly kindled:  
My heart and your voice  
Understand one another too well.

#### Weh, wie zornig ist das Mädchen Woe, How Wrathful is the Maiden

Woe, how wrathful is the maiden,  
Woe, how wrathful, woe, woe!  
  
In the mountains walks the maiden,  
She is as beautiful as flowers,  
Is as wrathful as the sea.

Woe, how wrathful is the maiden,  
Woe, how wrathful, woe, woe!

#### Es leuchtet meine Liebe My Love Shines

My love shines in its dark glory  
Like a fairy tale, sad and dim,  
Told in a summer night.

In the enchanted garden wander  
Two lovers mute and alone,  
The nightingales are singing,  
There shimmers the light of the  
moon.

The maiden stands still like a statue,  
The knight kneels at her feet.  
There comes the giant of the wilder-  
ness.  
The frightened maiden flees.

The knight sinks bleeding to the  
ground,  
The giant stumbles home.  
And when I shall be buried  
Then the fairy tale will come to an end.

#### Stille Thränen Silent Tears

You have arisen from sleep  
And wander over the fields.  
There spreads above all the lands  
The heaven wondrously blue.  
While you free from care  
Were slumbering without pain,  
The heaven until morning  
Rained many tears from above.

from **Joshua**

See the raging flames arise

**Widmung**

**Ihre Stimme**

**Weh, wie zornig ist das Mädchen**

**Es leuchtet meine Liebe**

**Stille Thränen**

**Three Byron Songs (1992)**

She walks in beauty

So, we'll go no more a-roving

It is the hour

Intermission

**Trois Ballades de François Villon**

I. de Villon à s'amyé

II. que Villon fait à la requeste de sa mère  
pour prier Nostre-Dame

III. des femmes de Paris

from **Don Pasquale**

Pronta io son....

**George Frideric Handel**

(1685-1759)

**Robert Schumann**

(1810-1856)

**David Ashley White**

**Claude Debussy**

(1862-1918)

**Gaetano Donizetti**

(1797-1848)

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the  
Master of Music in Performance

**Ballad III-**

Ballad of the women of Paris

Although one considers as fine talkers  
Florentines, Venetians,  
Enough to be good bearers of news,  
And likewise the old women;  
Yet, be they from Lombardy, Rome,  
Genoa, Heaven forbid,  
Piedmont, Savoy,  
There is no sharper tongue than in Paris.

Of fine speech professorships are held  
So they say by the Neapolitans,  
one also says that good chatters are  
The Germans and the Prussians;  
Be they Greeks, Egyptians,  
From Hungary or other lands,  
Spaniards or Catalans,  
There is no sharper tongue than in Paris.

The Bretons, the Swiss are barely  
proficient,  
Neither are the women from Gascony or  
Toulouse;  
Two fishwives from the Petit-Pont  
Will have the last word over those from  
Lorraine,  
England or Calais,  
(Have I included enough places?)  
Picardy, Valenciennes...  
There is no sharper tongue than in Paris.

Prince, to the Parisian ladies,  
Give the prize for fine speech;  
Whatever may be said of the Italians,  
There is no sharper tongue than in Paris.

**Duet from Don Pasquale**

Pronta io son..

**Norina**

Ah yes, I understand now

**Malatesta**

Very well, then

**Norina**

I'll play my part; but do not ask me  
To be faithless to the man who loves me,  
To the man I love.

**I shall make poor Don Pasquale's life  
A never ending riot;  
I know what I have to do.  
Never an hour of peace or quiet  
Shall he know the whole day through.**

**Malatesta**

To Ernesto I'm devoted;  
How sincerely, I'm sure you've noted.  
No one else but Don Pasquale  
Is the object of the plot.  
To Ernesto I'm devoted;  
Can you think that I would harm him?  
No, I certainly will not.

**Norina**

We're agreed; I'll undertake it.

**Malatesta**

Now I'll teach you your part

**Norina**

Do you want me to be haughty?

**Malatesta**

No.

**Norina**

Do you want me to be mournful?

**Malatesta**

No, no, that's not it at all.

**Norina**

Shall I cry?

**Malatesta**

No, no, no, no.

**Norina**

Or scream?  
Not doleful? Not haughty?  
Not cry, nor yet scream?

**Malatesta**

No, that's not what you have to do,  
that's not what I want.  
Just pay attention for a moment.  
You must play the sweet, simple little  
thing.

**Norina**

The sweet, simple little thing?