

Chelsea Bonagura
soprano

Ināra Zandmane, piano

assisted by:

JoAna Rusche, mezzo-soprano
Benjamin Blozan, piano

Graduate Recital

Sunday, January 29, 2012
1:30 pm
Recital Hall, Music Building



UNCG
School of
Music, Theatre and Dance

Program

"Tornami a vagheggiar" from *Alcina* (1735)

G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Zdes' khorosho, Op. 21 no. 7 (1902)
Ne poy krasavitsa, Op. 4, no. 4 (1893)
Vocalise, Op. 34. No. 14 (1912)

Sergei Rachmaninov
(1873-1943)

Phydilé (1882)
Chanson Triste (1868)
L'invitation au voyage (1870)

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Intermission

Sweet Suffolk Owl (1981)
Wild Swans from *Two Songs of Moving On* (2002)
The Serpent (1979)

Richard Hundley
(b.1931)
Cary Ratcliff
Lee Hoiby
(1926-2011)

Recit: A vos jeux mes amis
Aria: Pâle et blonde
from *Hamlet* (1868)

Ambroise Thomas
(1811-1896)

Duetto per due gatti (1825)
(Duet for two cats)

Gioacchino Rossini
(1811-1896)

Chelsea Bonagura is a student of Dr. Carla LeFevre

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

George Frideric Handel:

Libretto by: Antonio Marchi

Tornami a Vagheggiar
(Alcina)

Tornami a vagheggiar,
te solo vuol amar quest'anima fedel,
caro mio bene, caro!

Già ti donai il mio cor:
fido sarà'l mio cor;
mai ti sarò crudel, cara mi spene.

Come back to woo me,
only you does this faithful soul wish to love
my dearly beloved, dear one!

I have already given you my heart:
my love will be true;
never will I be cruel to you, my dear hope.

Sergei Rachmaninov:

Zdes' khorosho, Op. 21 no. 7

Text by: Glafira Galina (1872-1942)

Zdes' khorosho...
Vzgljani, vdali Ognjom gorit reka;
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,
Belejut oblaka.

Zdes' net ljudej...
Zdes' tishina...
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.
Cvety, da staraja sosna,
Da ty, mechta moja!

Here it is nice

Here it is nice...
Look - far away, The river is a blaze of fire;
The meadows lie like carpets of colour
The clouds are white.

Here there is no one...
Here it is silent...
Here is only God and I,
The flowers, the old pine tree,
And you, my dream!

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne, Op. 4 no. 4

Text by: Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837)

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruziji pechal'noj;
Napominajut mne oni
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

Uvy, napominajut mne
Tvoji zhestokije napevy
I step', i noch',
I pri lune Cherty dalekoj, bednoj devy!

Ja prizrak milyj, rokovoj,
Tebja uvidev, zabyvaju;
No ty pojosh',
i predο mnoj Jegο ja vnov' voobrazhaju.

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruziji pechal'noj;
Napominajut mne oni
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

Oh do not sing to me.

Do not sing, my beauty,
to me your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me of that other life
and distant shore.

Alas, They remind me,
your cruel melodies,
of the steppe, the night
and moonlit features of a poor, distant
maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition
I forget when you appear;
but you sing,
and before me I picture that image anew.

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me of that other life
and distant shore.

Vocalise, Op. 34 no. 14
(no text)

Vocalise

Henri Duparc:

Phydilé

Text by: Charles Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)

L'herbe est molle au sommeil
sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui dans les prés en fleur
germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!
Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil!
Par le trèfle et le thym,
seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule
au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre,
incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire
et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

Chanson Triste

Text by: Jean Lahor (1840-1909)

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! Quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Phydilé

The grass is soft for slumber
beneath the fresh poplar trees,
by the slopes by the mossy springs,
which, in the flowering meadows
with a thousand plants,
lose themselves among dark thickets.

Rest, oh Phidylé!
the midday sun shines
on the foliage and invites you to sleep!
Among clover and thyme,
alone, in full sunlight
hum the flying honeybees.

A warm fragrance circulates
through the turning paths,
the red poppy is drooping,
and the birds, skimming the hill with their
wings,
search for shade among the wild roses.

But when the sun,
turning in its resplendent orbit,
finds its heat abating,
let your loveliest smile
and your most ardent kiss
reward me for waiting!

Sorrowful Song

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight,
A soft moonlight of summer,
And to escape this troublesom light
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! Sometimes, on your lap,
And you will recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

L'invitation au Voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!

Invitation to a Journey

My child, my sister,
Think of the sweetness
Of going there to live together,
To love at leisure,
To love and to die
In a country that is the image of you!

The misty suns
Of those changeable skies
To my mind have the charm
So mysterious
Of your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There, all is harmony and beauty,
Luxury, calm and delight.

See on these canals
The sleeping boats
nomads by nature;
'Tis to satisfy
Your every desire
They have come from the ends of the earth.

The setting sun,
Again clothes the fields,
The canals, and the town
with reddish-orange and gold.
The world falls asleep
bathed in warmth and light.

Richard Hundley:

Text by: Thomas Vautor (1590-1625)

Sweet Suffolk Owl

Sweet Suffolk Owl,
so trimly dight With feathers like a lady
bright,
Thou singest alone,
sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo! Te whit, te whoo!

The note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls;
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo! Te whit, te whoo!

Cary Ratcliffe:

Text by: Edna St.Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

Wild Swans

From: Two Songs of Moving on

I looked in my heart while the wild swans went.

And what did I see I had not seen before?

Only a question less or a question more;

Nothing to match the flight of wild birds flying.

Tiresome heart, forever living and dying,

House without air, I leave you and lock your door.

Wild swans, come over the town, come over

The town again, trailing your legs and crying!

Lee Hoiby:

Text by: Theodore Roethke (1908-1963)

The Serpent

There was a Serpent who had to sing.

There was. There was.

He simply gave up Serpentine.

Because. Because.

He didn't like his Kind of Life;

He couldn't find a proper Wife;

He was a Serpent with a soul;

He got no Pleasure down his Hole.

And so, of course, he had to Sing,

And Sing he did, like Anything!

The Birds, they were, they were Astounded;

And various Measures Propounded

To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket:

They bought a Drum.

He wouldn't Whack it.

They sent, —you always send, —to Cuba

And got a Most Commodious Tuba;

They got a Horn, they got a Flute,

But Nothing would suit.

He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile:

I do not like to Bang or Tootle."

And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note

That practically split the Top of his Throat.

"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer,

"I'm Serious about my Singing Career!"

And the Woods Resounded with many a Shriek

As the Birds flew off to the end of Next Week.

Ambroise Thomas:**Ophelia's Mad Scene (Hamlet)**

Libretto by:

Michel Carre (1821-1872)

Jules Barier (1825-1901)

Adapted from Shakespeare's "Hamlet"

Recit:

A vos jeux, mes amis,
permettez-moi de grace de prendre part!

Nul n'a suivi ma trace!

J'ai quitte le palais
aux premiers feux du jour.

Des larmes de la nuit
la terre etait mouillee:

Et l'alouette, avant l'aube eveillee,
planait dans l'air.

Mais vous, pourquoi vous parler bas?

At your game, my friends,
would you permit me to take part!

No one has followed my path!

I left the palace
at the first fires of the day.

From the tears of the night,
the earth was damp:

And the lark, high in the trees,
flew in the air.

But you, why do you speak so softly?

Ne me reconnaissez pas?
Hamlet est mon epoux.
et je suis Ophelie!

Un doux serment nous lie.
Il m'a donne son couer
en echange du mien.
Et si quelqu'un dit
qu'il me fuit e m'oublie,
n'en croyez rien!
Non, Hamlet est mon epoux
e moi je suis Ophelie.

S'il trahissait sa foi,
j'en perdrais la raison!
Partagez-vous mes fleurs!
A toi cette humble branche
de romarin sauvage.
A toi, cette pervenche.

Aria:

Et maintenant eoutez ma chanson!

Pale et blonde dors sous l'eau profonde
La Willis au regard de feu!
Que Dieu garde celui
qui s'attarde dans la nuit
au bord du Lac bleu!

Heureuse l'epouse aux bras de l'epoux!
Mon ame et jalouse d'un bonheur si doux!

Nymphes au regard de feu, helas!
Tu dors sous les eaux du Lac bleu!

La sirene passe et vous entraine
sous l'azur du Lac endormi.
L'air se voile, adieu! blanche etoile!
adieu ciel, adieu doux ami!

Sous les flots endormi,
Ah, pour toujours, adieu, mon doux ami!

Ah, cher epoux, ah, cher amant!
Ah, doux aveu!, ah, tendre serment!
Bonheur supreme!
Ah, cruel, je t'aime!
Ah, cruel, tu vois mes pleurs!
Pour toi je meurs!

Gioacchino Rossini:

Duetto per due gatti

Meow
Meow
Meow

Do you not recognize me?
Hamlet is my bridegroom.
and I am Ophelia!

A sweet oath binds us.
He gave me his heart
in exchange for mine.
And if anyone says
that he has left me and forgotten me,
I do not believe it!
No, Hamlet is my bridegroom
and I am Ophelia.

If he should betray me now,
I would lose my reason!
Share my flowers!
For you, this humble branch
of wild rosemary.
For your, this periwinkle.

Aria:

And now, listen to my song!

Pale and fair, sleeping under the water,
La Willis, with the fiery gaze!
May God protect anyone,
who loiters at night
by the shores of the blue lake!

Happy wife in the arms of her groom!
My soul is jealous of such a sweet
happiness!
Nymph with the fiery gaze, alas!
You sleep under the waters of the blue lake!

The Siren passes and drags you
under the blue of the sleepy lake.
The air is veiled, goodbye, white stars,
goodbye sky, goodbye sweet friend!

Under the sleepy tide,
Ah, forever, goodbye my sweet friend!

Ah, dearest groom, dearest love!
Ah, sweet vow, tender oath!
Happiness supreme!
Ah, cruel one, I love you!
Ah, cruel one, you see my tears!
For you I die!