

STUDENT RECITAL

Anna Fosco, soprano

Student of Kirsten Gunlogson

with

Amanda Hopson, piano

Eidson-Duckwall Recital Hall

Saturday, November 2, 2024 • 11:00 A.M.

Eccomi in lieta vesta. . . Oh! quante volte
from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Green
Paysage sentimental

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

My White Knight
from *The Music Man*

Meredith Willson
(1902-1984)

Requiem
from *Dear Evan Hansen*

Pasek and Paul
(b. 1985)

Abi Eutsler, mezzo-soprano; Jonathan Shinn, tenor

Intermission

Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln
from *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Four Dickinson Songs

Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)

- I. Will There Really Be a Morning
- II. I'm Nobody
- III. She Died
- IV. If I

Viens Mallika. . . Dôme épais le jasmin
from *Lakmé*

Léo Delibes
(1836-1891)

Abi Eutsler, mezzo-soprano

O mio babbino caro
from *Gianni Schicchi*

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Program Notes

“Eccomi in lieta vesta. . . Oh! Quante volte”
from *I capuletti e i montecchi*

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

“Eccomi in lieta vesta. . . Oh! Quante volte”, or, “Here I am in cheerful attire...Oh! How many times” is a lamenting aria from *I capuletti e i montecchi* or *The Capulets and the Montagues*. The opera is an Italian version of the classic story of Romeo and Juliet with the text of this aria drawing from the “Wherefore art thou Romeo” monologue.

In this selection, Juliet is in her room preparing for her arranged marriage to Tebaldo, but she is devastated at the thought of being wed to anyone other than the man who has truly captured her heart: Romeo. She calls out for her true love and longs to be reunited with him, confident in knowing that he is the only man for her.

Eccomi in lieta vesta...
Eccomi adorna come vittima all'ara.
Oh! Almen potessi qual vittima cader
dell'ara al piede!
O nuziali tede, abborrite così fatali,
siate, ah, siate per me faci ferali.
Ardo... una vampa, una foco tutta mi strugge.

*Here I am in a cheerful attire...
Here I am adorned... like a victim at the altar.
Oh! If only I could as if wounded fall
from the altar to the floor!
Oh nuptial flames, you abhor me, so fatal
you are, ah! You are fateful flames for me
I burn... a flame, a fire torments me.*

Un refrigerio ai venti io chiedo invano.
Ove sei tu, Romeo? In qual terra t'aggiri?
Dove, inviarti, dove i miei sospiri?

*I ask for a cool breeze, but in vain.
Where are you, Romeo? In which land?
Where, where should I send you my sighs?*

Oh, quante volte, oh quante
ti chiedo al ciel piangendo!
Con quale ardor t'attendo,
e inganno il mio desir!
Raggio del tuo sembiante
ah! parmi il brillar del giorno:
ah! l'aura che spira intorno
mi sembra un tuo sospir.

*Oh! How many times, oh, how many,
did I ask the heavens for you, crying!
With such fervour I wait for you,
but my desire is in vain!
The light of your presence
shines for me like daylight:
ah! The air that dances around me
reminds me of your breath.*

Green

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Drawing from the poem by Paul Verlaine, Debussy sets the text to contemplative, sweeping melodies pondering the beauty of nature in juxtaposition with the longing for love. The melodies reflect a melancholy lust that feel more reflective than profound. Debussy's use of a minor tonality causes the piece to feel more somber, opposing the hopeful sweetness of the text.

Voici des fruits, des fleurs,
des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat
que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos
deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble
présent soit doux.

*Here are flowers, branches,
fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart
that beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your
two white hands
And may the humble gift
please your lovely eyes.*

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

*I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.*

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

*On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.*

Paysage Sentimental

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Debussy uses text from French poet Paul Borget to once again discuss the beauties of nature and the yearn for love, this time with more of a structured approach, inspiring the two lovers with the draws of their surroundings. His use of prolonged tension with a delayed release increases the feeling of longing between those in love.

Le ciel d'hiver, si doux, si triste, si dormant,
Où le soleil errait
parmi des vapeurs blanches,
Était pareil au doux, au profond sentiment
Qui nous rendait heureux mélancoliquement,
Par cet après-midi de baisers
sous les branches.

*The winter sky, so soft, so sad, so sleepy,
through which the sun
drifted in white mists,
was like the soft, the profound sentiment
which made us melancholically happy,
on that afternoon of kisses
beneath the branches.*

Branches mortes qu'aucun souffle ne remuait,
Branches noires avec quelque feuille
fanée,

*Lifeless branches which no breath stirred,
black branches with,
here and there a withered leaf.*

Ah! que ta bouche s'est à ma bouche donnée
Plus tendrement encor
dans ce grand bois muet,
Et dans cette langueur de la mort de l'année!

*Ah! How your mouth gave itself up to mine
still more tenderly
in that great silent wood,
and in this languor of the year's death!*

La mort de Tout sinon de Toi
que j'aime tant,
Et sinon du bonheur
dont mon Ame est comblée,
Bonheur qui dort au fond
de cette Ame isolée,
Mystérieux, paisible et frais comme l'étang
Qui pâlisait au fond
de la pâle vallée...

*The death of All if not You
whom I love so much,
and if not the happiness
with which my Soul is fulfilled,
happiness which sleeps
in the depth of this lonely Soul,
mysterious, peaceful and fresh
like the pond which grew pale
at the bottom of the pale valley...*

“My White Knight”
from *The Music Man*

Meredith Willson
(1982-1984)

Meredith Willson’s *The Music Man* tells the story of Harold Hill, a charming con man who arrives in a small town, posing as a music professor. He promises to help them form a marching band and teach the young musicians, all as part of a scheme to sell them instruments and uniforms. The town librarian and piano teacher, Marian, is suspicious of Harold’s ill intentions but quickly they develop feelings for each other causing Harold to change his ways. In this selection, Marian describes her ideal romantic partner and realizes that Harold may just be her perfect match.

[MARIAN]

My white knight
Not a Lancelot, nor an angel with wings
Just someone to love me
Who is not ashamed of a few nice things

My white knight
What my heart would say if it only knew how
Please dear, Venus
Show me how

All I want is a plain man
All I want is a modest man
A quiet man, a gentle man
A straightforward and honest man
To sit with me in a cottage somewhere in the state of Iowa
And I would like him to be more interested in me
Than he is in himself
And more interested in us than in me

And if occasionally he'd ponder
What makes Shakespeare and Beethoven great
Him I could love 'til I die
Him I could love 'til I die

My white knight
Not a Lancelot, nor an angel with wings
Just someone to love me
Who is not ashamed of a few nice things

My white knight
Let me walk with him
Where the others ride by
Walk and love him
'Til I die

“Requiem”
from *Dear Evan Hansen*

Pasek and Paul
(b. 1985)

Dear Evan Hansen, composed by Justin Paul and Benj Pasek, follows the story of a teen boy named Evan who struggles with his own identity after his classmate Connor dies by suicide. In this trio, Zoe, Connor’s brother, struggles with her emotions in how she’s expected to grieve versus how she truly feels. She’s joined by her parents, Larry and Cynthia, grieving the immense, unimaginable loss of their son.

[ZOE]

Why should I play this game of pretend?
Remembering through a secondhand sorrow?
Such a great son and wonderful friend
Oh, don't the tears just pour?

I could curl up and hide in my room
There in my bed, still sobbing tomorrow
I could give in to all of the gloom
But tell me, tell me what for

Why should I have a heavy heart?
Why should I start to break in pieces?
Why should I go and fall apart for you?

Why should I play the grieving girl and lie
Saying that I miss you
And that my world has gone dark without your light?
I will sing no requiem tonight

[LARRY]

I gave you the world, you threw it away
Leaving these broken pieces behind you
Everything wasted, nothing to say
So I can sing no requiem

[CYNTHIA]

I hear your voice, I feel you near
Within these words, I finally find you
And now that I know that you are still here
I will sing no requiem tonight

[ZOE & LARRY]

Why should I have a heavy heart?

[ZOE]

Why should I say I'll keep you with me?
Why should I go and fall apart for you?

Why should I play the grieving girl and lie
Saying that I miss you
And that my world has gone dark without your light?

I will sing no requiem
Tonight
'Cause when the villains fall, the kingdoms never weep
No one lights a candle to remember
No, no one mourns at all
When they lay them down to sleep

So, don't tell me that I didn't have it right
Don't tell me that it wasn't black and white
After all you put me through
Don't say it wasn't true
That you were not the monster
That I knew

'Cause I cannot play the grieving girl and lie
Saying that I miss you
And that my world has gone dark

[LARRY]

I will sing no requiem

[CYNTHIA]

I will sing no requiem

[ZOE]

I will sing no requiem tonight

Intermission

**“Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln”
from *Die Entführung aus dem Serail***

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Mozart’s “Die Entführung aus dem Serail” or “The Abduction from the Seraglio” tells the story of betrothed Pedrillo and Konstanze are sold by pirates along with Blonde, Konstanze’s maid, to Pasha Selim, a Turkish officer. Right before this aria, Blonde is given to Osmin, Pasha Selim’s overseer, as his servant and refuses his advances so that she can be reunited with her fiancé.

Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln,
Gefälligkeit und Scherzen,
Erobert man die Herzen
Der guten Mädchen leicht:

*With tenderness and pretty words,
Kindness and pleasantries,
It is easy to conquer
Good girls' hearts.*

Doch mürrisches Befehlen
Und Poltern, Zanken, Plagen
Macht, dass in wenig Tagen
So Lieb' als Treu entweicht.

*But surly commands,
Banging about, nagging, tormenting,
Will result, in a few days,
In love and fidelity departing.*

Four Dickinson Songs

Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)

Lori Laitman took inspiration for her *Four Dickinson Songs* from poet Emily Dickinson. Each poem tells an individual story and Laitman highlights these unique stories through differentiating short melodies. “Will There Really Be a Morning” begins the cycle in a questioning, curious way while “I’m Nobody” shares a joking story of a person connecting with another on identity. The third piece titled “She Died” tells the reflective story of loss, later hauntingly revealing that the bereaved is greiving the loss of one who was never there. “If I” is the only piece with an uplifting, inspirational message: one of hope for changing the lives of others around oneself.

No. 1 Will There Really Be a Morning

Will there really be a “Morning”?
Is there such a thing as “Day”?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called “Morning” lies!

Will there really be a “Morning”?

No. 2 I’m Nobody

I’m Nobody! Who are you?
Are you – Nobody – too?
Then there’s a pair of us!
Don’t tell! they’d advertise – you know!

How dreary – to be – Somebody!
How public – like a Frog –
To tell one’s name – the livelong June –
To an admiring Bog!

No. 3 She Died

She died – this was the way she died.
And when her breath was done
Took up her simple wardrobe
And started for the sun –

Her little figure at the gate
The Angels must have spied,
Since I could never find her
Upon the mortal side.

No. 4 If I

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

**“Viens Mallika. . . Dôme épais le jasmin”
from *Lakmé***

Léo Delibes
(1836-1891)

Leo Delibes’ famous Flower Duet was originally written for his opera titled “Lakmé”, but is now more regularly performed out of context of the opera. Within the opera, this piece shows Lakme and her servant Mallika as they travel to the river to pick flowers. They revel in the beauty of the nature around them and appreciate the presence of each other throughout the piece.

LAKME

Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs
Jettent déjà leur ombre
Sur le ruisseau sacré qui coule, calme et
sombre,
Eveillé par le chant des oiseaux tapageurs!

MALLIKA

Oh! maîtresse,
C'est l'heure où je te vois sourire,
L'heure bénie où je puis lire
dans le cœur toujours fermé de Lakmé!

LAKME

Dôme épais le jasmin,
A la rose s'assemble,
Rive en fleurs frais matin,
Nous appellent ensemble.
Ah! glissons en suivant
Le courant fuyant:
Dans l'on de frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Gagnons le bord,
Où l'oiseau chante, l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Dôme épais, blanc jasmin,
Nous appellent ensemble!

MALLIKA

Sous le dôme épais,
où le blanc jasmin
A la rose s'assemble,
Sur la rive en fleurs
riant au matin,
Viens, descendons ensemble.
Doucement glissons
De son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant:
Dans l'on de frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Sous le dôme épais,
Sous le blanc jasmin,
Ah! descendons ensemble!

LAKME

Come, Mallika, the vines in bloom
Already cast their shadow
Upon the sacred stream, beneath the gentle
music
Now atuned to the song of awakening birds!

MALLIKA

Oh! mistress,
It's time I see you smile,
Is one of gladness, for I can hear the secrets
locked within the heart of Lakmé!

LAKME

Thick dome jasmine,
At the rose assembles,
Fresh flowering shore in the morning,
We call together.
Ah! slide next
The current running away:
In the quivering one,
With a nonchalant hand,
Let's win the edge,
Where the bird sings, the bird, the bird sings.
Thick dome, jasmine white,
Call us together!

MALLIKA

Under the thick dome,
where the jasmine white
At the rose assembles,
On the bank in blooming
laughing in the morning,
Come, let's go down together.
Gently gliding
From its charming flow
Let's follow the current running away:
In the quivering one,
With a nonchalant hand,
Come, win the edge,
Where the source is sleeping
And the bird, the bird sings.
Under a dome,
Under the jasmine white,
Ah! let's go down together!

LAKME

Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite,
S'empare de moi,
Quand mon père va seul à leur
ville maudite;
Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!

MALLIKA

Pourquoi le Dieu Ganeça le protège,
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

LAKME

Oui, près des cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.
Ensemble

LAKME

Dôme épais le jasmin,
A la rose s'assemble,
Rive en fleurs frais matin,
Nous appellent ensemble.
Ah! glissons en suivant
Le courant fuyant:
Dans l'on de frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Gagnons le bord,
Où l'oiseau chante, l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Dôme épais, blanc jasmin,
Nous appellent ensemble!

MALLIKA

Sous le dôme épais, où le
blanc jasmin
A la rose s'assemble,
Sur la rive en fleurs riant
au matin,
Viens, descendons ensemble.
Doucement glissons
De son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant:
Dans l'on de frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort

LAKME

Yet, in my heart a new song has arisen
I know not why
When my father goes alone to their
cursed city;
I tremble, alas for his life!

MALLIKA

Why the God Ganeça protects him,
Up to the pond where frolic
Swans with snow wings,
Let's go pick the blue lotus.

LAKME

Yes, near the swans to the eves of meige,
Let's go pick the blue lotus.
Together

LAKME

Thick dome jasmine,
At the rose assembles,
Fresh flowering shore in the morning,
We call together.
Ah! slide next
The current running away:
In the quivering one,
With a nonchalant hand,
Let's win the edge,
Where the bird sings, the bird, the bird sings.
Thick dome, jasmine white,
Call us together!

MALLIKA

Under the thick dome, where the
jasmine white
At the rose assembles,
On the bank in blooming laughing
in the morning,
Come, let's go down together.
Gently gliding
From its charming flow
Let's follow the current running away:
In the quivering one,
With a nonchalant hand,
Come, win the edge,
Where the source is sleeping

Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Sous le dôme épais,
Sous le blanc jasmin,
Ah! descendons ensemble!

And the bird, the bird sings.
Under a dome,
Under the jasmine white,
Ah! let's go down together!

“O mio babbino caro”
from *Gianni Schicchi*

Giacomo Puccini
(1836-1891)

Set in 1299, Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* tells the love story of Lauretta and Rinuccio. “O mio babbino caro”, a staple within the operatic repertoire, shares Lauretta pleading with her father, Gianni Schicchi, for his blessing to marry Rinuccio despite the disagreements between their families.

O mio babbino caro
Mi piace, è bello, bello
Vo' andare in Porta Rossa
A comperar l'anello!

*Oh my dear papa
I like him, he is so handsome.
I want to go to Porta Rossa
To buy the ring!*

Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
E se l'amassi indarno,
Andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
Ma per buttarmi in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

*Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if my love were in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio
And throw myself in the Arno river!
I am pining, I am tormented!
Oh God, I would want to die!
Father, have pity, have pity!
Father, have pity, have pity!*