



Presents

ZWEI NACHTIGALLEN

a Master Voice Recital

Erin Taylor, *soprano*
Joy Yelenosky, *mezzo-soprano*
with
Mona Coalter, *piano*
David Stultz, *harpsichord*

L'Amante Segreto, Op. 2, No. 16 (1651)

Barbara Strozzi
(1619 – 1677)

Erin Taylor, *soprano*

Beau Soir (1891)

Claude Debussy
(1862 – 1918)

Die Forelle, D. 550 (1817)

Franz Schubert
(1797 – 1828)

Lied der Mignon D. 877, No. 1 (1826)

Joy Yelenosky, *mezzo-soprano*

Sieben frühe Lieder (1908)

1. Nacht
2. Schilflied
3. Die Nachtigall
4. Traumgekrönt
5. Im Zimmer
6. Liebesode
7. Sommertage

Alban Berg
(1885 – 1935)

Erin Taylor, *soprano*

LaBar Recital Hall

Sunday, February 26th, 2023, 2:30pm

This is a degree recital for the Master of Sacred Music.

Erin Taylor is a student of Kiera Duffy • Joy Yelenosky is a student of Stephen Lancaster
*Sacred Music at Notre Dame prohibits the unauthorized recording, publication, and streaming
of live performances. Please silence all electronic devices.*

“Habanera” from *Carmen* (1875)

Georges Bizet
(1838 – 1875)

Aurora (*Cansion a la Bandera Argentina*) (1908)

Hector Panizza
(1875 – 1967)

Joy Yelenosky, *mezzo-soprano*

“Ferry Me Across the Water” from *The Nantucket Songs* (1979)

Ned Rorem
(1923 – 2022)

The Silver Swan (1949)

Erin Taylor, *soprano*

Kissing a Fool (1988)

George Michael
(1963 – 2016)

Feeling Good (1964, arr. 1999)

Anthony Newley
(1931 – 1999)
Leslie Bricusse
(1931 – 2021)
arr. Muse

Joy Yelenosky, *mezzo-soprano*

Texts and Translations

L'Amante Segreto

Voglio, voglio morire,
piuttosto ch'il mio mal venga a scoprire.
Oh, disgrazia fatale!
Quanto più miran gl'occhi il suo bel volto
più tien la bocca il mio desir sepolto;
chi rimedio non ha taccia il suo male.
Non resti di mirar chi non ha sorte,
né può da sì bel ciel venir la morte.
La bella donna mia sovente miro
ed ella a me volge pietoso il guardo,
quasi che voglia dire:
"Palesa il tuo martire"
ché ben s'accorge che mi strugge e ardo.

Ma io voglio morire
piuttosto ch'il mio mal venga a scoprire.

L'erbetta, ch'al cader di fredda brina
languida il capo inchina,
all'apparir del sole
lieta verdeggia più di quel che suole:
tal io, s'alcun timor mi gela il core,
all'apparir di lei prendo vigore.

Deh, getta l'arco poderoso e l'armi,
Amor, e lascia omai di saettarmi!
Se non per amor mio
fallo per onor tuo, superbo dio,
perché gloria non è d'un guerrier forte
uccider un che sta vicino a morte.

Beau Soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

The Secret Lover

I'd rather die
than have my woes revealed.
Oh, the deadly disgrace!
The more my eyes admire her beautiful face
the more I shut my mouth and hide my desire;
an illness is hushed up if there's no cure.
All that can be seen is a hapless man
and death coming from so beautiful a sky.
Often I gaze on my beautiful woman
and she gives me a pitying look,
almost as if to say:
"Reveal yourself, you martyr",
she knows how I suffer and burn with love.

But I'd rather die
than have my woes revealed.

When a cold frost comes
the grass bows down its languid head,
but when the sun appears
it grows lush and verdant over the ground:
so I, if fear freezes my heart,
gain strength when she appears.

Ah, throw down your mighty bow and arrows,
Cupid, and stop shooting me!
If not for my sake
do it for your own honor, proud god,
because there's no glory for a valiant warrior
in killing one who is already close to death.

Beautiful Evening

When at sunset the rivers are pink
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,
All things seem to advise content -
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Advise us to savor the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil'
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrogene an.

Lied der Mignon

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!

The Trout

In a limpid brook
the capricious trout
in joyous haste
darted by like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
in blissful peace, watching
the lively fish swim
in the clear brook.

An angler with his rod
stood on the bank
cold-bloodedly watching
the fish's contortions.
As long as the water
is clear, I thought,
he won't catch the trout
with his rod.

But at length the thief
grew impatient. Cunningly
he made the brook cloudy,
and in an instant
his rod quivered,
and the fish struggled on it.
And I, my blood boiling,
looked on at the cheated creature.

Mignon's Song

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.
Alone, cut off
from all joy,
I gaze at the firmament
in that direction.
Ah, he who loves and knows me
is far away.
I feel giddy,
my vitals are aflame.
Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.

Sieben frühe Lieder

Nacht

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal.
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal.
O gib acht! gib acht!

Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan,
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan
Aus verborg' nem Schoß.

Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch vom fernen Hain
Einsam leise weht.

Und aus tiefen Grundes Düsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! gib acht!

Schilflied

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

Die Nachtigall

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.
Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen;
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

Night

Clouds loom over night and valley.
Mists hover, waters softly murmur.
Now at once all is unveiled.
O take heed! take heed!

A vast wonderland opens up,
Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall,
Silent paths climb silver-bright valleywards
From a hidden womb.

And the glorious world so dreamlike pure.
A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside
Shadow-black – a breath from the distant grove
Blows solitary soft.

And from the deep valley's gloom
Lights twinkle in the silent night.
Drink soul! drink solitude!
O take heed! take heed!

Reed song

Along a secret forest path
I love to steal in the evening light
To the desolate reedy shore
And think, my girl, of you!

When the bushes then grow dark,
The reeds pipe mysteriously,
Lamenting and whispering,
That I must weep, must weep.

And I seem to hear the soft sound
Of your voice,
And your lovely singing
Drowning in the pond.

The Nightingale

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.
She was once a wild creature,
Now she wanders deep in thought;
In her hand a summer hat,
Bearing in silence the sun's heat,
Not knowing what to do.

Traumgekrönt

Das war der Tag der weißen Chrysanthemen, –
mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht...
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele nehmen
tief in der Nacht.

Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise, –
ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht.
Du kamst, und leis wie eine Märchenweise
erklang die Nacht ...

Im Zimmer

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.

So! – Mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n. –
So ist mir gut;
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht.
Wie leise die Minuten ziehn!...

Liebesode

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden
trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. –

Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches – so reich an Sehnsucht!

Sommertage

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.
Nun windet nächtens der Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand
über Wander- und Wunderland.

O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen
von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,
nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild
zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

Crowned with Dreams

That was the day of the white chrysanthemums –
Its brilliance almost frightened me...
And then, then you came to take my soul
at the dead of night.

I was so frightened, and you came sweetly and gently,
I had been thinking of you in my dreams.
You came, and soft as a fairy tune
the night rang out...

In the Room

Autumn sunshine.
The lovely evening looks in so silently.
A little red fire
Crackles and blazes in the hearth.

Like this! – With my head on your knees. –
Like this I am content;
When my eyes rest in yours like this.
How gently the minutes pass!

Ode to Love

In love's arms we fell blissfully asleep.
The summer wind listened at the open window,
and carried the peace of our breathing
out into the moon-bright night. –

And from the garden a scent of roses
came timidly to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!

Summer days

Days, sent from blue eternity,
journey now across the world,
time drifts away in the summer wind.
The Lord at night now garlands
star-chains with his blessed hand
across lands of wandering and wonder.

In these days, O heart, what can
your brightest travel-song say
of your deep, deep joy?
The heart falls silent in the meadows' song,
words now cease when image after image
comes to you and fills you utterly.

Habanera

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
Que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
Et c'est bien in vain qu'on l'appelle
S'il lui convient de refuser.

Rien n'y fait, menace ou prière.
L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait.
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère.
Il n'a rien dit mais il me plaît.

L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême,
Il n'a jamais jamais connu de loi.
Si tou ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime.
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
Battit d'aile et s'envola.
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre.
Tu ne l'attends pas, il est là!

Tout atour de toi, vite vite,
Il vient, s'en va, puis il revient.
Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite.
Tu crois l'éviter, il te tient.

Love is a rebellious bird
that nobody can tame,
and you call him quite in vain
if it suits him not to come.

Nothing helps, neither threat nor prayer.
One man talks well, the other's mum;
it's the other one that I prefer.
He's silent but I like his looks.

Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy's child,
it has never, ever, known a law;
love me not, then I love you;
if I love you, you'd best beware! etc.

The bird you thought you had caught
beat its wings and flew away.
Love stays away, you wait and wait;
when least expected, there it is!

All around you, swift, so swift,
it comes, it goes and then returns.
You think you hold it fast, it flees.
You think you're free, it holds you fast.

Aurora

Alta en el cielo, un águila guerrera
audaz se eleva en vuelo triunfal;
azul un ala del color del cielo,
azul un ala del color del mar.
Así en la alta aurora irradial,
punta de flecha el áureo rostro imita,
y forma estela al purpurado cuello.
El ala es paño, el águila es bandera.

Es la bandera de la patria mía,
del sol nacida, que me ha dado Dios.

High in the sky, a warrior eagle
It raises boldly in a triumphal flight;
Blue, one of its wings, the color of the sky,
Blue, one of its wings, the color of the sea.
So in the high irradial aurora Arrowhead,
the golden face imitates,
And forms trails to the purple neck.
The wing is cloth, the eagle is flag.

It's the flag of the homeland of mine
Of the born sky, that has been given by God.

