



Presents

Tragédies Langoureuses, Languid Tragedies

A Masters Voice Recital

Loren Masánqué, Countertenor

David Stultz, Harpsichord

Dr. Mariah Boucher, Piano

Jeffrey Dean, Conductor

Ritornello Strings

As with rosy steps the morn *Theodora* HWV68 (1750) George Frederick Handel (1685-1759)
David Stultz, Harpsichord

Le Berger Fidèle RCT24 (1728) Jean Philippe Rameau (1683-176)
Air Plaintiff
Air Gay
Air Vif et Gracieux

Ritornello Strings
David Stultz, Harpsichord
Jeffrey Dean, Conductor

Intermission

J'ai perdu mon Eurydice, *Orphée* Wq. 41 (1774/1859) Christophe Willibald Glück (1714-1787)
Berlioz Version

Wie Melodien zieht es, Op. 150, no 1 (1886) Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Sapphische Ode. Op. 94, No 4 (1884)
O kühler Wald, Op. 72. no. 3 (1877)

O mio Fernando, *La Favorita* (1840) Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Labar Recital Hall, O'Neil Hall of Music
Friday, the 14th of April, 2023, 6:00pm

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

[Loren Masánqué](#) is a student of Kiera Duffy

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Texts and Translations

As with rosy steps the Morn

As with rosy steps the morn
Advancing drives the shades of night
So form virtuous toils well borne
Raise thou our hopes of light
Triumphant Saviour, Lord of Day, thou art
the light, the life, the way.

La Berger Fidèle

Récit

Prêt à voir immoler l'objet de sa tendresse,
Le fidèle Mirtil déplore ses malheurs,
Il soupire ; il gémit sans cesse,
Et sa voix aux Echos dit ainsi ses douleurs.

Air Plantif

Faut-il qu'Amarillis périsse ?
Diane, apaise ton courroux ;
Par un horrible sacrifice
Peux-tu briser des noeuds si doux ?
Ah ! si la timide innocence
Sur vos autels doit expirer,
Dieux ! quelle est donc la récompense
Que la vertu doit espérer ?

Récit

Mais c'est trop me livrer à ma douleur
mortelle,
Un autre doit mourir pour elle,
Hâtons-nous de la secourir,
Pour sauver ce qu'il aime, un amant doit
périr.

Recitative

Ready to see the object of his affections be
sacrificed,
the faithful Mirtil bewails his misfortune,
sighs, weeps unceasingly,
and thus his voice resounds in echoes
relating his suffering.
Must Amaryllis then die?
Diana, appease your wrath.
Can you break apart such sweet chains
with such a horrible sacrifice?
Ah! if timid innocence must
upon your altars perish,
gods! what then is the reward
which virtue can hope to receive?

Recitative

But it is too much to free me from my
mortal pain.
Another must die for her.
Let us hasten to help her;
a lover must perish to save the one he loves.

Air Gay

L'Amour qui règne dans votre âme,
Berger, a de quoi nous charmer,
Par votre généreuse flamme
Vous montrez comme il faut aimer.
L'Amant léger brise ses chaînes,
Quand le sort trahit ses désirs,
Sans vouloir partager les peines
Il veut avoir part aux plaisirs.

Récit

Cependant à l'autel le Berger se présente,
Son front est déjà ceint du funeste bandeau.
Arrêtez, Diane est contente
D'un amour si rare et si beau.
Mirtil obtient la fin des maux de l'Arcadie,
Et lorsqu'il croit perdre la vie
L'Hymen pour cet amant allume son
flambeau.

Air Vif et Gracieux

Charmant Amour sous ta puissance
Tôt ou tard on sent tes faveurs,
Souvent dans les plus grands malheurs
Elles passent notre espérance.
Tu ne fais sentir tes rigueurs
Que pour éprouver la constance,
Tu veux que la persévérance
Puisse mériter tes douceurs.

Happy Air

Love that reigns in your soul,
Shepherd, has something to charm us,
By your generous flame
You show how to love.
The light lover breaks his chains,
When fate betrays his desires,
Without wanting to share the pain
He wants to share in the pleasures.

Recitative

However at the altar the Shepherd presents
himself, His forehead is already girded with
the fatal headband.

Stop, Diane is happy

Of a love so rare and so beautiful.

Mirtil obtains an end to the evils of Arcadia,

And when he thinks he's losing his life

Hymen for this lover lights its torch

Lively and Graceful Air

Charming Love, under your power

Sooner or later one experiences your favors,

Frequently during the greatest misfortunes

They transcend hope.

You do not realize your own strictness

In testing constancy,

Wherein only perseverance

Can merit your comforts.

J'ai Perdu

C'est moi qui lui ravis le jour!
Loi fatale!
Cruel remords!
Ma peine est sans égale.
Dans ce moment funeste
Le désespoir, la mort
Est tout ce qui me reste.
J'ai perdu mon Eurydice,
Rien n'égale mon malheur;
Sort cruel! quelle rigueur!
Rien n'égale mon malheur!
Je succombe à ma douleur!
Eurydice, Eurydice,
Réponds, quel supplice!
Réponds-moi!
C'est ton époux fidèle;
Entends ma voix qui t'appelle.
Eurydice, Eurydice!
Mortel silence! Vaine espérance!
Quelle souffrance!
Quel tourment déchire mon cœur!

It is I who robbed him of the day!
Fatal law!
Cruel remorse!
My pain is unmatched.
In this sad moment
despair, death
Is all I have left.
I lost my Eurydice,
Nothing equals my misfortune;
Cruel Fate! what rigor!
Nothing equals my misfortune!
I succumb to my pain!
Eurydice, Eurydice,
Answer, what torture!
Answer me!
He is your faithful husband;
Hear my voice calling you.
Eurydice, Eurydice!
Deadly silence! Vain hope!
What suffering!
What torment rends my heart!

O kühler Wald

O kühler Wald,
Wo rauschest du,
In dem mein Liebchen geht?
O Widerhall,
Wo lauschest du,
Der gern mein Lied versteht?
Im Herzen tief,
Da rauscht der Wald,
In dem mein Liebchen geht,
In Schmerzen schlief
Der Widerhall,
Die Lieder sind verweht.

Wie Melodien zieht es

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.
Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.
Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgен wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

O cool forest

O cool forest,
In which my beloved walks,
Where are you murmuring?
O echo,
Where are you listening,
Who love to understand my song?
Deep in the heart
Is where the forest murmurs,
In which my beloved walks,
The echo fell asleep in sorrow,
The songs have blown away.

How like Melody

Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.
Yet when words come and capture them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.
Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

O mio Fernando

O mio Fernando! della terra il trono
a possederti avria donato il cor;
ma puro l'amor mio come il perdono,
dannato, ah! lassa! è a disperato orror.
Il ver fia noto, e in tuo dispregio estremo,
la pena avrommi che maggior si de', ah!
Se il giusto tuo disdegno allor fia scemo,
piombi, gran Dio, la folgor tua su me!

Su, crudeli, e chi v'arresta?
scritto è in cielo il mio dolor!
Su, venite, ell' è una festa,
sparsa l'ara sia di fior.
Già la tomba a me s'appresta,
ricoperta in negro vel
sia la trista fidanzata,
che reietta, disperata,
non avrà perdono in ciel,
maledetta, disperata,
non avrà perdono in ciel.

O mio Fernando

Oh, my Fernando! Throne of the earth,
I would have given my heart to possess you,
But my pure love is like a pardon,
and yet I am damned, alas! It is a terrifying
horror.

The truth shall be known, and in your
extreme contempt

I will face the worst penalty possible;

If you are rightly displeased, then I will be a
mockery

Strike me, great God, with your lightning.

Come, death, what is stopping you?

My pain is written in the skies,

Come, she is a festival,

An altar spread with flowers.

The grave is already opening for me;

The black veil is already covering me;

Ah! The sad bride,

damned, desperate,

She will not have forgiveness in heaven.

