



Presents

A Master's Degree Recital

A Masters Voice Recital

Joy Yelenosky, contralto

Dror Baitel, piano

The Lark Ascending

Ronald William Hill
(1894–1916)

Tonadillas en estilo antiguo

Enrique Granados
(1867–1916)

- I. Amor y odio
- II. Callejeo
- III. El majo discreto
- IV. El majo olvidado
- V. El majo tímido
- VI. El mirar de la maja
- VII. El tra-la-la y el punteado
- VIII. La maja de Goya

Intermission

En! Duos conspicis, from *Apollo et Hyacinthus*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Voici que le printemps
En sourdine

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Mazurka

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

LaBar Recital Hall
Saturday, April 27, 2024, 5:00pm

Joy Yelenosky is a student of Stephen Lancaster.
This is a degree recital for the Master of Sacred Music.
*Sacred Music at Notre Dame prohibits the unauthorized recording, publication, and streaming of live performances.
Please silence all electronic devices.*

Texts and Translations

The Lark Ascending

Out from the well, so deep, so dark
Where roots abide and ripples hide.
There rose a song of morning tide,
The lilting echoes of a Lark
And like the flame before the spark,
there lived no thing that had not died
While here a death and there a birth
Change went dancing through the grass.
And all that could had come to pass,
seeds to a flight.
Wings to earth.
Embers settling in the hearth,
a ring of fire unbroken.
With space like a Hand that's opened wide
and released the Lark ascending.

Tonadillas

Amor y odio

Pensé que yo sabría
ocultar la pena mía
que por estar en lo profundo
no alcanzara a ver el mundo:
este amor callado
que un majo malvado
en mi alma encendió.

Y no fue así
porque él vislumbró
el pesar oculto en mí.
Pero fue en vano
que vislumbrara
pues el villano
no mostrose ajeno
de que le amara.

Y esta es la pena
que sufro ahora:
sentir mi alma
llena de amor
por quien me olvida,
sin que una luz

Love and Hate

I thought I could
conceal my sorrows
so that it might be so deep
as to be imperceptible to the world
This secret love
that a roguish man
Enkindled in my soul

And it wasn't
because he glimpsed
The grief hidden within me
But it was in vain
That he glimpsed it
and did not
separate himself
from that which he loved

And this is the punishment
that I now suffer:
To feel my soul
filled with love
for one who has forgotten me,
without an encouraging light

alentadora
surja en las sombras
de mi vida.

Callejeo

Dos horas ha que callejeo
pero no veo,
nerviosa ya, sin calma,
al que le di confiada
el alma.

No vi hombre jamás
que mintiera más que el majo
que hoy me engaña;
mas no le ha de valer
pues siempre fui mujer de maña
y, si es menester,
correré sin parar,
atrás él, entera España.

El majo discreto

Dicen que mi majo es feo.
Es posible que sí que lo sea,
que amor es deseo
que ciega y marea.
Ha tiempo que sé
que quien ama no ve.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre
que por lindo descuelle y asombre,
en cambio es discreto
y guarda un secreto
que yo posé en él
sabiendo que es fiel.

¿Cuál es el secreto
que el majo guardó?
Sería indiscreto
contarlo yo.
No poco trabajo costara saber
secretos de un majo con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapiés.
¡Eh, ¡eh! ¡Es

un majo, un majo es!

to pierce the shadows
of my life.

I wander

Two hours that I wander
But I don't see,
Now agitated, without peace,
The man to whom I trustingly gave
my soul

Never before saw a man
that lied more
Than him who now deceives me;
but, it'll be of no use to him
for I've always been a stubborn woman
and, if necessary
I'll run without stopping
after him, through all of Spain.

The discreet lover

Some say that my beloved is homely
It is possible that he may be,
For love is desire
Which blinds and dizzies.
For long have I known
That loving is not seeing

But if my beloved is not a man
Whose beauty turns heads and astonishes,
Then he is discreet
And the keeper of a secret
That I entrusted to him
Knowing that he is true.

What could this secret be
That my beloved is safeguarding?
It would be indiscreet
For me to reveal it.
It is no small feat to learn
The secrets between a man and a woman.
He was born in Lavapiés.
Uh-huh!

He is handsome, handsome is he!

El Majo olvidado

Cuando recuerdes los días pasados,
piensa en mí, en mí.
Cuando de flores se llene tu reja,
piensa en mí, piensa en mí.

Cuando en las noches serenas,
cante el ruiseñor,
piensa en el majo olvidado
que muere de amor.

¡Pobre del majo olvidado!
¡Qué duro sufrir, sufrir, sufrir!
Pues que la ingrata le dejó,
no quiere vivir.

El mirar de la maja

¿Por qué es en mis ojos
tan hondo el mirar
que a fin de cortar
desdenes y enojos
los suelo entornar?
¿Qué fuego dentro llevarán
que si acaso con calor
los clavo en mi amor
sonrojo me dan?

Por eso el chispero
a quien mi alma dí
al verse ante mí
me tira el sombrero
y dícame así:
"Mi Maja, no me mires más
que tus ojos rayos son
y ardiendo en pasión
la muerte me dan."

El majo Timido

Llega a mi reja y me mira
por la noche un majo
que, en cuanto me ve y suspira,
se va calle abajo.
¡Ay qué tío más tardío!
¡Si así se pasa la vida estoy

The forgotten man

When you remember the days gone by,
think of me.
When your trellis is bedecked with flowers,
think of me.

When, on tranquil nights,
The nightingale sings,
think of the forgotten man,
who died of love.

Poor forgotten man!
How deeply he suffers!
because an ungrateful one left him,
But does not want to live.

The gaze of the beloved

Because my eyes
hold such an intense gaze
in order to avoid
d disdain and fighting
I tend to look away
What fire do they carry inside,
that with only a little passion
When I look at my lover
They cause me to blush

That's why this fiery man
to whom I gave my soul
when standing in front of me
tosses a hat my way
and says to me:
"My love, do not look at me anymore
for your eyes are lightning
and burning in desire
they give me death."

A timid man

Coming to my window grate to look at me
In the evening is a Gent
Who, when he has seen enough, sighs
and disappears down the road.
Ah what a fleeting fellow.
If this is how my life goes, it will be fun!

divertida!

El tre la la y el punteado

Es en balde, majo mío, que sigas hablando
porque hay cosas que contesto yo siempre cantando:
Tra la la...

Por más que preguntes tanto:
tra la la...

En mí no causas quebranto
ni yo he de salir de mi canto:

tra la la...

La maja de Goya

Yo no olvidaré en mi vida
de Goya la imagen gallarda y querida.
No hay hembra ni maja o señora
que a Goya no eche de menos ahora.

Si yo hallara quien me amara
como él me amó,
no envidiara ni anhelara más
venturas ni dichas yo.

En! Duos conspicis

En! Duos conspicis:
Amantem et nocentem,
Iuvantem et furentem;
Cui manum porrigis?
Apollo te necabit,
At Zephyrus amabit.
Fraterno qui dexteram
Tinxit cruore,
Tentabit in tenera
Plura Sorore:
Quem prudens eligis?

Voici que le printemps

Voici que le printemps, ce fils léger d'avril,
Beau page en pourpoint vert
brodé de roses blanches.
Paraît leste, fringant et
les poings sur les hanches
Comme un prince

The Tra la la and the Picking

It is in vain, my boy, that you go on talking
There are things in which I ever answer in song
Tra la la...

No matter how many times you ask:
Tra la la...

You cause me no grief
and I will not cease to sing:

Tra la la...

Goya's woman

I will not forget in my lifetime
the gallant and cherished image of Goya.
There is not a woman - maid or lady -
Who does not think highly of Goya.

If I might find someone to love me
like he loved me,
I would not envy or yearn
for better luck of happiness.

Look! You see two suitors:

Look! You see two suitors:
One loving and one malign,
One helping and one raging;
To whom would you offer your hand?
Apollo will kill you,
But Zephyrus will love you.
He who stained his hand
With your brother's blood
Will attempt further outrages
On the delicate sister;
Whom, if you are wise, would you choose?

Behold the Spring

Behold the Spring, that delicate son of April,
A handsome page in green velvet
Embroidered with white roses
Behold how nimble, how dashing he is,
With his hands on his hips,
Like a prince

acclamé revient d'un long exil.

Being hailed on his return from long exile.

Les branches des buissons verdissent et rendent étroite
La route qu'il poursuit en dansant comme un fol;
Sur son épaule gauche il porte un rossignol,
Un merle s'est posé sur son épaule droite.

The branches of the verdant bushes hem in,
The path he dances along like a jester;
A nightingale perches on his left shoulder,
And on his right shoulder a blackbird has alighted.

Et les fleurs qui dormaient sous les mousses des bois
Ouvrent leurs yeux
où flotte une ombre vague et tendre;
Et sur leurs petits pieds se dressent,
pour entendre
Les deux oiseaux siffler et chanter à la fois.

The flowers that slept under the forest moss
Open their eyes,
On which a vague tender shadow quivers;
And their little feet stand on tiptoe
To hear
The two birds whistle and sing together.

Car le merle sifflote et le rossignol chante;
Le merle siffle ceux qui ne sont pas aimés,
Et pour les amoureux languissants et charmés,
Le rossignol prolonge une chanson touchante.

For the blackbird whistles and the nightingale sings;
The blackbird whistles for those who are not loved,
And for spellbound and languishing lovers
The nightingale pours out a touching song.

En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Muted

Calm in the twilight
Cast by loft boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Half close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from the heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze,
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

And when solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

Mazurka

Les bijoux aux poitrines,
Les soleils aux plafonds
Les robes opalines,
Miroirs et violons
Font ainsi, font, font, font

Des mains tomber l'aiguille
L'aiguille de raison
Des mains de jeunes filles
Qui s'envolent et font
Font ainsi, font, font,

D'un regard qui s'appuie,
D'une ride à leur front
Le beau temps ou la pluie
Et d'un soupir larron
Font ainsi, font, font, font

Du bal une tourmente
Où sage et vagabond
D'entendre l'inconstante
Dire oui, dire non
Font ainsi, font, font, font

Danser l'incertitude
Dont les pas compteront,
Oh! le doux pas des prudes,
Leurs silences profonds
Font ainsi, font, font, font,

Du bal une contrée
Où les feux s'uniront.
Des amours rencontrées
Ainsi la neige fond,
La neige fond, fond, fond.

Mazurka

The bejeweled décolletage,
The ceilings with bright suns,
The opaline ball-frocks,
Mirrors and violins:
They go like so – go, go, go.

A brooch tumbles out of hands,
The brooch: just an excuse
Out of the hands of maidens
That vanish, and they go,
They go like so – go, go, go.

With a glance that might contain
In the wrinkle on a brow
Fine weather or maybe rain,
And with an roguish sigh
They go like so – go, go, go.

The ball in a whirling cyclone
Or demure fancy free,
Just listen to each fickle one
Saying yes, then saying no:
They go like so – go, go, go.

In dances thus uncertain
The dance steps hardly count.
Oh! The soft steps of discretion
Are silent mysteries to those
Who go like so – go, go, go.

A ball may be the first place
Where such burning fires unite.
When lovers thus embrace
So melts the snow,
So melts the snow – so, so, so.

For more of SMND's upcoming events, scan the QR code below:



College of Arts and Letters
Sacred Music at Notre Dame