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Spring 4-8-2022

### **Andrea Waschbisch & Bruce Glassco Junior Recital**

St. Norbert College Music Department

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# ~Program~

How Beautiful are the Feet (from *Messiah*) George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Als einst mit Weibes Schönheit Franz Joseph Haydn  
(1732-1809)  
*Andrea Waschbisch, Soprano*

Three Songs (from *Dichterliebe*) Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai  
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Quand j'étais chez mon père arr. Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)  
*Bruce Glassco, Baritone*

Mots d'amour Cécile Chaminade  
(1857-1944)

Vos me matásteis Joaquín Rodrigo  
(1901-1999)

Saper vorreste (from *Un Ballo in Maschera*) Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

*Andrea Waschbisch, Soprano*

Non più andrai (from *Le Nozze di Figaro*)      Wolfgang Amadeus  
Mozart

(1756-1791)

*Bruce Glassco, Baritone*

Ain't it a pretty night (from *Susannah*)

Carlisle Floyd  
(1926-2021)

*Andrea Waschbisch, Soprano*

Let Beauty Awake  
Williams

Ralph Vaughn

(1872-1958)

2 Songs (From Songs of the Sea)

Roger Quilter  
(1877-1953)

By the Sea  
Moonlight

*Bruce Glassco, Baritone*

Là ci darem la mano (from *Don Giovanni*)      Wolfgang Amadeus  
Mozart

(1756-1791)

*Andrea Waschbisch, Soprano, Bruce Glassco, Baritone*

*The use of cell phones, cameras, or recording devices is  
strictly prohibited.*

**This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for  
Bachelor's degrees in Music Performance (Andrea Waschbisch) and Music  
Education (Bruce Glassco).**

**Ms. Waschbisch and Mr. Glassco are students in the studio of Dr. Michael Rosewall.**

## ~Program Notes~

### **How Beautiful are the Feet (*from Messiah*)**      George Frideric Handel

This aria is taken from the first part of Handel's famous oratorio, *Messiah*. *Messiah* has fifty-three different movements in three parts featuring orchestra, soloists and a chorus. This particular movement has a biblical text taken from the Old Testament, Romans 10:15. Which depicts both hope and joy at the arrival of God's angels, who bring good news of peace.

### **Als einst mit Weibes Schönheit**

Franz Joseph Haydn

Als einst mit Weibes Schönheit sich  
Die höchste Tugend schwesterlich  
Im engsten Bund gepaart  
Da war es, als Marien  
Bloß ob diesem schönen Bund  
Das Los der Auserwählung ward.

When feminine beauty once  
Joined the highest virtue like sisters  
In the closest union,  
It was for this, that Mary  
For the sake of that fair bond  
Was designated as the chosen one.

Und diesem hohen Urbild gleich,  
An Schönheit und an Tugend reich  
Schuf dich auch die Natur,  
Drum such, o Teure, jederzeit  
Die höchste Liebenswürdigkeit

And in the image of that lofty example,  
Rich in beauty and virtue,  
Nature has created you, too.  
Then seek, O dearest, at all times  
Supreme graciousness

Franz Joseph Haydn was one of the most important composers of the Classical era. He is known and referred to as the “father of the symphony” and the “father of the string quartet.” Although he is not as well known for his compositions for solo voice, he did write about forty songs. His true vocal style can be seen more clearly in the arias from his oratorios and operas. “Als einst mit Weibes Schönheit” is one of those forty vocal pieces he wrote.

## Three Songs (from *Dichterliebe*)

Robert Schumann

### ● I

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
als alle knospen sprangen,  
da ist in meinem Herzen  
die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Vögel sangen,  
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

### ● II

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
viel blühende Blumen hervor  
und meine Seufzer werden  
ein Nachtigallenchor

Und wenn du mich lieb hast,  
Kindchen  
schenk ich dir die Blumen all  
und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
das Lied der Nachtigall

### ● III

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,  
die Lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.  
Ich Lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich Liebe alleine  
die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;  
sie selber, aller Liebe wonne  
ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May  
When all the buds are bursting open  
There from my own heart  
Bursts forth my own love.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May  
When all the birds are singing,  
So have I confessed to her  
My yearning and my longing.

From my tears sprout forth  
Many blooming flowers,  
And my sighing become joined with  
The chorus of the nightingales.

And if you love me, dear child,

I will send you so many flowers;  
And before your window should sound  
The song of the nightingale.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
I loved them all - in love's bliss.  
I love them no more, I love only  
The small, the fine, the pure, the One;  
I love only that which is small  
Fine, pure, the one, the One!

Robert Schumann's *Dichterliebe* (meaning 'A poet's love') is a song cycle using texts from Heinrich Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo*. Originally a set of twenty pieces (written in just one week), Schumann later removed four to be published separately. Tonight's selections are the first three of the remaining 16 songs. The set as a whole tells a story of unrequited love. The feel of the opening piece, "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai" is melancholic, as the poet is unsure whether their beloved loves them in return. In the second selection, the poet promises that, if the beloved does indeed love them back, nightingales shall sing outside their window. In the final selection, the poet is so overcome with love that all of nature now pales in contrast with just "The One." The rapidly sung text exemplifies this emotion, like someone who has had their breath taken away. Listeners will hear Schumann's ability to express the text both through the beautiful vocal melodies and the unique individuality of the piano accompaniments.

## Quand j'étais chez mon père

Benjamin Britten

Quand j'étais chez mon père,  
Apprenti pastoureau,  
Il m'a mis dans la lande,  
Pour garder les troupeaux.  
Troupeaux, troupeaux,  
Je n'en avais guère.  
Troupeaux, troupeaux,  
Je n'en avais biaux.

Mais je n'en avais guère,  
Je n'avais qu'trois agneaux;  
Et le loup de la plaine  
M'a mangé la plus biau.  
Troupeaux, troupeaux  
Je n'en avais guère.  
Troupeaux, troupeaux,  
Je n'en avais biaux.

Il était si vorace  
N'a laissé que la piau,  
N'a laissé que la queue,  
Pour mettre a mon chapiau.  
Troupeaux, troupeaux  
Je n'en avais guère.  
Troupeaux, troupeaux,  
Je n'en avais biaux

When I lived with my father  
As an apprentice shepherd  
He sent me to the moor  
To look after the sheep  
Sheep, Sheep,  
I had but a few  
Sheep, Sheep,  
I had none that were bonny

No, I had but a few  
I had but three lambs;  
And the wolf from the plain  
Ate the finest of those  
Sheep, Sheep  
I had but a few,  
Sheep, Sheep,  
I had none that were bonny

He was so ravenous  
He left only the pelt  
He left only the tail  
To put on my hat  
Sheep, Sheep,  
I had but a few,  
Sheep, Sheep,  
I had none that were bonny

“Quand j'étais chez mon père” comes from a collection of French folksong arrangements written by Benjamin Britten. It is a tale of a young person who was employed by his father to look after the sheep. As the song progresses, the situation is turned on its head when a wolf comes and eats the finest of his sheep. The shepherd turns bad into good by using the tail that was left behind to wear on his hat. In other versions of the tale, the shepherd goes on to fashion one of the sheep bones into a pipe to play at the town fair where the whole town dances to his playing. Britten uses a creative piano accompaniment to highlight the repetitive melodic line of this classic folksong.

## Mots d'amour

Cécile Chaminade

Quand je te dis des mots lassés,  
C'est leur douleur qui fait leurs charmes!  
Ils balbutient, et c'est assez,  
Les mots ont des larmes.

When I speak to you with sorrowful words,  
It is their sadness that gives them charm!  
They hesitate, but that is enough.  
The words have tears.

Quand je te dis des mots fougueux,  
Ils brûlent mon coeur et mes lèvres,  
Ton être s'embrase avec eux,  
Les mots ont des fièvres.

When I speak to you with fiery words,  
They burn my heart and lips,  
Your being is caught in their blaze  
The words have passion

Mais quels qu'ils soient, les divins mots,  
Les seuls mots écoutés des femmes,  
Dans leurs soupirs ou leurs sanglots,  
Les mots ont des âmes.

But whatever they may be, the divine words,  
They are the only words that women hear,  
In their sighs or in their sobs,  
The words have souls

Cecile Chaminade was one of the only female composers of her time living solely off of her compositional revenue and music publishing. She wrote around 125 songs, generally choosing contemporary poetry for the text. “Mots d’amour” features text from French poet, Charles Fuster. The simple and beautiful melody line is complemented nicely by the elegant and expressive accompaniment.

## Vos me matásteis

Joaquín Rodrigo

Vos me matásteis,  
niña en cabelo,  
vos me habéis muerto.  
Riberas de un río  
ví moza vírgen,  
Niña en cabelo,  
vos me matásteis,  
Niña en cabelo,

You have slain me,  
Maid with hair unbound,  
You have killed me.  
On the banks of a river  
I espied a handsome lass,  
Maid with hair unbound,  
You have slain me,  
Maid with hair unbound.

This piece is a part of a set of songs, *Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios*. This song series has four pieces that are roughly 7-8 minutes all together. Each piece is brief but depicts a distinct emotional state. “Vos me matasteis” depicts the infatuation with someone who was seen only briefly but nonetheless left a great impact.



## Saper vorreste

Giuseppe Verdi

Saper vorreste  
Di che si veste,  
Quando l'è cosa  
Ch' ei vuol nascosa.

You would like to know  
What he's wearing,  
When it's the very thing  
That he wants concealed

Oscar lo sa,  
Ma nol dirà,  
Tra là là là là  
Là là là là

Oscar knows,  
But he won't tell  
Tra la la la la  
La la la la.

Pieno d'amor  
Mi balza il cor,  
Ma pur discreto  
Serba il segreto.  
Nol rapirà  
Grado o beltà,  
Tra là là là là  
Là là là là.

Full of love  
My heart throbs,  
But still discreet  
It keeps the secret.  
Neither rank nor beauty  
Will seize it  
Tra la la la la  
La la la la.

This piece is from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, an opera in three acts. The aria takes place at a masked ball and is sung by Oscar, a servant to the King. In this scene, Oscar is asked by an assassin to reveal the King's costume. Instead of giving away the King's secret, Oscar teases, laughs and tries to conceal the King's identity.

## Non più andrai (from *Le Nozze di Figaro*)

Wolfgang Amadeus

Mozart

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,  
Notte e giorno d'intorno girando,  
Delle belle turbando il riposo,  
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.

You shall go no more, amorous butterfly,  
Day and night flitting to and fro;  
Disturbing ladies in their sleep  
A little Narcissus, Adonis of love.

Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,  
feathers,  
Quel cappello leggero e galante,  
Quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,  
Quel vermiglio donnesco color!

No longer will you have these beautiful  
That light, romantic cap,  
That hair, that glowing countenance,  
That blushing complexion.

Fra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!  
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco,  
Schioppo in spalla,  
sciabla al fianco, collo dritto  
Muso franco, Un gran casco,  
o un gran turbante,  
Molto onor, poco cantante.  
Poco cantante Poco cantante  
Ed invece del fandango  
Una marcia per il fango.

You should be among soldiers, by Jove!  
A big mustache, a little knapsack.  
With a rifle on your shoulder  
And a saber on your flank  
A big helmet or turban  
Plenty of honor, little pay  
Little pay, little pay.  
And instead of dancing the fandango,  
A march through the mud.

Per montagne, per valloni,  
Con le nevi, e i solioni,  
Al concerto di tromboni,  
Di bombarde, di cannoni,  
Che le palle in tutti i tuoni,  
All'orecchio fan fischiar.

Through the mountains, through valleys  
With snow and with the sun beating down  
The blare of the bugle  
Of bombs of cannons,  
Whose thunderous report  
Makes your ears ring

Cherubino, alla vittoria!  
Alla gloria militar!  
Cherubino, alla vittoria!  
Alla gloria militar!

Cherubino, on to victory  
To glory in battle  
Cherubino, to victory  
To glory in battle!

"Non più andrai" is an aria from the comic opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*, by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In the first act, Count Almaviva has been making romantic advances on his wife's maid, Susanna. But, when he discovers the page, Cherubino, hiding in Susanna's quarters, he immediately sends the young man off to a military regiment for duty in an effort to keep the Countess from finding out about his own infidelity. In this aria my character, Figaro, is telling Cherubino that he will no longer be living the philandering lifestyle that he has enjoyed at the palace of the Count – but instead will have a glory-filled military future. Written appropriately as a military march, the vocal line mimics the sound of a military bugle throughout the aria – which can also be heard in the original orchestral accompaniment.

### **Ain't it a pretty night**

Carlisle Floyd

This aria comes from Carlisle Floyd's first opera, *Susannah*. Susannah, the protagonist, presents the aria in Act I, before the darkness and tragedy comes upon her later. In this scene, she had just left a dance and is sitting on her front porch with her young admirer, Little Bat. She dreams of what her life might be like if she leaves her isolated valley.

### **Let Beauty Awake**

Ralph Vaughn

Williams

"Let Beauty Awake" is part of the song cycle, *Songs of Travel*, composed by Ralph Vaughan Williams to words from Robert Louis Stevenson's collection of poems entitled *Songs of Travel and Other Verses*. The song helps us see through the eyes of the poet both nature and the duality of night and day. The accompaniment provides little help to the singer, as the vocal line glides seamlessly over the top of the piano arpeggios.

## Two Songs (From Songs of the Sea)

Roger Quilter

- By the Sea
- Moonlight (This song is dedicated to Bruce's brother, Jeffrey Scott Glassco (1992-2017))

“By the Sea” and “Moonlight” are two of a set of three pieces called Songs of the Sea. They were written by Roger Quilter, who is very famous for his musical settings of William Shakespeare texts. Songs of the Sea are Quilter's first published works. “By the Sea” tells the story of the poet who, while sitting by the sea, is truly mesmerized by its beauty. My favorite song on tonight's program, “Moonlight,” paints a truly tranquil picture of the night.

## **Là ci darem la mano** (from *Don Giovanni*)      Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

### **Don Giovanni**

Là ci darem la mano,  
Là mi dirai di sì.  
Vedi, non è lontano;  
Partiam, ben mio, da qui.

Give me thy hand, oh fairest,  
Whisper a gentle yes  
Come, if for me thou carest  
With joy of my life to bless

### **Zerlina**

(Vorrei e non vorrei,  
Mi trema un poco il cor.  
Felice, è ver, sarei,  
Ma può burlarmi ancor.)

I would, and yet I would not,  
I dare not give assent  
Alas! I know I should not  
Too late, I may repent

### **Don Giovanni**

Vieni, mio bel diletto!

Come dearest, let me guide thee.

### **Zerlina**

(Mi fa pietà Masetto.)

Masetto sure will chide me

### **Don Giovanni**

Io cangierò tua sorte.

Danger shall never to thee

### **Zerlina**

Presto... non son più forte.

Ah that I could deny thee

### **Don Giovanni**

Andiam!

Come, let's go

**Zerlina**

Andiam!

Come, let's go

**Both**

Andiam, andiam, mio bene.  
a ristorar le pene  
D'un innocente amor.

With thee, with thee, my treasure  
This life is nought but pleasure  
My heart is fondly thine.

*La ci darem la mano* is a duet from Mozart's opera, *Don Giovanni* and is sung by the characters Don Giovanni and Zerlina. Don Giovanni is a young nobleman and is considered a womanizer as he goes to great lengths seducing different women. In this case, Don Giovanni is attracted to Zerlina, a peasant girl who is engaged and days away from marrying her fiance, Masetto. Despite this fact, Don Giovanni gets Zerlina alone and manages to gain Zerlina's confidence, despite her love for Masetto.