



COLLEGE OF VISUAL AND PERFORMING ARTS

School of Music

Senior Voice Recital

Ashlyn Rock

Accompanied by:
Andrew Miller

October 20th, 2018
6:00 PM
Harris Theater

Ashlyn Rock is a student of
Prof. John Aler

SPECIAL THANKS

There is not enough time to speak and enough ink to express how thankful I am for everyone and everything that has led up to this day. This recital is not only a performance for me; it is a showcase of all that I have worked on in my undergrad at George Mason, and all that I have come to know and grow to love with music. There has not been a single person in my time here that has not impacted my growth as a vocalist and as a person. Thank you all for being a part of my life, and thank you for being here this evening to support me.

Thank you to all the Friends of Music for supporting the arts and for supporting me. Thank you, Dianne and Gerard Blais, for being such gracious hosts for me this semester, Judy Reamy, for her helping with my publicity efforts, Sarah Selvaraj, and Barbara Jacksier, for all of your past and present support.

I must thank my professors who have nurtured my musical interests and enriched my knowledge of music beyond my ignorance as a freshman. Thank you for your encouragement, guidance, and wisdom.

Thank you to all of my friends, who have been nothing but angels in my life, filling every moment with joy and happiness. Even on my worst days, you have been there to comfort me. I love you all, you know who you are.

Thank you to my family, who have come from all over the east coast to see me perform tonight. I'm so glad you all get the opportunity to see the work I have put into my passion. I especially want to thank my sister, and my mother, for your encouragement and care, and at times servitude in helping me dash around from place to place, performance to performance, and literally from gown to gown. I would not be here without you, and I would not be doing what I love if not for you.

Andrew Miller, thank you so much for being my collaborative partner these past few years. Every lesson and rehearsal has been an honor to work with you. Your musicianship and attention to accompanying is truly marvelous. I hope this won't be the last performance we have together.

And Professor Aler, you have not only been my voice professor, but one of my best friends. Thank you for all of the talks and for all the times you've listened to my concerns, rants and bemoans on the troubles of my dramatic life. I'm so grateful for all of your guidance and wisdom and all that you have taught me about music and expression. I can't imagine where I would be today without you. I'm so honored to be your student.

Senior Recital, Ashlyn Rock, Soprano

PROGRAM

Please hold your applause until the end of each set

Notre amour	Gabriel Fauré
Le Secret	(1845—1924)
(Op. 23 Trois Chansons)	
S'il est un charmant gazon	Franz Liszt
O quand je dors	(1811—1886)
<i>Liederkreis Op. 24</i>	Robert Schumann
No. 1 Morgens steh' ich auf und frage	(1810—1856)
No. 3 Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen	
No. 4 Lieb' Liebchen	
No. 5 Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden	
Porgi amor qualche ristoro	Wolfgang Mozart
Dove sono i bei momenti	(1756—1791)
(<i>Le nozze di Figaro</i>)	

Intermission

<i>Folksong Arrangements from the British Isles</i>	Benjamin Britten
O can ye sew cushions?, Volume 1	(1913—1976)
Ca' the yowes, Volume 5	
O Waly, Waly, Volume 3	
Oliver Cromwell, Volume 1	
<i>12 Romances, Op 21</i>	Sergei Rachmaninov
No. 3 Сумерки (Sumerki)	(1873—1943)
No. 4 Они отвечали (Oni otvechali)	
No. 5 Сирень (Siren')	
No. 7 Здесь хорошо (Zdes' khorosho)	

PROGRAM NOTES

Gabriel Fauré (May 12, 1845—Nov 4, 1924) was a French composer, organist, pianist, and teacher of the Romantic period whose unique musical style influenced many 20th-century composers. Since his death his compositions have been described as a link between Romanticism and Modernism. His most famous works include his *Pavane*, *Requiem*, and his nocturnes for piano. Born into a wealthy family, Fauré was taken to Paris in 1854 to study music with Louis Niedermeyer. He later studied with Camille Saint-Saëns, whose close friendship with Fauré lasted until Saint-Saëns's death sixty years later. Fauré recalled how important Saint-Saëns was to him: "At the time I was 15 or 16, and from this time dates the almost filial attachment ... the immense admiration, the unceasing gratitude I [have] had for him, throughout my life."

Three songs, Op. 23, with poetry by Armand Silvestre were composed by Fauré between 1879 and 1881. "Notre amour," describes 'our love' as light, charming, sacred, infinite, and eternal. The rippling triplets in the treble of the accompaniment give this piece a bubbling and excited feeling. There are slight differences within each verse, particularly in unexpected modulations in the accompaniment. The last verse is the climax of the song, with the two exultant reiterations of the words 'our love is eternal!'

"Le Secret" describes the speaker's wish to forget her love. The first line begins with a hushed opening stanza, suggesting the silent tear that dies away with the morning's sunrise. The next stanza proudly exclaims to the day, with the expansive effects of crescendos and high notes on the words "proclame" and "ouvert," and the last verse starts and ends pianissimo, as though the night is carrying the secret away.

Feeney, Anne. Johnson, Graham. "Gabriel Fauré Songs (3) for voice & piano, Op. 23." *All Music*.

<https://www.allmusic.com/composition/songs-3-for-voice-piano-op-23-mc0002487370>.

Gabriel Fauré: The Songs and their Poets. London: Guildhall School of Music and Drama (2009).

Nectoux, Jean-Michel. "Gabriel Fauré: A Musical Life." Cambridge: Cambridge University Press (2004).

Nectoux, Jean-Michel. *Gabriel Fauré – His Life Through Letters*. J A Underwood (trans). London: Boyars (1984).

Nectoux, Jean-Michel. *Gabriel Fauré – A Musical Life*. Roger Nichols (trans). Cambridge: Cambridge University Press (1991).

Orledge, Robert. *Gabriel Fauré*. London: Eulenburg Books (1979).

Franz Liszt (October 22, 1811—July 31, 1886) was the most electrifying piano virtuoso of his time with audience enthusiasm rivaling the hysteria of rock superstar fans of the twentieth century. His piano style drew on Viennese and Parisian virtuosos and Hungarian melodies. When Liszt moved to Paris in 1827, Chopin followed four years later, which led Liszt to adopt Chopin’s melodic lyricism, rubato, rhythmic license, and harmonic innovations. Between 1839 and 1847 Liszt gave over one-thousand solo concerts, touring Europe from Portugal and Ireland, to Turkey, Romania, and Russia. He was the first pianist to give solo concerts in large halls, for which he coined the term ‘recital.’ He was also the first to play a range of music from Bach to his contemporaries and to play entirely from memory, two innovations that are now long-standing traditions.

When he was 37, Liszt began to concentrate more on composition.

“S’il est un charmant gazon” from *Les chants du crépuscule* and “Oh! quand je dors,” from *Les rayons et les ombres* are poems by Victor Hugo that were published as art songs by Liszt in 1840. At this time, Hugo believed that all of nature had meaning. Both pieces use nature to highlight the speaker’s enraptured love. In *S’il est*, Liszt set only the first and last verses from this poem, omitting the second stanza. Liszt composed the first version of this piece in 1842 during one of his concert tours. Fifteen years later, he reworked the original for a published collection of his songs. As a matter of practice, Liszt usually shortened his songs when he reset the original versions. The second version became his best known French song, and this version is more often performed and recorded than the original. The relationship of Petrarch and Laura in this poem is likely meant to reflect those of the poet and Juliette Drouet as well as Liszt and Marie d’Agoult.

Burkholder, J. Peter (James Peter), Grout, Donald Jay, and Palisca, Claude V. *A History of Western Music* Ninth edition. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 2014. 619.

Park, Shin-Young. “Franz Liszt’s Songs on Poems by Victor Hugo.” PhD. diss., Florida State University, 2007. 10, 27-28. <https://diginole.lib.fsu.edu/islandora/object/fsu:180473/datastream/PDF/view>

Robert Schumann (June 8, 1810 – July 29, 1856) was a German composer, pianist, conductor, and critic. He studied law at Leipzig and Heidelberg University, but his main interests were in music and Romantic literature. Schumann enriched the literature of this era with a series of poetic works that combine classical structure and Romantic expression.

His song-cycles are considered some of the best of Lieder. His works contain many musical quotations and allusions and a number of his themes have been shown to be musical cryptograms. Occasionally in writings and compositions, he gave himself a dual personality: Florestan for his impetuous self and Eusebius for his contemplative side. In 1840, he married Clara Wieck, which led to an outpouring of songs and song cycles.

Liederkreis Op. 24 is a collection of pieces from Heinrich Heine's *Buch der Lieder* published in 1840. These pieces musically and dramatically foreshadow the *20 Lieder und Gesänge* composed later that year. Schumann dedicated the nine songs to Pauline Viardot and sent a copy to Heine, though he received no reply from the poet and it is not known whether Heine actually received them. These settings play on Schumann's sensitivity to Heine's use of the old Romantic iconography, subtly interlaced and ultimately undercut by a self-ironic awareness. Schumann's songs capture that irony which the composer remembered so vividly flickering across Heine's when they had met in Munich, 1828. Schumann remarked:

At certain points in time poetry dons the mask of irony in order to conceal its usage of pain; perhaps for a moment the friendly hand of a genius may lift that mask so that wild tears may be transformed into pearls.

Like the *20 Lieder und Gesänge*, the *Liederkreis* employs Heine's metaphorical language of journeys, circles, integrated personal relationships as well as respect for and manipulation of nature and natural forces to illuminate the personal paradox called Life. The collection of nine songs begins with a waking lover (*Morgens steh' ich auf und frage*) who each day wonders if his beloved will come and each evening lies sleepless dreaming of the wanderings of his empty days. The third lyrical piece, *Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen*, speaks to the poet's wandering into the woods where he talks with the birds, whose song reminds him all too poignantly of his beloved. In the starkly affecting setting of the next song, *Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen*, the piano sounds the hammer of coffin nails, as the poet confronts a vision of his own death. From this yearning for the wanderer's ultimate rest, the fifth song, *Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden*, recounts the poet's bitter farewell to his home and his love as he sets out from the port city on a lonely journey.

- Hampson, Thomas, Stark-Voit, Renate and Verdino-Süllwold, Carla Maria. "On Schumann's Op. 24 and Op. 53." *Hampson Foundation*. 1997. <https://hampsonfoundation.org/resource/schumann-and-heine-op-24-and-op-53/>
- _____. "'A Great Song Work' – Schumann's 20 Heine Lieder." 1996. <https://thomashampson.com/2005/07/25/a-great-song-workschumanns-20-heine-lieder>
- Rutherford-Johnson, Tim, Kennedy, Michael and Kennedy, Joyce Bourne. *The Oxford Dictionary of Music* (6th Edition).

Wolfgang A. Mozart (January 27, 1756—December 5, 1791) is widely recognized as one of the greatest composers in the history of Western music. With Haydn and Beethoven he brought to its height the achievement of the Viennese Classical school. He composed more than 600 works, many acknowledged as pinnacles of symphonic, concertante, chamber, operatic, and choral music. Born in Salzburg, Mozart showed prodigious ability from his earliest childhood. Already competent on keyboard and violin, he composed from the age of five and performed before European royalty. At 17, Mozart was engaged as a musician at the Salzburg court but grew restless and traveled in search of a better position. While visiting Vienna in 1781, he was dismissed from his Salzburg position. He chose to stay in the capital, where he achieved fame but little financial security. During his final years in Vienna, he composed many of his best-known symphonies, concertos, and operas, and portions of the Requiem, which was largely unfinished at the time of his early death at the age of 35. The circumstances of his death have been much mythologized. Ludwig van Beethoven composed his own early works in the shadow of Mozart, and Joseph Haydn wrote: "posterity will not see such a talent again in 100 years."

Le Nozze di Figaro, is a comic opera in four acts written the mid-1780s with libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte, and explores the contentious relationship between the classes, which during Mozart's time was risky territory. The opera clearly depicts the limitations of rank and privilege, showing us that common sense can readily overcome wealth and power, and that genuine humility easily upstages unwarranted arrogance. After all, the original play by Beaumarchais was banned by ruling authorities in France.

Porgi amor, qualche ristoro: The Countess laments that the Count has lost his love for her after hearing that he wants to exercise his *droit du seigneur* (his right to bed a servant girl on her wedding night) with Figaro's bride-to-be, Susanna, who is the Countess's maid.

Dove sono i bei momenti: The Countess and Susanna are plotting to catch out the Count in his extra-marital pursuits: a plot that involves the complications of switching clothes and identities in a garden under cover of night. In a moment by herself, the Countess reflects on what her life has come to – humiliated by a cheating husband and forced to take these desperate measures, with the help of her own servants, to expose him.

Beatty, Emma. "Accessible arias: Dove sono i bei momenti." *Royal Opera House*. Feb 10, 2011.

<http://www.roh.org.uk/news/accessible-arias-dove-sono-i-bei-momenti>

Landon, Howard Chandler Robbins (1990). 1791: *Mozart's Last Year*. London: Flamingo. ISBN 978-0-00-654324-4. OCLC 20932333.

"Mozart's 'The Marriage of Figaro.'" *NPR Music*. July 13, 2017.

<https://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=11886151>

"Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro." *The Aria Database*. <http://www.aria-database.com/search.php?individualAria=216>

"Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart." *Encyclopedia Britannica*. <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Wolfgang-Amadeus-Mozart>.

Benjamin Britten (November 22, 1913—December 4, 1976), pianist and conductor, was the leading British composer of the mid-20th century. His operas were considered the finest English operas since those of Henry Purcell in the 17th century. His operas are admired for their skillful setting of English words, orchestral interludes, dramatic aptness and depth of psychological characterization. His continual willingness to experiment with modern musical styles, forms, and sonorities and with new theatrical environments proved extremely fruitful. After his studies, Britten worked as a composer for the radio, theatre, and cinema, coming into close contact with the poet W.H. Auden. In 1937 his *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge*, for string orchestra, won him international acclaim. From 1939 to 1942 he was in the United States, where his first work for the stage, the operetta *Paul Bunyan* was performed. Other operas include *Peter Grimes* (1945), *The Rape of Lucretia* (1946); the comic *Albert Herring* (1947); *Billy Budd* (1951); *Gloriana* (1953); *The Turn of the Screw* (1954); *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1960); and *Death in Venice* (1973). Britten's largest choral work is the *War Requiem* (1962). Among his principal instrumental works are the *Simple Symphony* for strings (1925); three string quartets (1941, 1945, and 1976); concerti for piano and for violin; *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* (1945); and *Symphony in D Major for Cello and Orchestra* (1963).

Britten's *Folksong Arrangements* are comprised of songs from the British Isles and France, for voice and piano, guitar and harp. The majority of the folksong arrangements were completed during the time in which Britten

was in the States. The folksongs appear in three groups, which were published between the years 1943 and 1980. Britten always composed with particular performers in mind. At first, these were written for himself and Peter Pears, and briefly also for Sophie Wyss. Inspired by the artistry of Julian Bream, he would later write for Pears to sing with guitar, and still later for Osian Ellis.

In 1940 Britten had published an article in the American journal *Modern Music* on ‘England and the Folk-Art Problem’ in which he remarked:

The chief attractions of English folksongs are the sweetness of the melodies, the close connection between words and music, and the quiet uneventful charm of the atmosphere. This uneventfulness however is part of the weakness of the tunes, which seldom have any striking rhythms or memorable melodic features. Like much of the English countryside they creep into the affections rather than take them by storm.

“Benjamin Britten.” *Encyclopedia Britannica*. <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Benjamin-Britten>.

Foreman, Lewis. Liner notes to *Britten; Complete Folk Song Arrangements*, Lorna Anderson (soprano), Regina Nathan (soprano), Jamie MacDougall (tenor). CDA66941/2, Digital, July 1994. https://www.hyperion-records.co.uk/dc.asp?dc=D_CDA66941/2

Sergei Rachmaninov (March 20, 1873—March 28, 1943) A Russian piano virtuoso, Sergei Rachmaninov was one of the last great composers of the Romantic era of music. His compositions are renowned for their lyricism, expressive breadth, structural ingenuity, and a tonal palette of rich distinctive colors. Born into a musical family, Rachmaninov took up the piano at age four. He graduated from the Moscow Conservatory in 1892 having already composed several piano and orchestral pieces. As many composers, such as Strauss, Debussy, and Scriabin, during this time were breaking musical conventions, Rachmaninov made his mark not by stark departures from convention but by doing the conventional in a way no one had done before. In 1897, following the negative critical reaction to his *Symphony No. 1*, Rachmaninov entered a four-year depression and composed little until the success of his *Piano Concerto No. 2* in 1901.

12 Romances was published by Guthrie in December 1902. According to some sources, Rachmaninov wrote this set largely to help pay for his honeymoon with Nathalie Satin, which lasted from April until August. In

June, Rachmaninov wrote to his friend Nikita Morozov, "these songs were written in a hurry and are quite unfinished and unbeautiful. But they'll almost have to stay this way, as I don't have time to tinker with them further. It would be nice to get done with all this dirty work by the July 1st so I can get to work on something new."

"Sumerki" (Twilight) has poetry by Ivan Ivanovich Tkhorzhevsky and describes the image of a woman sitting pensively at her window as evening sets its shade on the darkening skies.

"Oni otvechali" (They Answered, or They Replied) has text by Russian dramatist and poet Lev Mey (1822–1862). The piece acts as a dialogue or narration between a speaker and an omniscient or ambiguous being, who replies honestly and simply to questions on freedom, pain, and love.

"Siren" (Lilacs) with poetry by Ekaterina Beketova, describes bunches of lilac flowers as "where happiness lives." This piece was popularly performed by Rachmaninov in solo recitals and was one of only two of Rachmaninov's own songs that he adapted into solo piano transcriptions. Around 1908, Rachmaninov began to receive bouquets of lilacs from an anonymous admirer at every performance around the world in 1908 until 1918. It was later discovered that the admirer was Madame Felka Rousseau of Russia.

"Zdes' khorosho" (How Fair This Spot) is an exquisite setting of Glafira Adol'fovna Galina's poem. The speaker describes the beauty of the scenery around, remarking how she and her love are the only two present in this solitary and sacred place.

Burkholder, J. Peter (James Peter), Grout, Donald Jay, and Palisca, Claude V. *A History of Western Music* Ninth edition. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 2014. 801.

Norris, Geoffrey; Sadie, Stanley, eds. (1980). *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. MacMillan. ISBN 0-333-23111-2.

"12 Romances, Opus 21, by Rachmaninoff." <https://sites.google.com/site/pianoandmathtutorials/12-romances-op-21-rachmaninoff-sergei>

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Notre amour

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
- Notre amour est chose légère!

Our love is something light
like the perfumes which the breeze
brings from the tips of ferns
for us to inhale as we dream.
Our love is something light.

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
- Notre amour est chose
charmante!

Our love is something charming
like the morning's songs
in which regrets are not heard
but uncertain hopes vibrate.
Our love is something charming.

Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
- Notre amour est chose sacrée!

Our love is something sacred
like the forests' mysteries
in which an unknown soul quivers
and silences have voices.
Our love is something sacred!

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Our love is something infinite
like the paths of the evening,
where the ocean, joined with the
sky,
falls asleep under slanting suns.

Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu
vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur,
- Notre amour est chose éternelle!

Our love is something eternal
like all that has been touched
by the fiery wing of a victorious
god,
like all that comes from the heart.
Our love is something eternal!

Le Secret

Je veux que le matin l'ignore

I want the morning not to know

Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme un larme il s'évapore.

the name that I told to the night;
in the dawn wind, silently,
may it evaporate like a teardrop.

Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,
Et sur mon coeur ouvert penché
Comme un grain d'encens il
l'enflamme.

I want the day to proclaim
the love that I hid from the
morning,
and (bent over my open heart)
to set it aflame, like a grain of
incense.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour,
Et l'emporte avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

I want the sunset to forget
the secret I told to the day,
and to carry it away with my love
in the folds of its pale robe!

S'il est un charmant gazon

S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où brille en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclore,
Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose!

If I knew a meadow fair,
Wet by pearly showers
Where blossom all through the
year
Never-fading flowers,
Where we cull from largess free
Rose, jasmine, fleur-de-lys,
There a path I'd make for thee
Where thy feet should wander.

S'il est un rêve d'amour,
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
Oh ! j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton cœur se pose!

Could there be a dream of love
Perfumed by the roses,
Where each day with joy inwove,
Some new charm discloses;
A dream by Heaven bless'd,
Where soul to soul is express'd,
Oh, there thy heart should make a
nest
Where my love reposes!

O quand je dors

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de
ma couche,
comme à Pétrarque apparaissait
Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me
touche...
Soudain ma bouche
S'ouvrira!

Sur mon front morne où peut-être
s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps
dura,
Que ton regard comme un astre se
lève...
Soudain mon rêve
Rayonnera!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une
flamme,
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens
femme...
Soudain mon âme
S'éveillera!

Oh, when I sleep, approach my
bed,
as Laura appeared to Petrarch;
and as you pass, touch me with
your breath...
at once my lips
will part!

On my glum face, where
perhaps
a dark dream has rested for too
long a time,
let your gaze lift it like a star...
at once my dream
will be radiant!

Then on my lips, where there
flits a brilliance,
a flash of love that God has kept
pure,
place a kiss, and transform from
angel into woman...
at once my soul
will awaken!

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt feins Liebchen heut?
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Aus blieb sie auch heut.

Every morning I awake and ask:
Will my sweetheart come today?
Every evening I sink down and
lament:
She stayed away again today.

In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer All night with my grief

lieg' ich schlaflos, wach;
träumend, wie im halben
Schlummer,
träumend wandle ich bei Tag.

I lie sleepless, waking;
dreaming, as if half asleep,
dreaming, I pass the day.

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
mit meinem Gram allein;
da kam das alte Träumen
und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.

I wandered among the trees,
alone with my suffering;
along came that old dream
and crept into my heart.

Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein
gelehret,
ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh'?
Schweigt still! wenn mein Herz es
höret,
dann tut es noch einmal so weh.

Who taught you this little word,
you tiny birds in the airy heights?
Be quiet! if my heart hears it,
then all my pain will return.

"Es kam ein Jungfräulein
gegangen,
die sang es immerfort,
da haben wir Vöglein gefangen
das hübsche, goldne Wort."

"It came from a young woman,
who sang it again and again;
that is how we tiny birds captured
this pretty, golden word."

Das sollt ihr mir nicht mehr
erzählen,
Ihr Vöglein wunderschlau;
ihr wollt meinem Kummer mir
stehlen,
ich aber niemandem trau'.

You should not explain this to me
now,
you tiny, cunning birds;
you wanted to steal my grief from
me,
but I trust no one.

Lieb' Liebchen

Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen
Herze mein; -

Dear sweetheart, lay your hand on
my heart; -

Ach, hörst du, wie's pochet im
Kämmerlein?
Da hauset ein Zimmermann
schlimm und arg,
Der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Ah, do you hear the hammering
inside?
inside there lives a carpenter,
wicked and evil:
he's building for me a coffin.

Es hämmert und klopfet bei Tag
und bei Nacht;
Es hat mich schon längst um den
Schlaf gebracht.
Ach! sputet Euch, Meister
Zimmermann,
Damit ich balde schlafen kann.

He hammers and pounds by day
and by night;
it has been a long time since I
could sleep.
Ah, hurry, Mister Carpenter,
finish so that I can sleep.

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
schöne Stadt, wir müssen
scheiden,—
Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.

Pretty cradle of my sorrows,
pretty tombstone of my rest,
pretty town—we must part, —
farewell! I call to you.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Farewell, you holy threshold,
across which my darling would
tread;
farewell! you sacred spot
where I first saw her.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,
schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär' es dann geschehen,
daß ich jetzt so elend bin.

Would that I had never seen you,
lovely queen of my heart!
Never would it then have
happened,
that I would now be so wretched.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erfleht;
nur ein stilles Leben führen
wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

I never wished to touch your heart,
I never begged for love;
all I wished was to lead a quiet life
where your breath could stir me.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von
hinnen,
bittre Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Yet you yourself pushed me away
from you,
with bitter words at your lips;
Madness filled my senses,
and my heart is sick and wounded.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
ferne in ein kühles Grab.

And my limbs are heavy and
sluggish;
I'll drag myself forward, leaning
on my staff,
until I can lay my weary head
in a cool and distant grave.

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro,
Al mio duolo, a'miei sospir!
O mi rendi il mio tesoro,
O mi lascia almen morir.

O Love, give me some remedy
For my sorrow, for my sighs!
Either give me back my darling
Or at least let me die.

Dove sono i bei momenti

Recitativo

E Susanna non vien!
Sono ansiosa di saper
come il Conte accolse la proposta.
Alquanto ardito il progetto mi par,
E ad uno sposo si vivace e geloso!

Recitativo

And Susanna hasn't come!
I'm anxious to know
How the Count took the
proposition.
The plan seems to me a little rash,
And against such a quick and
Jealous husband!

Ma che mal c'è?
Cangiando i miei vestiti con quelli
di Susanna,
E suoi co'miei
Al favor della notte.

But what harm is there in it?
To change my clothes with
Susanna's,
And hers with mine
Under cover of night.

Oh, cielo! a qual umil stato fatale
Io son ridotta da un consorte
crudel!
Che dopo avermi con un misto
inaudito
D'infedeltà, di gelosia, di sdegno!
Prima amata, indi offesa, e alfin
tradita,
Fammi or cercar da una mia serva
aita!

Oh, dear! What a humble and
dangerous state
I am reduced to by a cruel husband
Who imparted me with an unheard
mixture of
Infidelity, jealousy, and disdain!
First, he loved me, then he abused
me, and finally betrayed me,
You force me to seek help from a
servant!

Aria

Dove sono i bei momenti
Di dolcezza e di piacer?
Dove andaro i giuramenti
Di quel labbro menzogner?

Aria

Where are the lovely moments
Of sweetness and pleasure?
Where have the promises gone
That came from those lying lips?

Perchè mai, se in pianti e in pene
Per me tutto si cangiò,
La memoria di quel bene
Dal mio sen non trapassò?

Why, if all is changed for me
Into tears and pain,
The good memories
Has the memory of that goodness
Not vanished from my breast?

Ah! se almen la mia costanza,
Nel languire amando ognor,
Mi portasse una speranza
Di cangiar l'ingrato cor!

Ah! If only, at least, my
faithfulness,
Which still loves amidst its
suffering
Could bring me the hope
To change his ungrateful heart!

O can ye sew cushions?

O can ye sew cushions and can ye sew sheets,
And can ye sing ballulow when the bairn greets?
And hie and baw, birdie, and hie and baw, lamb,
And hee and baw, birdie, my bonnie wee lamb.

Hie-o, wie-o, what will I do wi' ye?

Black's the life that I lead wi' ye,
Many o' you, little for to gi' ye,
Hie-o, wie-o, what will I do wi' ye?

I've placed my cradle on yon hilly top,
And aye as the wind blew my cradle did rock.
O hush-a-by, babie, O baw lily loo,
And hee and baw, birdie, my bonnie wee doo.

Ca' the yowes

Ca' the yowes tae the knowes,
Ca' them whar the heather grows,
Ca' them whar the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis' e'enin' sang,
Soundin' Clouden's woods amang;
Then a fauldin' let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gang down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stol'n my very heart;
I can die, but canna part,
My bonnie Dearie.

O Waly, Waly

The water is wide I cannot get o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,

A-gathering flowers both fine and gay,
A-gathering flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended, and then he broke;
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O! love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new;
But when it is old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

Oliver Cromwell

Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead,
Hee-haw, buried and dead,
There grew an old apple-tree over his head,
Hee-haw, over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall,
Hee-haw, ready to fall,
There came an old woman to gather them all,
Hee-haw, gather them all.

Oliver rose and gave her a drop,
Hee-haw, gave her a drop,
Which made the old woman go hippety hop,
Hee-haw, hippety hop.

The saddle and bridle, they lie on the self
Hee-haw, lie on the shelf,
If you want any more your can sing it yourself,

Hee-haw, sing it yourself.

Сумерки (Sumerki)

Она задумалась. Одна, перед
окном
Склонясь, она сидит и в сумраке
ночном
Мерцает долгий взор; а в синеве
безбрежной
Темнеющих небес, роняя лучь
свой нежный,

Восходят звездочки безшумною
толпой;
И кажется, что там какой-то
светлый рой
Таинственно парит и, словно
восхищенный,
Трепещет над её головкою
склоненной.

Они отвечали

Спросили они: „Как в летучих
челнах
Нам белою чайкой скользить на
волнах,
Чтоб нас сторожа недогнали?``
„Гребите!`` они отвечали.

Спросили они: „Как забыть,
навсегда,
Что в мире юдольном есть
бедность, беда,
Что есть в нём гроза и печали?``
„Засните!`` они отвечали.

Twilight

She pondered. One, in front of the
window
Bowing, she sits and in the dusk
night
A long gaze flickers; but in the
blue of the vast
Darkening the heavens, dropping
his soft ray,

The asterisks rise in a noiseless
crowd;
And it seems that there is some
bright swarm
Mysteriously soars and, as if
admiring,
Trembling over her head inclined.

They Answered

They asked: ‘How, in swift boats,
Are we to glide across the waves,
like a white seagull,
And not be caught by guards?’
‘Row!’, they answered.

They asked: ‘How are we to forget
forever
That there is poverty and
misfortune in this vale of tears,
That there is enmity and sadness?’
‘Sleep’, they answered.

Спросили они: „Как красавиц
привлечь
Без чары: чтоб сами на
страстную речь
Они нам в объятия пали?``
„Любите!`` они отвечали.

Сирень (Siren)

По утру, на заре,
По росистой траве,
Я пойду свежим утром дышать;
И в душистую тень,
Где теснится сирень,
Я пойду свое счастье искать...

В жизни счастье одно
Мне найти суждено,
И то счастье в сирени живёт;
На зелёных ветвях,
На душистых кистях
Моё бедное счастье цветёт...

Здесь хорошо (Zdes' khorosho)

Здесь хорошо...
Взгляни, вдали
Огнём горит река;
Цветным ковром луга легли,
Белеют облака.
Здесь нет людей...
Здесь тишина...
Здесь только Бог да я.
Цветы, да старая сосна,
Да ты, мечта моя!

They asked: 'How are we to win
beauties
Without charms: so that our
passionate words
Will make them fall into our
embraces?'
'Love!' they answered.

Lilacs

In the morning, at daybreak,
over the dewy grass,
I will go to breathe the crisp dawn;
and in the fragrant shade,
where the lilac crowds,
I will go to seek my happiness...

In life, only one happiness
it was fated for me to discover,
and that happiness lives in the
lilacs;
in the green boughs,
in the fragrant bunches,
my poor happiness blossoms...

How Fair This Spot

How nice it is here...
Look - far away,
The river is a blaze of fire;
The meadows lie like carpets of
color
The clouds are white.
Here there is no one...
Here it is silent...
Here is only God and I,
The flowers, the old pine tree,
And of course, you, my dream!

STUDENT BIOGRAPHY



Ashlyn Rock is a young lyric soprano. She was born in Boulder, Colorado, and moved at a young age to California and across the country to the East Coast where she currently resides in Sterling, Virginia. Ashlyn is in her final year at George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia, where she is pursuing a Bachelors in Vocal Performance.

During her first years at GMU, Ashlyn has had the opportunity to study opera and classical voice in the D.C. area and abroad. She studied bel canto singing and performed Italian opera at the La Musica Lirica program in Novafeltria, Italy with Dr. Kathryn Hearden in the summer of 2017. Here she traveled to San Marino and local towns including Rimini, Sant'Agata, and Sant'Arcangelo to perform in Puccini's *La Boheme* and *Suor Angelica*. Ashlyn recently went on a study abroad tour to Reykjavik, Iceland with George Mason's University Singers to perform at the Hallgrímskirkja and the Grafarvogskirkja Church.

Ashlyn has participated in Master Classes with internationally renowned and Metropolitan Opera singers Danielle Talamantes, Ann Murray, Elizabeth Bishop, and most recently, Charlotte Hellekant. In previous productions of Mason Opera, Ashlyn played the role of Celia in Gilbert & Sullivan's *Iolanthe*, The Dew Fairy in Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, as well as in Opera Scenes and in G.C. Menotti's *Amahl and the*

Night Visitors. Last April, she played the role of Emmie in Benjamin Britten's *Albert Herring*.

This Fall, Ashlyn will be performing the role of Dido in Mason Opera's production of *Dido and Aeneas*, a Baroque opera by Henry Purcell.

Ashlyn hopes to participate in Young Artist Programs after obtaining her Bachelors, and pursue a Masters Degree in Vocal performance at a music conservatory in the United States or Europe.

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