

Upcoming Music Events

DECEMBER

- 8 Mike Olsen, Percussion Recital
Recital Hall - 8:00pm
- 10 Jackie Potvin, Voice Recital
Recital Hall - 6:00pm
- 10 Verrilli Voice Studio Recital
Recital Hall - 8:00pm

JOHN GLADEN, BARITONE
Sophomore Review

ANN OLEKSOWICZ, PIANO



JEFF KANTOS, TENOR
Junior Recital

ANN OLEKSOWICZ, PIANO



WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 2010 • 6:00 PM
RUTH GANT RECITAL HALL
PERFORMING ART CENTER

*For more information contact
SCSU Music Office (320) 308-3223
Check out our website for future events at
www.stcloudstate.edu/music*

Program

An die Musik
Der Neugierige
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
JEFF KANTOS

Franz Schubert
Robert Schumann

Feldeinsamkeit
Botschaft
JOHN GLADEN

Johannes Brahms

From *Ludions*
Air du Rat
Spleen
Air du Poète
Chanson du Chat
JEFF KANTOS

Erik Satie

Au Cimetière
Aurora
JOHN GLADEN

Gabriel Fauré

Intermission

By a Fountainside
Ol' Jim
JEFF KANTOS

Roger Quilter
Clara Edwards

The Gambler's Wife
Gambler, Don't You Lose Your Place
JOHN GLADEN

John Jacob Niles

Intorno all'idol mio

Blow, gentle and pleasant breezes, around my idol;
And kiss her precious cheeks for me, kind little breezes!
Aid my dear one, who sleeps on the wings of repose, with pleasant dreams,
And reveal to her for me my inner ardor, o spirits of love!

Madamina! (The catalogue aria)

Leporello is trying to impress upon Donna Elvira that she has been taking Don Giovanni too seriously. He enumerates the latter's many adventures with women.

My lady! This is the catalogue of the fair ones my master has loved;
A catalogue which I have made myself; look, read it with me.
In Italy there are one hundred and forty,
In Germany two hundred and thirty on,
A hundred in France, in Turkey ninety one.
But in Spain there are already a thousand and three.
You find among these, peasant, chamber maids, town ladies,
There are countesses, baronesses, marchionesses, princesses,
And there are ladies of every degree, of every shape, of every age!
With blonds it is his custom to praise their gentleness,
In brunettes, their constancy,
In the white-haired, their sweetness.
In winter he likes the fat ones, in the summer the thin ones,
And the tall he calls stately, the small are always pretty.
He makes conquests with the old
For the pleasure of adding them to the list,
His predominant passion is for the young beginner;
No matter be she rich, be she plain, be she beautiful;
Provided she wears a petticoat,
You know what will happen.



Aurore (Dawn)

From the gardens of the night the stars fly away,
 Golden bees attracted by an unseen honey,
 And the dawn, in the distance, spreading the brightness of its canvas,
 Weaves silver threads into the sky's blue mantle.
 From the garden of my heart, intoxicated by a languid dream,
 my desires fly away with the coming of the morn,
 like a light swarm to the coppery horizon,
 called by a plaintive song, eternal and far away.
 They fly to your feet, stars chased by the clouds,
 Exiled from the golden sky where your beauty blossomed,
 And, seeking to come near you on uncharted paths,
 Mingle their dying light with the dawning day.

Carmela

How often she wandered in silence along the path through the valley,
 With her hair loose on her shoulders and her mind in fever!
 O poor Carmela! How often on the shore
 She kisses to a ship which she never saw appear!
 And in the distance, the stormy seas in the glow of twilight
 Seemed like red shirts to her and tricolor flags!
 Finally, one evening, she gave a cry and spoke a name;
 Then throwing herself from the shore she vanished amid two whirlpools
 And in the morning, when a ship berthed at the island
 The Garibaldian song echoed all around.
 But amid the rejoicing a sorrowful sigh was heard:
 "Where are you, my Carmela, why don't you run to my breast?"

O dolce sera! (O soft evening!)

What are the scented roses murmuring to each other?
 In the heavens, what are the golden stars saying to each other?
 The pretty stars twinkle, they twinkle in love:
 The lovely roses are whispering to each other of love!

O soft evening! O mysterious April, all around me, what is it you want?
 What magic is lurking in your thousand spells?
 The bright rays are love, every scent is love!
 O downcast heart, you have only tears!

The gentle waters whisper a call to love;
 And the grass on the bank bends in desire!
 What is the breeze murmuring to the flowering almond tree?
 Oh, the soft caress! O the timid sigh!

O soft evening! O mysterious April, all around me, what is it you want?
 What is lurking in your thousand spells?
 The murmuring of the waters is love, the breeze is love!
 O downcast heart, you have only tears!

**Carmela
O dolce sera!**

Francesco Tosti

JEFF KANTOS

**Intorno all'idol mio
Madamina! Il catalogo è questo**
from *Don Giovanni*Antonio Cesti
W. A. Mozart

JOHN GLADEN

I Spy CeliaHenry Purcell
arr. by Benjamin Britten

JEFF KANTOS, JOHN GLADEN



JOHN GLADEN studies voice with Dr. Hugh Givens
 and is performing this Sophomore Review Recital in partial fulfillment
 of the Bachelor of Music degree.

JEFF KANTOS studies voice with Dr. Hugh Givens
 and is performing this Junior Recital in partial fulfillment of the
 Bachelor of Science in Music Education degree.

Please turn cell phones OFF during the program so
 they do not disrupt the recording of this event.

**THANK YOU!**

Translations

An die Musik (To Music)

O gracious art, how often in dark hours, when caught in life's tumultuous round,
You have kindled warm love in my heart, and carried me into a better world!
How often a sigh flowing from your harp, a sweet, divine chord,
Has unlocked for me a heaven of fairer moments.
O gracious art, for this I thank you!

Der Neugierige (Curiosity)

I do not ask the flowers, I do not ask the stars;
none of them can tell me what I so long to know.
I am indeed no gardener, and the stars are too high;
I will ask my little brook if my heart deceives me.
O little brook of my love, how silent you are today!
I only want to hear one thing, one little word all around.
That one little word is "yes"—the other is "no".
These two little words enclose my whole world.
O little brook of my love, how strange you are!
I will tell no one else—
But say, little brook, does she love me?

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen (A Lad Loves a Girl)

A lad loves a girl, who has chosen another; this other loves another, and has married her.
The girl, out of pique, takes the first man who comes along, and our lad gets the worst of it.
It is an old story, but stays for ever new; and he to whom it happens—his heart breaks in two.

Feldeinsamkeit (Solitude in the Fields)

Motionless I lie in the tall green grass, gazing upward,
with the unceasing chirp of crickets all around;
And moving over me the wondrous tapestry of the blue sky.
Beautiful white clouds float through the deep blue, like calm and beautiful dreams;
It is as if I had long since died, and moved blissfully with them in endless space.

Botschaft (Message)

Blow sweetly, gentle breeze, about my beloved's cheek;
Play tenderly in her locks and do not hasten away!
If she should ask how I, poor wretch, am faring, then say:
"His misery is endless, his plight most critical.
But now he can hope with joy to come to life again, for you,
O gracious one, are thinking of him!"

From Ludions

Air du Rat

Abi-Abiruneeba,
So who then were you not?
A little white amoeba, a handsome gobble-gob
An eye for watching granpop, a handsome gobble-pot?

Spleen

While in the gardens the sea of rotten weather weighs down with his bottom
An old park-bench with eyes of rain...there is a blonde,
All bosom and strife, who's making you jaded
In this whole hollow cabaret which is our life.

Air du Poète

On the shores of Papoetan Bayee I stroked the skin of Poetrayee.
For you I wish the blest condition of not being Papoetician.

Chanson du Chat

Oh he's a little animal, tee-lee, a little tot, tirelong.
A little byronetty, a beastie with a mom, tirelong.
The wee kittykit's a wee bitty bit busy-boo.
He's my wee pog, my furry hog, my little Potassoo.
He jumps up by the window and whets his pretty lips, tirelo,
Coz he sees on the rooftop a birdie's silhouette, tirelo.
The wee cattykit's a wee batty bit, I little Bizzabon.
He's my wee big, my furry pig, my little Potasson.

Au Cimetière (In the Cemetery)

Happy is he who dies here, like the birds of the fields!
His body, beside his friends, is laid in the grass amidst the songs.
He sleeps a good and rosy sleep, under the radiant sky.
All those he has known come to bid him a long good-bye.
At his cross his relatives, weeping, remain on their knees;
And his bones, under the flowers with tears are gently moistened.
On the black headboard everyone can see if he was young or not,
And can, with true regret, call him by his name.
How much more unfortunate are they who die upon the seas,
And under the deep wave go far from the beloved land!
Oh! Poor ones! Who for their only shroud have the green seaweeds,
Where they roll, unknown, unclothed, and with eyes wide open!