

*Voice
Recital*

JACLYN POTVIN
Mezzo-Soprano

ANN OLEKSOWICZ
PIANO

WITH
SHARISSE GERMAIN, *soprano*

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 2010 • 6:00 PM
RUTH GANT RECITAL HALL
PERFORMING ART CENTER



Program

From *Messiah*.....G. F. Handel

*O Thou that Tellest Good Tidings to Zion
But Who May Abide the Day of His Coming?*

Allerseelen..... Richard Strauss
Morgen
Zueignung

From *Eleven Songs* George Rochberg

I am baffled by this wall
All my life

Scene 2, from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*Otto Nicolai

Jaclyn Potvin & Sharisse Germain

Intermission

I Hate Music! Leonard Bernstein

My Name is Barbara
Jupiter Has Seven Moons
I Hate Music!
A Big Indian and a Little Indian
I'm a Person Too

Four Last Songs Ralph Vaughan Williams

Procris
Tired
Hands, Eyes, and Heart
Menelaus

Svegliatevi nel core, from *Giulio Cesare*G. F. Handel

Translations

Allerseelen (All Souls)

Lay on the table the fragrant mignonette and the last red aster,
And let us speak again of love, as once in May!
Give me your hand, that I may press it secretly—
and if anyone should see, what then?
Just give me one sweet glance, as once in May!
Today each grave is fragrant and blossoms with flowers,
for one day in the year the dead are free.
Come to my heart that I may hold you again, as once in May!

Morgen (Tomorrow)

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path that I shall take,
it will again unite us,
The blessed ones, in the midst of this sun-breathing earth...
And quietly and slowly we will go down to the wide, blue-waved shore;
Silently we will gaze into each other's eyes,
and upon us will fall the still silence of joy...

Zueignung (Dedication)

Yes, you know, dear heart, that far from you I am tormented.
Love makes the heart sick—for this I give thanks!
Once, reveler of freedom, I raised high a goblet of amethyst,
And you blessed the draught—for this I give thanks!
And you drove the evil away, till I was purified as never before,
And sank on your breast—for this I give thanks!

I am baffled by this wall
That I batter against with my fists as fragile as dandelion seed,
And my cries, silent as the passing of the moon.
This wall that I never built or wished to build.

All my life is seen in time.
The butterfly, his wings are mine.

Svegliatevi nel core (Awaken in my heart)

Awaken in my heart
The wrath of an offended soul
So I may wreak upon a traitor
My bitter vengeance!
The ghost of my father
Hastens to my defense
Saying, "From you, my son
Ferocity is expected"