Presents

Jazden Smith, Mezzo Soprano

In a

Graduation Recital

Assisted by

Gregory Knight, Piano
Paisley Perrett, Mezzo-Soprano
Chris Bernhardt, Piano
Matt Erdmann, Bass
Tate Orlita, Drums
Brian Cole, Vibraphone

From the Studio of
Dr. Janet Youngdahl

4:00PM March 25, 2023 Recital Hall
~~ PROGRAM ~~

Ma rendi pur contento Vincenzo Bellini
Vaga luna, che inargenti (1801-1835)

Weep You No More Roger Quilter
My Life's Delight (1877-1953)

Reiselied, Op. 34 no.6 Felix Mendelssohn
Suleika, Op. 57 no.3 (1809-1847)
Venetianisches Gondellied, Op. 30 no.6

Duetto buffo di due gatti Gioachino Rossini
Paisley Perrett, mezzo-soprano (1792-1868)

~~ INTERMISSION ~~

Ariettes oubliées Claude Debussy
1. C'est l'extase langoureuse (1862-1918)
2. Il pleure dans mon cœur
4. Chevaux de bois

“C'est l'amour vainqueur” from Les Contes d'Hoffmann Jacques Offenbach
Les Contes d'Hoffmann (1819-1880)

Words of Love The Mamas and The Papas
(1965-1968)
Arr. Chris Bernhardt

Basin Street Blues Spencer Williams
(1889-1965)

Chris Bernhardt, piano
Matt Erdman, bass
Tate Orlita, drums
Brian Cole, vibraphone
Ma rendi pur contento

But only make happy
The heart of my love.
And I will forgive you, my love
If my [own] heart is not happy.

Her worries I fear
More than my own.
Because I live more in her
Than I live in myself

Vaga luna, che inargentì

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

Reiselied

The autumn wind shakes the trees,
The night is damp and cold;
Wrapped in a grey cloak,
I ride in the forest alone.

And as I ride, so my thoughts
Ride on ahead of me;
They carry me light as air
To my beloved's house.

The dogs bark, the servants appear
With flickering candlelight;
I dash up the spiral staircase
To the sound of clattering spurs.

There in her brightly tapestried room,
With its fragrance and warmth,
My loved one is waiting for me –
I fly into her arms.

The wind rustles in the leaves,
The oak-tree says:
Foolish rider, what do you want
With your foolish dream?

Suleika

What does this stirring portend?
Is the east wind bringing me joyful tidings?
The refreshing motion of its wings
cools the heart's deep wound.

It plays caressingly with the dust,
throwing it up in light clouds,
and drives the happy swarm of insects
to the safety of the vine-leaves.

And its soft whispering brings me
a thousand greetings from my beloved;
before these hills grow dark
I shall be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Now you may pass on,
and serve the happy and the sad;
there, where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Venetianisches Gondellied

When through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
his own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
Our bark, love, is near:
Now, now, while there hover those clouds o'er the moon, 'Twill waft thee safe over yon silent Lagoon."

C'est l'extase langoureuse

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out …
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

Il pleure dans mon cœur

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason?
This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.

Chevaux de bois

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
r
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revelers,
Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

C’est l’amour vainqueur

See beneath the quivering bow
The soundbox vibrates,
Hear the heavenly accent
Of this unconscious heart.

Listen: passing through the air,
The sound, penetrating and clear,
Of this tearful chord,
It consoles your tears,

It mingles its sorrows
With your elated sorrow.
It is love, love the conqueror,
Poet, give your heart!