

This recital is given in partial fulfillment  
of a Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance.

Julie Ann Susi is a student of Amy Zorn.

A reception will follow in the Playhouse  
with cake from Charm City Cakes of Baltimore, Maryland.

Julie would like to thank her family and friends for all  
their love, help and support through the years; without them  
she wouldn't have gotten this far, and would  
have probably switched to psychology.

She would also like to thank her teacher, Amy Zorn, for  
all of her expertise and skills directing  
her in the fine art of singing.

Julie would also like to thank you, the guest,  
for coming to her recital, and even more  
for coming to her reception!



*the senior voice recital of*

*Julie Ann Susi*

*with Fabio Bezuti, piano*

Saturday,  
December 12<sup>th</sup>  
at 4 pm  
in Bristol Chapel

The Senior Voice Recital of  
*Julie Ann Susi, soprano*  
with  
*Fabio Bezuti, piano*

Saturday, December 12<sup>th</sup> at 4 p.m.

from *Sieben frühe Lieder*  
Nacht  
Schilflied  
Die Nachtigall  
Im Zimmer

Berg



Забывать так скоро  
Весенние воды  
Не пой, красавица, при мне

Tchaikovsky

Rachmaninov



from the opera *Adriana Lecouvreur*  
Io son l'umile ancella

Cilea



Knoxville: Summer of 1915

Barber

Please...

...silence all cell phones, pagers, etc.  
...hold your applause until the end  
of each set as indicated above.  
...refrain from flash photography.

**Io son l'umile ancella** is an aria from Francesco Cilea's opera *Adriana Lecouvreur* based on the play by Ernest Legouve and Eugene Scribe. The same play by Scribe and Legouv  which served as a basis for Cilea's librettists was also used by at least three different librettists for operas carrying exactly the same name, *Adriana Lecouvreur*, and created by three different composers. This opera is an example of verismo opera, but it is not nearly as popular as such works as *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria rusticana*. The opera's storyline is based on the life of the French actress Adrienne Lecouvreur (1692–1730). This aria is from the first act of the tragic opera, taking place backstage, while the theater is preparing for a performance. The Prince de Bouillon, admirer of the actress Duclos, is with his companion, the Abb , when Adriana enters reciting lines from the play she is about to perform. Complimented by the Prince de Bouillon and the Abb , she sings 'Io son l'umile ancella' to explain that she is merely a tool of the greater artistic creator.

**Io son l'umile ancella**

Io son l'umile ancella  
del Genio creator :  
ei m'offre la favella  
io la diffondo ai cor...  
Del verso io son l'accento,  
l'eco del dramma uman,  
il fragile strumento  
vassallo della man  
Mite, gioconda, atroce,  
mi chiamo Fedelt  :  
un soffio   la mia voce,  
che al novo di morir .

I am the humble servant  
of the Spirit that creates:  
it offers me speech,  
I pour it out into your hearts...  
I am the intonation of the verse,  
the echo of the human drama,  
the fragile instrument,  
vassal of the hand.  
Gentle, joyous, terrible,  
my name is Fidelity-to-what-is,  
my voice is a breath,  
which will die with the new day.

**Knoxville: Summer of 1915** is a 1947 work traditionally for voice and orchestra by Samuel Barber with text taken from a 1938 short prose piece, and later the prologue to his novel *A Death in the Family*, by James Agee. Barber dedicated the piece to the memory of his father. Barber paints an idyllic, nostalgic picture of Agee's native Knoxville, Tennessee. The short story is a simple, dreamlike depiction of an evening in the American South. The voice of this text seems to vacillate between that of the child-narrator and the adult-narrator remembering his childhood thoughts. We are not sure where one voice ends and the other begin.

But none say it as well as the author himself: "We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville, Tennessee in the time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child. It was a little bit mixed sort of block, fairly solidly lower middle class, with one or two juts apiece on either side of that. The houses corresponded: middlesized gracefully fretted wood houses built in the late nineties and early nineteen hundreds, with small front and side and more spacious back yards, and trees in the yards." (James Agee, "Knoxville: Summer of 1915")

**Весенние воды** (pronounced ves-en-ee-jeh vo-dee) and **Не пой, красавица, при мне** (pronounced nee poy krah-sah-vee- tsa pre meneh) are two songs by Rachmaninov whose early influences include that of Tchaikovsky which gave way to a thoroughly personal idiom that included a pronounced lyricism, expressive breadth, structural ingenuity and tonal palettes of rich and distinct musical colors. Rachmaninov had extensive operatic experience; he admired singing. As well shown in his compositions, he takes the piano accompaniment and makes it its own voice as if in an eloquent conversation with the vocalist's own line, no matter how long the notes or how complex the supporting texture.

### Весенние воды

Еще в полях белеет снег,  
А воды уж  
весной шумят -  
Бегут и будят сонный брег,  
Бегут, и блещут, и гласят...

Они гласят во все концы:  
"Весна идет, весна идет,  
Мы молодой весны гонцы,  
Она нас выслала вперед!"

Весна идет, весна идет,  
И тихих, теплых майских дней  
Румяный, светлый хоровод  
Толпится весело за ней!.."

### Не пой, красавица, при мне

Не пой, красавица, при мне  
Ты песен Грузии печальной:  
Напоминают мне оне  
Другую жизнь и берег дальный.

Увы! напоминают мне  
Твои жестокие напевы  
И степь, и ночь — и при луне  
Черты далекой, бедной девы.

Я призрак милый, роковой,  
Тебя увидев, забываю;  
Но ты поешь — и предо мной  
Его я вновь воображаю.

### Spring Streams

The fields are still covered with white snow.  
But the streams are already  
rolling in a spring mood -  
Running and awakening the sleepy shore,  
Running, glittering and announcing loudly.

They are announcing loudly to every corner:  
"Spring is coming, Spring is coming!  
We are the messengers of young Spring,  
She has sent us to come forward,

Spring is coming, Spring is coming!"  
And the quiet, warm May days  
Follow her, merrily crowded  
Into the rosy, bright dancing circle.

Do not sing, my beauty, to me  
your sad songs of Georgia;  
they remind me of that  
other life and distant shore.

Alas, They remind me,  
your cruel melodies, of the steppe,  
the night and moonlit features  
of a poor, distant maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition  
I forget when you appear;  
but you sing, and before me  
I picture that image anew.

## TEXTS, TRANSLATIONS & NOTES

**Sieben frühe Lieder** (*Seven Early Songs*) by Alban Berg are early compositions while he was studying under that of Arnold Schoenberg. They are an interesting synthesis combining Berg's heritage of pre-Schoenberg romantic song writing with the undeniable influence of Schoenberg and the atonality that he pioneered. If you listen carefully you can hear both tonal romanticism as well as budding atonal harmonic palettes through the expansiveness of gesture and his admiration for other composers such as Mahler, Strauss and Wagner.

### Nacht

Dämmern Wolken über  
Nacht und Tal,  
Nebel schweben,  
Wasser rauschen sacht.  
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einemmal:  
O gib Acht! Gib Acht!  
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan.  
Silbern ragen Berge,  
traumhaft groß,  
Stille Pfade silberlicht talen  
Aus verborg'nem Schoß;  
Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.  
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht  
Schattenschwarz, ein Hauch  
vom fernen Hain  
Einsam leise weht.  
Und aus tiefen Grundes  
Düsterheit  
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.  
Trinke Seele!  
Trinke Einsamkeit!  
O gib Acht! Gib Acht!

### Night

The clouds embrown the  
night and valley;  
the mists float above,  
the water rushing gently.  
Now all at once they unveil themselves:  
o listen! pay heed!  
A broad land of wonder has opened up.  
Silver mountains rise up,  
fantastically huge,  
silent paths lit with silver  
from the hidden lap of the valley;  
and the noble world is so dreamily pure.  
A mute beech stands by the path,  
black with shadows; a breeze  
from a distant, lonely grove  
wafts gently by.  
And from the deep darkness  
of the valley  
flash lights in the silent night.  
Drink, my soul!  
Drink in this solitude!  
O listen! pay heed!

## Schilflied

Auf geheimem Waldespfade  
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein  
An das öde Schilfgestade,  
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,  
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,  
Und es klaget und es flüstert,  
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen  
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,  
Und im Weiher untergehen  
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

## Die Nachtigall

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall  
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,  
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,  
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut  
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut  
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall  
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

## Im Zimmer

Herbstsonnenschein.  
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.

## Reed song

Along a secret forest path  
I like to creep in the evening light;  
I go to the desolate, reedy banks,  
and think, my maiden, of you!

As the bushes grow dark,  
the reeds hiss mysteriously,  
and lament and whisper,  
and thus I have to weep and weep.

And I think that I hear wafting  
the gentle sound of your voice,  
and down into the pond sinks  
your lovely song.

## The Nightingale

It happened because the nightingale  
sang the whole night long;  
from her sweet call,  
from the echo and re-echo,  
roses have sprung up.

She was but recently a wild blossom,  
and now she walks, deep in thought;  
she carries her summer hat in her hand,  
enduring quietly the heat of the sun,  
knowing not what to begin.

It happened because the nightingale  
sang the whole night long;  
from her sweet call,  
from the echo and re-echo,  
roses have sprung up.

## In the Chamber

Autumn sunlight.  
The lovely evening peers so quietly in.

Ein Feuerlein rot  
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.  
So, mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n,  
So ist mir gut.  
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,  
Wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.

A little red fire  
crackles in the stove and flares up.  
And with my head upon your knee,  
I am contented.  
When my eyes rest in yours,  
how gently do the minutes pass!

**Забывать так скоро** (pronounced: za-beet taahk skoh-rah) by Tchaikovsky is one of many pieces he has written that became popular in the classical music scene in Russia and beyond. Tchaikovsky's formal conservatory training allowed him to write works with Western oriented attitudes and techniques. His music showcases a wide range and breadth of technique, from a poised "Classical" form simulating 18th century Rococo elegance, to a style more characteristic of Russian nationalists, or a musical idiom expressly to channel his own overwrought emotions.

## Забывать так скоро

Забывать так скоро, боже мой,  
Всё счастье жизни прожитой!  
Все наши встречи, разговоры,  
Забывать так скоро,  
забывать так скоро!  
Забывать волненья первых дней,  
Свиданья час в тени ветвей!  
Очей немые разговоры,  
Забывать так скоро,  
забывать так скоро!  
Забывать, как полная луна  
На нас глядела из окна,  
Как колыхалась тихо штора...  
Забывать так скоро, забывать так скоро,  
так скоро!  
Забывать любовь, забывать мечты,  
Забывать те клятвы помнишь ты,  
помнишь ты, помнишь ты?  
В ночную пасмурную пору,  
в ночную пасмурную пору,  
Забывать так скоро,  
забывать так скоро!  
Боже мой!

To forget so soon, dear God,  
all the happiness of our past life!  
All our encounters, our conversations!  
To forget so soon,  
to forget so soon!  
To forget the excitement of the first days,  
of our meetings under shady branches!  
The wordless exchange of our glances.  
To forget so soon,  
to forget so soon!  
To forget how the full moon gazed at us  
through the window,  
how the curtain softly swayed...  
To forget so soon, to forget so soon,  
so soon!  
To forget love, forget the dreams,  
forget your vows -  
do you remember, do you remember?  
Taken in the somber hours of night,  
taken in the somber hours of night!  
To forget so soon,  
to forget so soon!  
Dear God!