



Brandeis University

Department of Music

presents

Liana Perlman, *soprano*

Junior Vocal Performance Track Recital

with

Grace Evelyn Spicuzza, *piano*

Saturday, March 26th, 2022 at 5:00 p.m.

Slosberg Recital Hall
Waltham, Massachusetts

Program

A des oiseaux	Georges Hüe (1858-1948)
Si mes vers avaient des ailes	Reynaldo Hahn (1875-1947)
Les roses d'Ispahan	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Se Florindo è fedele	Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)
"Il mio bel foco... Quella fiamma" from <i>Doppo tante e tante pene</i>	Francesco Bartolomeo Conti (1686-1739)
"Guinse alfin il momento... Deh vieni, non tardar". from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

~ INTERMISSION ~

Du bist die Ruh	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
An Chloë	Mozart
Die Mainacht	Fanny Mendelssohn (1805-1847)

She loves and she confesses too	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Will There Really Be a Morning?	Ricky Ian Gordon (b.1956)
"Poor wand'ring one" from <i>Pirates of Penzance</i>	Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

Texts and Translations

A des oiseaux

Text by Eugène Adenis
(1854 - 1923)

To the birds

Translation by Anonymous

Bonjour, bonjour les fauvettes
Bonjour les joyeux pinsons,
Eveillez les pâquerettes
Et les fleurs des verts buissons!

Good morning, good morning, warblers,
Good morning, jolly finches,
Wake up the daises
And the flowers among the green bushes.

Toujours votre âme est en fête,
Gais oiseaux qu'on aime à voir;
Pour l'amant et le poète
Vous chantez matin et soir!

Your soul is always festive,
Gay birds one loves to see;
For the lover and the poet
You sing morning and night.

Mais dans la plaine il me semble
Qu'on a tendu des réseaux;
Vultigez toujours ensemble!
En garde, petits oiseaux!

But on the plain, methinks,
They have been rigging up nets;
Keep fluttering always together!
Take heed, little birds!

Penchez-vous sans toucher terre...
Voyez-les au coin du bois,
Vous guettant avec mystère
Ces enfants à l'œil sournois?

Descend without touching ground ...
Do you see at the edge of the forest,
Lying in wait for you, secretly,
Those children with cunning eyes?

Ah, bien vite, à tire d'aile,
Fuyez, fuyez leurs appâts;
Venez avec l'hirondelle
Qui, dans son vol, suit mes pas.

Oh, quickly, with one beat of your wings,
Flee, flee from their bait;
Come with the swallow
Following me in its flight.

Dans mon jardin nulle crainte:
Vous pourrez d'un bec léger,
Piller, piller sans contrainte
Tous les fruits mûrs du verger.

You need have no fear in my garden:
You can, with your nimble beaks,
Pillage, pillage without restraint
All the ripe fruits of the orchard.

Bonsoir, bonsoir les fauvettes,
Bonsoir, les joyeux pinsons,
Endormez les pâquerettes
Et les fleurs des verts buissons!

Good night, good night, warblers,
Good night, jolly finches,
Send to sleep the daises
And the flowers among the green bushes!

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Text by Victor Hugo
(1802 -1885)

Mes vers fuiraient, doux es frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'esprit

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'amour

If my verses had wings
Translation by Richard Stokes

My verses would fly, fragile and gentle,
To your beautiful garden,
If my verses had wings
Like a bird!

They would fly like sparks
To your cheery hearth,
If my verses had wings
Like my spirit.

Pure and faithful, to your side
They would hasten night and day
If my verses had wings
Like love.

Les Roses d'Ispahan

Text by Leconte de Lisle
(1818 -1884)

Les roses d'Ispahan dan leur gaïne de
mousse,
Les jasmins de Mossul, les fleurs de
l'oranger,
Ont on parfum moins frais, ont une odeur
moins douce.
Ô blanche Leïla, que ton souffle léger!

Ta lèvre est de corail et ton rire léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une voix
plus douce.
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce
l'oranger,
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord
d'un nid de mousse.

Ô Leïlah! Depuis que de leur vol léger
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si
douce
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle
oranger,
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans leur
mousse.

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce papillon léger
Revienne vers mon coeur d'une aile
prompte et douce,
Et qu'il parfume encor la fleur de l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaïne de

The Roses of Ispahan
Translation by Richard Stokes

*The roses of Ispahan in their sheath of
moss,
the jasmines of Mosul, the orange
blossoms,
have a fragrance less fresh, an aroma less
sweet,
O pale Leila, than your light breath!*

*Your lips are coral and your light laughter
has a softer and lovelier sound than rippling
water,
lovelier than the joyous breeze that rocks
the orange-tree,
lovelier than the bird that sings near its nest
of moss.*

*O Leila, ever since in their airy flight
all the kisses have fled from your lips so
sweet,
there is no longer any fragrance from the
pale orange-tree,
no heavenly aroma from the roses in the
moss.*

*Oh, if only your youthful love, that light
butterfly,
would return to my heart on swift and gentle
wings,
and perfume once more the orange*

Se Florindo è Fedele

Text by Domenico Filippo Contini
(fl. 1669-1687)

Se Florindo è fedele io m'innamorerò.

Potrà ben l'arco tendere il faretrato
arcier,
Ch'io misaprò difendere d'un guardo
lusinghier.
Pregghi, pianti e querele io non
ascolterò,
Ma se sarà fedele, io m'innamorerò.

If Florindo is Faithful

Translation by Bertram Kottmann

If Florindo is faithful I would fall in love
with him.

Let him tighten his bow, that quiverful
archer,
That I'll be able to defend myself from
such a tempting glance
Pleading, tears and lamentations I will
not hear,
But if he is faithful, I would fall in love
with him.

Il mio bel foco

Text by Anonymous

Recitativo: Il mio bel foco,
O lontano o vicino
Ch'esser poss'io,
Senza cangiar mai tempre
Per voi, care pupille,
Arderà sempre.

Aria: Quella fiamma che m'accende
Piace tanto all'alma mia,
Che giammai s'estinguerà.
E se il fato a voi mi rende,
Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,
Altra luce ella non vuole
Nè voler giammai potrà.

My fire of love

Translation by Bertram Kottmann

Recitativo: My fire of love,
However far or near
I might be,
Never changing,
Will always be burning
For you, dear eyes.

Aria: That flame which kindled me
Is so pleased with my soul
That it never dies.
And if fate entrusts me to you,
Lovely rays of my beloved sun,
My soul will never be able
To long for any other light.

Deh vieni, non tardar
Text by Lorenzo Da Ponte
(1749 -1838)

Please come, don't be late
Translation by Naomi Gurt Lind

Recitativo: Giunse alfin il momento
che godrò senza affanno
in braccio all'idol mio.
Timide cure!
Uscite dal mio petto;
A turbar non venite
Il mio diletto!
Oh come par che
All'amoroso foco
L'amenità del loco,
La terra e il ciel
Risponda,
Come la notte
I furti miei seconda!

Recitative: The moment which I will savor
Without fear, in the arms of
My idol, has finally come.
Timid notions,
Leave my breast;
Don't attempt to disturb
My delight!
Oh, how it seems that
to amorous rapture
The charm of the place,
The earth, and the sky
Respond,
As the night
Favors my designs!

Aria: Deh vieni,
Non tardar, o gioia bella.
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella
Finchè non splende in ciel notturna
face-
Finchè l'aria è ancor bruna, e il mondo
tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza
l'aura, che col dolce susurro il cor
ristaura,
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca
Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescà.
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante
ascose!
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Aria: Please come:
Don't be late, o beautiful joy.
Come to where love calls you to take pleasure
Until the nocturnal torch no longer shines in the
sky-
Until it's dark again,
And the world is quiet,
Here the brook murmurs; here the wind,
which restores the heart with its sweet whispers,
plays.
Here little flowers are laughing, and the grass is
fresh.
To the joys of love everything here is enticing.
Come, my love, among these shielding trees!
I wan to crown your head with roses.

Du bist die Ruh

Text by Friedrich Rückert
(1788 -1866)

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du,
Und was sie stillt.
Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug' und Herz.

Kehr' ein bei mir,
Und schliesse du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.
Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust.
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll' es ganz.

An Chloë

Text by Johann Georg Jacobi
(1740 - 1814)

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust, hineinzuschauen,
Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küsse
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm,

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

Den berauschten Blick umschattet
Eine düst're Wolke mir;
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
Aber selig neben dir.

You are Repose

Translation by Richard Wigmore

You are repose
and gentle peace.
You are longing
and what stills it.
Full of joy and grief
I consecrate to you
my eyes and my heart
as a dwelling place.

Come in to me
and softly close
the gate
behind you.
Drive all other grief
from my breast.
Let my heart
be full of your joy.

The temple of my eyes
is lit
by your radiance alone:
O, fill it wholly!

To Chloë

Translation by Richard Stokes

When love looks out of your blue,
Bright and open eyes,
And the joy of gazing into them
Causes my heart to throb and glow;

And I hold you and kiss
Your rosy cheeks warm,
Sweet girl and clasp
You trembling in my arms,

Sweet girl, sweet girl, and press
You firmly to my breast,
Where until my dying moment
I shall hold you tight –

My ecstatic gaze is blurred
By a sombre cloud;
And I sit then exhausted,
But blissful, by your side.

Die Mainacht

Text by Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty
(1748 -1776)

Wenn der silberne Mond durch di Gesträuche
blinkt
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den
Rasen streut:
Und die Nachtigall flötet, wandl'ich traurig von
Busch zu Busch.

Seilig preis' ich dich dann flötende Nachtigall
Weil dein Weibchen mit dir wohnt im Einem
Nest
Ihrem singenden Gatten Tausend trauliche
küsse giebt.

Ueberhüllet von Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich
Suche dunklere Schatten, Und die einsame

The May Night

Translation by Richard Stokes

*When the silver moon twinkles through
the bushes
And dusts the grass with it's sleeping
light
And the nightingale pipes like a flute I
wanter mournfully from bush to bush.*

*I call you blessed then, fluting
nightingale,
For your beloved lives with you in one
nest.
And gives her singing spouse a
thousand loving kisses.*

*Surrounded by leaves, a pair of doves
coos*

She loves and she confesses too

Text by Abraham Cowley
(1618 - 1667)

She loves and she confesses too,
There's then at last no more to do;
The happy work's entirely done,
Enter the town which show hast won;
The fruits of conquest now begin,
lo triumph, enter in.

What's this, ye Gods!
What can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honor stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate.
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing, stalking shade,
By what witchcraft wert thou made,
Thou empty cause of solid harms?
But I shall find out counter charms,
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscure secrecy;
Unlike to ev'ry other spright
Thou attempt'st not men to affright,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

Will There Really Be a Morning?

Text by Emily Dickinson
(1830 - 1886)

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?

Does it come from famous places
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Man from the skies!
Please to tell this little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Poor Wand'ring One

Text by W.S. Gilbert
(1836 - 1911)

Poor wandering one
Though thou hast surely strayed
Take heart of grace, thy steps retrace
Poor wandering one

Poor wandering one
If such poor love as mine
Can help thee find true peace of mind
Why, take it, it is thine

(Take heart, no danger lowers
Take any heart but ours)
Take heart, fair days will shine
Take any heart, take mine

(Take heart, no danger lowers
Take any heart but ours)
Take heart, fair days will shine
Take any heart, take mine

Poor wandering one
Though thou hast surely strayed
Take heart of grace, thy steps retrace
Poor wandering one

(Poor wandering one
Poor wandering one)
Fair day will shine, take heart
Take mine! Take heart!
Take...

Take any heart but ours
Take heart, take heart
Take heart, no danger lowers
Take any heart but ours
Take heart, take heart
Take any heart but ours
Take heart

About the Artists

Liana Perlman is a junior at Brandeis University earning her B.A. in Music with a concentration in vocal performance, and minors in Italian Studies and Medieval and Renaissance Studies. She is originally from St. Louis, MO but has spent most of her life in Needham, MA.

From a young age, Liana was fascinated by music. From the classical soundtracks to her preschool ballet recitals to her introduction to musical theater, she fell in love with performing and singing. In middle and high school, she trained vocally with the focused intent on becoming the next big Broadway name, but soon turned her attention to choir and classical vocal performance. Liana comes from a long line of wonderful teachers, in music and beyond, so it was no surprise when, about 5 years ago, she realized she hoped to dedicate the rest of her life to choral conducting and music education. While performing in a wide variety of musical theater productions and straight plays, she also participated in the Massachusetts Junior and Senior Eastern District Festivals from 2014-2019, lead and arranged songs for her high school a cappella group, and sang in the Needham High School Chorale. Some of her favorite performances with Chorale include the Massachusetts Instrumental and Choral Conductors Association Gold Medal performance at Symphony Hall in 2017, and the annual winter and spring concerts of her senior year. In 2018, she participated in the Oberlin Conservatory Vocal Academy for High School students where she met and worked with Oberlin's incredible voice faculty.

Liana has begun to thrive as a music student at Brandeis University, as well as beyond the recital hall. She has thoroughly enjoyed rehearsing with the Chamber Choir, dabbling in the vibrant a cappella scene, trying her hand at producing with the Undergraduate Theater Collective, and gaining invaluable leadership experience among Brandeis' orientation leaders. In her free time, Liana is an avid member of the Brandeis Reform Chavurah, Brandeis' reform Jewish organization on campus, and regularly substitute teaches at her synagogue's children's center. This semester, she is also involved in the Girls Who Conduct online intensive, where she is meeting other wonderful female and non-binary musicians and conductors. She hopes to pursue degrees in music education and choral conducting once her Brandeis years are behind her.

Liana would like to thank the Brandeis Music Department for their support, Professor Duff for his encouragement and incredible mentorship, Krista River for the most fun and challenging vocal instruction she's ever had, and Grace Spicuzza for her beautiful talent and confidence. She would also like to thank her parents and brother, who have put up with every at-home voice lesson and "solo" choir rehearsal during the pandemic. Finally, she'd like to thank her friends and extended family, at Brandeis and beyond, for their love and cheerleading!

Grace Evelyn Spicuzza is a collaborative pianist working in the Boston, MA metropolitan area. She enjoys a varied career playing repertoire ranging from renaissance to Neo classical, jazz to rock, 19th century art song to musical theater, at the various institutions where she works.

Grace is in her third year at Brandeis, where she loves accompanying the choral ensembles under the direction of Dr. Robert Duff. Watching the students grow in their understanding of and their ability to make music is such a reward. Grace also holds a position at Boston Conservatory at Berkeley, where she has the pleasure of working alongside excellent voice faculty, accompanying and coaching classical and musical theater voice students. She also works with woodwind and strings student to help them prepare for their performances and recordings. And, of course, she loves the sporadic freelance opportunities to play for weddings and formal events, as well as working with vocalists for their recordings and recitals. You can find out more about Grace's work at musicbygraceevelyn.com.

Mrs. Spicuzza earned a Masters of Music in Collaborative Piano from Boston Conservatory at Berkeley, Boston, MA, in 2017 and a Bachelor of Music in Piano Performance from Wheaton College Conservatory of Music, Wheaton, IL in 2011.

When she is not working on music, Grace enjoys vegetable gardening, swing dancing with her husband, and petting her lop-eared rabbit. She is very grateful to God, her parents, her husband, and the excellent teachers she has had in her life. They are the reason she is where she is today. And she thanks you, our audience, for taking the time to join us today and share this beautiful music with us. She hopes that your hearts will be touched, just as ours have, by this music.