



MUSIC CERTIFICATE RECITAL | SPRING 2023]

Thursday, May 4th, 2023, 8:30 PM

Taplin Auditorium, Fine Hall

Jamie Feder '23

Mezzo-soprano

Senior Recital

Part of Princeton University's music certificate program in voice

Featuring:

Dr. Martin Néron

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PROGRAM

GIOACCHINO

ROSSINI

1792-1868

Il Risentimento

Duration: 5 minutes

BENJAMIN

BRITTEN

1913-1976

A Charm of Lullabies Cycle

Duration: 13 minutes

B.E. BOYKIN

1989-

Secret

Duration: 2.5 minutes

FLORENCE

PRICE

1887-1953

Don't You Tell Me No

Duration: 3 minutes

BRAHMS

1833-1897

Five songs from Op. 57

Duration: 15 minutes

BIZET

1838-1875

Près des Remparts de Séville

Duration: 2.5 minutes

FREDERIC

WEATHERLY

1848-1929

Danny Boy

Duration: 4 minutes

PROGRAM NOTES

Gioacchino Rossini - Il Risentimento: One of Rossini's lesser known arias, "Il Risentimento" shines with breathtaking melodies and heartfelt lyrics about a complicated love story.

Benjamin Britten - A Charm of Lullabies Cycle: The description "Lullabies" may be misleading, as some of the songs are far from quiet or gentle. The fourth song "A Charm," for instance, threatens a child with various kinds of torture if they do not go to sleep! The cycle was based on poems written by William Blake, Robert Burns, Robert Greene, Thomas Randolph, and John Phillip and produced for mezzo-soprano Nancy Evans.

B.E. Boykin - Secret: Boykin is a contemporary composer, having graduated from Spelman College in 2011. "Secret" is based on a poem by Gewndolyn Bennett (1903-1981) and portrays a discrete affection.

Florence Price - Don't You Tell Me No: The song is part of a repository of Price's music intended for musical theatre. Price was a pioneer in classical music, as the first African American woman composer to have her symphony performed by a major orchestra

Brahms - Von waldbekrönter Höhe: All songs from Brahms' Op. 57 are written by Georg Friedrich Daumer. The music is grand and expansive, with a soaring vocal line that conveys a sense of awe and wonder. The lyrics speak of the beauty and majesty of nature, as the poet marvels at the forest-crowned heights and the panoramic view of the world below.

Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst: The lively and energetic music captures the playful and carefree spirit of the lyrics, which speak of the transformative power of a smile.

Es Träumte mir: The music is slow and dreamy, with a delicate and expressive vocal line that conveys a sense of mystery and longing. The lyrics speak of a dream in which the poet sees his beloved in a vision of beauty and grace, but is unable to reach her.

Ach, Wende diesen Blick: The music is slow and melancholic, with a tender and expressive vocal line that conveys a sense of heartache. The lyrics speak of unrequited love and the pain of separation, as the poet begs his beloved to turn her gaze towards him and give him a sign of affection.

Unbewegte laue Luft: The slow and hypnotic music, combined with the simple and unadorned vocal line, creates a peaceful and meditative atmosphere, evoking the stillness and tranquility of a warm summer night. The lyrics speak of the silence and stillness of the world around the poet, and the sense of calm and peace that comes with it.

Bizet - Près des Remparts de Séville: from Bizet's opera Carmen, the song is a playful and flirtatious aria sung by the fiery Carmen as she tries to seduce the soldier Don José into joining her band of smugglers in Seville. The catchy melody and lively rhythm capture the spirit of the flamenco-infused world of the city, while the lyrics describe the sights and sounds of the bustling streets. As one of the most recognizable arias in the operatic repertoire, Près des Remparts de Séville is a beloved example of Bizet's gift for creating memorable melodies, evocative scenes, and blending Spanish and French musical influences.

Frederic Weatherly - Danny Boy: Danny Boy is a beloved Irish folk song that has become an enduring symbol of love and loss. The lyrics, written by an Englishman, Fred Weatherly, are a lament from a father to his son who is leaving to fight in a war, and express a deep sense of longing and a tender farewell. The melody, which is believed to have been inspired by an old Irish tune called the "Londonderry Air," is simple yet haunting, and has been arranged and performed by countless musicians and singers over the years. Danny Boy has become an iconic melody that is often played at solemn occasions, and remains a testament to the power of music to evoke deep emotions and memories across generations.

LYRICS AND TRANSLATION

Il Risentimento

Mi lagnerò tacendo
della mia sorte amara, ah!
Ma ch'io non t'ami,
o cara, non lo sperar da me.
Crudel, farmi penar così, crudel!
Ah! Mi lagnerò tacendo
della mia sorte amara,
Ma ch'io non t'ami,
o cara, non lo sperar da me, crudel!

The Resentment

I will bewail in silence
my bitter fate, ah!
But that I should cease to love you,
my heart's desire, is too much to expect.
Cruel you are to make me suffer so.
Ah! I will bewail in silence
my bitter fate,
but that I should cease to love you,
my heart's desire, is too much to expect - cruel though you are.

A Charm of Lullabies

A Cradle Song

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.
Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.
O! the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break,
From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

A Highland Balou

Hee Balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
What gat my young Highland thief.
Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro' ,
and bring hame a Carlisle cow!
Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder!
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Synne to the Highlands hame to me!

Sephestia's Lullaby

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by [him]¹ and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crow'd, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

A Charm

Quiet!
Sleep! or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take
Thy body to the boiling lake,
Where fire and brimstones never slake;
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,
And ev'ry joint about thee quake;
And therefor dare not yet to wake!
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet!
Quiet!
Sleep! or thou shalt see
The horrid hags of Tartary,
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three
The worst is called Tisiphone,
Shall lash thee to eternity;
And therefor sleep thou peacefully
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet, sleep!
Quiet!

The Nurse's Song

Lullaby baby,
Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may
be.
Lullaby baby!
Be still, my sweett sweeting, no longer
do cry;
Sing lullaby baby, lullaby baby.
Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee, I ...
To rock and to lull thee I will not delay
me.
Lullaby baby,
Lullabylabylaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may
be
Lullabylabylaby baby
The gods be thy shield and comfort in
need!
The gods be thy shield and comfort in
need!
Sing Lullaby baby,
Lullabylaby baby
They give thee good fortune and well for
to speed,
And this to desire ... I will not delay me.
This to desire ... I will not delay me.
Lullaby lullaby
Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may
be.
Lullabylabylabylaby baby.

Secret

I shall make a song like your hair. . . .
gold-woven with shadows green-tinged,
And I shall play with my song
As my fingers might play with your hair.
Deep in my heart
I shall play with my song of you,
Gently. . . .
I shall laugh
At its sensitive lustre. . .
I shall wrap my song in a blanket,
Blue like your eyes are blue
With tiny shots of silver.
I shall wrap it caressingly,
Tenderly. . . .
I shall sing a lullaby
To the song I have made
Of your hair and eyes . . .
And you will never know
That deep in my heart
I shelter a song of you
Secretly

Don't You Tell Me No

Always there's something you cannot get,
Maybe the girl that you have just met,
or some sweet baby whom you have lost
before you stopped to count the cost
There's something i want now:
Oh mama, my mama, don't you tell me "No"
'cause mama you see I'm yearning so.
Oh mama, sweet mama, my hands won't
behave.
For your dear charms they creep and crave.
Don't scold me, just hold me, and you'd paraph text
Oh tight!
Say baby, I'll lose my mind if you don't treat me
kind.
So mama, sweet mama, honey to the bee
is not as sweet as you to me.

Von waldbekränzter Höhe

Von waldbekränzter Höhe
Werf ich den heißen Blick
Der liebebeuchten Sehe
Zur Flur, die dich umgrünt, zurück.
Ich senk ihn auf die Quelle,
Vermöcht ich, ach, mit ihr
Zu fließen eine Welle,
Zurück, o Freund, zu dir, zu dir!
Ich richt' ihn auf die Züge
Der Wolken über mir,
Ach, flög' ich ihre Flüge,
Zurück, o Freund, zu dir, zu dir!
Wie wollt ich dich umstricken,
Mein Heil und meine Pein,
Mit Lippen und mit Blicken,
Mit Busen, Herz und Seele dein!

From forest-wreathed heights

From forest-wreathed heights
I turn the passionate gaze
Of my love-moistened eyes
To the green fields about you.
I lower my gaze to the stream,
Ah! if only I could flow
With it, as a wave,
Back, O friend, to you!
I lift my gaze to the scudding
Clouds above me,
Ah! if only I could follow their flight
Back, O friend, to you!
How I would ensnare you,
My anguish and salvation,
With my lips and my glances,
With my bosom, heart and soul all yours!

Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst

Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst,
Nur zuweilen Kühle fächelst
Dieser ungemessnen Glut—
In Geduld will ich mich fassen
Und dich alles treiben lassen,
Was der Liebe wehe tut.

Es träumte mir

Es träumte mir
Georg Friedrich Daumer
Es träumte mir,
Ich sei dir teuer;
Doch zu erwachen
Bedurft ich kaum.
Denn schon im Traume
Bereits empfand ich,
Es sei ein Traum.

Ach, wende diesen Blick

Ach, wende diesen Blick, dies Angesicht!
Das Inn're mir mit ewig-neuer Glut,
Mit ewig-neuem Harm erfülle nicht!
Wenn einmal die gequälte Seele ruht,
Und mit so fieberischer Wilde nicht
In meinen Adern rollt das heisse Blut—
Ein Strahl, ein flüchtiger, von deinem Licht,
Er wecket auf des Weh's gesammte Wut,
Das schlangengleich mich in das Herze sticht.

If you only sometimes smile

If you only sometimes smile,
Only sometimes fan coolness
On this infinite ardour,
I shall compose myself in patience
And let you do all those things
That inflict pain on love.

I dreamed

I dreamed
I was dear to you;
But I scarcely needed
To awaken.
For even in my dreams
I felt
It was a dream.

Ah, turn away that gaze

Ah, turn away that gaze, that face!
Do not fill my inmost being with ever-new fire,
With ever-new grief!
When once my tormented soul finds rest,
And my hot blood no longer courses
Through my veins so wildly, so feverishly—
A single fleeting ray of your light
Would reawaken the entire rage of pain
That stings my heart like a serpent.

Unbewegte laue Luft

Unbewegte laue Luft,
Tiefe Ruhe der Natur;
Durch die stille Gartennacht
Plätschert die Fontäne nur;
Aber im Gemüte schwillt
Heißere Begierde mir;
Aber in der Ader quillt
Leben und verlangt nach Leben.
Sollten nicht auch deine Brust
Sehnlichere Wünsche heben?
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf
Nicht die deine tief durchbeben?
Leise mit dem Ätherfuß
Säume nicht, daher zu schweben!
Komm, o komm, damit wir uns
Himmlische Genüge geben!

Pres des remparts de Seville

Pres des remparts de Seville,
Chez mon ami, Lillas Pastia
J'irai danser la Seguedille
Et boire du Manzanilla.
J'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia.
Oui, mais toute seule on s'ennuie,
Et les vrais plaisirs sont a deux;
Donc, pour me tenir compagnie,
J'emmenerai mon amoureux!
Mon amoureux, il est au diable,
Je l'ai mis a la porte hier!
Mon pauvre coeur tres consolable,
Mon coeur est libre comme l'air!
J'ai les galants a la douzaine,
Mais ils ne sont pas a mon gre.
Voici la fin de la semaine;
Qui veut m'aimer? Je l'aimerai!
Qui veut mon ame? Elle est a prendre.
Vous arrivez au bon moment!
J'ai guere le temps d'attendre,
Car avec mon nouvel amant,
Pres des remparts de Seville,
Chez mon ami, Lillas Pastia!

Motionless mild air

Motionless mild air,
Nature deep at rest;
Through the still garden night
Only the fountain splashes;
But my soul swells
With a more ardent desire;
Life surges in my veins
And yearns for life.
Should not your breast too
Heave with more passionate longing?
Should not the cry of my soul
Quiver deeply through your own?
Softly on ethereal feet
Glide to me, do not delay!
Come, ah! come, that we might
Give each other heavenly satisfaction!

Near the walls of Seville

Near the walls of Seville,
At my friend place, Lillas Pastia
I will dance the Seguedille
And drink Manzanilla. I
will go to the home of my friend LillasPastia.
Yes, all alone one can get bored,
And real pleasures are for two;
So, to keep me company,
I'll take my lover!
My love, he is the devil,
I did away with him yesterday!
My poor heart is very consolable
My heart is free as a bird!
I have a dozen suitors,
But they are not to my liking.
This is the end of the week
Who will love me? I will love him!
Who wants my soul? It is for you to take.
You arrive at the right time!
I have little time to wait,
Because with my new lover,
Near the walls of Seville,
I will go to my friend, Lillas Pastia!

Danny Boy

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are
calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain
side.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the
meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with
snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!
But when ye come, and all the flowers are
dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am
lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above
me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love
me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to
me!

ABOUT

Jamie Feder is a senior in the history department who is gaining a certificate in vocal performance. While in high school, she attended the Manhattan School of Music weekend Precollege Program, and the Tanglewood and Washington National Opera summer programs for pre-professional singers. In university, she was Pane in the Princeton virtual opera *La Calisto*, and has performed in several student-run musical theatre productions. She currently sings with the Jazz Vocal Ensemble and performs weekly sets of contemporary music at Coffee Club. She hopes to continue to pursue music after college.

Martin Néron is on the faculty at WCC. He is the artistic director of the Vocalis Consort, an ensemble which strives to showcase overlooked vocal works. He designed and managed Canto Latino CyberChallenge in 2021, an international competition which features and promotes vocal repertoire from Latin America.

Martin has held residencies at WSU Pullman, SUNY Potsdam, UK Lexington, Tennessee TU, and Fundación Armonía (Ecuador), and gave masterclasses and lectures at Butler University, OSU Columbus, TCNJ, Hunter College, NATS, Arte Lirico, and Universidad Central del Ecuador. He was on the faculty at the Taos Opera Institute (2019-2021), and Vice-President of the Joy in Singing Foundation (2017-2019). He is co-founder, co-artistic director, and Vice-President of the newly incorporated Federation of the Art Song. Praised as “an attentive partner” (Opera News), Martin has collaborated on several recordings of art songs. His scholarly work is featured in the Journal of Singing and Leyerle Publications. He holds degrees from the MSM (DMA), WCC (MM), and U de M (BM).
