



VANDERBILT
Blair School *of* Music

Bredon Hill: A Senior Recital

Jordan Haas
tenor

with

Jennifer McGuire, piano

Saturday, February 24, 2024

Turner Recital Hall | 8:00 p.m.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment for the requirement of a Bachelor's degree in Integrated studies in Music Education and Voice.



VANDERBILT
Blair School of Music

Senior Vocal Recital

Jordan Haas

Saturday, February 24, 2024 | 8:00 p.m.
Steve and Judy Turner Recital Hall

Halt Franz Schubert
Danksagung an den Bach (1797- 1828)
Non t'accostar allurna
Da quel sembiante appresi

Les Roses d'Ispahan Gabriel Fauré
Soir (1845-1924)

My Spirit Sang All Day Gerald Finzi
(1901 – 1956)

Alleluia Ivo Antognini
(b. 1963)

Chamber Ensemble Members *
Jordan Haas, conducting

~ Intermission ~
(10 minutes)

On Wenlock Edge Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872 – 1958)
1. *On Wenlock Edge*
2. *From Far, From Eve And Morning*
3. *Is My Team Ploughing*
4. *Oh, When I Was In Love With You*
5. *Bredon Hill*
6. *Clun*

Sophia Velinzon, viola ~ Kyle Pinzon, cello
Kate Reynolds, violin ~ Rachel Lawton, violin

Cry Stuart Ross
(b. 1959)

Alasdair Payten, tenor ~ Riley Eddins, baritone ~ Luke Dailey, bass

Chamber Ensemble Members *

Soprano

Hailey Pfeiffer
Ana Soto

Tenor

Riley Eddins
Alasdair Payten

Alto

Syd Braunstien
Daniela Diano

Baritone/ Bass

Luke Dailey
Matt Eyles
Quinn Welder



Text and Translations

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Halt!

Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süsser Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

Translations by Richard Wigmore

Stop!

I see a mill gleaming
amid the alders;
the roar of mill-wheels
cuts through the babbling and singing.

Welcome, welcome,
sweet song of the mill!
How inviting the house looks,
how sparkling its windows!

And how brightly the sun
shines from the sky.
Now, dear little brook,
is this what you meant?

Danksagung an den Bach

War es also gemeint,
Mein rauschender Freund,
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
War es also gemeint?

„Zur Müllerin hin!“
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
„Zur Müllerin hin!“

Hat sie dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,
Ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich such', hab' ich funden,
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
Nun hab' ich genug,
Für die Hände, für's Herze
Vollauf genug!

Non t'accostar all'urna

Non t'accostar all'urna,
Che l'osse mie rinserra,
Questa pietosa terra
E' sacra al mio dolor.

Ricuso i tuoi giacinti
Non voglio i tuoi pianti:
Che giovan agli estinti
Due lagrime, due fior?

Empia! Dovevi allor
Porgermi un fil d'aita,
Quando traeva la vita
In grembo dei sospir.

Ah che d'inutil pianto
Assordi la foresta?
Rispetta un'ombra mesta,
E lasciala dormir.

Thanksgiving to the Brook

Is this what you meant,
my babbling friend?
Your singing, your murmuring –
is this what you meant?

'To the maid of the mill!'
This is your meaning;
have I understood you?
'To the maid of the mill!'

Did she send you,
or have you entranced me?
I should like to know this, too:
did she send you?

However it may be,
I yield to my fate:
what I sought I have found,
however it may be.

I asked for work;
now I have enough
for hands and heart;
enough, and more besides.

Do not approach the urn

Do not approach the urn
which contains my bones;
this compassionate earth
is sacred to my sorrow.

I refuse your flowers,
I do not want your weeping;
what use to the dead
are a few tears and a few flowers?

Cruel one! You should have come
to help me
when my life was ebbing away
in slight and suffering.

With what futile weeping
do you assail the woods?
Respect a sad shade,
and let it sleep.

Da quel semblante appresi

Da quel semblante appresi
A sospirand' amore
Sempre per quel semblante
Sospirerò d'amore.

La face a cui m'accesi
Solo m'alletta e piace,
È fredda ogn'altra face
Per riscaldarmi il cuore.

From that face I learnt

From that face I learnt
to sigh with love;
for that face
I shall always sigh with love.

The flame which kindled my love
alone delights and pleases me.
Every other flame is too cold
to warm my heart.

Gabriel Fauré

(1845-1924)

Les roses d'Ispahan

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse,
Les jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de l'oranger
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur moins
douce,
Ô blanche Leïlah! 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,
Reviens vers mon cœur d'une aile prompte et
douce,
Et qu'il parfume encor les fleurs de l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse!

Translations by Richard Stokes

The roses of Isfahan

The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths,
The jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossom
Have a fragrance less fresh and a scent less
sweet,
O pale Leilah, than your soft breath!

Your lips are of coral and your light laughter
Rings brighter and sweeter than running water,
Than the blithe wind rocking the orange-tree
boughs,
Than the singing bird by its mossy nest ...

O Leilah, ever since on light wings
All kisses have flown from your sweet lips,
The pale orange-tree fragrance is spent,
And the heavenly scent of moss-clad roses ...

Oh! may your young love, that airy butterfly,
Wing swiftly and gently to my heart once more,
To scent again the orange blossom,
The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths!

Soir

Voici que les jardins de la nuit vont fleurir.
Les lignes, les couleurs, les sons deviennent
vagues.

Vois, le dernier rayon agonise à tes bagues.
Ma sœur, entends-tu pas quelque chose
mourir?

Mets sur mon front tes mains fraîches comme
une eau pure,
Mets sur mes yeux tes mains douces comme
des fleurs;
Et que mon âme, où vit le goût secret des
pleurs,
Soit comme un lys fidèle et pâle à ta ceinture.

C'est la pitié qui pose ainsi son doigt sur nous;
Et tout ce que la terre a de soupirs qui montent,
Il semble qu'à mon cœur enivré le racontent
Tes yeux levés au ciel, si tristes et si doux.

Evening

Now the gardens of night begin to flower.
Lines, colours, and sounds begin to blur.

See the last rays fade on your rings.
Sister, can you not hear something die?

Place your hands, cool as pure water, on my
brow,
Place on my eyes your hands as sweet as
flowers;
And let my soul, with its secret taste of tears,
Be like a lily at your waist, faithful and pale.

It is pity that lays thus its finger on us;
And all the sighs that rise from the earth
Seem uttered to my enraptured heart
By your sad sweet eyes raised to the skies.

