

**Recital Program for
Leslie Valentine, mezzo-soprano and Daniel Ragone, piano
August 16, 2011
Stony Brook University**

Program

Svegliatevi nel core	from <i>Julius Caesar</i>	George Frederic Handel (1685-1759)
Voi Che Sapete	from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

An Essay on the great German lieder composers

Widmung	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Sapphische Ode	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Heidenröslein	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Auf ein Altes Bild	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Zueignung	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Trois Chansons de Bilitis	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
La Flûte de Pan	
La chevelure	
Le tombeau des Naiades	

Mon Coeur s'ouvre à ta voix	from <i>Samson et Delilah</i>	Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)
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INTERMISSION

Selections from <i>Siete canciones populares españolas</i>	Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)
El Pano Muruno	
Asturiana	
Jota	
Nana	
Cancion	

Blue Mountain Ballads	Paul Bowles (1910-1999)
Heavenly Grass	
Lonesome Man	
Cabin	
Sugar in the Cane	

Selections for the Great American Songbook

Let's do it (Let's fall in love)	from <i>Paris</i>	Cole Porter (1891-1964)
Something Wonderful	from <i>The King and I</i>	Richard Rogers (1902-1979)
Can't Help Lovin' that Man	from <i>Showboat</i>	Jerome Kern (1885-1945)
You'll Never Walk Alone	from <i>Carousel</i>	Richard Rogers (1902-1979)

Program Notes

Svegliatevi nel core

Awaken in my heart
The wrath of an offended soul
So I may wreak upon a traitor
My bitter vengeance!
The ghost of my father
Hastens to my defense
Saying, "From you, my son
Ferocity is expected"

Voi che sapete

You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.
I'll tell you what I'm feeling,
It's new for me, and I understand nothing.
I have a feeling, full of desire,
Which is by turns delightful and miserable.
I freeze and then feel my soul go up in flames,
Then in a moment I turn to ice.
I'm searching for affection outside of myself,
I don't know how to hold it, nor even what it is!
I sigh and lament without wanting to,
I twitter and tremble without knowing why,
I find peace neither night nor day,
But still I rather enjoy languishing this way.
You who know what love is Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

Widmung

You, my soul, you, my heart! You, my joy, o you, my sorrow! You, the world in which I live! You, the heaven to which I aspire! O you, the grave where I forever laid my grief – you are rest, you are peace; you were bestowed on my by heaven. Because you love me, I find my own worth, I see myself transformed by your glance. Lovingly you raise me up – you, my good spirit, my better self.

Sapphische Ode

I plucked roses at night from the dark hedgerow, and their fragrance was sweeter than ever by day; but the shaken boughs scattered the wet dew abundantly upon me.
And the fragrance of kisses beguiled me as never before, as I plucked them like roses at night from your lips; but like the rose, your soul was stirred, and you shed dewy tears.

Heidenröslein

How you glow around me in the morning splendor, spring, beloved! In a thousand fold ecstasy of love, the divine sensation of your eternal warmth presses against my heart, infinite beauty!
Could I but hold you in my arms!
Ah, I lie languishing at your breast and your flowers and your grasses press against my heart. You cool the burning thirst within my breast, delightful morning breeze! The nightingale calls lovingly to me from the misty valley.
I am coming, I am coming! Whither, o whither?
Upwards, striving upwards! The clouds float down, reaching towards yearning love; to me, to me! In your lap, now upwards; embracing, embraced – upwards to your bosom, all-loving Father!

Auf ein altes Bild

Summer blossoms in a green landscape, by cool water, rush and reed; see how the little boy in happy innocence is playing on the Virgin's lap! And in the wood, ah, there already a radiant green unfolds on the trunk marked for the cross.

Zueignung

Yes, you know, dear heart, that far from you I am tormented. Love makes the heart sick – for this I thank you!

Once, reveling in liberty, I raised high a goblet of amethyst, and you blessed the draught – for this I thank you!

And you banished the evil away, till I was purified as never before, and sank onto your breast – for this I thank you!

La Flûte de Pan

For the festival of Hyacinthus he gave me a syrinx, a set of pipes made from well-cut reeds joined with the white wax that is sweet to my lips like honey. He is teaching me to play, as I sit on his knees; but I tremble a little. He plays it after me, so softly that I can scarcely hear it. We are so close that we have nothing to say to one another; but our songs want to converse, and our mouths are joined as they take turns on the pipes.

It is late: here comes the chant of the green frogs, which begins at dusk. My mother will never believe I spent so long searching for my lost waistband.

La chevelure

He told me: "Last night I had a dream. Your hair was around my neck, it was like a black necklace round my nape and on my chest. "I was stroking your hair, and it was my own; thus the same tresses joined us forever, with our mouths touching, just as two laurels often have only one root. "And gradually I sensed, since our limbs were so entwined, that I was becoming you and you were entering me like my dream."

When he'd finished, he gently put his hands on my shoulders, and gazed at me so tenderly that I lowered my eyes, quivering.

Le tombeau des Naïades

I was walking along in the frost-covered woods; in front of my mouth my hair blossomed in tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with muddy caked snow.

He asked: "What are you looking for?" "I'm following the tracks of the satyr -his little cloven hoof prints alternate like holes in a white cloak." He said: "The satyrs are dead. The satyrs are dead and the nymphs too. In thirty years there has not been such a terrible winter. That's the trail of a he-goat. But let's pause here, where their tomb is."

With his hoe he broke the ice of the spring where the water-nymphs used to laugh. There he was, picking up large cold slabs of ice, lifting them toward the pale sky, and peering through them.

Mon Coeur s'ouvre à ta voix

My heart opens to your voice like the flowers open to the kisses of the dawn!

But, oh my beloved, to better dry my tears, let your voice speak again!

Tell me that you are returning to Delilah forever!

Repeat to my tenderness the promises of old times, those promises that I loved!

Ah! Respond to my tenderness! Fill me with ecstasy!

Like one sees the blades of wheat that wave in the light wind,

So trembles my heart, ready to be consoled, by your voice that is so dear to me!

The arrow is less rapid in bringing death, than is your lover to fly into your arms!

Ah! Respond to my tenderness! Fill me with ecstasy!

The Moorish cloth

On the fine cloth in the store a stain has fallen;
It sells at a lesser price, because it has lost its value. Alas!

Asturian

To see whether it would console me, I drew near a green pine,
To see whether it would console me.
Seeing me weep, it wept;
And the pine, being green, seeing me weep, wept.

Jota

They say we don't love each other because they never see us talking
But they only have to ask both your heart and mine.

Now I bid you farewell your house and your window too and even ... your mother
Farewell, my sweetheart until tomorrow.

Nana

Go to sleep, Child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul, Go to sleep, little star of the morning.
Lulla-lullaby, Lulla-lullaby, Sleep, little star of the morning.

Canción

Because your eyes are traitors I will hide from them
You don't know how painful it is to look at them.
"Mother I feel worthless, Mother"

They say you don't love me and yet once you did love me
"Love has been lost in the air
Mother all is lost, it is lost Mother"

About the Artists

A native of Long Island, New York, **Leslie Valentine** has appeared in opera, concert and recital throughout the United States, as well as in Great Britain and Japan. Highlights have included The New York City Opera National Company's production of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, singing both the roles of Rosina and Berta, and as a guest artist with the Tokyo City Orchestra, in Tokyo, Japan singing Verdi's *Requiem* in memory of those lost on September 11, 2001 and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Other companies she has performed with include Chautauqua Opera, Lake George Opera Festival, Opera Theater at Wildwood, Opera Theatre of Rochester, Tacoma Opera, Lyric Opera Cleveland, Tulsa Opera, and at Virginia Opera, in the world premiere of *Cue 67* by Michael Ching. Miss Valentine had the opportunity to coach with Soulima Stravinsky; son of Igor Stravinsky, on his only vocal pieces *Chantefables*. Originally she performed the pieces with the Sarasota Opera Association and later at Mr. Stravinsky's memorial concert. Miss Valentine sang the role of Elmire in the New York premiere of Kirk Mechem's *Tartuffe* with Bronx Opera and with American Opera Projects was seen in the first readings of Paula Kimper's *Patience and Sarah*. In concert and oratorio, Miss Valentine has sung with the New York Asian Symphony Orchestra, Gala Opera International, the Philharmonia Virtuosi, the Charlotte Philharmonic, the Huntington Choral Society, Ridotto, the Brookhaven Choral Festival, the Taghknich Chorale, the Sound Symphony, the National Chorale, which marked her Avery Fisher Hall debut at Lincoln Center and with the Brearley/Collegiate Chorus and Orchestra, which marked her debut at Alice Tully Hall.

As well as being a featured artist, Miss Valentine also has numerous producing credits including the St. John's Cultural Arts Series in Huntington, New York, Route 110 and Opera Ovations of New York (touring vocal quartets) and outdoor summer parks concerts with the Huntington Arts Council.

Daniel Ragone, pianist, received his formal education at Penn State University and the University of Illinois, where he was a scholarship student of John Wustman. For years a mainstay of the New York City vocal scene and one of its most highly regarded coaches, Daniel recently relocated to Long Island where he opened a vocal studio in Port Jefferson. His reputation as a first rate pianist make him a sought after recital collaborator and recording artist. Mr. Ragone has performed, along with countless vocal recitals, many chamber music concerts including the Brahms "Liebeslieder Waltzes" along with major chamber works of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Poulenc. Among his past affiliations are the Carnegie Hall International American Music Competition for Singers, the Rome Opera Festival and The Center for Contemporary Opera. Recent credits include the musical preparation of the world premiere of Stephen Paulus' "Hester Prynne at Death" at the 92nd St. Y.

Daniel Ragone's addition to the Long Island music scene fulfills an important need. He has given performances and guest master classes at Hofstra University, SUNY Stony Brook, Suffolk County Community College and St. Joseph's College. Mr Ragone is the founder and music director of the operatic ensemble, OperAlive! as well as artistic director of the new music program, "Music On The Sound", at First United Methodist Church in Port Jefferson.