



The Senior Voice Recital of

Luke Wroblewski

Luke Wroblewski

Tenor

Tyler Weakland

Piano

Virtual Event

Recorded on December 5th, 2020

Recorded at 3:00 PM

St. Luke's Episcopal Church

Ewing, New Jersey

Luke Wroblewski is a candidate for the degree Bachelor's of Music in Music Education

Luke Wroblewski is a student of Charles Walker

Program

5 Mélodies populaires grecques (Translated by Michel Dmitri Calvocoressi) Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

1. Chanson de la mariée
2. Là-bas, vers l'église
3. Quel galant m'est comparable
4. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
5. Tout gai!

Selections from *Mörike-Lieder* (Poetry by Eduard Mörike) Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Fussreise
Auf ein altes Bild
Verborgtheit

Intermission

From *Messiah* Georg Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Recitative: Comfort Ye, My People
Aria: Ev'ry Valley Shall Be Exalted

3 Songs (Poetry by Langston Hughes) Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956-)

Joy
Prayer
Heaven

Text & Translations

5 Mélodies populaires grecques

1. Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier! Dans
nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

The Bride's Awakening

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,
Spread your wings to the morning,
Three beauty spots - and my heart's ablaze.
See the golden ribbon I bring you
To tie around your tresses.
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!
In our two families all are related.

2. Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costanndino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

Down There, By The Church

Down there by the church,
By the church of Saint Sideros,
The church, O Holy Virgin,
The church of Saint Constantine,
Are gathered together,
buried in infinite numbers,
The bravest people, O Holy Virgin,
The bravest people in the world!

3. Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu ...
Et c'est toi que j'aime

What Gallant Can Compare To Me?

What gallant can compare with me?
Among those seen passing by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hanging at my belt,
Pistols and sharp sword...
And it's you I love!

4. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
Ô lorsque tu parais, Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

Song of the Lentisk Gatherers

O joy of my soul,
joy of my heart,
Treasure so dear to me;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
Oh when you appear, angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel
Under the bright sun -
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

5. Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la ...

So merry!

So merry, Ah, so merry;
Lovely leg, tireli, that dances
Lovely leg, the crockery dances,
Tra la la la ...

Selections from Mörike-Lieder

Fussreise

Am frischgeschnittenen Wanderstab,
Wenn ich in der Frühe
So durch Wälder ziehe,
Hügel auf und ab:
Dann, wie's Vög'lein im Laube
Singet und sich rührt,
Oder wie die goldne Traube
Wonnegeister spürt
In der ersten Morgensonne:
So fühlt auch mein alter, lieber
Adam Herbst – und Frühlingsfieber,
Gottbeherzte,
Nie verscherzte
Erstlings-Paradieseswonne.
Also bist du nicht so schlimm, o alter
Adam, wie die strengen Lehrer sagen;
Liebst und lobst du immer doch,
Singst und preisest immer noch,
Wie an ewig neuen Schöpfungstagen,
Deinen lieben Schöpfer und Erhalter.
Möcht es dieser geben,
Und mein ganzes Leben
Wär im leichten Wanderschweisse
Eine solche Morgenreise!

A Journey On Foot

When, with a freshly cut stick,
I set off early like this
Through the woods
And over the hills:
Then, as the bird in the branches
Sings and stirs,
Or as the golden cluster of grapes
Feels the rapture
Of the early morning sun:
So too my dear old Adam
Feels autumn and spring fever,
The God-inspired,
Never forfeited
Primal bliss of Paradise.
So you are not as bad, old
Adam, as strict teachers say;
You still love and extol,
Still sing and praise,
As if Creation were forever new,
Your dear Maker and Preserver.
If only He would grant it,
My whole life
Would be, gently perspiring,
Just such a morning journey!

Auf Ein Altes Bild

In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor,
Bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf und Rohr,
Schau, wie das Knäblein sündelos
Frei spielt auf der Jungfrau Schoss!
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,
Ach, grünet schon des Kreuzes Stamm!

On An Old Painting

In the summer haze of a green landscape,
By cool water, rushes and reeds,
See how the Child, born without sin,
Plays freely on the Virgin's lap!
And ah! growing blissfully there in the wood,
Already the tree of the cross is turning green!

Verborgeneheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!
Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.
Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drückt
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.
Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Seclusion

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!
I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.
Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.
Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Messiah

Comfort Ye, My People

Comfort ye,
Comfort ye my people
Saith your God
Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem
And cry unto her,
That her warfare is accomplish'd,
That her iniquity is pardon'd
The voice of him
That crieth in the wilderness:
Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
Make straight in the desert
A highway for our God

Ev'ry Valley Shall Be Exalted

Ev'ry valley shall be exalted
And ev'ry mountain and hill made low,
The crooked straight
And the rough places plain

Joy

I went to look for joy
Slim, dancing joy
Gay, laughing joy
Bright-eyed joy
And I found her
Driving the butcher's cart
In the arms of the butcher boy
Such company, such company,
As keeps this young nymph, Joy!

Prayer

I ask you this:
Which way to go?
I ask you this:
Which sin to bear?
Which crown to put
Upon my hair?
I do not know,
Lord God,
I do not know.

Heaven

Heaven,
Heaven is the place where
Happiness is ev'rywhere,
Animals and birds sing,
As does everything,
To each stone,
"How do you do?"
Stone answers back,
"Well, and you?"
Heaven,
Heaven is the place where
Happiness is everywhere
Everywhere
Heaven