

**Jason Casey, Tenor**

**Cheryl Savage, piano**

**April 20th, 2026**

**6:00pm**

**First Presbyterian Church**

**PROGRAM**

Semplicetto! A donna credi? (*Alcina*, 1735)..... George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Nell (*Trois melodies*, 1878)..... Gabriel Fauré  
Lydia (1870) (1845-1924)

O del mio amato ben (1918)..... Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)

An Sylvia (1826)..... Franz Schubert  
Mein! (*Die schöne Müllerin*, 1823) (1797-1828)

The Bracelet (*To Julia*, 1905)..... Roger Quilter  
Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal (1904) (1877-1953)

**Intermission**

Una furtiva lagrima (*L'elisir d'amore*, 1832)..... Gaetano Donizetti  
(1779-1848)

**KANSAS STATE**  
**UNIVERSITY**

School of Music,  
Theatre, and Dance

When I'm Not Near the Girl I Love (*Finnian's Rainbow*, 1947)..... Burton Lane  
(1912-1997)

Moving too Fast (*The Last Five Years*, 2001)..... Jason Robert Brown  
(b. 1970)

Lily's Eyes (*The Secret Garden*, 1989)..... Lucy Simon  
(1940-2022)

Jason Casey, Tenor  
Brennan Turman, Baritone

A Story Told (*The Count of Monte Cristo*, 2008)..... Frank Wildhorn  
(b.1958)

Jason Casey, Tenor  
Carter Keesecker, Baritone  
Matthew Lane, Baritone

I Bought Me a Cat (*Old American Songs Set 1*, 1950)..... Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

Jason Casey, Tenor  
Audience

### **Semplicetto! A donna credi?**

A standout song of antagonization from Handel's *Alcina*, *Semplicetto! A donna credi?* pits the tenor Oronte against the newcomer Ruggiero early in act 1 after his former lover Morgana abandons Oronte for another man and, in a foul temper, Oronte berates the nearest subject for his ire on the dangers of trusting women and how easily they can move on. Handel uses quick moving notes to mimic the sounds of mocking laughter, with ornamentation used the second time through to even greater effect.

Semplicetto! A donna credi?  
Se la vedi, che ti mira,  
che so spira pensa e di:  
"Ingannar potrebbe ancor!"

Quei sospiri lusinghieri,  
Quelli sguardi, a volger tardi.  
Menzogneri fan cosi;  
Senza amar mostrare amor.

Trust a woman? How simple minded!  
Art so blinded? For replying,  
To her sighing only say:  
"Once again she may deceive!"

With those glances take no chances,  
'Tis coquetting, her sin besetting,  
Women do so every day;  
Making love they make believe.

## Nell

Fauré utilizes the language of poet Leconte de Lisle to paint a beautiful world of nature and physical beauty that ensures the listener understands its intent through the language barrier. A consistent, quick piano moves underneath the melodic line and allows the singer to sustain beautiful notes, creating a picturesque outing in nature..

Ta rose de pourpre, à ton clair soleil,  
Ô Juin, étincelle enivrée;  
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:  
Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse  
Monte un soupir de volupté;  
Plus d'un ramier chante au bois écarté,  
Ô mon cœur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflammé,  
Étoile de la nuit pensive!  
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive  
Qui rayonne en mon cœur charmé!

La chantante mer, le long du rivage,  
Taira son murmure éternel,  
Avant qu'en mon cœur, chère amour, ô  
Nell,  
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!

Your purple rose in your bright sun,  
O June, is sparkling as if intoxicated;  
Bend your golden cup also toward me:  
My heart is just like your rose.

Under the soft shelter of a shady bough  
A sigh of pleasure rises up;  
More than one ring-pigeon rises up;  
O my heart, its amorous lament.

How sweet your pearl is in the flaming  
sky,  
Star of pensive night!  
But how much sweeter is the bright  
light,  
That shines in my charmed heart!

The singing sea, all along the shore,  
Will silence its eternal murmuring,  
Before in my heart, dear love, o Nell,  
Your image will stop blossoming!

## Lydia

Also by Leconte de Lisle, "Lydia" is a song that is deep, obsessive, and morbid in nature, with the singer loving even beyond the healthy. A wish for death sung through a beautiful and subtle tenor line. The music remains simplistic, but never fails to capture the ideal nature of the singer's love for Lydia.

Lydia sur tes roses joues,  
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,  
Roule étincelant  
L'or fluide que tu dénoues.

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur:  
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.  
Laisse tes baisers de colombe  
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse  
Une odeur divine en ton sein:  
Les délices, comme un essaim,  
Sortent de toi, jeune Déesse!

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours!  
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie.  
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,  
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,  
And on your neck, so fresh and white,  
Flow sparkingly  
The fluid golden tresses which loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;  
Let us forget the eternal grave,  
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,  
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly  
A divine fragrance in your breast;  
Numberless delights  
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;  
Kisses have carried away my soul!  
Oh Lydia, give me back life,  
That I may die, forever die!

## O del mio amato ben

Donaudy's *O del mio amato ben* is often heralded as the quintessential song of lost love and longing. With text by his younger brother Alberto, the connection to the listeners feelings of nostalgia and heartache is never far from the ear. A beautiful lament from the heart, heard through the use of subtle crescendo and decrescendo through every phrase and ensuring the listener is always at the end of their seat to hear what comes next.

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!  
Lungi è dagli occhi miei  
chi m'era gloria e vanto!  
Or per le mute stanze  
sempre la cerco e chiamo  
con pieno il cor di speranze.  
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!  
E il pianger m'è sì caro,  
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lei,  
triste ogni loco.  
Notte mi sembra il giorno;  
mi sembra gelo il foco.  
Se purtal volta spero  
di darmi ad altra cura,  
Sol mi tormenta un pensiero:  
Ma, senza lei, che farò?  
Mi par così la vita vana cosa  
senza il mio ben.

O thou, my most belov'd enchantment,  
lost!  
From out my sight art thou so far  
remov'd  
Who was my glory and my pride!  
Now through these silent rooms  
I ever seek and call for her aloud,  
Yet with my heart still full of hope.  
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!  
And yet this weeping is to me so dear,  
For only tears remain to feed the heart.

To me it seems, without her,  
That sadness looms here all about.  
The night, to me it seems, becomes the  
day;  
And frost, to me it seems, arises out of  
fire.  
Though yet I still might hope  
To take some other cure,  
I'm tormented by one thought alone:  
Without her, what can I do?  
To me life seems but vanity  
Ever thus, without my love.

## An Sylvia

As legend tells, Schubert created *An Sylvia* one day while out in a beer garden with his friends in Vienna. He found a volume of Shakespeare and exclaimed to his friends that he needed paper to write for a melody that had found his ears. They proceeded to write staves on the back of the menu and allowed Schubert to write out the piece. Whether true or false, Schubert created a serene strophic piece that brings the listener into the world of seeing the singer singing up to Sylvia's window.

Was ist Silvia, saget an,  
Dass sie die weite Flur preist?  
Schön und zart seh' ich sie nah'n,  
Auf Himmels Gunst und Spur weist,  
Dass ihr alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?  
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;  
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,  
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit,  
Und verweilt in süsßer Ruh'.

Darum Silvia, tön', o Sang,  
Der holden Silvia Ehren;  
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,  
Den Erde kann gewähren:  
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring

## Mein!

This piece is from Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* and takes place at the euphoric height of the song cycle. Here nothing can possibly go wrong and our narrator tells an enticing story to the audience of his success in winning the heart of the "Maid of the Mill" and brags to the world that nothing can ever be as wholly right as his love.

Bächlein, lass dein Rauschen sein!  
Räder, stellt eur Brausen ein!  
All' ihr muntern Waldvögel,  
Gross und klein,  
Endet eure Melodein!  
Durch den Hain  
Aus und ein  
Schalle heut' ein Reim allein:  
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!  
Mein!

Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?  
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?  
Ach, so muss ich ganz allein,  
Mit dem seligen Worte mein,  
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung  
sein.  
Brook, cease your babbling!

Wheels, stop your roaring!  
All you merry wood-birds  
great and small,  
end your warbling!  
Throughout the wood,  
within it and beyond,  
let one rhyme alone ring out today:  
my beloved, the maid of the mill, is  
mine!  
Mine!

Spring, are these all of your flowers?  
Sun, do you have no brighter light?  
Ah, then I must remain all alone  
with that blissful word of mine,  
understood nowhere in the whole of  
creation.

### **The Bracelet**

The opening piece of Quilter's *To Julia*, "The Bracelet" places the listener in the poet Robert Herrick's world of dear affection for Julia. The piece contains a captivating, complex piano line showing the narrator's intense and stormy feelings. Quilter has written some beautiful music and understands how to convey true feeling through the music.

Why I tie about thy wrist?  
Julia, this my silken twist,  
For what other reason is't,  
But to shew thee how in part  
Thou my pretty captive art?  
But thy bondslave is my heart.

'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,  
Knap the thread and thou art free  
But 'tis otherwise with me:  
I am bound, and fast bound so  
That from thee I cannot go:  
If I could I would not so.

### **Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal**

The poetry, by Alfred Tennyson, is in iambic pentameter and gives the song a unique feel as the lines never rhyme. Interesting choices for imagery that allow the audience to feel a special connection to love shown in the music. A distinctly sensual piece that brings the love to the forefront of the imagery and ensures a simplistic beauty that the audience can easily connect with.

Now sleeps the crimson petal, not the  
white;  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;  
Nor winks the gold fin in the porph'ry  
font:  
The firefly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake;  
So fold thyself my dearest, thou, and  
slip,  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

## Una furtiva lagrima

A beautiful aria from Gaetano Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore*, it takes place in the second act of the show. The singer, Nemorino, has purchased and subsequently used a love potion on the object of his desires, Adina. He believes that his potion has worked when he discovers Adina crying over him and then sings this song to proclaim that the potion has worked and his love will be returned.

Una furtiva lagrima  
negli occhi suoi spuntò:  
Quelle festose giovani  
invidiar sembrò.  
Che più cercando io vo?

M'ama!  
Sì, m'ama, lo vedo.

Un solo instante i palpiti  
del suo bel cor sentir!  
I miei sospir, confondere  
per poco a' suoi sospir!  
I palpiti, i palpiti sentir,  
confondere i miei coi suoi sospir...

Cielo! Si può morir!  
Di più non chiedo, non chiedo.  
Ah, cielo! Si può! Si, può morir!  
Di più non chiedo, non chiedo.  
Si può morire! Si può morir d'amor.

A single secret tear  
from her eye did spring:  
as if she envied all the youths  
that laughingly passed her by.  
What more searching need I do?

She loves me!  
Yes, she loves me, I see it.

For just an instant the beating  
of her beautiful heart I could feel!  
As if my sighs were hers,  
and her sighs were mine!  
The beating, the beating of her heart  
I could feel, to merge my sighs with  
hers...

Heavens! Yes, I could die!  
I could ask for nothing more, nothing  
more.  
Oh, heavens! Yes, I could, I could die!  
I could ask for nothing more, nothing  
more.  
Yes, I could die! Yes, I could die of  
love.

### **When I'm Not Near the Girl I Love**

In this fun piece from the ending of *Finnian's Rainbow*, Og, the leprechaun, has had his pot of gold stolen from him. Without his gold, he has started to become a true mortal and one of the traits that is affecting him the most is his new fickle heart. Here, Og sings of his love for Sharron... or was it Susan? Og is unsure.

### **Moving Too Fast**

Jamie Wellerstein's life is going great. Amazing in fact because of all the success that has begun in his life. His girlfriend Cathy is moving in with him, and his career as a writer is taking off in a new and amazing way. At this point in the story, he is on top of the world and literally nothing could go wrong, and the fast paced nature of this incredibly action packed musical theater number.

### **Lily's Eyes**

Brothers Archibald ( Jason ) and Neville ( Brennan ) Craven are reminiscing over lost love in this heartwrenching duet. Neville was in love with Lily, Archibald 's wife, and never had the chance to resolve his feelings before she passed early on. Now a new woman, their niece, has arrived in their lives and forced these memories back to the surface as they have seen Lily's eyes in her.

### **A Story Told**

In the *Count of Monte Cristo*, the villains Gérard de Villefort, Fernand Mondego, and Danglars are plotting the downfall of their nemesis, the protagonist Edmond Dantès. Villefort ( Carter ) is a prosecutor who learns that his father is in contact with the Bondapartists and needs to remove Edmond, the one carrying the letter addressed to his father, to save his political and social status. Danglars ( Matthew ) is the first mate of Edmond's ship and when he was promoted to Captain over Danglars, he was enraged. Mondego ( Jason ) is obsessed with Mercedes, Edmond's finance, and needs him out of the picture so he can pursue his obsession. Over the course of the song, these three men will conspire to have Edmond imprisoned in a faraway island cell to secure their own futures.

## I Bought Me A Cat

A simple song written by Aaron Copland, this piece is a show of good fun for the audience. The narrator has the opportunity to take the audience on a trip to the farm and all the fun and unique animals that are to be found. A simple melody that the audience can and should join to have fun alongside the singer. There may even be a surprise "animal?" at the end.

## Citations

Bareket, Donna. "Oh, Lost Enchantment of My Dearly Beloved: Oh, Lost Enchantment of My Dearly Beloved!: Liedernet." *Oh, Lost Enchantment of My Dearly Beloved | Oh, Lost Enchantment of My Dearly Beloved! | LiederNet*, [www.lieder.net/lieder/get\\_text.html?TextId=4906](http://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=4906).

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