



The Music Department Presents

Senior Recital

Julia Henslee, voice

with

Angelique Scully, piano

Saturday, April 11th, 11:00 AM
Wilson Memorial Chapel

Classical

Die Spröde

Hugo Wolf
(1860-19103)

Die Bekherte

The Crane

Olaksander Bilash
(1931-2003)

Sull'aria

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

with Naomi Wagner, soprano

Night

Florence Price
(1887-1953)

The Trees on the Mountain

Carlisle Floyd
(1926-2021)

Duetto buffo di due gatti

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

with Hannah Schlosberg, soprano

Intermission

Jazz

Fever

Eddie Cooley (1933-2020) and
Otis Blackwell (1931-2002),
stylized by Peggy Lee (1920-2002)

with Thayer Ross, bass

La vie en rose

Edith Piaf

(1915-1963)

Ain't no way

Aretha Franklin

(1942-2018)

with Aria Gratson, flute

Musical Theater

“A Little Priest” from Sweeney Todd

Stephen Sondheim

(1930-2021)

with Will Harmon, baritone

“I’m Breaking Down” from Falsettos

William Finn

(1952-2025)

“Astonishing” from Little Women

Jason Howland

(b. 1971)

Translations

Die Spröde

Lyrics:

An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen

Ging die Schäferin und sang,

Jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,

Daß es durch die Felder klang,

So la la! le ralla!

Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen

Translation:

On the clearest of spring
mornings

The shepherdess went out and
sang

Carefree, young and beautiful
Till it echoed through the fields
So la la! le ralla!

Thyrsis offered her for a kiss
Two, three lambs without delay

Zwei, drei Schäfchen gleich am
 Ort,
 Schalkhaft blickte sie ein
 Weilchen;
 Doch sie sang und lachte fort,
 So la la! le ralla!
 Und ein andrer bot ihr Bänder,
 Und der dritte bot sein Herz;
 Doch sie trieb mit Herz und
 Bändern
 So wie mit den Lämmern Scherz,
 Nur la la! le ralla!

-Translated by Richard Stokes

She looked on archly for a while;
 But went laughing and singing on
 her way,
 So la la! le ralla!
 And another offered ribbons
 And a third bid of his heart;
 But she made fun of heart and
 ribbons
 As she had done with the lambs,
 Only la la! le ralla!

Die Bekherte

Lyrics:

Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
 Ging ich still den Wald entlang,

Damon saß und blies die Flöte,
 Daß es von den Felsen klang,
 So la la!

Und er zog mich zu sich nieder,
 Küßte mich so hold, so süß.

Und ich sagte: „Blase wieder!“

Und der gute Junge blies,
 So la la!

Meine Ruh' ist nun verloren,
 Meine Freude floh davon,
 Und ich hör' vor meinen Ohren
 Immer nur den alten Ton,
 So la la, le ralla!

-Translated by Richard Stokes

Translation:

In the red glow of sunset
 I wandered quietly through the
 wood

Damon sat and played his flute,
 Making rocks resound,
 So la la!

And drew me down to him
 Kissed me so gently, so sweetly.

And I said: 'Play once more!'

And the good lad played,
 So la la!

Now my peace is lost
 My joy has flown away
 And ringing in my ears I hear
 Nothing but the old refrain
 So la la, le ralla

(The Crane) Журавка

Чом журавка об крижину
Забилась крильми?
Не взяв мене за дружину,
В світки візьми.

Де ж отого розрив-зілля
Ти не обминув,
Що не кликав на весілля
Лиш мене одну?

Та як з нею, не зі мною,
Будеш ти в журбі,
Я веселкою ясною
Засвічу тобі!

-Translated by Irina Petrik

Why is the crane beating her
wings
Against the ice?
You did not take me as your
spouse,
Take me as your witness.
What kind of love potion
Were you given by another,
That made you invite everyone to
the wedding
Except me?
But when with her, not with me,
You will find yourself miserable
I will turn into a bright rainbow
And shine to you from the sky!

Sull'aria

Lyrics:
Sull'aria...
Che soave zeffiretto...
Questa sera spirerà...
Sotto I pini del boschetto
Ei già il resto capirà

Translation:
"To the Zephyr...
How sweet the breeze...
Will be this evening...
In the pine grove"
The rest he'll understand

-Translated by Opera Arias Database

Night

Text by Louise C Walker (1902-1973)

Lyrics:
Night comes, a Madonna clad in scented blue.
Rose red her mouth and deep her eyes,
She lights her stars, and turns to where,
Beneath her silver lamp the moon,

Upon a couch of shadow lies
A dreamy child,
The wearied Day.

The Trees on the Mountains

The trees on the mountains are cold and bare
The summer just vanished and left them there
Like a false-hearted lover, just like my own,
Who made me love him, then left me alone

The coals on the hearth have turned gray and cere,
The blue flame just vanished and left them there.
Like a false-hearted lover, just like my own,
Who made me love him, then left me alone.
Come back, oh summer, come back, blue flame,
My heart wants warming, my baby a name.
Come back, oh lover, if just for a day,
Turn bleak December once more into May.

The road up ahead lies lonely and far
There's darkness around me and not even a star
To show my the way, or lighten my heart
Come back, my lover, I fain would start.

The poor baby fox lies all cold in his lair
His mother just vanished and left him there
Like a false-hearted lover, just like my own
Who made me love him, then left me alone.

Come back, oh lover, if just for a day
Turn bleak December once more into May.
Come back oh lover, if just for a day,
Turn bleak December once more into May
Come back, oh summer, come back, blue flame,
My heart wants warming, my baby, a name.
Come back, oh lover, if just for a day,

Turn bleak December once more into May.
Come back! Come back! Come back!

Duetto buffo di due gatti

Lyrics:

Miaou

Translation:

Meow

-Translated by Julia Henslee

La Vie En Rose

Lyrics:

Des yeux qui font baisser les
miens

Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche
Voilà le portrait sans retouche
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens

Quand il me prend dans ses bras
Qu'il me parle tout bas
Je vois la vie en rose
Il me dit des mots d'amour

Des mots de tous les jours
Et ça m'fait quelque chose
Il est entré dans mon cœur
Une part de bonheur
Dont je connais la cause

C'est lui pour moi, moi pour lui
dans la vie
Il me l'a dit, l'a juré pour la vie

Et dès que je l'aperçois
Alors, je sens dans moi
Mon cœur qui bat

Translation:

With eyes that make mine lower

A smile which is lost on his lips
That's the unembellished portrait
Of the man to whom I belong

When he takes me in his arms
He speaks to me in a low voice
I see life as if it were rose-tinted
He whispers words to me to
declare his love

Words of the everyday
And that does something to me
He has entered into my heart
A piece of happiness
The cause of which I know full
well

It's him for me, me for him in life

He said that to me, swore to me
'forever'

And as soon as I see him
So I feel in me
My heart which beats

Des nuits d'amour à plus finir

May the nights that we make love
never end

Un grand bonheur qui prend sa
place

A great joy which takes its place

Des ennuis, des chagrins s'effacent

The trouble, the grief are removed

Heureux, heureux à en mourir

Content, content to die of it

-Translated by Babylangues

Bio

Julia Henslee, a Baltimore native, is a History and Political Science double major who has been involved in the Music department since her start as a Filene Scholar finalist. Over the last four years, she has studied voice with Irina Petrik and had the honor of working with the Ukrainian Classical Voice Project, which Petrik founded. Her versatility and range have given her the opportunity to perform as a singer in rock, jazz, acapella, and classical settings on campus. Her favorite performances at Skidmore have included Skidmania, Voices of Ukraine, SEC's Big Show, and Spookapella. She plans to continue singing as she pursues her Masters's degrees in International Relations from Peking University and the London School of Economics! She hopes to become a human rights legal advocate, bringing her musical connection wherever she goes.

Acknowledgements

I want to first thank the most important people in my life – my parents – who have supported me in every aspect of my musical career. They have spent two decades taking me to lessons, rehearsals, and various performances, all while continuing to encourage and empower me to grow as a singer and person. They were my first fans, and will always be my #1 supporters. My dad, who instilled the

love of history in me that I connect to every piece I sing, and my mom, who gave me my voice (and my face), that I make sure to use daily, and loudly. Next, my brother Eli, who is my favorite musical partner. We have spent years of Christmas mornings singing and learning songs on the spot together while he plays guitar. His musical talent has always been my biggest inspiration and motivation.

Next, I want to thank my wonderful grandmothers – Gran, Mimi, Roberta, and Granny. Mimi and Roberta, who have been my pillars of love and strength, have been at every performance possible. They are the reason that I realized there are people out there who love to hear me. There is nothing more special to me about today besides the fact that the two of them are here today.

Now for the ones who aren't here with us – Pop, Pap, and Papa. My wonderful grandfathers, who I was lucky to have in my life for as long as I did. Papa, who loved music and passed that down to my father and me. Pop, who picked me up from school, listened to me on Christmas mornings and was always there for me. And lastly Pap, the grandfather who loved to hear me sing until his last breath. Every time I sing jazz, I see him with me.

Last of the family (but not least!), my British family – Ellie, Alan, and Sally. They loved and supported me through an isolating and new chapter of my life, and turned it into my most cherished years. They made sure to come to every one of my musical performances that my parents couldn't fly out for. I know they will continue to find me wherever I move and make sure I know I have a safety net across the pond.

In my Skidmore community, I want to thank Vicki Tremper. Vicki is the pillar of the music department and has been helping me every step of planning this recital. I also extend thank yous to Zhenelle

LeBel and Dr. Stoner. I also want to thank my wonderful accompanist, Angelique, who became my collaborator this fall and has already become a friend to rely on, as well as an incredible pianist! Next, my incredible collaborators – Naomi, who was the first friend I met here and who I have been blessed to hear sing for these last four years; Thayer, someone whose ability to constantly grow and connect with others as a musician is a one-in-a-billion type of talent; Will, who I have gotten to grow alongside in Irina's studio since freshman year; Aria, my incredible bandmate and friend who makes every music group I'm in better; and of course, Hannah, who has been my greatest collaborator and friend for these last four years. She will always be my sister, friend, and fellow cat diva.

I also want to give a special thank you to the family I have found in the Skidmore Dynamics, my acapella group. They have honored me by entrusting me with being their president. I try every day to give my love, leadership, and admiration to all of them. Without the dynos, my college career would be without light and fun. I also thank my wonderful housemates – Anna, Aline, and, honorarily, Carmen – for being my best friends and going through life with me. I love all of you.

And lastly, the person who made any of this possible and who has been the foundation that I stand on – Irina Petrik. Irina, one of the greatest people I have ever met, has been my mentor for these last four years. She has turned my voice into all that it is. Without her, I would still think that I'm an alto with no breath support. Not only has she been the reason I can sing the way I do, but she has also been my family here. Irina has given me the confidence and pressure I needed to succeed here and, along the way, shown me the difference that unconditional love and support can make in a usually stressful environment. I have no doubt that she will remain my close confidant and mentor for many years to come. I love and

thank you for allowing me to become the powerful version of Juliska that you always saw.



Upcoming Events

Skidmore in Concert:
Brass & Woodwind Ensembles
Saturday, April 11, 2:00pm
in Wilson Chapel

Senior Voice Recital: Will Harmon
Saturday, April 11, 4:00pm

Senior Voice Recital:
Grace Higginbotham
Saturday, April 11, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert:
Young Kim & Skidmore Pianists
Sunday, April 12, 3:00pm

21st Annual Skidmore
String Festival w/Pacifica Quartet
Saturday, April 18, 7:30pm

21st Annual Skidmore String Festival
w/Pacifica Quartet & Skidmore
Sunday, April 19, 2:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Chorus
Tuesday, April 21, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert:
Big Band + Cuban Music Ensemble
Friday, April 24, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert:
Small Jazz Ensembles + Guitar
Saturday, April 25, 12:00pm

Senior Violin Recital:
Sruti Ramaswamy, Aili Teittinen-
Gordon, and Kari Flowers
Saturday, April 25, 4:00pm

Senior Violin Recital:
Marlowe Jacques
Saturday, April 25, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Concert Band
Sunday, April 26, 1:00pm

Skidmore in Concert:
Guitar Ensemble
Sunday, April 26, 4:00pm

Skidmore in Concert:
String Ensembles
Sunday, April 26, 6:00pm

Skidmore in Concert:
Global Music Showcase
(Chinese + West African Ensembles)
Monday, April 27, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Orchestra
Wednesday, April 29, 7:00pm