A Senior Recital

Chani Maisonet, soprano

Judy Cole, piano

Saturday, April 27, 2013
8:00 p.m.
Dr. Bobbie Bailey & Family Performance Center
Morgan Concert Hall
One Hundred Thirty-fourth Concert of the 2012-2013 Season
I

Tornami a vagheggiar (Marchi)                        George F. Handel
from Alcina  (1685-1759)

Grace Kawamura, violin,
Justin Brookins, viola,
Robert Marshall, cello

II

Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven
Heart, We Will Forget Him
When They Come Back
from Twelve Emily Dickinson Songs

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

III

So anch’io la virtú magica (Donizetti)              Gaetano Donizetti
Duet: Tornami a dir che m’amì
from Don Pasquale

Alex Trull, tenor

(1797-1848)

IV

Chanson Perpétuelle (Cros)                           Ernest Chausson
Grace Kawamura, Jonathan Urizar, violins
Justin Brookins, viola, and Robert Marshall, cello

(1855-1899)

V

An die Musik (Schober)                               Franz Schubert
Heiden-Röslein (Goethe)
Allerseelen (Gilm)

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)
VI

**Amor** (Weinstein)  
from *Cabaret Songs*  
William E. Bolcom  
(b.1938)

VII

**Somewhere** (Sondheim)  
from *West Side Story*  
Leonard Bernstein  
(1918-1990)

**Broadway Baby**  
from *Follies*  
Stephen Sondheim  
(b.1930)

**Home**  
from *The Wiz*  
Charlie Smalls  
(1943-1987)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree Bachelor of Music in Performance.  
Ms. Maisonet studies voice with Eileen Moremen.
George Frideric Handel

George Frideric Handel was born in 1685, in a family of no musical background but rose to be one of the greatest composers of the late baroque period. Born in Germany, famous for operas, oratorios, anthems, and organ concertos, Handel made his debut as an opera composer with *Almira*. He produced several operas with the Royal Academy of music before forming the New Royal Academy of Music in 1727. When operas were going through an unpopular phase, he started composing oratorios, including *The Messiah*. In Handel’s 1735 opera, *Alcina*, Morgana triumphantly sings an aria about her love for Ruggiero.

*Tornami a vagheggiar from Alcina* (Librettist: A. Marchi)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tornami a vagheggiar,</th>
<th>Return to me to languish,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>te solo vuol’ amar</td>
<td>only you does this faithful heart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quest’ anima fedel,</td>
<td>wish to adore,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>caro, mio bene, caro!</td>
<td>My dearest love!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Già ti donai il mio cor :</td>
<td>I have already given you my heart:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fido sarà il mio amor;</td>
<td>I will always be faithful, my love;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mai ti sarò crudel,</td>
<td>I will never be cruel to you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cara mia spene.</td>
<td>My dearest love.</td>
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</tbody>
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Aaron Copland

Aaron Copland is one of the most respected American classical composers of the twentieth century. He was also a composition teacher, writer, and later he became a conductor of his own and other American music. In the 1930s and 1940s, he synthesized jazz, Neo-Classical, and folk elements into his music. Copland composed a variety of works including ballets, orchestral works, chamber music, vocal works, operas, and film scores.

Emily Dickinson lived a quiet life except through poetic expression. She wrote over 1100 poems that were typically about nature. Many composers use her poetry because although very descriptive in text painting, she still keeps it abstract causing the reader to have to think. This set of Copland songs, *12 Dickinson Songs*, depict nature, death, life, and eternity.

*Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Why do they shut me out of Heaven?</th>
<th>Oh, if I were the gentleman</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Did I sing too loud?</td>
<td>In the “white robes”</td>
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<tr>
<td>But I can sing a little minor</td>
<td>And they were the little hand that</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Timid as a bird!</td>
<td>knocked</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>Could I forbid?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wouldn’t the angels try me</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Just once more</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Just see if I troubled them</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But don’t shut the door!</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Heart! We Will Forget Him!

Heart! We will forget him!
You and I tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave
I will forget the light!

When you have done, pray tell me
That I my thoughts may dim.
Haste lest while you’re lagging,
I remember him!

You and I tonight!

When they Come Back

When they come back if blossoms do,
I always feel a doubt
If blossoms can be born again
When once the art is out.

When they begin, if robins do,
I always had a fear
I did not tell, it was their last experi-

When it is May, if May return,
Has nobody a pang
That on a face so beautiful
We might not look again.

When it is May, if May return,
Has nobody a pang
That on a face so beautiful
We might not look again.

If I am there,
One does not know
What party one may be
Tomorrow, but if I am there
I take back all I say!

Gaetano Donizetti

Gaetano Donizetti was best known for his contribution to opera: L’elisir d’amore, Lucia di Lammermoor, and Don Pasquale, to name a few. Along with Vincenzo Bellini and Gioachino Rossini, he was a leading composer of bel canto opera (operas that showcase the “beautiful voice”) and opera buffa (comic opera). In this aria from Don Pasquale, Norina is reading a love story that she thinks is comical because, unlike the story, she knows how to manipulate men. The love duet between Norina and Ernesto appears at the end of Act III as the very last duet they share.

So anche’io la virtú mágica (Librettist: Donizetti)

“Quel guardo,
il cavaliere in mezzo al cor trafisse,
Piegò i lginocchio e disse:
Son vostro cavalier
E tanto era in quel guardo
Sapor di paradiso,
Che il cavalier Riccardo,
Tutto d’amor conquiso,
Giurò che ad altra mai,
Non volgeria il pensier.”
Ah, ah!

So anch’io la virtù magica
D’un guardo a tempo e loco,

So anch’io come si bruciano
I cori a lento foco,
D’un breve sorrisetto
Conosco anch’io l’effetto,

That glance
it pierced the knight’s heart,
he bent on his knees and said:
I am your knight
And in that glance there was
such taste of heaven
that knight Riccardo,
being conquered by love,
swore he would not think
to any other woman”.
Ah, Ah!

I also know the magic virtue
of a glance at the right time in the right place,
I also know how hearts burn
on the slow fire
of a short smile.
I also know the effect
Di menzognera lagrima,  
D’un subito languor,  
Conosco i mille modi  
Dell’amorose frodi,  
I vezzi e l’arti facili  
Per adescare un cor.

Ho testa bizzarra,  
on pronta vivace,  
Brillare mi piace scherzar:  
Se monto in furore  
Di rado sto al segno,  
Ma in riso lo sdegno fo presto a can-giar,  
Ho testa bizzarra,  
Ma core eccellente, ah!

Tornami a dir che m’ami  
Tornami a dir che m’ami,  
Dimmi che mio / mia tu sei,  
Quando tuo ben mi chiami,  
La vita addoppo in me.  
La voce tua si cara  
Rinfranca il core oppresso,  
Sicuro / sicura a te dappresso,  
Tremo lontan da te

Ernest Chausson

Ernest Chausson’s work exhibits fluid, elegant melodies and dramatic styles with influences from Massenet, Franck, Wagner, and Brahms. He is primarily noted for his song while his orchestral output was comparatively small. Chamber music is played by a small ensemble with one player to a part, the most common form being the string quartet which began at the end of the 18th century. The music is very intimate in nature and conversational between everyone involved. This heart-wrenching chamber work is by far one of Ernest Chausson’s most famous.

Chanson Perpétuelle (Poet: Charles Cros)

Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé,  
Mon bien-aimé s’en est allé,  
Emportant mon cœur désolé!  
Vents, que vos plaintives rumeurs,  
Que vos chants, rossignols charmeurs,  
Aillent lui dire que je meurs!  
Le premier soir qu’il vint ici  
Mon âme fut à sa merci.  
De fierté je n’eus plus souci.
Mes regards étaient pleins d’aveux.
Il me prit dans ses bras nerveux
Et me baisa près des cheveux.
J’en eus un grand frémissement;
Et puis, je ne sais plus comment
Il est devenu mon amant.

Je lui disais: Tu m’aimeras
Aussi longtemps que tu pourras!
Je ne dormais bien qu’en ses bras.
Mais lui, sentant son cœur éteint,
S’en est allé l’autre matin,
Sans moi, dans un pays lointain.

Puisque je n’ai plus mon ami,
Je mourrai dans l’étang, parmi
Les fleurs, sous le flot endormi.

Sur le bord arrêtée, au vent
Je dirai son nom, en rêvant
Que là je l’attendais souvent.
Et comme en un linceul doré,
Dans mes cheveux défaits, au gré
Du flot je m’abandonnerai.

Les bonheurs passés verseront
Leur douce lueur sur mon front;
Et les joncs verts m’enlaceront.
Et mon sein croira, frémissant
Sous l’enlacement caressant,
Subir l’étreinte de l’absent.

Franz Schubert

Franz Schubert was considered one of the greatest melodists of all time, composing over 600 songs creating great change in nineteenth-century German Lieder. Two of the very first German song cycles were his Die Schöne Müllerin and Winterrise. He created an ideal balance between music and poetry with his Lieder have a large range of characterizations, moods, and styles. Piano accompaniments convey feeling, imagery, atmosphere, and are often associated with various aspects of nature.

An die Musik (Poet: Schober)

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen
Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis
umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb
entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!

To Music

O, wond’rous art, in countless gray
and darkened hours,
When life’s most bitter taste of loneli-

ness was mine.
Your warm love reignited my heart,
You’ve enraptured me in a better
world.
Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf’ entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

So often a sigh from your harp drifted,
A sweet blessed chord from you,
A glimpse of better times from heaven lifted
Oh, sacred art, for that I thank you so!

Heidenröslein (Poet: Goethe)

Sah ein Knab’ ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,

Lief er schnell es nah zu seh’n,
Sah’s mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: “Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden.”
Röslein sprach: “Ich steche dich,
Daß du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will’s nicht leiden.”
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach’s Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Halb ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Muß’ es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

A boy saw a rose,
A rose on the heather,
So young and beautiful as the morning,
He ran quickly to see it more closely
And looked at it with great pleasure.
Rose, rose, red rose,
Rose on the heath.

The boy said “I’m going to pick you,
Rose on the heath.”
The rose said: “I’ll prick you,
So that you’ll always remember me,
And I will not let you.”
Rose, rose, red rose,
Rose on the heath.

And the wild boy picked
The rose on the heather;
The rose fought back and pricked him,
Her complaints did her no good,
She had to let it happen.
Rose, rose, red rose,
Rose on the heath.

Richard Georg Strauss

Richard Georg Strauss was a leading German composer and conductor of the late Romantic and early Modern periods. He is known for his contributions to opera including Der Rosenkavalier and Salome, over 200 Lieder, an advanced harmonic style, very romantic melodies, and writing “Programmatic music” that usually tells a general story. “All Souls Day” also known as The Commemoration of All Faithful Departed, is observed principally in the Catholic Church.

Allerseelen (Herman Von Gilm)

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die Letzten roten Astern trag’herbei,
Und lass uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

All Souls Day

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring here the last of red asters,
And let us speak of love,
As long ago in May.
Gib mir die Hand, dass ich sie heimlich drucke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei;
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.
Es blüht und duftet heut' auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz dass ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst in Mai.

Amor (Arnold Weinstein)

It wasn’t the policeman’s fault
In all the traffic roar,
Instead of shouting halt
When he saw me he shouted Amor.

Even the ice-cream man,
Free ice creams by the score.
Instead of shouting Butter Pecan
One look at me,
He shouted Amor.

All over town it went that way
Everybody took off the day.
Even philosophers understood
How good was the good ‘cuz I looked so good!
The poor stopped taking less
the rich stopped needing more.
Instead of shouting no or yes
both looking at me shouted Amor.

Leonard Bernstein

Leonard Bernstein was an American composer, conductor, arranger, pianist, renowned for his musical theater contributions such as “West Side Story” and “Candide.” Bernstein is best known for many recognizable musical theater songs including “Glitter and Be Gay,” “I Feel Pretty,” and “Maria.” He wrote in many styles such as classical, musical theater, ballet, opera, chamber music, and film. He conducted and directed the New York Philharmonic where he premiered some of his works for about eleven years. Being highly recognized from these premiered works, soon orchestras worldwide sought him out as a guest conductor.
Somewhere from West Side Story (Lyrics: Sondheim)

There’s a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us
Somewhere.

There’s a time for us,
Some day a time for us,
Time together with time spare,
Time to learn, time to care,
Some day!

Stephen Sondheim
Stephen Sondheim is an American composer and lyricist known for his contributions to musical theater, including Follies, A Little Night Music, Sweeney Todd, and Company. He has won eight Tony Awards, eight Grammy Awards, a Pulitzer Prize, and an Academy Award. At the age of twenty-five, he was asked by Leonard Bernstein to write lyrics to West Side Story, then went on to write for Gypsy. Although Sondheim aspired to write both words and music, his first Broadway assignments called to write either one or the other. It was not until 1971 when he was finally debuted as both composer and lyricist with Company.

Broadway Baby (Lyrics: Stephen Sondheim)

I’m just a
Broadway Baby.
Walking off my tired feet.
Pounding Forty-Second Street
To be in a show

Broadway Baby,
Learning how to sing and dance,
Waiting for that one big chance to be
in a show.

Gee, I’d like to be on some marquee,
All twinkling lights,
A spark to pierce the dark
From Battery Park to Washington Heights.

Someday, maybe,
All my dreams will be repaid.
Heck, I’d even play the maid to be in
a show.

Hey, Mr. Producer,
I’m talking to you, sir;
I don’t need a lot,
Only what I got,
Plus a tube of greasepaint and a
follow-spot!

Broadway Baby,
Making rounds all afternoon,
Eating at a greasy spoon to have on
my dough.
At my tiny flat there’s just my cat, a
bed, and a chair.
Still I’ll stick it till I’m on a bill all over
Times Square.

Someday, maybe,
If I stick it long enough,
I may get to strut my stuff
Working for a nice man
Like a Ziegfeld or a Weismann
In a great big broadway show!
Charlie Smalls

Charlie Smalls was an African American composer and songwriter most widely known for writing the music and lyrics to the Broadway musical The Wiz for which he won the 1975 Tony Award for Best Score. Smalls attended the Juilliard School at the age of eleven and was considered a musical prodigy.

Home from The Wiz (Lyrics: Charlie Smalls)

When I think of home
I think of a place where there’s love overflowing
I wish I was home
I wish I was back there with the things I been knowing

Wind that makes the tall trees bend into leaning
Suddenly the snowflakes that fall have a meaning
Sprinklin’ the scene, makes it all clean

Maybe there’s a chance for me to go back there
Now that I have some direction
It would sure be nice to be back home
Where there’s love and affection
And just maybe I can convince time to slow up

Giving me enough time in my life to grow up
Time be my friend, let me start again

Suddenly my world has changed it’s face
But I still know where I’m going

I have had my mind spun around in space
And yet I’ve watched it growing

If you’re listening God
Please don’t make it hard to know
If we should believe in the things that we see
Tell us, should we try to stay
Should we run away
Or would it be better just to let things be?

Living here, in this brand new world
Might be a fantasy
But it taught me to love
So it’s real, real to me

And I’ve learned
That we must look inside our hearts
To find a world full of love
Like yours, like mine
Like home...
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