Senior Recital

Natalie Gough, soprano

Sherri Barrett, piano

Saturday, April 13, 2013
8:00 p.m.

Dr. Bobbie Bailey & Family Performance Center

One Hundred Seventh Concert of the 2012-2013 Season
Kennesaw State University
School of Music
Audrey B. and Jack E. Morgan, Sr. Concert Hall
April 13, 2013

I

36 Arie di Stile Antico (Alberto Donaudy)             Stefano Donaudy
Amor mi fa cantare                                                                      (1879-1925)
Sorge il sol
Perduta ho la speranza
Quand’il tuo diavol nacque
Quando ti rivedrò
Ah, mai non cessate

II

Twelve poems of Emily Dickinson                 Aaron Copland
Why do they shut me out of heaven?                                       (1900-1990)
I felt a funeral in my brain
Heart, we will forget him
There came a wind like a bugle

III

Die Forelle (Fassung)                                  Franz Schubert
Lied der Mignon (Goethe)
Heidenröselin (Goethe)

Die Lotosblume (Heine)                    Robert Schumann

IV

Fantoches (Verlaine)                                         Claude Debussy
Beau Soir (Bourget)
Les Cloches (Bourget)

Mandoline (Verlaine)

V

Ah! Je veux vivre (Barbier)                               Charles Gounod
from Roméo et Juliette                                      (1818-1893)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree
Bachelor of Music in Performance.
Ms. Gough studies voice with Valerie Walters.
I

Stefano Donaudy

Stefano Donaudy, a Sicilian composer, was born February 21, 1879 in Palermo and died in Naples on May 30, 1925. Donaudy studied at Palermo Conservatory with teacher Guglielmo Zuelli (Director of the Royal Conservatory in Palermo). Stefano began composing music at a young age, seeing his first opera premiere in 1892 when he was just 13 years old. Donaudy’s most known operas include *Folchetto* (1892) and *Scampagnata* (1898). Donaudy composed six operas in total, many piano pieces and a symphonic poem (*Le Rêve*), yet is only remembered for about 36 little arias. Having his brother Alberto as the librettist, Donaudy composed these arias around the year 1918. They first became popular and recognized because of tenor Enrico Caruso who included one of them on his 1920 recording. Because of this, Donaudy’s little arias became published within the next year. Donaudy’s music fell silent again until 1990 when Ernesto Palacio recorded the entire 36 arias.

Amor mi fa cantare

Amor mi fa cantare
per dir le laudi ascose
di due pupille chiare
e di due labbra oziose.
S’io penso a quello sguardo,
il sol mi sembra offenso;
et tutto avvampo ed ardo
se a quelle labbra penso.
Se poi, siccome suole,
mi guarda e parla un po’,
onc come cera al sole:
tutto mi liquefò.

Ma invan le trotto dietro
da quasi un anno intero;
in van, cambiando metro,
mi mostro audace o altero,
Se le rivolgo un motto,
dal rider non si regge...
Le scrivo uno strambotto?
Lo legge e non lo legge.
Se poi, siccome suole,
mi guarda e parla un po’,
onc come cera al sole:
tutto mi liquefò.

Love makes me sing
To speak the hidden praises
Of two bright eyes
And of two idle lips.
If I think of that look,
The sun seems to me offended
And I blaze and burn completely
If I think of those lips.
If then, as usual,
She looks at me and talks a little,
I am like wax in the sun:
I melt entirely.

But in vain I have trotted behind her
For almost an entire year;
In vain, changing meter,
I show myself audacious or haughty.
If I direct a word to her,
From laughing she cannot hold herself up...
Do I write her a song?
She reads it and doesn’t read it.
If then, as usual,
She looks at me and talks a little,
I am like wax in the sun:
I melt entirely.

Sorge il sol

Sorge il sol! Che fai tu?
Che fai lassù?
Se dormi, svegliati; è primavera!
Se vegli, lèvati: vienne a gioir!
Sorge il sol! Che fai tu?
Che fai lassù?
È tempo venuto di correre ancor
pei campi stellanti di mille colori;

The sun is coming up! What are you doing?
What are you doing up there?
If you are sleeping, wake up: it is spring!
If you are awake, get up: come to rejoice.
The sun is coming up! What are you doing?
What are you doing up there?
The time has come to run again
Through fields shining with a thousand colors;
di sciogliere canti, di cogliere fiori, 
di ber lungo i rivi,
d’avere nel cor le gioie d’amor!
Sorge il sol! Che fai tu? Vienne a gioir...
Chè, se tu non vieni, non sbocciano i fior.

I have lost hope in looking at you, 
And by hope alone did I nourish my heart!
Ah me! Ah me! Oh, what shall I do if through loving 
I have really lost faith, faith in love?
I have lost hope in looking at you, 
And by hope alone did I nourish my heart!

Quand’il tuo diavol nacque
il mio già andava a scuola, 
sicchè a un’astuzia sola
il cor mai non soggiacque.
T’inghingheri; ti buzzichi,
fai per piacermi e stuzzichi...
Ma sai cos’è l’amor? Cos’è?
È un certo non so che
che niun comanda al cor.

When your devil was born
Mine was already going to school,
So that to a single wile
My heart was not ever subjected.
You dress yourself up, you stir,
You act to please me and you tease...
But do you know what love is? What is it?
It is a certain I-don’t-know-what
That no one commands in his heart.

Quando ti rivedrò
infida amante che mi fosti sì cara?
Tante lagrime ho piante
or che altrui ci separa,
che temo sia fuggita ogni gioia
per sempre di mia vita.
Eppur più mi dispero,
piu ritorno a sperare.
Più t’odio nel pensiero
e più ancora l’anima mia ti torna ad amar.

When will I see you again,
Unfaithful lover, who was so dear to me?
So many tears I have wept
Now that another separates us,
That I fear that may be fled
Every joy forever from my life.
And yet the more I despair,
The more I return to hoping.
The more I hate you in my mind,
The more my soul turns again to loving you.
Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro parlar,  
o labbra desiate ond’io folle vo’  
colt miel delle vostre parole vo’ far  
un dolce guanciale su cui dormirò.

O sonni beati da niun mai sognati  
che su quel guanciale dormendo farò,  
dormendo e sognando, vicino al tuo cor,  
il dolce, desiato mio sogno d’amor.

Ah! dormendo, sognando, sognando  
d’amor!

Quando ti rivedrò,  
infida amante che mi fosti cara così?

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro parlar,  
o labbra desiate ond’io folle vo’  
colt miel delle vostre parole vo’ far  
un dolce guanciale su cui dormirò.

O sonni beati da niun mai sognati  
che su quel guanciale dormendo farò,  
dormendo e sognando, vicino al tuo cor,  
il dolce, desiato mio sogno d’amor.

Ah! dormendo, sognando, sognando  
d’amor!

II

Aaron Copland

Aaron Copland was born in Brooklyn, New York in 1900 and died in North Tar-rytown, New York in 1990. In 1917, he started studying theory and composition with Rubin Goldmark. He composed mostly at the piano and often recycled materials from earlier works. His style is most easily recognized as American. Copland liked to use Jazz and American folk tunes and inspiration for his works. He was a composer of film scores, piano music, chamber music, orchestral music and ballet music. Copland is most known for his ballet music Appalachian Spring (1944), Piano Variations, and Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson (1949-1950). Emily Dickinson was an American poet who was ill most her life. Because of this she stayed inside her house and hardly had any visitors. While spending time alone Dickinson composed over 1800 poems. These include twelve selected poems that Copland felt moved to put to music. Although Copland is not the only composer to use Dickinson’s poems as libretto, he is the most known for this. Among these twelve include There came a wind like a bugle, Why do they shut me out of Heaven?, Heart, we will forget him, and I felt a funeral in my brain. There came a wind like a bugle depicts the wind passing through one day and all it encounters. Copland uses a fast tempo and short rhythms to help paint the picture the poem describes. In Why do they shut me out of Heaven? Dickinson speaks of trying hard to get into heaven and thinking of ways to be given another chance. Copland uses text painting in the melodic line to help the audience understand the poem. Heart, we will forget him speaks of a conversation the singer has with her heart. As she tries to persuade her heart to heal faster the vocal line ascends higher each stanza. Then in I felt a funeral in my brain Dickinson describes all around her as she pictures a funeral and what would happen. Copland uses the music to describe the marching of the people carrying the casket, and text painting in the melodic line.

Why do they shut me out of heaven?

Why -- do they shut me out of Heaven?  
Did I sing -- too loud?  
But -- I can sing a little minor,  
Timid as a bird.

Wouldn’t the angels try me --  
just -- once -- more --  
Just -- see -- if I troubled them --  
But don’t -- shut the door!
I felt a funeral in my brain
I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading – treading – till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through –

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum –
Kept beating – beating – till I thought
My Mind was going numb –

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.

There came a wind like a bugle
There came a wind like a bugle;
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the windows and the doors
As from an emerald ghost;
The doom’s electric moccasin
That very instant passed.
On a strange mob of panting trees,

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space – began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race
Wrecked, solitary, here –

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

And fences fled away,
And rivers where the houses ran
The living looked that day.
The bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings whirled.
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the world!

III

Franz Peter Schubert
Franz Peter Schubert, a Viennese composer, was born January 31, 1797 and died of syphilis on November 19, 1828. Schubert was one of five surviving children of his parents in Vienna’s Lichienthal district. His father Franz Theodor was an amateur musician and recognized his talent immediately. His father taught him violin and his older brother taught him piano until starting school. He left college (Royal City College) in 1814 and started teaching at his father’s school. He began composing right away, although he was not enthusiastic about it. At age 17, he was being acclaimed for his brilliance such as in the song Gretchen am Spinnrade. Within the next year he composed 4 symphonies and operas, chamber music and nearly 150 songs; among these Der Erlkönig giving him the most recognition. By 1817, he started composing piano sonatas and his more famous songs, such as An die Musik and Die Forelle. Like most composers of this time, Schubert died young, but left behind music to be remembered forever.

Robert Schumann
Robert Schumann was born in Zwickau (40 miles south of Leipzig) on June 8, 1810 and died on July 29, 1856. Schumann was a romantic composer who started study-
Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,  
Da schoß in froher Eil  
Die [launige]1 Forelle  
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süßer Ruh  
Des muntern [Fisches]2 Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.  

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah’s mit kaltem Blute,  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.  

Doch [plötzlich]3 ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht  
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Rute,  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
[Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrogene an.]4

Across a clear brook gentle,  
There shot in eager haste  
The trout, so tempramental;  
Quite arrow-like it raced.  
I on the shore was gazing  
And watched the brook disclose  
The merry fish’s bathing  
To me in sweet repose.  

An angler’s reel unrolled  
From where he stood below.  
He watched with blood most cold  
The fish swim to and fro.  
So long no stone or sod  
Stirred up the water pure  
The trout from line and rod  
Would stay, I thought, secure.  

At length the thief lost patience  
And made the brook obscure  
With crafty agitations,  
The rod had started curving;  
The squirming fish was hooked.  
With pounding blood observing,  
At the betrayed, I looked.

Lied der Mignon

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiβ, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freude,  
Seh ich [ans]1 Firmament  
Nach [jener]2 Seite.  

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
Mein Eingeweide.  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiβ, was ich leide!

Only one who knows longing  
Knows what I suffer!  
Alone and cut off  
From all joy,  
I look into the firmament  
In that direction.  

Ach! he who loves and knows me  
Is far away.  
I am reeling,  
My entrails are burning.  
Only one who knows longing  
Knows what I suffer!
**Heidenröslein**

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,  
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,  
Muß es eben leiden.  
...  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

**Die Lotosblume**

Die Lotosblume ängstigt  
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht  
Und mit gesenktm Haupte  
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.  
...  
Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle  
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,  
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich  
Ihr [frommes]1 Blumengesicht,  
Sie blüht und.glüht und leuchtet  
Und starret stumm in die Höh';  
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert  
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

**Blossom on the heath growing,**  
'Twas so fair and of youthful pride,  
Raced he fast to be near its side,  
Saw it with joy o'erflowing.  
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom on the heath growing.

Said the lad: I shall pick thee,  
Blossom on the heath growing!  
Blossom spoke: Then I'll prick thee,  
That thou shalt ever think of me,  
And I'll not be allowing.  
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom on the heath growing.

And the lusty lad did pick  
The blossom on the heath growing;  
Blossom, in defense, did prick,  
'Twas, alas, but a harmless nick,  
Had to be allowing.  
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom on the heath growing.

**Claude Debussy**

Claude Debussy was born in France on August 22, 1862, and died of cancer on March 25, 1918. In 1867 his family moved to Paris, where with the help of his aunt's finances, Debussy at age 7, began the study of music with piano lessons from an Italian violinist, Cerutti. Three years later he began his studies at the Paris Conservatoire. Then in 1884, Debussy's cantata L'Enfant prodigue won the Prix de Rome; from which he received a four-year scholarship to the Villa Medici, the French Academy of Rome. Throughout his life he composed many piano and vocal pieces, with influences from Richard Wagner. In 1903 he became Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Debussy is thought to have ‘untethered’ the basic elements
Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,
Qu’un mauvais dessein rassembla,
Gesticulent noirs sous la lune,
Cependant l’excellent docteur Bolonais
Cueille avec lenteur des simples
Parmi l’herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse demi-nue,
En quête de son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un [langoureux]1 rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

Beau Soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu’un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d’être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d’être au monde,
Cependant qu’on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons, commes s’en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.

Les Cloches

Les feuilles s’ouvraient sur le bord des branches
   Délicatement.
Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches,
   Dans le ciel clément.

of music with the use of block chords based on the whole tone scale. With this he innovated a revolution in composition for years to come. Although most critics feel his music is much like the paintings of impressionists, he himself mostly disliked impressionistic work. Instead he loved Oriental art, drawing inspiration from it for composing his piano pieces. His music he felt produced physical realities more than impressions of life. His works include orchestral pieces Nocturnes (1897-1899), La mer (1903-1905), operas Pelléas et Mélisande (1893-1902), piano pieces Clair de Lune (1890), and more than 100 songs, Beau soir (1880), Mandoline (1882).
Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne,
   Ce lointain appel
Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne
   Ces cloches parlaient d’heureuses années,
Des fleurs de l’autel.
   Ces jours d’autrefois.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an antiphon,
   this far-away call
reminded me of the Christian whiteness of altar flowers.
   These bells spoke of happy years,
and in the large forest
they seemed to revive the withered leaves of days gone by.

Mandoline
Les donneurs de sérénades
   C’est Tircis et c’est Aminte,
Et les belles écouteuses
   Et c’est l’éternel Clitandre,
Echangent des propos fades
   Et c’est Damis qui pour mainte
Sous les ramures chanteuses.
   Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

The singers of serenades
   Tircis, Aminte, are there,
Whisper their faded vows
   Clitandre is over-long,
Unto fair listening maids
   And Damis for many a fair
Under the singing boughs.
   Tyrant makes many a song.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
   Their short vests, silken and bright,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
   Their long pale silken trains,
Leur élégance, leur joie
   Their elegance of delight,
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,
   Twine soft blue silken chains.
Tourbillonent dans l’extase
   And the mandolines and they,
D’une lune rose et grise,
   Faintlier breathing, swoon
Et la mandoline jase
   Into the rose and grey
Parmi les frissons de brise.
   Ecstasy of the moon.

V

Charles Gounod

Charles Gounod wrote the opera Roméo et Juliette in 1867 with libretto by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. Basing the opera on the tragic play by Shakespeare, Gounod had success with the audience of the opera, especially in France. The famous aria sung by Juliette and is set in a five part rondo form. As Juliette celebrates her birthday at a masked ball, she breaks out in song expressing the joy of being young and beautiful. By understanding the form of this aria, the singer is able to better understand the characteristics of Juliette and the style Gounod was intending.

As a five part rondo the aria starts off in F Major, modulating once to A minor. The main theme of the rondo is heard multiple times in the first rondo to help the listener establish the theme and remember it. The Introduction of the aria is very large and attention grabbing. The aria starts off in F Major on a V chord and continues with that for a couple of measures. When the solo line comes in, the orchestra stops playing and the singer sings an octave leap and runs down the chromatic scale to the starting pitch of the rondo section. This helps draw attention to the soloist and creates a scene to which we all will want to listen.
Je veux vivre
Dans le rêve qui m’enivre
Ce jour encor!
Douce flamme,
Je te garde dans mon âme
Comme un trésor!
Cette ivresse de jeunesse
Ne dure hélas! qu’un jour,
Puis vient l’heure
Où l’on pleure,
Le cœur cède à l’amour,
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour!
Loin de l’hiver morose,
Laisse moi sommeiller,
Et respirer la rose,
Avant de l’effeuiller.

I want to live
In the dream that exhilarates me
This day again!
Sweet flame,
I guard you in my soul
Like a treasure!
This rapture of youthfulness
Doesn’t last, alas! but a day,
Then comes the hour
At which one cries,
The heart surrenders to love
And the happiness flies without returning
Far from a morose winter,
Let me slumber
And breath in the rose
Before it dies.
Welcome to the Kennesaw State University School of Music

The School of Music at KSU has dedicated, vibrant, and talented faculty and staff that are completely devoted to teaching, performing, scholarship, and serving our community. It is an incredibly exciting place to study, boasting state-of-the-art facilities with opportunities to produce and explore music in a dynamic place that is ahead of the curve for what it means to be a musician in the 21st century. Our students come from the leading musical honor organizations across the region and are poised to lead the cultural offerings and musical education in our area and beyond for years to come.

We welcome you to attend a concert, meet our faculty and staff, and feel the energy and excitement that our students exude. We are fully committed to our purpose as educators, performers, and scholars. We hope that you will find as much enjoyment in our product as we do in producing it.

Welcome!

For more information about the School of Music, please visit www.kennesaw.edu/music

Please consider a gift to the Kennesaw State University School of Music. http://community.kennesaw.edu/GiveToMusic

UPCOMING EVENTS

Unless otherwise noted, all events will take place at 8:00 pm in Morgan Concert Hall.

Monday, April 15, 2013
Jazz Guitar Ensemble & Jazz Combos

Tuesday, April 16, 2013
Wind Ensemble

Wednesday, April 17, 2013
Gospel Choir

For the most current information, please visit http://calendar.kennesaw.edu

We welcome all guests with special needs and offer the following services: easy access, companion seating locations, accessible restrooms, and assisted listening devices. Please contact an audience services representative to request services.