

Kennesaw State University
College of the Arts
School of Music



presents

Senior Recital

Jennifer Olenic,
mezzo-soprano

Brenda Brent, piano

Friday, April 26, 2013

8:00 p.m.

Dr. Bobbie Bailey & Family Performance Center

Morgan Concert Hall

One Hundred Twenty-seventh Concert of the 2012-2013 Season

Kennesaw State University
School of Music
Audrey B. and Jack E. Morgan, Sr. Concert Hall
April 26, 2013

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This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree
Bachelor of Music in Performance.
Ms. Olenic studies voice with Jana Young.

George Frideric Handel - *Verdi prati (Alcina)*

George Frideric Handel was born in Halle, Germany in 1685. His father, a barber, wanted him to become a lawyer, but by age 12, young Handel was already showing a great interest in music, having already mastered several instruments. He composed more than 40 Italian operas, as well as an immense amount of church and chamber music, as well as oratorios, *The Messiah* being his most famous.

Alcina is a three act opera, set to a libretto by an anonymous author, which premiered at Covent Garden in London in 1735. *Alcina*, a sorceress, uses magic to lure heroes to her island, where she turns them into rocks, trees, streams, or wild animals. Ruggiero, a knight, is the latest of her victims; however, another character is able to show Ruggiero that the beautiful scenery he sees is all a lie conjured by *Alcina*'s magic before it is too late. This aria is Ruggiero's farewell to the beautiful illusion of the island.

Verdi prati, selve amene,
Perderete la beltà
Vaghi fior, correnti rivi,
La vaghezza, la bellezza,
Presto in voi si cangerà.
E cangiato il vago oggetto
All'orror del primo aspetto
Tutto in voi ritornerà.

*Green meadows, lovely woods
You will lose your beauty
Pretty flowers, rapid brooks,
Your charm and beauty
Will soon change.
The beautiful object has changed,
To the dismay of the first glance,
Then everything will return in you.*

George Frideric Handel - *Finchè lo strale (Floridante)*

Floridante is a three-act opera to a libretto by Paolo Antonio Rolli, which premiered at the King's Theatre in London in 1721. It is based on another libretto, Francesco Silvani's *La costanza in trifono*. Originally, the story was set in Norway, but Rolli chose to set the action in a Middle Eastern setting in his adaptation. This aria is sung by Oronte, who has obtained the Persian throne by murdering the previous King, Nino, amidst the political intrigue surrounding his family.

Finchè lo strale
Non giunge al segno
Pensier regale, nò, non si sà.
Chi non discopre
L'idee d'un regno,
Il corso all'opre
Non troverà.

*Until the arrow
Reaches the target
The royal thoughts will not be known.
Who learns not
The purpose of a reign
Will not know
How to reach the goal.*

Robert Schumann - *In der Fremde (Eichendorff Liederkreis)*

Robert Schumann was a German composer and music critic during the Romantic period, today best known for his piano works and lieder, although he wrote for nearly all musical genres. In his songs, Schumann strove to make the voice and piano equal partners in the music, and, as a lover of literature, was very discriminating with the poetry he chose to set and how he chose to set it. The *Eichendorff Liederkreis* is a song cycle to poems by Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff, primarily selected by his then-fiance, Clara Wieck, which was composed during the summer of Schumann's *Liederjahr* in 1840, a year in which he wrote 168 songs and married Clara, despite the disapproval and threats of disownment from her family.

In der Fremde

In a Foreign Land

Aus der Heimath hinter den Blitzen-
roth
Da kommen die Wolken her.
Aber Vater und Mutter sing lange todt,
Es kennt mich dort Keiner mehr.

*From the direction of home, behind the red
flashes of lightning
There come clouds,
But Father and Mother are long dead;
No one there knows me anymore.*

Wie bald, wie bald kommt die stille
Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,

*How soon, ah, how soon will that quiet
time come,
When I too shall rest, and over me
The beautiful forest's loneliness shall
rustle,*

Und Keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

And no one here shall know my anymore.

Robert Schumann - Waldesgespräch (Eichendorff Liederkreis)

Waldesgespräch, meaning forest conversation, tells the story of an unfortunate man who, while walking in the woods, happens to come across Loreley, a figure of German mythology similar to a siren, who lures unwitting sailors to their death in the Rhine river because she was betrayed by her lover in life. This song has two contrasting musical styles to differentiate the two characters: bouncy and rhythmic for the man, and flowing and enchanting for Loreley.

Waldesgespräch

Forest Conversation

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit' st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut, ich führ' dicheim!

*It is already late, it is already cold;
Why do you ride alone through the wood?
The wood is vast and you are alone,
You fair bride! I will lead you home.*

Gross ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und
hin,
O flieh', du weisst nicht, wer ich bin.

*Great are the deceits and cunning of men;
my heart has broken for pain.
The forest horn strays here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am.*

So reich geschmückt ist Ross und
Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich, Gott steh' mir bei,
Du bist die Hexe Loreley!

*So richly decked are mount and lady,
so wondrously fair the young form;
now I recognize you – God stand by me!
You are the Witch Loreley.*

Du kennst mich wohl, von hohem
Stein
Schaut still mein Schlosstief in den
Rhein;
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem
Wald.

*You recognize me well – from the lofty
cliffs
my castle gazes down into the Rhine.
It is already late, it is already cold -
You shall never again leave this wood.*

Johannes Brahms - Ständchen

Johannes Brahms was a German Romantic composer, known for his choral, orchestral and larger chamber works, as well as his work in smaller forms, including solo piano pieces and lieder. During his lifetime, he published 190 solo lieder, as well as 20 duets, 60 vocal quartets for solo voices, 5 songs for one or two voices, and two songs with obbligato viola. These numbers do not reflect the numerous songs that he wrote in his youth which were never published.

Brahms has been criticized for his choice of texts, taken not only from well-known poets like Goethe, Eichendorff, and Hölty, but also minor poets of his time, including Franz Theodor Kugler, who was relatively unknown. This was because Brahms felt that in order to set a poem to music, he needed to feel that the music would have something to add to it, and in the case of many of Goethe's works, they were so perfect that they could not be enhanced by his music.

Ständchen

Serenade

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

*The moon is above the mountain,
Just right for people in love.
In the garden trickles a fountain;
Otherwise, silence is far and wide.*

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt und Geig und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.

*By the wall, in the shadows,
Stand three students
With flute and fiddle and zither,
Singing and playing to their singing.*

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Si schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: "Vergiss nicht mein!"

*The sounds steal softly into the
Most beautiful girl's dream;
She sees her blond sweetheart
And whispers "Forget me not!"*

Johannes Brahms - Die Mainacht

This poem was written by Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty, an 18th century German poet who wrote about a love of nature, national feeling, and the idea of praising love and friendship without their superficiality. Brahms' setting of this poem does not include the second stanza of the original work, in order to attain the sense of symmetry in the form, which unites aspects of strophic, developing variation, and ternary forms.

Die Mainacht

The May Night

Wann der silberne Mond durch die
Gesträuche blinkt
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über
den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

*When the silvery moon gleams through the
shrubbery
And scatters its slumbering light over the
grass,
And the nightingale warbles,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.*

Überhüllet vom Laub girret ein
Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich
wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

*Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves coos
Their enchantment in front of me, but I
turn away –
I seek darker shadows,
And the solitary tear falls.*

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie
Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find ich
auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heisser die Wang herab.

*When, o smiling image, which like the
sunrise
Beams through my soul, shall I find you
on earth?
And the solitary tear
Trembles more hotly down my cheek.*

Georges Bizet - *Ouvre ton cœur*

Bizet was a French Romantic composer, known primarily for his opera *Carmen*, which has enjoyed massive success since its premier three months before Bizet's untimely death at age 36. He published some two dozen songs in his lifetime, although several of his earlier songs remaining unpublished, intended as compositional exercises rather than pieces for performance. "*Ouvre ton coeur*" started as part of a larger work, *Vasco de Gama*, which is now virtually unknown. The poetry by Delâtre was written specifically for this work at Bizet's request. "*Ouvre ton coeur*" was published separately posthumously, and its guitar-like accompaniment and Spanish bolero rhythmic and melodic flair seem to point towards *Carmen*.

Ouvre ton cœur
La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?

*Open your heart
The daisy has close its flowery crown,
Twilight has closed the eyes of the day,
My lovely beauty, will you keep your
word?*

Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.

Open your heart to my love.

Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange, à ma
flamme,
Qu'en rêve charme ton sommeil.
Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

*Open your heart to my desire, young angel
May a dream charm your slumber.
I want to take back my soul
As a flower opens to the sun!*

Reynaldo Hahn - *L'heure exquise (Chansons grises)*

Reynaldo Hahn was born in Venezuela but moved to Paris with his family shortly before he turned four. He soon began to attract attention as a pianist, making his debut at age 6 at a musical soiree held by Napoleon's niece. In 1885, he entered the Paris Conservatoire, where his teachers included Massenet. It was there that he composed *Si mes vers avaient des ailes*, which brought him early attention. Hahn took French nationality in 1909 and volunteered to fight in World War I. His music enjoyed its greatest commercial success in the 1920's, but fell out of favor in the 50's and 60's. It was only in the 70's that his work began attracting attention in

the musical world once again. His music was banned in Nazi Germany because Hahn's family was part Jewish.

"L'heure exquise" is from a song cycle based on Verlaine's poetry, composed by Hahn between 1887-1890, while he was still studying at the Paris Conservatoire. It was first performed by Sybil Sanderson, Massenet's favorite soprano, with Verlaine himself present.

L'heure exquise

La lune blanche luit dans les bois,
De chaque branche part une voix
Sous la ramée,
O bien-aimée!
L'étang reflète, profond miroir,
La silhouette du saule noir
Où le vent pleure.
Rêvons, c'est l'heure!
Un vaste et tendre apaisement
Semble descendre du firmament
Que l'astre irise;
C'est l'heure exquise!

The Exquisite Hour

*The white moon shines in the forest,
From every branch comes a voice,
Under the foliage,
Oh beloved!
The pond, a deep mirror, reflects
The silhouette of the dark willow,
In which the wind is crying.
Let us dream, 'tis the hour!
A vast and tender calm
Seems to descend from the firmament,
Which the orb clads in rainbow colours;
'Tis the exquisite hour!*

Reynaldo Hahn - D'une prison

Paul Verlaine was a late 19th century French poet whose work has been set to music by Debussy, Fauré, and many others. He famously wrote "De la musique avant toute chose", music above all else, which is evidenced by his attention to the lyrical and rhythmic qualities of his verses. This song is a setting of the second half of Verlaine's "Mes prisons", which is perhaps an autobiographical account of Verlaine's eighteen months in prison after shooting at and injuring a boy he was having an affair with, during which he abandoned his previous bohemian lifestyle and converted to Catholicism.

D'une prison

Le ciel est par-dessus le toit, si bleu, si
calme...
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit berce sa
palme...
La cloche dans le ciel qu'on voit,
doucement tinte,
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit,
chante sa plainte...
Mon Dieu! La vie est là simple et
tranquille!
Cette paisible rumeur là vient de la
ville...
Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà pleurant
sans cesse,
Dis! qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà, de ta
jeunesse?

Of a Prison

*The sky above the roof is so blue, so calm...
A tree above the roof gently rocks its top...
The bell one sees in the sky, softly rings
The bird one sees in the tree, plaintively
sings...
My Lord! The life there is simple and
quiet!
This peaceful rumble comes from the
city...
What have you done, oh you, who now
weeps endlessly,
Say! what have you done with your youth?*

Georges Bizet - *Guitare*

Victor Hugo was an extremely significant French poet and political satirist during the 19th century. His verses were set by many composers; this particular poem has been set by Massé, Saint-Saëns, Liszt, and Lalo, as well as Bizet, although Bizet's remains the most well-known. This song also makes great use of the Spanish bolero rhythm, and that, combined with Bizet's added "tra-la-la" lyrics, combine to give an exuberant and uninhibited impression to the protagonist, again looking towards *Carmen*.

Comment, disaient-ils,
Avec nos nacelles,
Fuir les alguazils?
--Ramez, disaient-elles.

*Tell us, said the men
With our small skiffs
Can we flee from the alguazils?
--Row, said the fair ones.*

Comment, disaient-ils,
Oublier querelles,
Misère et perils?
--Dormes, disaient-elles.

*How, said the men
Can we forget quarrels,
Poverty and danger?
--Sleep, said the fair ones.*

Comment, disaient-ils,
Enchanter les belles
Sans philtres subtils?
--Aimez, disaient-elles.

*How, said the men
Can we enchant beauties
Without rare potions?
--Love, said the fair ones.*

Ambroise Thomas - *Connais-tu le pays (Mignon)*

Ambroise Thomas was a 19th century French composer, mostly known for his operas. He came from a very musical family and learned to play both piano and violin from a young age. At age 17, he entered the Paris Conservatoire, and in 1832, he won the Prix de Rome with his cantata *Hermann et Kitty*. In 1835, Thomas began to turn his attention to opera. Between 1837 and 1843, Thomas had eight operas performed, with varying success. Later on in his life he went on to compose *Hamlet* and *Mignon*, both of which are still performed by major opera houses today.

Mignon is set to a libretto by Barbier and Carré based on Goethe's novel, *Wilhelm Meister Lehrjahr*, albeit with some alterations, including making Mignon the main character and inserting a happy ending, in order to better fit the conventions of *opéra comique*. The opera enjoyed immediate success, due in large part to the performance of Célestine Galli-Marié, who created the role of Mignon, and later the role of Carmen. Mignon, a young woman, was stolen by gypsies from her home at a young age. In this aria, she reminisces about her half-forgotten homeland, and wishes to return, knowing that she cannot.

Connais-tu le pays où fleurit l'oranger?

*Do you know the land where the orange
tree blossoms?*

Le pays des fruits d'or et des roses
merveilles,
Où la brise est plus douce et l'oiseau
plus léger,
Où dans toute saison butinent les
abeilles,

*The country of golden fruits and marvel-
ous roses
Where the breeze is softer and birds lighter,
Where the bees gather pollen in every
season,*

Où rayonne et sourit, comme un bien-
fait de Dieu,
Un éternel printemps sous un ciel
toujours bleu!
Hélas! Que ne puis-je te suivre
Vers ce rivage heureux d'où le sort
m'exila!
C'est là! C'est là que je voudrais vivre,
Aimer, aimer et mourir!

C'est là que je voudrais vivre, c'est là,
oui, c'est là!

Connais-tu la maison où l'on m'attend
là-bas?
La salle aux lambris d'or, où des hom-
mes de marbre
M'appellent dans la nuit en me ten-
dant les bras?
Et la cour où l'on danse à l'ombre d'un
grand arbre?

Et le lac transparent où glissent sur les
eaux
Mille bateaux légers pareils à des
oiseaux?
Hélas! Que ne puis-je te suivre
Vers ce pays lointain d'où le sort
m'exila!
C'est là! C'est là que je voudrais vivre,
Aimer, aimer et mourir!
C'est là que je voudrais vivre, c'est là,
oui, c'est là!

*And where shines and smiles, like a gift
from God,
An eternal springtime under an ever-blue
sky!
Alas! But I cannot follow you
To that happy shore from which fate has
exiled me!
There! It is there that I should like to live,
To love, to love, and to die!*

*It is there that I should like to live, it is
there,
Yes, there!*

*Do you know the house there where I am
awaited?
The gold-paneled room where men made
of marble
Call to me at night, reaching their arms
out to me?
And the courtyard where people dance in
the shadow of a great tree?*

*And the lake upon whose limpid waters
A thousand light boats glide like birds?*

*Alas! But I cannot follow you
To that distant land from which fate has
exiled me!
There! It is there that I should like to live,
To love, to love, and to die!
It is there that I should like to live, it is
there,
Yes, there!*

Samuel Barber - *The Hermit Songs*

Samuel Barber is one of the most famous American composers of the 20th century. His pieces, including at least one in almost every genre, enjoyed great success both throughout his lifetime and posthumously. His music is expressive and lyrical, following in the tonal language and many forms of late 19th century music. *The Hermit Songs* is a cycle consisting of ten songs, based on comments written in the margins of medieval manuscripts by Irish monks from the 8th-13th centuries. It was commissioned by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, an American pianist and music patron, and first sung by Leontyne Price in 1953. *The Hermit Songs* is considered to be a major vocal work.

St. Ita's Vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord,"
said she,
"unless He gives me His Son from
Heaven

In the form of a Baby that I may nurse
Him."

So that Christ came down to her in the
form of a Baby
And then she said:

"Infant Jesus at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not
A churl but were begot
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's
Light.

Infant Jesus, at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting Good?
Wherefor I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who ev'ry night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast."

The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of
that.
It was like the parting of day from
night.

Ah, sore was the suff'ringbrone
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

The Praises of God

How foolish the man
Who does not raise
His voice and praise
With joyful words,
As he alone can,

Heaven's High King
To Whom the light birds
With no soul but air,
All day, ev'rywhere,
Laudation sing.

The Monk and His Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.

Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.

You rejoice when your claws
Entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind
Fathoms a problem.

Pleased with his own art,
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.

Sea-Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it
has drowned us,
O King of the star-bright Kingdom of
Heaven;
The wind has consumed us, swal-
lowed us,
As timber is devoured by crimson fire
from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it
has drowned us,
O King of the star-bright Kingdom of
Heaven!

Victor Hely-Hutchinson - *Old Mother Hubbard*

Victor Hely-Hutchinson was an English composer, pianist, and administrator. He taught at the South African College of Music and became director of music at the BBC from 1944 until his death in 1947. With the notable exception of his Carol Symphony, his music is rarely performed. This particular setting of Old Mother Hubbard, a traditional nursery rhyme, is set in the manner of Handel.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To fetch her poor dog a bone,
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog had none.

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

Saturday, May 4, 2013
Community and Alumni Choir

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Monday, April 29, 2013
Percussion Ensemble

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