

Kennesaw State University
College of the Arts
School of Music



presents

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

Kennesaw State University
School of Music
Audrey B. and Jack E. Morgan, Sr. Concert Hall
April 27, 2013

I

Tornami a vagheggiar (Marchi)
from *Alcina*

George F. Handel
(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 virtù magica (Donizetti)

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Duet: Tornami a dir che m'ami
from *Don Pasquale*

Alex Trull, tenor

IV

Chanson Perpétuelle (Cros)

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

Grace Kawamura, Jonathan Urizar, violins
Justin Brookins, viola, and Robert Marshall, cello

V

An die Musik (Schober)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

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)

Tornami a vagheggiar,
te solo vuol' amar
quest' anima fedel,
caro, mio bene, caro!

Return to me to languish,
only you does this faithful heart
wish to adore,
My dearest love!

Già ti donai il mio cor :
fido sarà il mio amor;
mai ti sarò crudel,
cara mia spene.

I have already given you my heart:
I will always be faithful, my love;
I will never be cruel to you
My dearest love.

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

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

Oh, if I were the gentleman
In the "white robes"
And they were the little hand that
knocked
Could I forbid?

Wouldn't the angels try me
Just once more
Just see if I troubled them
But don't shut the door!

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!

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-
ment last year.

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 virtù mágica (Librettist: Donizetti)

"Quel guardo,
il cavaliere in mezzo al cor trafisse,
Piegò i ginocchio 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,
son 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

of a deceitful tear,
of an instant languor
I know the thousand means
love-frauds use,
the charms and the easy arts
used to seduce a heart.

I have an odd mind,
I have a ready wit,
I like being witty, joking:
If I get angry
I rarely can remain calm
But I can soon change indignation in
laugh,
I have an odd mind,
but an excellent heart, ah!

Say again that you love me,
Tell me that you are mine;
When you are well, call me
The life doubles in me.

Your voice is so dear
It refreshes the oppressed heart.
As safe as you keep me,
I tremble far from you.

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,
Empoissant 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.

Trembling trees, starry sky
My beloved has gone away
Bearing with him my desolate heart.

Winds, let your plaintive noises
Let your songs, charming nightingales,
Tell him that I die.

The first night he came here,
My soul was at his mercy;
I no longer cared about my pride.

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 arrêtee, au vent
Je dirai son nom, en rêvant
Que là je l'attendis 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 *Winterreise*. 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!

My glances were full of promise.
He took me into his trembling arms
And kissed me near the hair.

I felt a great quivering
And then, I don't know how
He became my lover.

I said to him: "You will love me
As long as you are able."
I never slept as well as in his arms.

But he, feeling his heart fade,
Left the other day
Without me, for a foreign land.

Since I no longer have my friend,
I will die in this pool, among
The flowers under the sleeping current.

Arriving on the shoreline,
I will speak his name to the wind,
In a dream that I await him there.

And like in a gilded shroud
With hair tousled at the wind's whim,
I will let myself go.

The happy hours of the past
Will glimmer on my face
And the green reeds will entrap me.

And my breast, shuddering under the
Caress of their entwinement,
Will believe it submits to the embrace
of the one who left.

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.

Off hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf' ent-
flossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir er-
schlossen,
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,

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

Lief er schnell es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 A stern trag'herbei,
Und lass uns wieder von der Liebe
reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

All Souls Day

Place on the table the fragrant mignon-
ettes,
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 sussen 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.

Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it.
And if it is observed by others,
I will not mind.
Give me one of your sweet glances,
As long ago in May.
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,
For one day a year are the dead set free.

Come to my heart that I again may have you,
As long ago in May.

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.

My stay in town was cut short.
I was dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace
And the jury gave him what for!
The judge raised his hand
And instead of desist and cease,
Judge came to the stand
Took my hand
And whispered Amor.

Night was turning into day
I walked alone away,
Never see that town again.
But as I passed the church-house door,
Instead of singing Amen
The choir was singing 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!

Somewhere.
We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving
Somewhere.

There's a place for us,
A time and place for us.
Hold my hand and we're halfway
there.
Hold my hand and I'll take you there
Somehow, Some day, Somewhere!

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!

I'm a Broadway Baby,
Slaving at the five-and-ten,
Dreaming of the great day when I'll be
in a show.

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...

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!

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