Kennesaw State University
College of the Arts
School of Music

presents

Junior Recital

Amy Hebel, soprano
Brenda Brent, piano

Saturday, March 15, 2014
7:00 p.m
Music Building Recital Hall

Eighty-ninth Concert of the 2013-14 Concert Season
Program

I

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL (1685-1759)
Lusinghe più care
from *Alessandro* (libretto by Rolli)

II

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)
Einerlei
(Von Arnim)
Kling!...
(Henckell)

III

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)
Pierrot
(Banville)
Apparition
(Mallarmé)

IV

DOMINICK ARGENTO (b. 1927)
when faces called flowers float out of the ground
from *Songs About Spring* (E.E. Cummings)

Spring
from *Six Elizabethan Songs* (Nashe)

V

VINCENZO BELLINI (1801-1835)
Ah! non credea...Ah! non giunge
from *La Sonnambula* (libretto by Romani)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree Bachelor of Music in Performance.
Ms. Hebel studies voice with Jana Young.
GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL (1685-1759)

Born in Halle Germany in 1685, George Frideric Handel began life under the influence of a father who rejected his love of music for monetary reasons. At the age of 7 and with the support of his mother, Handel secretly studied music under the influence of Friedrich Wilhelm Zachow, a composer of vocal and keyboard music in Halle. After juggling a life studying law and music, in 1703 he chose to pursue a career in only music. Known for his work at the Royal Academy of Music in London after gaining widespread popularity with his opera, *Rinaldo*, he continued composing more than 50 operas, and 30 oratorios. His greatest known work is the *Messiah*, which is still performed worldwide today.

In his opera *Alessandro*, the title character is convinced that he is the son of the god of Jupiter and demands to be worshiped as such. While his Macedonian captains work to convince him otherwise, two female characters fight for his affection. Rossane sings *Lusinghe più care* in order to woo Alessandro.

**Lusinghe più care**

Lusinghe più care  
*d'amor veri dardi*  
vezzose volate sul  
labbro nei guardi  
e tutta involate  
l'altrui libertà

Flattery and caresses  
are Cupid's true arrows,  
charms that fly  
from the lips and in glances  
and completely rob  
one's freedom

**Gelosi sospetti**

diletti con pene,  
fragioie e tormenti  
momenti di spene  
voi l'armi sarete  
di vaga beltà

Jealous suspicions,  
pleasure with pain,  
between joy and torment  
these are the weapons  
of desirous beauty.

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)

Richard Strauss, a German composer of the late romantic and early modern periods, grew greatly under the influence of his horn-playing father. He composed from the age of six, greatly influenced by Lisztian and Wagnerian thinking. He conducted operas long before composing them. His most famous opera was *Der Rosenkavalier*, though orchestral works came as a more natural medium for his expression. Throughout World War II Hitler supported his work, though he was greatly frustrated by the inability to work with Jewish librettist Zweig. He viewed his work as an evolution of classical artists of the past, and in simplicity, sincerity and gratitude composed beautiful music.

After taking a 12 year vacation from song composition, Strauss returned to the world of lieder with Op. 69, settings of poems by two important early Romantic
poets: Achim von Arnim, one of the two men who compiled *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and Heinrich Heine. *Einerlei* demonstrates Richard Strauss’ artistry with long, voluptuous melodies.

*Kling* is a joyous, pianistically arpeggiated composition set to the poetry of Henckell, a contemporary of R. Strauss.

### Einerlei

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,  
Sein Kuss mir immer neu,  
Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,  
Sein freier Blick mir true;  
O du liebes Einerlei,  
Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

Her mouth is always the same,  
its kiss for me is ever new,  
her eyes are always the same,  
their independent gaze is always faithful to me;  
Oh you dear sameness,  
how many different things come from you!

### Kling!

Kling!... meine seele gibt reinen Ton.  
Und ich wählte die Arme  
von dem wütenden Harme  
Wilder zeiten zerrissen schon.  
Sing... meine seele, den Beichtgesang  
Wiedergewonnener Fülle!  
Heil dir, geläuterter Innenklang!

Ring!... My soul gives forth a pure tone.  
And I had imagined the poor thing  
from the raging afflictions  
of wild times to be torn apart already.  
Sing... my soul, the confessional song  
of reclaimed fullness;  
Lift from the heart its veil!  
Hail to you, resounding inner note!

Kling! meine Seele, kling dein Leben,  
Quellendes, frisches gebild'!  
Blühendes hat sich begeben  
Auf dem verdorrten Gefild'.  

Ring! my soul, ring out your life,  
swelling, fresh image.  
Blossoming has itself begun  
upon the dried up field.

### CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)

The founder of musical impressionism in his use of nontraditional scales and tonal structures found great curiosity in a wide range of musical culture. Debussy, born into a poor French family, had a great affinity for piano, which opened the door to study at the Paris Conservatory at age 11. In 1880, Nadezha Von Meck hired him to teach her children piano, which lead to frequent travels across Europe and Russia. He had a great love of Wagner and Javanese Gamelan, a traditional Indonesian music ensemble. His *Pelléas et Mélisande* brought Debussy great recognition and throughout the years following he was known as the leading composer of French music.

The pierrot is the stock character of pantomime in the Commedia dell’Arte. With a tear down his face, black skullcap, and flowing white clothing, the sad clown pines for the love of Columbine who in return pines after Harlequin. He is most often seen as naïve, a fool yet always trusting. Jean Gaspard Deburaux, a celebrated bohemian French mime, reinvented the character of Pierrot.
Debussy's *Apparition* with poetry by Mallarmé was left unpublished until 1926. Debussy successfully captures the ethereal quality of this delicate song about a vision of calming vaporous flowers and perfumed stars.

**Pierrot / Banville**

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,  
Ayant fini les noces d’Arlequin,  
Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple.

Une fillette au souple casaquin  
En vain l’agace de son oeil coquin;  
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse

Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,  
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureaux  
Jette un regard de son oeil en coulisse  
À son ami Jean Gaspard Deburau. Ah!

The good Pierrot, whom the crowd gazes at,  
having finished the Harlequin wedding,  
dreamily goes down the boulevard of the temple.

A girl with a loose flowing blouse  
in vain provokes him with her eye teasing;  
and in the meantime, mysterious and smooth  
loving him above all others,

the white moon with the horns of a bull  
casts a long side glance with her eye  
to her friend Jean Gaspard Duburau. Ah!

**Apparition / Mallarmé**

La lune s’attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs  
Rêvant, l’archet aux doigts, dans le calme  
des fleurs  
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes  
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l’azur des  
corolles.

C’était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.  
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser  
S’enivrait savamment du parfum de trist-
esse  
Que même sans regret et sans deboire  
laisse

La cueillaison d’un Rêve au cœur qui l’a  
cueilli,

J’errais donc, l’œil rivésur le pavé vieilli.

Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans  
la rue  
Et dans le soir, tu m’es en riant apparue,  
Et j’ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté

Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d’enfant gâté  
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal  
fermées  
Neiger de blancs bouquets d’étoiles parfu- 
mées.

The moon grew sad, some seraphim in tears  
dreaming, bow in hand, in the calm of the  
misty flowers,  
misty, drew from dying voils  
some white sobs as their bows glided over  
The azure of the corollas.

It was the blessed day of your first kiss,  
My dreaming, fond of tormenting me,  
became knowingly drunk on the perfumed sadness  
that, without regret or bitter aftertaste,  
the harvest of dreams leaves in the reaper’s heart.

And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the  
old paving stones.  
When, with the sun on your hair, in the  
street  
and in the evening, you appeared laughing  
before me,  
and I thought I saw the fairy with a hat of light  
who had once passed across the beautiful  
slumbers of my spoilt childhood  
who allowed from her half-closed hands  
white bouquets of perfumed stars to snow.
Though he found music classes in elementary school boring, Dominick Argento received education from Peabody Conservatory and Eastman School of Music. He won the Pulitzer Prize of Music in 1975 for his song cycle entitled, “From the Diary of Virginia Woolf.” He gained widespread popularity for his rich melodic use of the voice and incorporations of tonal, atonal, and twelve-tone writing within his compositions. He has created 14 operas, and numerous choral, solo, and instrumental works. Some of his most known operas are, “The Voyage of Edgar Allen Poe,” “Wedding Night,” “Casanova’s Homecoming,” and “Postcards from Morocco.” His wife Carolyn Bailey, a soprano, served as his muse throughout their life together.

when faces called flowers float out of the ground
from Songs About Spring, (E.E. Cummings)

when faces called flowers float out of the ground
and breathing is wishing and wishing is having
but keeping is downward and doubting and never
it's april yes, april; my darling it's spring!
yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly
yes the little fish gambol as glad as can be
yes the mountains are dancing together

when every leaf opens without any sound
and wishing is having and having is giving
but keeping is doting and nothing and nonsense
alive, we're alive, dear: it's kiss me now spring!
now the pretty birds hover so she and so he
now the little fish quiver so you and so i
now the mountains are dancing

when more than was lost has been found has been found
and having is giving and giving is living
but keeping is darkness and winter and cringing
it's spring, all our night becomes day, Oh it's spring!
all the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky
all the little fish climb through the mind of the sea
all the mountains are dancing!
Oh, its spring!

Spring
from Six Elizabethan Songs, (Nashe)

Spring! The sweet spring!
Is the year’s pleasant king
Then blooms each thing
Then maids dance in a ring
Cold doth not sting
The pretty birds do sing
Cuckoo, Jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
Bellini had deep foundations in music beginning with studying theory at age 2, piano at age 3, and composition at age 5. He was named “The Swan of Catania” for his beautiful use of bel canto throughout his compositions. Along with La sonnambula, he is known for the operas I Capuleti ed I Montecchi, Norma, and Beatrice di Tenda.

Amina, betrothed to Elvino, is a somnambulist or sleepwalker. She is found in another man’s room one evening as she sleepwalked there and her innocence is questioned. Though her advocates try to convince Elvino of her devotion, he ends the relationship taking back the ring. In the first aria, Ah! non credea, Amina is expressing the sorrow of Elvino’s rejection as she sleep walks. He watches her and discovers the truth of her condition and heart. In the second aria, Ah! non giunge, She awakes to his call and the town rejoices as the two lovers celebrate their reunion!

**Ah! non credea...Ah! non giunge**
from *La Sonnambula*, (libretto by Romani)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English</th>
<th>Italian</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ah! I did not think I would see you so soon withered, oh flower;</td>
<td>Ah! non credea mirarti si presto estinto, o fiore;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>you faded just like love, which for one day only endured.</td>
<td>passasti al par d'amore, che un giorno sol durò.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My tears might be able to restore strength to you;</td>
<td>Potria novel vigore il pianto mio ricarti,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>but my weeping cannot revive love, Ah! no!</td>
<td>ma ravvivar l'amore il pianot mio, ah, no, non può</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, human thought cannot attain the happiness with which I’m filled:</td>
<td>Ah! non giunge uman pensiero al content ond’io son piena:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I can hardly believe my senses; trust me, oh my treasure!</td>
<td>A’ miei sensi io credo appena; tu m’affida, o mio tesor!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, embrace me; and always together, always united in one hope,</td>
<td>Ah! mi abbraccia, e sempre insieme, sempre uniti in una speme,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>from the earth on which we dwell we will create a heaven of love. Ah!</td>
<td>della terra in cui viviamo ci formiamo un ciel d’amor. Ah!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Kennesaw State University School of Music

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