

Kennesaw State University
College of the Arts
School of Music

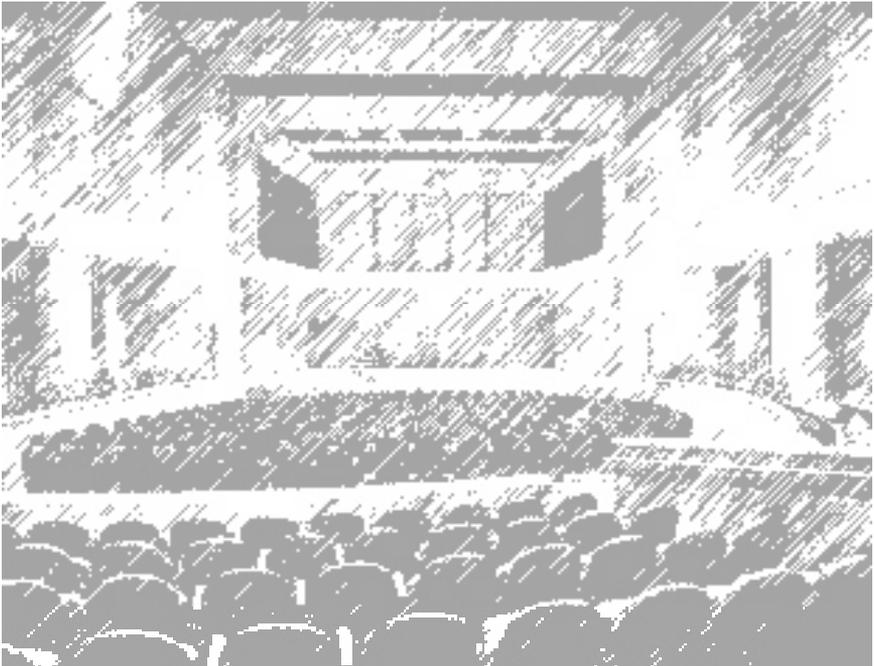
presents



Senior Recital

Madeline Renée Cecilia Scott, soprano

Brenda Brent, piano



Friday, May 2, 2014

7:00 p.m.

Music Building Recital Hall

One Hundred Thirtieth Concert of the 2013-14 Concert Season

Program

I.

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL (1685-1759)

Bel Piacere e godere (Grimani)

from *Agrippina*

Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion

from *The Messiah*

II.

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

Widmung (Ruckert)

Der Nussbaum (Mosen)

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Du bist dist Ruh (Ruckert)

Ganymed (Goethe)

III.

ERNEST AMÉDÉE CHAUSSON (1855-1899)

Les Pappillon (Gautier)

Le Colibri (de Lisle)

REYNALDO HAHN (1874-1947)

L'heure Exquise (Verlaine)

Intermission

IV.

GIACOMO PUCCINI (1868-1924)

Ch'il bel sogno di Doretta

from *La Rondine*

V.

JOHN JACOB NILES (1892-1980)

The Lotus Bloom

HENRY THACKER BURLEIGH (1866-1949)

Till I Wake

AMY MARCY CHENEY BEACH (1867-1944)

Ah, Love But a Day

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree
Bachelor of Music in Music Education.
Ms. Scott studies voice with Oral Moses.

Program Notes

I.

Bel Piacere è godere

Bel piacere e godere fido amor!

questo fa contento il cor.

Di bellezza non s'apprezza lo splendor

se non vien d'un fido cor

It is great pleasure to enjoy

It is great pleasure to enjoy a faithful
love!

it pleases the heart.

Splendor is not measured by beauty

if it does not come from a faithful heart

GEORG FRIDERIC HANDEL (1685-1759)

Georg Frideric Handel, considered one of the greatest composers of the baroque period, was born in Halle, Germany, on February 23rd, 1685. He died in London on April 14th, 1759, and is buried in Westminster Abbey. Although best known for his oratorios, Handel wrote over 40 operas, including *Agrippina* in 1709. *Agrippina* is an opera seria in three acts. The libretto was written by Cardinal Vincenzo Grimani; it is considered to be one of the best that Handel set to music. The opera tells of the story of the great-granddaughter of Augustus, Julia Agrippina, as she plots the downfall of the Roman Emperor Claudius and the installation of her son, Nero, as emperor. "Bel piacere" comes in act 3 and is sung by Poppea, Nero's love interest.

Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion;

Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee.

He is the righteous Savior.

And he shall speak peace unto the heathen.

"Rejoice Greatly, O daughter of Zion" comes from the Christmas portion of *The Messiah*, an oratorio Handel composed in 1741. Movement eighteen of Handel's *Messiah* is a dramatic and involved aria written for soprano. A fast major-key beginning and end require singing of coloratura passages, and the slow minor-key middle section gives lots of room for expression.

II.

Widmung

Du meine [Seele], du mein Herz,

Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,

Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,

Mein Himmel du, darin ich schwebe,

O du mein Grab, in das hinab

Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,

Du bist [der] Himmel, mir beschieden.

Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,

Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,

Du hebst mich liebend über mich,

Mein guter Geist, mein beßres Ich!

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,

you my bliss, o you my pain,

you the world in which I live;

you my heaven, in which I float,

o you my grave, into which

I eternally cast my grief.

You are rest, you are peace,

you are bestowed upon me from heaven.

That you love me makes me worthy of
you;

your gaze transfigures me;

you raise me lovingly above myself,

my good spirit, my better self!

Der Nußbaum

Es grünet ein Nußbaum vor dem Haus,
Duftig, Luftig
Breitet er blättrig die bletter aus.

Viel liebliche Blüten stehen dran;
Linde Winde
Kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.

Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,
Neigend, Beugend
Zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.

Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein,
[Dächte Nächte,
Tagelang, wüsste], ach! selber nicht was.

Sie flüstern - wer mag verstehn so gar
Leise Weise? -
Flüstern von Bräut'gam und nächstem
Jahr.

Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im
Baum;
Sehnend, Wähnend
Sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

The walnut tree

A walnut tree stands greenly in front of
the house, Fragrantly, and airly
spreading out its leafy branches.

Many lovely blossoms does it bear;
gentle winds
come to caress them.

They whisper, paired two by two,
gracefully inclining
their tender heads to kiss.

They whisper of a maiden
who thinks day and night long
of... but alas! she does not herself know!

They whisper - who can understand
such a soft song? -
they whisper of a bridegroom and coming
year.

The maiden listens, the tree rustles;

yearning, hoping,
she sinks smiling into sleep and dream.

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810- 1856)

Robert Schumann composed *Myrthen*, the 26- song cycle dedicated "to his beloved bride", Clara Weick Schumann in 1840. In "Widmung", the first in the cycle and one of five with texts from the poems of Friedrich Ruckert, Schumann confessed all of his deepest emotions for Clara; his peace, angel, repose, rapture, heart, soul, grave for sorrows, better self and his heaven. In this carefully balanced arrangement of text and music, he revealed the depth of his engagement as a poet-musician. This spirited song contains a few devices which reappeared in his later works, including sweeping keyboard passages and the haunting enharmonic progression. "Der Nussbaum", the 3rd song in the cycle, is notable for its subtle integration of the accompaniment and voice, a technique that composers after him would greatly elaborate on. The poem, by Julius Mosen (1803- 1867) is set over a gentle arpeggio figure, the piano's sole melodic idea both proceeds and succeeds the vocal phrases. Later in the song, in varied form it even becomes a counterpoint to the voice. Within the 26 songs of *Myrthen*, Schumann confronts many of the emotions and concepts that accompany love and marriage creating a splendid outpouring of sublime music for voice and piano.

Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
[Voll]1 Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schlieÙe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz!

You are peace

You are peace,
The mild peace,
You are longing
And what stills it.

I consecrate to you
Full of pleasure and pain
As a dwelling here
My eyes and heart.

Come live with me,
And close
quietly behind you
the gates.

Drive other pain
Out of this breast
May my heart be full
With your pleasure.

The tabernacle of my eyes
by your radiance
alone is illumined,
O fill it completely!

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Franz Schubert was an Austrian composer born on January 31, 1797. Schubert is most remembered as a master of lied, of which he wrote over 600, as well as one of the greatest composers in the romantic era. "Du bist die Ruh" is one of the most famous Schubert lieder. The inner poise, long phrases, and repetition of this transcendental hymn make it one of the most difficult to sing well. The poetry, written by Friederick Ruckert (1788-1866), is in five strophes; the setting by Schubert allows the poem to grow and blossom into the final climactic verse. Though the text of this short poem is quite moving, Schubert's music for it turns the sensuality and sentiment into an almost religious worshipfulness in his rather innocent and idealized view of the text. The theme itself is lovely and gentle, as much classical in spirit as Romantic. The structure of the song and the music itself, which is given the tempo marking of *Langsam* (slowly), is charmingly simple, yet subtle in the marrying of the text to the music. "Ganymed", however, describes the rapture of a young man about to embark on his first deeply loving, sensually and spiritually encompassing relationship. Schubert's movement through the various rhythmic and melodic motive and ever-shifting tonalities serve as an allegory of the journey and transfiguration of the youth, from the shepherd enjoying the sumptuous pleasures of earthly morning to the embraced and embracing lover of a god.

Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein [Herz]¹ drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!

Daß ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich, und schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.

Ich komm', ich komme!
Wohin? Ach, wohin?

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnennden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In eurem Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfängen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!

Ganymede

How in the morning light
you glow around me,
beloved Spring!
With love's thousand-fold bliss,
to my heart presses
the eternal warmth of sacred feelings
and endless beauty!

Would that I could clasp
you in these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie and languish,
and your flowers and your grass
press themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
lovely morning wind!
The nightingale calls
lovingly to me from the misty vale.

I am coming, I am coming!
but whither? To where?

Upwards I strive, upwards!
The clouds float
downwards, the clouds
bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap
upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!

III.

ERNEST AMÉDÉE CHAUSSON (1855-1899)

“*Les Papillons*” was composed on June 6, 1880. The setting of Theophile Gautier’s (1811-1872) poem is the third in a collection of seven songs published as Ernest Chausson’s Opus 2, completed in 1882. Chausson was a French romantic composer born in Paris in January of 1855. He studied under Cesar Franck and Jules Massenet at the Paris conservatory where he was regarded as “an exceptional person and true artist”. “*Les Papillons*” captures the essence of fluttering throughout Chausson’s *melodie*. The regular sixteenth note motion halts only for the recitative-like setting of the final morose line “Fleur de mon âme, et j’y mourrais”.

Les papillons

Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaims sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me [pouvaient]1 prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
À travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais

“Le Colibri”, the seventh song in Chausson’s Opus 2, perfectly captures a dreamy and sensuous garden in which a hummingbird floats in midair. He creates a delicate line, notes that simply float away, and arpeggios that seem to perfectly capture a hummingbird’s movement. The poem’s sense of longing for love are also not lost. Like, “Les Papillons,” “Le Colibri” expires at the beloved's lips - with persuasive elegance.

Le colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans
l'air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide
éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,

Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,

Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

The butterflies

The snow-white butterflies
fly in swarms over the sea.
Beautiful white butterflies, when can I
travel the blue path of the air?

Tell me, oh fairest of the fair,
my dancing-girl with the jet-black eyes -
if they were to lend me their wings,
do you know where I would fly?

Not taking one kiss from the roses,
I'd fly across valleys and forests
to alight on your half-closed lips (oh my
soul's chosen flower!) - and there I'd die.

The hummingbird

The hummingbird, the green prince of
the heights,
feel the dew and seeing the sun's clear
light, shining into his nest of woven grass,
shoots up in the air like a gleaming dart.

Hurriedly he flies to the nearby marsh, the
waves of bamboo rustle and bend,
and the red hibiscus with the heavenly
scent opens to show its moist and glis-
tening heart.

Down to the flower he flies, alights from
above,
and from the rosy cup drinks so much
love that he dies, not knowing if he could
drink.

Even so, my darling, on your pure lips
my soul and senses would have wished
to die
on contact with that first full-fragrant kiss.

REYNALDO HAHN (1874-1947)

Reynaldo Hahn, a Venezuelan, naturalized French, was the youngest of twelve children and a child prodigy. He began composing at the age of 8. He attended

the Paris Conservatoire at the age of ten, where his education laid the foundation for his musical identity. Based on a poem by the French great writer Paul Verlaine, "L'heure exquise" (The exquisite hour) is one of the best known songs of Reynaldo Hahn. Published in 1892, it is the fifth of a group of seven songs entitled Chansons grises (Gray songs). The composer perfectly captures the image of a moon-drenched evening when lovers come together to share "the exquisite hour." The delicate melody line requires the utmost vocal control on the part of the singer and the ability to spin floating high notes at the end of each verse.

L'heure exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois ;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô 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 woods.
From each branch
springs a voice
beneath the arbor.

Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror
the pond reflects
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind weeps.

Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender
calm
seems to descend
from a sky
made iridescent by the moon.

It is the exquisite hour!

V.

JOHN JACOB NILES (1892-1980)

John Jacob Niles was born in Louisville, Kentucky on April 28, 1892. There he learned music theory from his mother, and began writing down folk music as a teenager. He became a serious student of Appalachian folk music by transcribing traditional songs. After serving in the U.S. Army Air Service during World War I, he studied music in France at the Schola Cantorum in Paris. Returning to the United States in 1920, he continued his studies at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. In 1925, he moved to New York City and held various jobs in the entertainment industry. "The Lotus Bloom" is Niles' arrangement of a Traditional Chinese Folk Song; it is marked slowly, with resignation. The interpretively demanding vocal lines sustain long high notes while the accompaniment remains sparse and desolate. The final chords ascend to beg the question "What is there left?"

When Hearts are turned,
To filaments of sand,
What is there left?

The lotus blooms are tattered in the dust,
The stream is dry,
The wind is stifled in the summers rust,
Clouds shred the sky.

The lute is listless in the troubled hand,
The pen is cleft,
When hearts are turned to filaments of sand,
What is there left?

HARRY THACKER BURLEIGH (1866-1949)

"Till I Wake" is the fifth and final song from the cycle "Five Songs of Laurence Hope" by Harry Thacker Burleigh. A classically trained baritone and African American composer, "Harry" Burleigh published his own arrangements of art songs and became an advocate of providing black music to classically trained artists. He was born in Erie, Pennsylvania in December of 1866; with the aid of a scholarship, Burleigh was accepted into the prestigious National Conservatory of Music in New York. "Till I Wake", published in 1915, is an original poem by Adela Florence Nicolson who wrote under the pseudonym Laurence Hope. The song depicts the clear and seamless melding of spiritual and classical art song. The detailed accompaniment supplies a stable foundation to a haunting melody that strikes at the heart of Nicolson's poem.

When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop
In the wind from the south;
So I may when I wake - if there be an awakening -
Keep what lulled me to sleep -
The touch of your lips on my mouth

AMY MARCY BEACH (1867-1944)

"Ah, Love, But a Day" is the second song in Amy Marcy Beach's Three Browning Songs, op. 44. Amy Beach was born a child prodigy in Henniker, New Hampshire to a distinguished family. Beach was self-taught, and made her professional debut in Boston in 1883. Her marriage to a well-established doctor limited her to perform once a year until his death in 1910 where she then spent three years touring Europe playing her own compositions. She wrote many piano, choral, and chamber pieces, but is most remembered for her songs. Perhaps correlating to the dark subject matter of the poem, "Ah, Love, but a Day!" lacks any clear structure or form, relying solely on the text to drive it forward. "the text is a passage from James

Lee's Wife, a poem by Browning, which focuses on unfulfilled love. Beach's setting begins in a minor key but ends in a major key, which may indicate coming to terms with the subject matter." The meter and rhythm changes highlight the singer's insecurity and mild desperation as she questions her future. Wavering melodies are used that feature recurring motifs and a mixture of simple and complex harmonies.

Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed!
The sun's away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged;
Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?

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