

3-6-2011

## Senior Recital

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*Chapman University*

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### Recommended Citation

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A Senior Recital featuring

# Efrain Solís

Dr. Cheryl Lin Fielding, piano



March 6th, 2011  
5:00 p.m.  
Salmon Recital Hall

Program

I

An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98  
Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend  
Wo die Berge so blau  
Leichte Segler in den Höhen  
Diese Wolken in den Höhen  
Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au  
Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

II

Three songs on James Joyce poems, Op. 10  
Rain has fallen  
Sleep now  
I hear an army

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

Intermission

III

Chansons Gaillardes  
La maîtresse volage  
Chanson à boire  
Madrigal  
Invocation aux Parques  
Couplets bachiques  
L'offrande  
Serenade  
La Belle Jeunesse

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

IV

Болеро  
Клубится волною кипучею Кур, Op. 34 no. 9  
В молчаньи ночи тайной, Op. 4 no. 3

Михаил Иванович Глинка  
(1804-1857)  
Антон Рубинштейн  
(1829-1894)  
Сергей Рахманинов  
(1873-1943)

This Recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirement for a Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance. Mr. Solís is a student of Peter Atherton.

Program Notes

Ludwig Van Beethoven (1770-1827)

An die ferne Geliebte (To the distant beloved), Op. 98

Beethoven's only song cycle, An die ferne Geliebte, is known to be the first and most complete of all song cycles. The poetry was written by Alois Jeitteles and was given to Beethoven by the poet himself. It is said that Beethoven wrote this cycle upon reflecting on his relationship with the wife of his good friend, deepening the intensely personal meaning of the piece. The poetry is not extravagant, but the simplistic and heartfelt melodies set up Jeitteles' poetry beautifully, and the piano connects one song to the next seamlessly, something that had never been done before. Ultimately Beethoven opened the door for future composers, such as Schubert and Schumann, to take German lieder to new heights.

**Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend**

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend  
In das blaue Nebelland,  
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,  
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,  
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal

Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,  
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,  
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,  
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen  
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,

Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?  
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,  
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

**On the hill sit I, peering**

On the hill sit I, peering  
Into the blue, hazy land,  
Toward the far away pastures  
Where I you, beloved, found.

Far am I, from you, parted,  
Separating us are hill and  
valley

Between us and our peace,  
Our happiness and our sorrow.

Ah! The look can you not see,  
That to you so ardently rushes,  
And the sighs, they blow away  
In the space that separates us.

Will then nothing more be able  
to reach you

Nothing be messenger of love?  
I will sing, sing songs,  
That to you speak of my pain!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht

Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

**Wo die Berge so blau**

Wo die Berge so blau  
Aus dem nebligen Grau  
Schauen herein,  
Wo die Sonne verglüht,  
Wo die Wolke umzieht,  
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal  
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.  
Wo im Gestein  
Still die Primel dort sinnt,  
Weht so leise der Wind,  
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald  
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,  
Innere Pein.  
Ach, mich zög's nicht von  
hier,  
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir  
Ewiglich sein!

**Leichte Segler in den Höhen**

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,  
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,

Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,  
Grüsst sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen  
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,  
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen  
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

For before the sound of love  
escapes  
every space and every time,  
And a loving heart reaches,  
What a loving heart has  
consecrated!

**Where the mountains so blue**

Where the mountains so blue  
Out of the foggy gray  
Look down,  
Where the sun dies,  
Where the cloud encircles,  
I wish I were there!

There is the restful valley  
Stilled are suffering and sorrow  
Where in the rock  
Quietly the primrose meditates,  
Blows so lightly the wind,  
I wish I were there!

There to the thoughtful wood  
The power of love pushes me,  
Inward sorrow,  
Ah! This moves me not from  
here,  
Could I, dear, by you  
Eternally be!

**Light veils in the heights**

Light veils in the heights,  
And you, little brook, small  
and narrow,  
Should my love spot you,  
Greet her, from me, many  
thousand times.

See you, clouds, her go then,  
Meditating in the quiet valley,  
Let my image stand before her  
In the airy heavenly hall.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,  
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.

Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,

Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen  
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl  
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen  
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.  
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,

Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,

Treu in deinen Wogen sehen  
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

**Diese Wolken in den Höhen**

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,  
Dieser Vöglein munterer Zug,  
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.  
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen  
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,

In den seidnen Locken wühlen.  
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln  
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.  
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,  
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

If she near the bushes stands,  
Now that autumn is faded and  
leafless,  
Lament to her, what has  
happened to me,  
Lament to her, little birds, my  
suffering!

Quiet west, bring in the wind  
To my heart's chosen one  
My sighs, that pass  
As the last ray of the sun.  
Whisper to her of my love's  
imploing,  
Let her, little brook, small and  
narrow,  
Truly, in your waves see  
My tears without number!

**These clouds in the heights**

These clouds in the heights,  
These birds gaily passing,  
Will see you, my beloved.  
Take me with you on your light  
flight!

These west winds will play  
Joking with you about your  
cheek and breast

In the silky curls will dig.  
I share with you this pleasure!

There to you from this hill  
Busily, the little brook hurries.  
If your image is reflected in it,  
Flow back without delay!

**Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au**

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,  
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,  
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret  
zum wirtlichen Dach,  
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich  
Gemach,  
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig von  
kreuz und von quer  
Manch weicheres Stück zu dem  
Brautbett hieher,  
Manch wärmendes Stück für die  
Kleinen.

Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen  
so treu,  
Was Winter geschieden, verband  
nun der Mai,  
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au.  
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.  
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.

Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling  
vereint,  
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint,  
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

**May returns, the meadow  
blooms**

May returns, the meadow  
blooms,  
The breezes they blow so  
softly, so mildly,  
Chattering, the brooks now run.

The swallow, that returns to  
her hospitable roof  
She builds, so busily, her bridal  
chamber,  
Love must dwell there.

She brings, so busily,  
from all directions,  
Many soft pieces for the bridal  
bed  
Many warm pieces for the little  
ones.

Now live the couple together so  
faithfully,  
What winter has separated is  
united by May,  
What loves, that he knows how  
to unite.

May returns, the meadow  
blooms,  
The breezes they blow so  
softly, so mildly,  
Only I cannot go away from  
here.

When all that loves, the spring  
unites,  
Only to our love no spring  
appears,  
And tears are our only  
consolation.

**Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder**

Nimm sie hin denn, diese  
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,  
Singe sie dann abends wieder

Zu der Laute süßem Klang.

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann zieht

Nach dem stillen blauen  
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet  
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,

Was mir aus der vollen Brust  
ohne Kunstgepräg erklingen,  
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht  
Was geschieden uns so weit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

**Take, then, these songs**

Lieder, Take, then, these songs,  
That I to you, beloved, sang,  
Sing them again in the  
evenings

To the sweet sounds of the lute!

When the red twilight then  
moves

See, toward the calm, blue lake,  
And the last ray dies  
behind that hilltop;

And you sing, what I have  
sung,

What I, from my full heart,  
Artlessly have sounded,  
Only aware of its longings.

For before these songs yields,  
What separates us so far,  
And a loving heart reaches  
For what a loving heart has  
consecrated.

### Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

#### Three Songs on James Joyce Poems, Op. 10

Barber is known as one of the greatest American composers of his generation. His lyric style of composition was very text driven. This set consists of his three most famous settings of James Joyce's poems. Both the pianist and singer are equally responsible for painting the images that the poetry and music form. Consequently, the climax in "Rain has fallen" is not even in the vocal line, but in the piano part. "Sleep now" provides a more introspective and sentimental layer to the set, while "I hear an army" releases a rage and fury concluded by an outcry of longing and despair.

#### **Rain has fallen**

Rain has fallen all the day.  
O come among the laden trees:  
The leaves lie thick upon the way  
Of mem'ries.  
Staying a little by the way  
Of mem'ries shall we depart.  
Come, my beloved, where I may  
Speak to your heart.

#### **I hear an army**

I hear an army charging upon the land,  
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:  
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,  
Disdaining the reins, with flutt'ring whips, the charioteers.  
They cry unto the night their battlename:  
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.  
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,  
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.  
They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:  
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.  
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?  
My love, my love, why have you left me alone?

#### **Sleep Now**

Sleep now, O sleep now,  
O you unquiet heart!  
A voice crying "Sleep now"  
Is heard in my heart.  
The voice of the winter  
Is heard at the door.  
O sleep, for the winter  
Is crying "Sleep no more."  
My kiss will give peace now  
And quiet to your heart -  
Sleep on in peace now,  
O you unquiet heart!

### Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

#### Chansons Gaillardes (Ribald Songs)

Francis Poulenc, possessor of one of the most distinct writing styles of his time, is known as the last prolific composer of the French *mélodie*. *Chansons Gaillardes* was the fourth song cycle Poulenc wrote. Poulenc stated in his *Journal de mes mélodies* (Diary of My Songs), "I am fond of this collection where I tried to show that outright obscenity can adapt itself to music...The accompaniments are very difficult but well written, I think."

#### **La maîtresse volage**

Ma maîtresse est volage,  
Mon rival est heureux;  
S'il a son pucelage,  
C'est qu'elle en avait deux.  
Et vogue la galère,  
Tant qu'elle pourra voguer

#### **Chanson à boire**

Les rois d'Egypte et de Syrie,  
Voulaient qu'on embaumât leurs corps,  
Pour durer plus longtemps morts.  
Quelle folie!

Buvons donc selon notre envie,

Il faut boire et reboire encore.

Buvons donc toute notre vie,  
Embaumons-nous avant la mort.

Embaumons-nous;  
Que ce baume est doux.

#### **The fickle mistress**

My mistress is fickle  
My rival is fortunate:  
If he has her virginity,  
She must have had two.  
Let's chance our luck  
as long as it will last.

#### **Drinking song**

The kings of Egypt and Syria  
Wanted that their bodies should  
be embalmed  
So to last, a long time, dead.  
What folly!

Let's drink then according to  
our desire.

We must drink and redrink  
again.

Let's drink then all our life,  
Embalm ourselves before  
death.

Let's embalm ourselves;  
For this balm is sweet!

### Madrigal

Vous êtes belle come un ange,  
Douce comme un petit mouton;  
Il n'est point de coeur, Jeanneton,  
Qui sous votre loi ne se range.

Mais une fille sans têtions  
Est une perdrix sans orange.

### Invocation aux Parques

Je jure, tant que je vivrai,  
De vous aimer, Sylvie.  
Parques, qui dans vos mains tenez Fates,  
Le fil de notre vie,  
Allongez, tant que vous pourrez,  
Le mien, je vous en prie.

### Couplets bachiques

Je suis tant que dure le jour  
Et grave et badin tour à tour.

Quand je vois un flacon sans vin,

Je suis grave, je suis grave,  
Est-il tout plein, je suis badin.

Quand ma femme tient au lit,  
Je suis sage, je suis sage,

Quand ma femmme tient au lit  
Je suis sage toute la nuit.

Si catin au lit me tient  
Alors je suis badin  
Ah! belle hôtesse, versez-moi du vin Ah!

Je suis badin, badin, badin.

### Madrigal

You are as beautiful as an  
angel,  
Sweet as a little lamb;  
There is no heart, Jeanette,  
Who doesn't submit to your  
charms,  
But a girl without tits  
Is a partridge without orange.

### Invocation of the fates

I swear, as long as I live,  
to love Sylvie;  
who hold in your hands  
The thread of our life,  
Elongate, as long as you can,  
Mine, I pray to you.

### Bacchic couplets

I am as long as the day lasts  
And sad and playful each in its  
turn.

When I see a flask without  
wine,

I am sad, I am sad;  
Is it all full? I am merry.

When my wife takes me to bed,  
I am well-behaved, I am well-  
behaved;

When my wife takes me to bed,  
I am well-behaved the whole  
night.

If a wench takes me to bed,  
Then I am merry.  
Beautiful hostess, pour me  
some wine,  
I am merry, merry, merry.

### L'offrande

Au dieu d'Amour une pucelle  
Offrit un jour une chandelle,  
Pour en obtenir un amant.  
Le dieu sourit de sa demande  
Et lui dit: Belle en attendant

Servez-vous toujours de l'offrande.

### Sérénade

Avec une si belle main,  
Que servent tant de charmes,  
Que vous tenez du dieu malin,  
Bien manier les armes.  
Et quand cet Enfant est chagrin  
Bien essuyer ses larmes.

### La belle jeunesse

Il faut s'aimer toujours  
Et ne s'épouser guère.  
Il faut faire l'amour  
Sans curé ni notaire.  
Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,

Ne visez qu'aux tirelires,  
Ne visez qu'aux tourelours,

Cessez, messieurs, d'être  
épouseurs, épouseurs,  
Ne visez qu'aux coeurs

Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,

Holà messieurs, ne visez plus  
qu'aux coeurs.

### The offering

To the god of love, a virgin  
Offers one day a candle,  
Hoping to obtain a lover.  
The god smiled at her request,  
And said to her: Beautiful,  
while waiting  
You can always use the  
candle..."

### Serenade

With a hand so beautiful,  
That offers so many charms,  
That you must, God knows,  
Handle a weapon well!  
And when that infant is sad,  
Wipe well its tears.

### The beauty of youth

You should love always  
and hardly ever marry.  
You should make love  
without priest or notary.  
Cease, good Sirs, to be  
marrying men,

Aim only for the cashboxes;  
aim only for the turrets.

Cease, good Sirs, to be  
marrying men,  
Aim only for the hearts.

Cease, good Sirs, to be  
marrying men,

Enough, good Sirs, only aim at  
the hearts.

### Three Russian Romances

Russian romances are among the most beautiful songs, and equally the melodies are inordinately passionate and daring. These three romances accentuate some of the primary attributes of Russian song. The "Boléro" and "V molchanii nochi taj noi" demonstrate the European influence on Russian music, while "Klubitsia volnoju" shows the realist aspects that define Russian song.

#### Болеро

О дева чудная моя,  
Твоей любовью счастлив я!  
Припав челом к моей груди  
В немом восторге таешь ты.

Так много пламени в очах!  
Так много неги на устах!  
Трепещет грудь, ты вся дрожишь.

Без слов ты клятвы мне даришь.

Лобзанье длится без речей.

Я пью восторг любви твоей  
В невозмутимой тишине.  
Но если ты изменишь мне...

О дева бедная моя!  
И дик и мрачен буду я,  
И бурю смерти подыму  
Тебе и другу твоему!

Дымится кровь, несётся крик,

А я к устам твоим приник,  
Я рву последний звук речей,

Последний взор твоих очей.

Любви крылатые мечты,

#### Bolero

Oh wonderful girl of mine,  
How happy is my love for you!  
Your brow lies on my breast  
Sinking in silent ecstasy.

Oh, the burning in your eyes!  
Oh, the passion on your lips!  
Your trembling breast...  
all aquiver

You need no words as you give  
me your caresses.

Our lingering kiss is beyond  
words.

I devour you loving delight  
In silence and stillness.  
But if you are ever unfaithful

Oh, wretched girl of mine!  
My dark rage  
Shall deal death  
To you and him together.

In streaming blood and  
screaming,

Pressing upon her lips,  
I'll strip from the your last  
sound,

And tear the last glance from  
your eye

All of these are dreams

Тебе и другу твоему!

Дымится кровь, несётся крик,

А я к устам твоим приник,  
Я рву последний звук речей,

Последний взор твоих очей.

Любви крылатые мечты,  
Надежды, счастье - всё прости;

Я видел вас в коварном сне,  
Но нет - ты не изменишь мне.

#### Клубится волною кипучею Кур

Клубится волною кипучею Кур,

восходит дневное светило;  
как весело сердцу, душе как легко!

О, если б навеки так было!

Кубок полон мой, я впиваю с вином

и бодрость, и радость, и силу;  
ослепляет меня чудный блеск очей,

О! если б навеки так было!

Если хочешь ты, чтоб душа моя  
всю любовь в твои очи излила,  
скорей приходи же, темно в ночи,

О! если б навеки так было!

To you and him together.

In streaming blood and  
screaming,  
Pressing upon her lips,  
I'll strip from the your last  
sound,

And tear the last glance from  
your eye

All of these are dreams  
Of hope and happiness; You  
must forgive me  
I have dreamt of you in blood,  
But no, you'll never be  
unfaithful.

#### The turbulent water of Kir

The turbulent waters Kir are  
swirling,

Light giving sun is rising;  
How happy is my heart,  
How full of light is the soul!  
O, if it could be like this  
forever!

My goblet is full, I drink with  
wine cheerfulness,  
gladness, and strength;  
The bewitching brilliance of  
your eyes healing me.

O, if it could be like this  
forever!

If you wish my soul to pour  
all its love into your eyes,  
Come quickly,  
For the night is dark.  
O, if it could be like this  
forever!



**В молчаньи ночи тайной**

О, долго буду я,  
в молчаньи ночи тайной,

Коварный лепет твой, улыбку,  
взор случайный,  
Перстам послушную волос  
густую прядь,  
Из мыслей изгонять, и

снова призывать;

Шептать и поправлять  
былые выраженья

Речей моих с тобой,  
исполненных смущенья,

И в опьянении, наперекор уму,

Заветным именем будить  
ночную мглу.

**In the silence of the  
mysterious night**

Oh, how long will I,  
in the silence of the  
mysterious night,  
your alluring babble,  
smiles and glances,  
your fleeting glances, the  
locks of your rich hair,  
I will long be trying to get rid  
of the images  
only to call them back again;

I will be repeating and  
correcting in a  
whisper

The words I've told you, the  
words full of  
awkwardness,  
and, drunk with love, contrary  
to reason,

I will be awakening the night's  
darkness with a  
cherished name

**Thank You!**

I would like to thank so many people for helping me get this far, but I only have one page so here goes!

Thank you to my family for being here and putting up with my "screaming" all the time at home. I promise that screaming will pay the bills someday, hopefully.

**Jeanette and Anne-Marie**, the greatest duo I know! Without the both of you I would have stayed a troublemaker all throughout high school, and probably still be one now. Thank you for exposing me to this world of music and the ability to express myself through it. You are the reason I do this!

**Cheryl**, you are one of the most amazing people I know. Such a wonderful soul you have! Thank you for opening my eyes to so many wonderful ideas and feelings, through music and life! Thank you for all you've taught me in these few years. Collaborating with you always feels right and I hope this will be the first of many more recitals together.

So many people have influenced me during my time here at Chapman: **Dr. Hall, Daniel Wachs, Carol Neblett, Louise Thomas, Kristina Driskill, Joe Modica, Rick Christopherson, Margaret Dehning, Dr. Coker, Vladimir Chernov**, I could keep going for a while! Thank you to the Conservatory Faculty for always being willing to share their experiences and allowing this opera geek to learn as much as he could from all of you.

The one person who truly opened my eyes to opera, and helped me realize that opera was not so out reach for a kid like me, was **Andrea Lopez** (Flores now). If it weren't for you, Andrea, I wouldn't have requested such an amazing teacher and mentor. Peter and I fit so well together and I would have been lost these last four years without him.

Speaking of...**Peter**, you have been a mentor, father figure, and inspiration these last four years. I feel so blessed to have you in my life, as a voice teacher and so much more. Words cannot express the gratitude and respect that I have for you. You have gone above and beyond your requirements as a voice teacher, and I can't thank you enough for all the opportunities you've given me. For always challenging me and believing in me, thank you!

Last, but most certainly not least, thank you to all my friends! Especially my rocks: **Allie, Kalena, and Johannes**. I would not have made it this far without any of you. Thank you to **the Gang** (you know who you are) and my **high school friends** for keeping things exciting and helping me understand that you can't take everything too seriously. Thank you **Simon** for being such an awesome bff! **Brittany and Pam**, thank you so much for helping make this recital happen – it means the world to me!

And thank you all for coming today!