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Senior Recital

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CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY
School of Music

presents a

Senior Recital

Skye E. O'Neil, soprano

with

Tania Fleischer, piano

Gina Vanides, clarinet

and

Joshua Mikus-Mahoney, cello

April 14, 1996
8:00 P.M. • Salmon Recital Hall

Program

I

Intorno all 'idol mio (Giacinto Andrea Cicognini) *Antonio Cesti*
(1623-1669)
Cara, cara e dolce *Alessandro Scarlatti*
(1660-1725)

II

Strike the Viol *Henry Purcell*
Music for a While (1659-1695)
from *Oedipus*
I Attempt from Love's Sickness
from *The Indian Queen*
Tania Fleischer, harpsichord
Joshua Mikus-Mahoney, cello

III

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, op. 129 *Franz Schubert*
(Müller and von Chézy) (1797-1828)
Gina Vanides, clarinet

IV

The Trees on the Mountains are Cold and Bare *Carlisle Floyd*
from *Susannah* (b. 1926)

Intermission

34' 15"

V

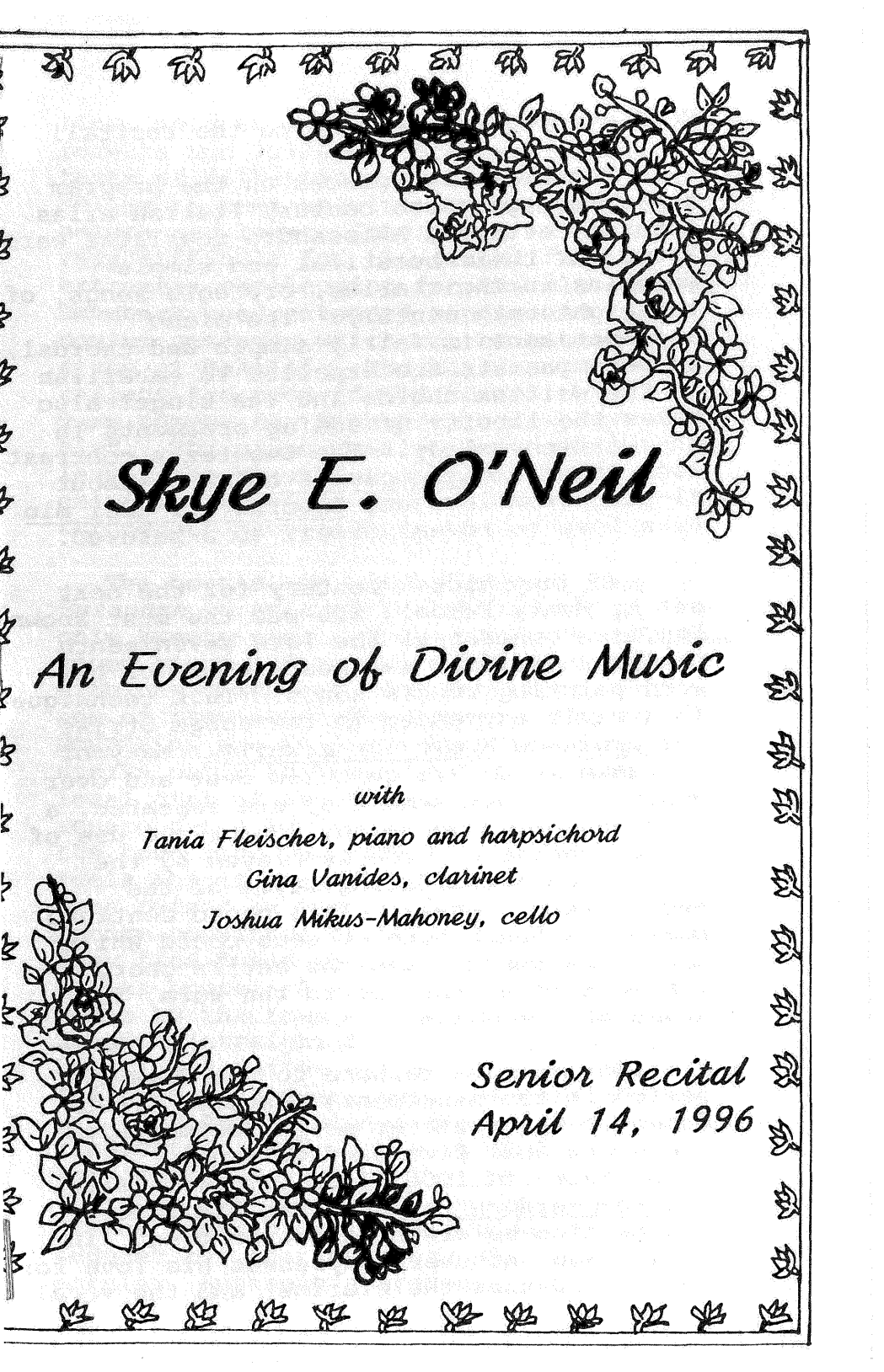
La Courte Paille (Maurice Careme)
Le Sommeil
Quelle Aventure!
La Reine de coer
Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu
Les Anges musiciens
Le Carafon
Lune d'Avril

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

VI

A Nun Takes the Veil (Gerard Manley Hopkins)
Op. 13, No. 1
Nocturne (Frederic Proiksch), No. 4
Sure On This Shining Night (James Agee), No. 3
Secrets of the Old (W.B. Yeats), No. 2

Samuel Barber
(1910-1980)



Skye E. O'Neil

An Evening of Divine Music

with

Tania Fleischer, piano and harpsichord

Gina Vanides, clarinet

Joshua Mikus-Mahoney, cello

Senior Recital

April 14, 1996

Good evening and welcome to the recital!

The first two pieces on the program are from eighteenth century Italian arias. Antonio Cesti and Alessandro Scarlatti were known for their beautiful and simple melodies in their arias, or, solo songs, of the eighteenth century. The piano accompaniment is fairly simple and chordal as accompanists are expected to embellish on the written chords and the singer also takes the liberty of adding ornaments in the written melody. The two texts contrast each other. Cara, cara e dolce is about fleeing from love and Intorno all'idolo asks love to reveal itself to a beloved.

We jump back a century for the next set by Henry Purcell who was the most known English composer of the late seventeenth century. Purcell was best known for his word painting in his songs. This technique is greatly expressed in the songs Strike the Viol and Music for a While. Many of the same words are repeated over and over again, and each time they are repeated, a different mood is heard. Purcell's use of basso continuo, which is played by the cello, was a dominating style of the seventeenth century. This basso continuo plays the tonic note of each chord while the harpsichord plays the entire chord, making a nice contrast to the warm, full sound of the cello.

Now we move forward to the Romantic period in the nineteenth century. Franz Schubert was a master at the German Lied and wrote over five hundred songs throughout his life of thirty-five years. The Shepherd on the Rock was his last composition he wrote before he died. In this piece, Schubert expresses his love for nature and uses the clarinet and the vocal

lines to echo each other on the wonder of forests and valleys. Schubert combined the texts of Wilhelmine von Chézy and Wilhelm Müller to come up with his own beliefs of nature and love. This piece is not only very difficult for the singer, but is also extremely challenging for the clarinetist. Schubert used extended ranges and fast moving passages which can be linked to the style of Rossini. The keys in this work reflect the mood of the text, which was very common for Schubert to display in his Lied. The piano remains very chordal, and leaves the beautiful melodies for the clarinet and voice as they entwine together throughout the piece.

The next piece, from Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah*, premiered in 1955 when Floyd was only twenty-nine. *Susannah* is Floyd's best known opera and he began it's composition with the character, Susannah's, two arias, one of them being The Trees on the Mountains are Cold and Bare. The opera starts out with Susannah Polk, a young local girl of about seventeen, at a local square dance in Tennessee. The elders of the town find her beauty shameless and feels she is headed for sin since she has been raised by her drunken brother. They become convinced of their accusations when they find Susannah bathing nude in a creek by her house. A new minister, Olin Blicht comes to the town and decides to set Susannah straight from her "scandalous behavior." After his numerous attempts and failures to convert her, Reverend Blicht visits Susannah at her house, where she remembers a folk-like song that reflects her loneliness and sorrow, which is: The Trees on the Mountains are Cold and Bare. Blicht finds himself very drawn to her and seduces her that evening. The next morning, Susannah's brother, Sam finds out

about what Blitch did to his sister and runs out to find Blitch and shoot him. Susannah is left on her porch to face the loneliness of the exile she has created.

After the sorrowful aria of Susannah, we next move on to the extreme humor and nonsense of Fransis Poulenc. Poulenc composed during the Post-Impressionism period, which thrived on pieces that were short in length and right to the point, unlike the style during the Impressionistic period which consisted of rather lengthy pieces. Many of Poulenc's songs are very short, including his song cycle, La Courte Paille. The text is written by Maurice Carême, and is a little outlandish. The set alternates with a slow piece, and then a fast, short piece. Each song is no longer than three pages long, and the set of seven songs only takes about ten minutes to perform! These songs are very enjoyable and remind me of child's wild imagination.

The last set on the program is a group of songs by Samuel Barber who was a twentieth century composer and died in 1981. He was known as a Neo-Romantic composer who loved writing pieces with rich, harmonic textures and lavish melodies which was the popular style of the Romantic period. Barber has his own personal harmonic style, though. He wrote music with techniques of twentieth century dissonance, and used a variety of keys as well as moving into free tonality. While listening to Barber's Op. 13, listen for the beautiful washes of sound he writes for the piano, and hear the intricate counterpoint between the vocal line and the piano. His songs speak for themselves, so enjoy all the wonderful colors on his musical palate.

I would like to thank all of my wonderful friends for all of their support and encouragement along with all of my fantastic teachers I have had here at Chapman for the past four years. You have all helped me grow musically and have opened my mind to all the divine aspects of music. I would like to give a special thanks to my best friends, Charlanne, whom I wish could be here tonight, Terri, Jennifer, Anna and David. Thank you, Gina, for your wonderful playing on the clarinet and your support and friendship, and to Josh for a fantastic performance on the cello. You are both exquisite musicians. Without all of these incredible friends, I wouldn't be where I am today.

A very special thanks to Tania Fleischer, who has taught me to love and devour music until each piece has become a part of me, and to my outstanding teacher and friend, Lynn Cole-Adcock, whose undying support has made me a better believer in myself as well as a better singer and performer. You both have taught me so much, I can't even express my eternal gratitude to you.

Thank you to my parents and grandparents for putting up with me throughout my life and for always believing in me and my choices in life. Also, Thank you, Mom for all of the beautiful receptions, especially this one. And, thank you, Grandma, for all of your help and support.

Thank you all for coming to my recital tonight, and please come to the reception following the recital in the Humanities Lounge, Wilkinson Hall.

Cara, cara e Dolce
Dear, dear and sweet

Dear and sweet liberty
console my spirit;
it no longer lives in servitude
my heart will free itself.

Fly, flee then alone, flee then from me.
Make the God of love retreat.
My heart is already free
if the foot has no more snares.

Intorno all'idol mio
Around my Beloved
text by Giacinto Andrea Cicognini

Around my beloved, breathe gently,
sweet and pleasing breezes,
and kiss his dear cheeks, courteous
breezes.
Pleasant dreams, visit my beloved,
who reposes on wings of quietness.
Visions of love,
reveal my hidden love to him on my behalf.

Strike the Viol

Strike the Viol,
Touch the Lute,
Wake the Harp,
Inspire the Flute.
Sing your Patronesse's Praise,
Sing in cheerful and harmonious Lays.

Music for a while

Music for a while,
shall all your cares beguile.
Wondering how your pains were eased,
and disdaining to be pleased,
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands.
Till the snakes drop from her head

And the whip from out her hands.
Music for a while,
shall all your cares beguile.

I attempt from Love's sickness

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in
vain,
since I am myself my own fever and pain.
No more now, fond heart,
with pride no more swell,
Thou canst not raise forces enough to
rebel.
For Love has more power and less mercy than
fate.
To make us seek ruin and on those that
hate.

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

The Shepherd on the Rock

*Text by Wilhelm Müller and Wilhelmine Von
Chézy*

When I stand on the highest rock,
I look down deep into the valley and sing.
Far from the deep, dark valley,
the echo swings itself off the cliffs.
The further my voice penetrates,
the brighter it sounds back to me from
below.
My sweetheart dwells so far from me,
I long so warmly for her yonder!
The further my voice penetrates,
the louder it sounds back to me from below.

I consume myself on deep sorrow.
The joy is gone from me.
Oh earth, for me, the hope is vanished.
I am so lonely here.
The song sounded so longing in the forest.
So longing it sounded through the night.
The heart is drawn to heaven with wondrous
might.

The spring will come, the spring , my joy.
I will now make myself ready for prepared
wandering.

The further my voice penetrates,
the louder it sounds back to me.

"The Trees on the Mountains are Cold and
Bare"

The trees on the mountains are cold and
bare.

The summer jes' vanished an' left them
there

like a false hearted lover jes' like my own
who made me love him,
then left me alone.

The coals on the hearth have turned grey
and sere.

The blue flame jes' vanished an' left them
there,

like a false hearted lover jes' like my own
who made me love him, then left me alone.

Come back, O summer, come back, blue flame!

My heart wants warmin', my baby a name.

Come back, O lover, if jes' fer a day.

Turn bleak December once more into May.

The road up ahead lies lonely an' far.

There's darkness around me an' not even a
star to show me the way or lighten my
heart.

Come back, my lover, I fain would start.

The pore baby fox lies all cold in his
lair.

His mama jes' vanished an' left him there,
like a false-hearted lover,

jes' like my own,
who made me love him,
then left me alone.

Come back, O summer, come back, blue flame!

My heart wants warmin',

my baby a name,

Come back, O lover, if jes' fer a day.

Turn bleak December once more into May.
Come back!

La Courte Paille

The Short Straw

text by Maurice Carême

I. Le sommeil

Sleep

Sleep has gone on a voyage,
My God! where can it have got to?
I have rocked my little one in vain,
he is crying in his cot,
he has been crying ever since noon.
Where has sleep put its sand and its gentle
dreams?

I have rocked my little one in vain;
he tosses and turns perspiring, he sobs in
his bed.

Ah! Come back, come back sleep,
on your race horse!

In the dark sky, the Grand Bear has buried
the sun

and rekindled his bees.

If baby does not sleep well,
he will not say good day,

he will not have anything to say

to his fingers, to the milk,

to the bread that greet him in the morning.

II. Quelle aventure!

What Goings-On!

A flea in its carriage, was pulling a
little elephant along
gazing at the shop windows where diamonds
were sparkling.

My God! What goings on?

Who will believe me if I tell them?

The little elephant was absent mindedly
sucking a pot of jam.

But the flea took no notice and went on
pulling with a smile.

My God! If this goes on, I shall really

think I am mad!

Suddenly, along by a fence, the flea
disappeared in the wind
and I saw the young elephant make off,
breaking through the walls
My God! It is perfectly true, but how shall
I tell Mommy?

III. La reine de coeur

The Queen of Hearts

Gently leaning on her elbow at her moon
windows,
the Queen waves to you with a flower of the
almond tree.

She is the Queen of hearts.

She can, if she wishes, lead you in secret
to strange dwellings
where there are no more doors, no rooms nor
towers
and where the young who are dead come to
speak of love.

The queen waves to you;
hasten to follow her into her castle of
hoar-frost
with the lovely moon windows.

IV. Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu

Bah, buh, bee, boh, bew, bay!

The cat has put on his boots,
he goes from door to door playing, dancing,
dancing, singing.

Louse, cabbage, knee, owl.

"You must learn to read, to count, to
write,"

They cry to him on all sides.

But, ricketiketau,

the cat bursts out laughing as he goes back
to the castle:

he is Puss in Boots!...

V. Les anges musiciens

The Angel Musicians

On the threads of the rain,
the Thursday angels play all day upon the harp.
And beneath their fingers, Mozart tinkles
deliciously,
in drops of blue joy
for it is always Mozart that is repeated
endlessly
by the angel musicians
who, all day Thursday,
sing on their harps the sweetness of the
rain.

VI. Le carafon

The Little Carafe

"Why, complained the carafe, should I not
have a baby carafe?
At the zoo, madame, the giraffe, has she
not a baby giraffe?"
A sorcerer who happened to be passing by
astride a phonograph,
recorded the lovely soprano voice of the
carafe
and let Merlin hear it.
"Very Good, he said, very good!"
He clapped his hands three times
and the lady of the house still asks
herself
why she found that morning, a pretty little
baby carafe nestling close to the carafe
just as in the zoo, the baby giraffe rests
its long, fragile neck
against the pale flank of the giraffe.

VII. Lune d'Avril

April Moon

Moon, beautiful moon, April moon,
let me see in my sleep the peach tree with
the saffron heart
the fish who laughs at the sleet,
the bird who, distant as a hunting horn,
gently awakens the dead,
and above all, above all the land where

there is joy,
where there is light, where sunny with
primroses,
all the guns have been destroyed.
Moon, beautiful moon, April moon.

A Nun Takes the Veil

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided
hail
And a few lilies blow.
And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the haven's
dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

Sure on this shining night

Sure on this shining night
Of star made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed,
all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Nocturne

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,
Waves across these hopeless sands

Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.
Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow.
Northward flames Orion's horn,
Westward the Egyptian light.
None to watch us,
none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

Secrets of the Old

I have old women's secrets now
That had those of the young;
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong,
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song.
Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb
If thrown in Madge's way,
We three make up a solitude;
For none alive today
Can know the stories that we know
Or say the things we say:
How such a man pleased women most
Of all that are gone,
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one,
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down.