



presents

Junior Recital

**Madeline Scott,
soprano**

Brenda Brent, piano



Friday, December 7, 2012
6:00 p.m.

Music Building Recital Hall
Fifty-fifth Concert of the 2012-2013 Season

Kennesaw State University
School of Music
Music Building Recital Hall
December 7, 2012

I.

Va godendo Georg Friedrich Handel
from *Serse* (1685-1759)

O del mio dolce ardor (Calzabigi) Christoph Willibald von Gluck
from *Paride ed Elena* (1714-1787)

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri (Rolli) attributed to Giovanni Pergolesi
(1710-1736)

II.

Widmung (Müller) Robert Franz
(1815-1892)

An die Musik (Schober) Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Seligkeit (Hölty)

III.

Le Secret (Silvestre) Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Le Rossignol des Lilas (Dauphin) Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

IV.

The Year's at the Spring (Browning) Amy Beach
(1867-1944)

Do not go, my love (Tagore) Richard Hageman
(1882-1966)

Where the Music Comes From Lee Hoiby
(1926-2011)

V.

Saper Vorreste Giuseppe Verdi
from *Un ballo in maschera*

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

George Freideric Handel - *Va godendo*

George Freideric 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 *Serse* in 1738. *Serse* is loosely based on Serses, the ruler of Persia. "Va godendo" is an arietta sung by Romilda about the victims of love, comparing them to a little stream which loves its freedom.

Và godendo vezzoso e bello
quel ruscello la libertà.
E tra l'erbe con onde chiare

lieto al mare correndo v`a.

Joyously and graciously ripples
That free-flowing brooklet,
And with clear waves it runs through the
grass
Gaily towards the sea.

Christoph Willibald von Gluck - *O del mio dolce ardor* (Calzabigi)

Gluck, starting as a successful musician in the Habsburg courts of Vienna, brought a practical reform to the art of opera. He began to fuse the best of Italian and French opera together. *Paride ed Elena* was premiered on November 3rd, 1770. It is the third and least performed in Gluck's radical "reform" Italian works. The libretto by the Italian poet Raniero de' Calzabigi, describes the events between Paris and Helen of Troy. "O del mio dolce ardor" is Paris's aria from the first act. Although it is in a minor key, it is a sweet expression of his love for Helen.

O del mio dolce ardor
Bramato oggetto,
L'aura che tu respiri,
Alfin respiro.
O vunque il guardo io giro,
Le tue vaghe sembianze
Amore in me dipinge:
Il mio pensier si finge
Le più liete speranze;
E nel desio che così
M'empie il petto
Cerco te, chiamo te,
spero e sospiro.

Oh, desired object
Of my sweet ardor,
The air which you breathe,
At last I breathe.
Wherever I turn my glance
Your lovely features
Paint love for me:
My thoughts imagine
The most happy hopes,
And in the longing which
Fills my bosom
I seek you, I call you,
I hope, and I sigh.

Giovanni Pergolesi - *Se tu m'ami, se sospiri* (Rolli)

This baroque Italian aria as found in many publications is attributed to Pergolesi, when in fact it is believed that it was actually written by Alessandro Parisotti. While editing and compiling volumes of music by other composer's, Parisotti also included some of his own pieces for public performance and for publication in the *Arie antiche* collection, but always passing them off as rediscovered masterpieces of the ancient composers. This aria with text by Italian librettist Paolo Antonio Rolli tells of a young girl's irresolute love.

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri
Sol per me, gentil pastor,
Ho dolor de' tuoi martiri,
Ho diletto del tuo amor,
Ma se pensi che soletto
Io ti debba riamar,
Pastorello, sei soggetto
Facilmente a l'ingannar.

If you love me, if you sigh
Only for me, dear shepherd,
I am sorrowful for your sufferings;
yet I delight in your love.
But if you think that
I must in return love only you,
Little shepherd, you are subject
To deceiving yourself easily.

Bella rosa porporina
Oggi Silvia sceglierà,
Con la scusa della spina
Doman poi la sprezzerà.
Ma degli uomini il consiglio
Io per me non seguirò.
Non perché mi piace il giglio
Gli altri fiori sprezzerà.

The beautiful purple rose
Will Silvia choose today;
With the excuse of its thorns,
Tomorrow, then, will she despise it.
But the advice of the men
I will not follow -
Just because the lily pleases me,
I do not have to despise the other flowers.

Robert Franz - Widmung (Müller)

Robert Franz, originally born Robert Knauth, was born in Halle, Germany. He suffered in early life from the hostility of his father to a musical career. He was twenty years old when he was finally allowed to live in Dessau to study organ playing under Friedrich Schneider. In 1843, he published his first book of lieder, which was followed by some fifty more books, containing in all about 250 songs. *Widmung*, or "Dedication" in English, is a poem written by Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter to express gratitude to those who inspire him to write.

O danke nicht für diese Lieder,
Mir ziemt es dankbar dir zu sein;
Du gabst sie mir, ich gebe wieder,
Was jetzt und einst und ewig dein.
Dein sind sie alle ja gewesen;
Aus deiner lieben Augen Licht
Hab ich sie treulich abgelesen:
Kennst du die eignen Lieder

O do not thank me for these songs,
It is seemly for me to be thankful to you;
You give them to me, I give back,
What is now and once and ever yours.
Yours have they all been;
in your dear eyes light
Have I truly read them:
Do you not know your own songs?

Franz Schubert - An die Musik (Schober)

Franz Schubert was an Austrian composer born on January 31, 1797. Schubert is most remembered for his lieder of which he wrote over 600, as well as chamber and solo piano works. "An die Musik" is an intimate, thankful hymn to the art of music composed for solo voice and piano, with text from a poem by his Swedish friend, Franz von Schober. Its greatness and popularity are generally attributed to its harmonic simplicity, sweeping melody, and a strong bass line that effectively underpins the vocal line.

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb' ent-
zunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt!
Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf' entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Oh lovely Art, in how many grey hours,
When life's fierce orbit ensnared me,
Have you kindled my heart to warm
love,
Carried me away into a better world!
How often has a sigh escaping from your
harp,
A sweet, sacred chord of yours
Opened up for me the heaven of better
times,
Oh lovely Art, for that I thank you!

Franz Schubert - Seligkeit (Hölty)

Seligkeit was written in May of 1816. Schubert was just nineteen years old at the time. *Seligkeit*, meaning Blessedness, is a poem by Ludwig Hölty, it charmingly depicts heaven and the joys that abide there. Naturally, Schubert's setting of Hölty's *Seligkeit* is a waltz and his three verses are set strophically.

Freuden sonder Zahl
Blühn im Himmelsaal
Engeln und Verklärten,
Wie die Väter lehrten.
O da möcht ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Jedem lächelt traut
Eine Himmelsbraut;
Harf und Psalter klinget,
Und man tanzt und singet.
O da möcht' ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Lieber bleib' ich hier,
Lächelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der saget,
Daß ich angeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr,
Bleib' ich ewig hier!

Joys without number
bloom in heaven's hall
of angels and transfigured beings,
just as our fathers taught us.
O, there I would like to be
and rejoice forever!

Upon everyone dearly smiles
a heavenly bride;
harp and psalter resound,
and everyone dances and sings.
O, there I would like to be
and rejoice forever!

But I'd rather remain here
if Laura would smile at me
with one glance that said
I should end my lamenting.
Blissfully then with her,
I would stay here forever!

Gabriel Fauré - *Le Secret* (*Silvestre*)

Gabriel Fauré, one of the foremost French composers of his time, was a composer, organist, pianist, and teacher. This peaceful setting of the poem *Mystère* of Paul Armand Silvestre's 1882 collection of poems entitled *Le Pays des Roses*. Faure set this song in Db Major and amazingly yet, "Le Secret" has the ability to sound "tinged with melancholy". The relaxed tempo of this gently flowing *melodié* encourages a contemplative stillness and almost immobility to the text, whispering of love.

Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme un larme il s'évapore.

Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,
Et sur mon coeur ouvert penché
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour,
Et l'emporte avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

I want the morning not to know
the name that I told to the night;
in the dawn wind, silently,
may it evaporate like a teardrop.

I want the day to proclaim
the love that I hid from the morning, and
(bent over my open heart)
to set it aflame, like a grain of incense.

I want the sunset to forget
the secret I told to the day,
and to carry it away with my love
in the folds of its pale robe!

Reynaldo Hahn - *Le Rossignol des Lilas* (*Dauphin*)

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. "Le Rossignol des Lilas" was written in 1913. The voice and the piano are often found intertwined and woven much like the pattern of speech. "Le Rossignol des Lilas", is a gentle poem about the first spotting of a beloved nightingale. The setting of Léopold Dauphin's poem is one of Hahn's loveliest creations.

O premier rossignol qui viens
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre,
Ta voix m'est douce à reconnaître!
Nul accent n'est semblable au tien!

O first nightingale to appear
Among the lilac beneath my window,
How sweet to recognize your voice!
There is no song like yours!

Fidèle aux amoureux liens,
Trille encor, divin petit être!
O premier rossignol qui viens
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre!

Nocturne ou matinal, combine
Ton hymne à l'amour me pénètre!
Tant d'ardeur fait en moi renaître
L'écho de mes avrils anciens,
O premier rossignol qui viens!

Faithful to the bonds of love,
Trill away, divine little being!
O first nightingale to appear
Among the lilac beneath my window!

Night or morning, O how
Your love-song strikes to my heart!
Such ardour re-awakens in me Echoes of
April days long past,
O first nightingale to appear!

Amy Beach - *The Year's at the Spring* (Browning)

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. "The Year's at the Spring" comes from *Three Browning Songs*, Op. 44 and is perhaps Beach's most well-known work. She was the first successful American female composer of large-scale art music. Most of her compositions and performances were under the name Mrs. H.H.A. Beach.

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;

The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

Richard Hageman - *Do not go, my love* (Tagore)

Richard Hageman was a Dutch born, American composer and conductor for the Metropolitan Opera. This poem *Do Not Go My Love* is from Tagore's collection of works called *The Gardener*, 1913. Most commonly it is found in a baritone song cycle *The Sky with All Its Stars*. However, in Richard Hageman's arrangement for high voice this poem captures Tagore's simple yet elegant lyricism and striking imagery of sadness of potential loss and dreaminess.

Do not go, my love, without asking my
leave.
I have watched all night,
and now my eyes are heavy with sleep;
I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping.
Do not go, my love, without asking my
leave.
I start up and stretch my hands to touch
you.

I ask myself, "Is it a dream?"
Could I but entangle your feet with my
heart,
And hold them fast to my breast!
Do not go, my love, without asking my
leave.

Lee Hoiby - *Where the Music Comes From*

Lee Hoiby was an American composer and classical pianist. Best known as a composer of operas and songs, he was also a student of composer Gian Carlo Menotti. Soprano Leontyne Price introduced many of his best known songs and arias to the public. His songs are known for being inspired by music from many time periods and cultures. This 1973 creation of Lee Hoiby is simple, strophic, and straightforward. Yet it is profound in its joy and humility articulating the need to grow, feel, and love.

I want to be where the music comes from,
Where the clock stops, where it's now.
I want to be with the friends around me,
Who have found me, who show me how.

I want to sing to the early morning,
See the sunlight melt the snow.
And oh, I want to grow.

I want to wake to the living spirit,
Here inside me where it lies.
I want to listen till I can hear it,
Let it guide me, and realize,
That I can go with the flow unending,
That is blending, that is real,
And oh, I want to feel.

I want to walk in the earthly garden,
Far from cities, far from fear.
I want to talk to the growing garden,
To the devas, to the deer,
And to be one with the river flowing,
Breezes blowing, sky above,
And oh, I want love.

Giuseppe Verdi - Saper Vorreste

Un ballo in maschera is an opera loosely based on the political conspiracy which led to the assassination of King Gustav III of Sweden. Due to political situations in France and Italy at the time, the opera was heavily censored and became the opera we know today, set in Boston, Massachusetts in the late 17th century. "Saper Vorreste" is an aria sung in the last act by a young page boy named Oscar. Renato is desperately trying to find Riccardo, Oscar's master. Riccardo, like others at the ball, is masked, leaving Renato to deal with the pesky young Oscar who just won't tell.

Saper vorreste
Di che si veste,
Quando l'è cosa
Ch' ei vuol nascosa.
Oscar lo sa,
Ma nol dirà,
Tra là là là là
Pieno d'amor
Mi balza il cor,
Ma pur discreto
Serba il segreto.
Nol rapirà
Grado o beltà.

You would like to know
what he's wearing,
when it's the very thing
that he wants concealed.
Oscar knows,
but he won't tell.
Tra la la la la
Full of love
my heart throbs,
but still discreet
it keeps the secret.
Neither rank nor beauty
will seize it.

**Kennesaw State University
School of Music Upcoming Events**

Unless otherwise noted, all events will take place at 8:00 pm in
Morgan Concert Hall.

UPCOMING PREMIERE SERIES

Friday, February 15
Sō Percussion

Thursday, April 11
Jennifer Koh and Shai Wosner

UPCOMING SCHOLARSHIP SERIES

Thursday, January 10
KSU Orchestra: New Blood

Saturday, February 2
School of Music Collage Concert

Monday, March 18
Helen Kim, violin

Monday, April 29
KSU Percussion Ensemble



For the most current information, please visit
<http://calendar.kennesaw.edu>

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the Music Building Recital Hall. As a reminder, please silence or power off all mobile phones, audio/video recording devices, and other similar electronic devices. The performers, and your fellow audience members, will greatly appreciate it. Thank you, and enjoy the performance!

We welcome all guests with special needs and offer the following services: easy access, companion seating locations, and accessible restrooms. Please contact an audience services representative to request services.