

Kennesaw State University
College of the Arts
School of Music

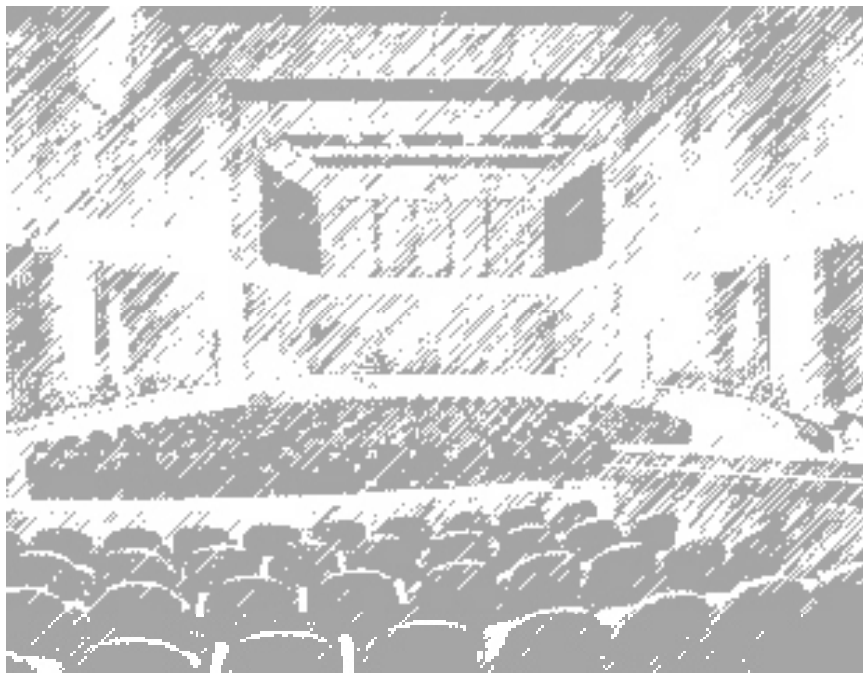
presents



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.

Program Notes

I

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 suspicious,
pleasure with pain,
between joy and torment
moments of hope;
these are the weapons
of desirous beauty.

II

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 währte die Arme
von dem wütenden Harme
Wilder zeiten zerrissen schon.

Sing... meine seele, den Beichtgesang
Wiedergewonnener Fülle!
Hebe vom Herzen die Hülle!
Heil dir, geläuterter Innenklang!

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

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!

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

III

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 led 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 Debureau, 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 Debureau. 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 Dubureau. 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 devoire
laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a
cueilli,

J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur 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.

DOMINICK ARGENTO (b. 1927)

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,

And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
The fields breathe sweet,
the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet,
old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street
these tunes our ears do greet:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to witta-woo!
Spring, the sweet spring!

V

VINCENZO BELLINI (1801-1835)

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)

Ah! non credea mirarti
si presto estinto, o fiore;
passasti al par d'amore,
che un giorno sol durò.
Potria novel vigore il pianto
mio ricarti,
ma ravnivar l'amore il pianot mio,
ah, no, non può

Ah, I did not think I would see you
so soon withered, oh flower;
you faded just like love,
which for one day only endured.
My tears might be able to restore
strength to you;
but my weeping cannot revive love,
Ah, no!

Ah! non giunge uman pensiero
al content ond'io son piena:
A' miei sensi io credo appena;
tu m'affida, o mio tesoro!

Ah, human thought cannot attain
the happiness with which I'm filled:
I can hardly believe my senses;
trust me, oh my treasure!

Ah! mi abbraccia,
e sempre insieme,
sempre uniti in una speme,
della terra in cui viviamo
ci formiamo un ciel d'amor.
Ah!

Ah, embrace me;
and always together,
always united in one hope,
from the earth on which we dwell
we will create a heaven of love.
Ah!

Kennesaw State University School of Music

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