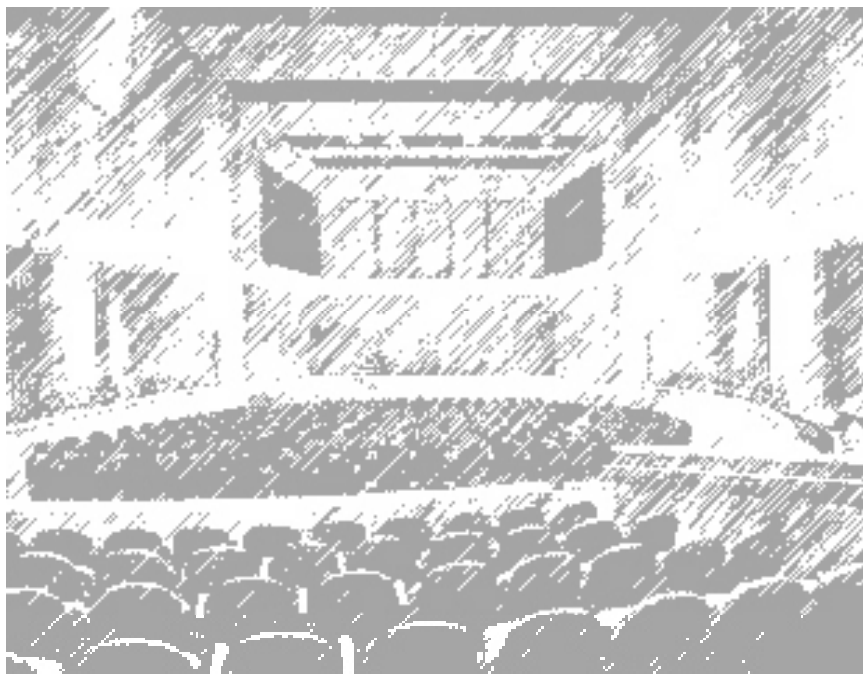


Kennesaw State University
College of the Arts
School of Music

presents



Senior Recital
Delaney Rogers, soprano
Brenda Brent, piano



Saturday, April 26, 2014

7:00 p.m.

Music Building Recital Hall

One Hundred Twenty-fifth Concert of the 2013-14 Concert Season

Program

I.

G. F. HANDEL (1685-1759)

Ch'io mai vi possa (Pietro Metastasio)

from *Siroe*

F. GASPARINI (1665-1737)

Caro laccio, dolce nodo

II.

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)

Dein blaues Auge (Groth)

Wie Melodien zieht es mir (Groth)

Der Jäger (Halm)

III.

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)

Aurore (Silvestre)

En prière (Bordèse)

Mandoline (P. Verlaine)

IV.

RICKY IAN GORDON (b. 1965)

Once I was

A horse with wings

Will there really be a morning? (Emily Dickinson)

V.

W. A. MOZART (1756-1791)

Vedrai carino (Lorenzo da Ponte)

from *Don Giovanni*

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree
Bachelor of Music in Music Education.
Ms. Rogers studies voice with Jana Young.

Program Notes

I.

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL (1685-1759)

German born Baroque composer, Handel was not encouraged to practice music as a child. Only later was his father pressured into allowing young Handel to study music. Handel wrote both sacred and secular music, in a variety of genres which is characterized by the ornate style of the Baroque. Some of Handel's most famous vocal works are numerous cantatas, several operas, including *Saul*, and *Messiah*, an oratorio containing the ever-popular "Hallelujah" chorus.

Ch'io mai vi possa aria comes from Handel's opera seria, *Siroe, rè di Persia*, in which Emira sings of her love for the Prince, Siroe. The role of Siroe was premiered the year of Handel's death by one of the famous castrati, Senesino.

Ch'io mai vi possa

Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare,
Non lo credete, pupille care!
Nè men per gioco v'ingannerò, nò.

That I will ever be able to stop loving you
No, don't believe it, dearest eyes!
Not even to joke would I deceive you
about this.

Voi foste, e siete le mie faville,
E voi sarete, care pupille,
Il mio bel foco fin ch'io vivrò.

You alone are my sparks,
and you will be, dearest eyes,
my beautiful fire as long as I live.

FRANCESCO GASPARINI (1665-1737)

Francesco Gasparini was an Italian baroque composer known mainly for his operas, some of which are *Roderico* (1694), *Tigrane* (1724), and *Ambleto* (1705). He was also the musical director of the Ospedale della Pietá (a convent, orphanage, and music school in Venice) which became known for its exceptional performances and music students.

Caro laccio, dolce nodo is the second piece in "Cantate da camera a voce sola, Op.1" which, translated, means "solo songs for the chamber."

Caro laccio, dolce nodo

Caro laccio, dolce nodo,
che legasti il mio pensier;
so ch'io peno e pur ne godo,
son contento e prigionier.

Dainty meshes, net enticingful
That entangles my fancy free
Even though woeful I yet am blissful
Held a captive, I would not flee.

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)

Johannes Brahms is one of the most well-known and beloved German composers of the 19th century. His compositions included choral and orchestral works, piano cycles, chorale preludes for organ, and an abundance of other small-scale works and songs during his lifetime. Brahms used a classical framework for his compositions and preferred writing music that did not refer to specific scenes or narratives, explaining why he never wrote an opera or a symphonic poem.

Dein blaues Auge was composed and published in 1873 with text from poet Klaus Johann Groth which appears in the “Klänge” section of Groth’s *Hundert Blätter, Paralipomena zum Quickborn* of 1854. One author describes this piece saying, “The mood of welcome tranquility after pain is given weight by the intensity of Brahms’ harmonies and his occasional shifts to the minor mode.”

Dein Blaues Auge

Dein blaues Auge hält so still,
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?
Ich sehe mich gesund.

Your blue eyes keep so still,
That I can gaze upon their very depths.
You ask me, what do I want to see?
I see my own well-being.

Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl;
Das deine ist wie See so klar
Und wie ein See so kühl.

A glowing pair burned me once;
The scar still hurts, still hurts.
Yet your eyes are like the sea so clear,
And like the sea, so cool and detached.

One of Brahms’ most popular songs, *Wie Melodien*, was written in 1886. In fact, the popularity of this piece led him to rework the melody into his *A Major Violin Sonata, Op. 100*. Although the meaning of the poem is elusive, as Brahms sets the words to music, the feeling can “speak” for the words as if the sensations are fleeting and unable to be captured.

Wie Melodien

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es,
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

It moves like a melody,
Gently through my mind;
It blossoms like spring flowers
And wafts away like fragrance.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

But when it is captured in words,
And placed before my eyes,
It turns pale like a gray mist
And disappears like a breath.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgен wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

And yet, remaining in my rhymes
There hides still a fragrance,
Which mildly from the quiet bud
My moist eyes call forth.

Der Jäger (The Hunter), also by Halm, is a young girl's lament over the fact that her love interest is a successful hunter-not of animals, but of other girls. Resembling a lively waltz, *Der Jäger* is among Brahms' least harmonically adventurous songs.

Der Jäger

Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger, und grün ist sein
Kleid,
Und blau ist sein Auge, nur sein Herz ist
zu weit.

Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger, trifft immer ins
Ziel,
Und Mädchen berückt er, so viel er nur
will.

Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger, kennt Wege und
Spur,
Zu mir aber kommt er durch die Kirchtüre
nur!

My love is a hunter, and green is his
clothing,
and blue are his eyes, only his heart is
too open.

My love is a hunter: he always hits his
mark,
And he captivates the maidens, as many
as he wants.

My love is a hunter - he knows all the
paths and trails,
but to me he will come only through the
door of the church

III.

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)

Considered a master of the French art song, Gabriel Fauré was born in 1845. Some of his well-known works include "Clair de lune", *Requiem*, and "Après un rêve". He made only a meager amount on his compositions, however. He held positions as organists and music directors of churches until late in his lifetime when his hearing diminished substantially. Fauré's harmonic and melodic innovations influenced many composers after his death in 1924. In the following songs, Fauré uses poetry by Silvestre, Bordèse, and Verlaine, who were all famous for their work at the time.

In the following song, poetry by Paul Silvestre describes a scene at sunrise in a garden. Fauré's use of varied harmonic colors emphasize the scene described.

Aurore

Des jardins de la nuit s'envolent les
étoiles,
Abeilles d'or qu'attire un invisible miel,

Et l'aube, au loin tendant la candeur de
ses toiles,
Trame de fils d'argent le manteau bleu
du ciel.

Du jardin de mon coeur qu'un rêve lent
enivre
S'envolent mes désirs sur les pas du
matin,
Comme un essaim léger qu'à l'horizon
de cuivre,
Appelle un chant plaintif, éternel et
lointain.

From the gardens of the night the stars
fly away,
Golden bees attracted by an unseen
honey,

And the dawn, in the distance, spreading
the brightness of its canvas.
Weaves silver threads into the sky's blue
mantle.

From the garden of my heart, intoxicated
by a languid dream,
My desires fly away with the coming of
the morn,
Like a light swarm to the coppery hori-
zon,
Called by a plaintive song, eternal and
far away.

Ils volent à tes pieds, astres chassés des
nues,
Exilés du ciel d'or où fleurit ta beauté

Et, cherchant jusqu'à toi des routes
inconnues,
Mèlent au jour naissant leur mourante
clarté.

They fly to your feet, stars chased by the
clouds,
Exiled from the golden sky where your
beauty blossomed,
And, seeking to come near you on un-
charted paths,
Mingle their dying light with the dawning
day.

The beautiful text in the next song, written by Stéphan Bordèse, describes Jesus Christ's prayer at Calvary, to His Father before His atonement.

En Priere

Si la voix d'un enfant peut monter jusqu'à
Vous,
Ô mon Père,
Écoutez de Jésus, devant Vous à ge-
noux, La prière!
Si Vous m'avez choisi pour enseigner
vos lois
Sur la terre,
Je saurai Vous servir, auguste Roi des
rois,
Ô Lumière!
Sur mes lèvres, Seigneur, mettez la
vérité Salutaire,
Pour que celui qui doute, avec humilité

Vous révère!
Ne m'abandonnez pas, donnez-moi la
douceur Nécessaire,
Pour apaiser les maux, soulager la
douleur,
La misère!
Révélez Vous à moi, Seigneur en qui je
crois
Et j'espère:
Pour Vous je veux souffrir et mourir sur
la croix,
Au calvaire!

If the voice of a child can reach You,

O my Father,
Listen to the prayer of Jesus, on his
knees before You!
If You have chosen me to teach your
laws
on earth,
I will know how to serve You, noble King
of kings,
O Light!
On my lips, Lord, place the salutary
truth,
In order that he who doubts should with
humility

revere You!
Do not abandon me, give me
the necessary gentleness,
To ease suffering, to relieve sorrow,

the misery!
Reveal Yourself to me, Lord, in whom I
believe
and hope:
For You I wish to suffer and to die on the
cross,
at Calvary!

Describing a scene at an elegant party, Paul Verlaine, one of the most influential poets of his time, includes literary references to appeal to the educated listener of the time.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen

Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clytandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fit maint vers tendre.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender
verse.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Tourbillonnement dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the trembling of the breeze.

IV.

RICKY IAN GORDON (b. 1965)

Born in 1956 to a very musical family, Gordon, was bound for the arts. As a young child he immediately took interest in music and poetry and “became obsessed with opera. In sixth grade, [his] show-and-tell was Die Walkure.” His passion for poetry flowed into his music when he set his first poem to music at 14, and by age 18 he realized he wanted to compose for the rest of his life. His music is very emotional and actively moving, if sometimes difficult to grasp.

Once I was lyrics were also by Ricky Gordon. They describe two phases of life, a young child and a young adult, stating that through everything, music tells us what we need to know.

Once I was

Once I was, there were ribbons in my hair
There were leaves of streaming gold everywhere
If a boy said, "Hello", I would hide, trembling so, trembling so
Now I barely know what the meaning of 'No' is
Now I am, past an audience I stare
What is gold is how the lights touch my hair
All the boys turn to men, all the leaves change again
Still I answer, "Yes" though I know what will happen
As these phases come and go
Music tells me what I need to know!

Horse with wings. As the title suggests, this piece has substantial whimsy in it that is not only exemplified by the words, but also through the music. Gordon also involves the use of text painting, for example the three note pattern representing the Trinity on the word “Kyrie” and an especially noticeable example at the end of the piece where the text “fly” is on a sustained pitch in the upper register.

Horse with wings

I wanna cry.
I wanna feel the world around me whirling by.
I wanna cry for those that live, and those that die.
You sing a lullaby.
I wanna cry.

I wanna pray,
that all my wishes could come true after today,
and should I put a word for you in,
should I say an extra Kyrie?
I wanna pray.

I wanna lie.
I wanna think that things are better than they are.
I wanna think we've gotten further,
and that far is just an inch away.
I wanna lie.

A horse with wings,
I wanna think of things like that and other things.
I want two brothers, one who laughs, and one who sings.
I hope the future brings a horse with wings.

I wanna know
the things they told me way back then were really so.
I wanna make a little mark before I go,
not barely just get by,
I wanna fly!

Will There Really be a Morning? is a work set to an Emily Dickinson text. The song has atypical leaps in the vocal line with a large range which makes the song move in unexpected directions, mimicking the train of thought in the text.

Will There Really be a Morning?

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water-lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791)

Mozart was one of the most prolific and influential composers of the classical era. Born in 1756 in Salzburg, Austria, to a musical father, he quickly showed prodigious abilities, excelling in the keyboard and violin, and he even began composing by the age of 5. These compositions would exceed 600 by his death at age 35.

One of Mozart's most famous operas, *Don Giovanni*, is based on the legend of Don Juan who is a young promiscuous nobleman who continuously takes sexual advantage of young ladies and fights any man in his way. This aria occurs when Zerlina, a peasant girl, arrives to find her fiancée, Masetto, beaten and bruised. She sings this song to heighten his spirits and remind him of her love for him.

Vedrai, carino

Vedrai, carino,
 Se sei buonino,
 Che bel rimedio
 Ti voglio dar.
 È naturale,
 Non dà disgusto,
 E lo speciale
 Non lo sa far.
 È certo balsamo
 Che porto addosso:
 Dare tel posso
 Se'l vuoi provar.

I will give you
 such good medicine
 if you behave,
 my darling.
 It's completely natural.
 And you'll love how it tastes.
 You can't get it
 at the drugstore.
 I carry it with me
 all the time.
 I can let you have some,
 if you like.

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