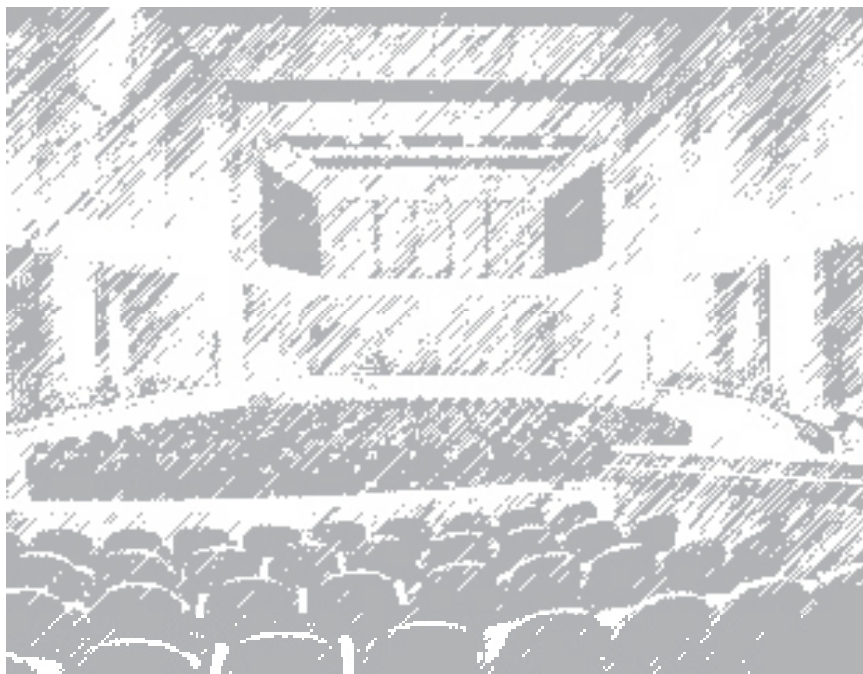


Kennesaw State University
College of the Arts
School of Music

presents



Senior Recital
Amanda Lynn Ringwalt, soprano
Ariel Ginn, piano



Saturday, June 14, 2014

7:00 p.m.

Music Building Recital Hall

One Hundred Forty-sixth Concert of the 2013-14 Concert Season

Program

I.

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL (1685-1759)

Come and Trip It (John Milton)

Let Me Wander

Or Let the Merry Bells

from *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*

II.

GIOVANNI PAISIELLO (1740-1816)

Nel Cor Più Non Mi Sento (Giuseppe Palomba)

from *L'amor contrastato, ossia La molinara*

BARTOLOMEO CONTI (1681-1732)

Quella Fiamma (Unknown)

from *Dopo tante e tante pene*

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI (1660-1725)

Se Florindo è fedele (Domenico Filippo Contini)

from *La donna ancora è fedele*

III.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791)

Voi Che Sapete (Lorenzo Da Ponte)

from *La nozze di Figaro*

IV.

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)

Mandoline (Paul Verlaine)

Les Berceaux (Sully Prudhomme)

Rêve d'Amour (Victor Hugo)

V.

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)

Ständchen (Franz Kugler)

Sapphische Ode (Hans Schmidt)

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

Du Bist Wie Eine Blume (Heinrich Heine)

Widmung (Friedrich Rückert)

VI.

ROBERT LOWRY (1826-1899)

arr. Alan Bullard (b. 1947)

How Can I Keep From Singing (Lowry)

Program Notes

I.

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL
(1689-1759)

George Frideric Handel was one of the most beloved composers of the Baroque period. These pastoral odes, *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*, were composed in 1740; based on John Milton's poems, *L'Allegro* (Joyful man), *il Penseroso* (Contemplative man), and *il Moderato* (Moderate man).

Come and Trip It (John Milton)

Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

Let Me Wander

Let me wander, not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.
There the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles over the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Or Let the Merry Bells

Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebeck's sound.
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checquer'd shade.

II.

Nel Cor Più Non Mi Sento (Giuseppe Palomba)
GIOVANNI PAISIELLO (1740-1816)

Many composers wrote variations based on Paisiello's piece, *Nel cor più non mi sento*. Some of the better-known composers were: Johann Nepomuk Hummel, Giovanni Bottesini (for double bass), Johann Baptist Wanhal, and Paganini ("*Introduction and variations in G major" for violin, Op. 38*). The person who used this particular aria the most was Beethoven. He composed six variations in G Major for piano in 1795.

Nel Cor Più Non Mi Sento

Nel cor più non mi sento
Brillar la gioventù;
Cagion del mio tormento,
Amor, sei colpa tu.
Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi,
Mi pungichi, mi mastichi;
Che cosa è questo, ahimè?
Pietà, pietà, pietà!
Amore è un certo che,
Che disperar mi fa.

Why feels my heart so dormant
No fire of youth divine?
Thou cause of all my torment,
O Love, the fault is thine!
He teases me, he pinches me,
He squeezes me, he wrenches me;
What tortures I must bear!
Have done, have done, have done!
Thou, Love, art surely one
Will drive me to despair!

Quella Fiamma (Unknown)
BARTOLOMEO CONTI
(1681-1732)

Quella Fiamma was originally thought to be a work of Baroque composer, Benedetto Marcello. Within the past few decades, musicologists were studying the works of Marcello but could not find the source of *Quella Fiamma*. Several musicologists began to categorize all of Marcello's works and could not find any manuscripts related to *Quella Fiamma*. After some time had passed it was discovered that the song was the final movement of a solo cantata, "*Dopo tante e tante pene,*" meaning, "after so many, many pains." The cantata was found under the title, "*Cantata di Conti.*" This piece of music was actually composed by Francesco Conti and attributed to Benedetto Marcello.

Quella Fiamma

Quella fiamma che m'accende
Piace tanto all'alma mia,
Che giammai s'estinguera.
E se il fato voi mi rende,
Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,
Altra luce ella non vuole
Ne voler giammai potrà.

That flame which kindled me
Is so pleased with my soul
that it never dies.
And if fate entrusts me to you,
Lovely rays of my beloved sun,
My soul will never be able
To long for any other light.

Se Florindo è Fedele (Domenico Filippo Contini)
ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI
(1660-1725)

Se Florindo è fedele is from "*La donna ancora è fedele,*" one of Scarlatti's operas that he composed in Naples, Italy. The original name of the piece is "*Se Florinda è fedele.*" The original character performing this aria in the opera is Alidoro. Right before he sings, he overhears that Florinda is in love with him. He proceeds to sing that "If Florinda is faithful, I will fall in love with her."

Se Florindo è Fedele

Se Florindo è fedele
io m'innamorerò,
S'è fedele Florindo m'innamorerò.
Potrà ben l'arco tendere
il faretrato arcier,
Ch'io mi saprò difendere
d'un guardo lusinghier.
Pregghi, pianti e querele,
io non ascolterò
Ma se sarà fedele io m'innamorerò,

Se Florindo è fedele io m'innamorerò.

If Florindo will behave in loyalty,
I'll fall in love with him.
If he's loyal, I'll fall in love with him.
Let him tighten his bow,
That quiverful archer,
That I'll be able to defend myself
from such a tempting glance.
I won't listen to petitions,
tears and quarrels.
But if he'll behave in loyalty,
I'll fall in love with him.
If he's loyal I'll fall in love with him.

III.

Voi Che Sapete (Lorenzo Da Ponte)
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
(1756-1791)

Cherubino, a young and regal teen, tries to express his feelings for the Countess in Act 2 of Mozart's opera, *La nozze di Figaro*. He is confused by his feelings and is trying to figure out if what he feels is love. The role of Cherubino is a pants/trouser role sung by a mezzo-soprano.

Voi Che Sapete

Voi che sapete che cosa è amor,
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor,
Quello ch'io provo, vi ridirò,
È per me nuovo capir nol so.
Sento un affetto pien di desir,
Ch'ora è diletto, ch'ora è martir.
Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar,
E in un momento torno a gelar.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,
Non so chi il tiene,
non so cos' è.
Sospiro e gemo senza voler,
Palpito e tremo senza saper,
Non trovo pace notte nè dì,
Ma pur mi piace languir così.
Voi, che sapete che cosa è amor
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor.

You who know what love is,
Women, see whether it's in my heart,
What I am experiencing I will tell you,
It is new to me and I do not understand it.
I have a feeling full of desire,
That now, is both pleasure and suffering.
At first frost, then I feel the soul burning,
And in a moment I'm freezing again.
Seek a blessing outside myself,
I do not know how to hold it,
I do not know what it is.
I sigh and moan without meaning to,
Throb and tremble without knowing,
I find no peace both night or day,
But even still, I like to languish.
You who know what love is,
Women, see whether it's in my heart.

GABRIEL FAURÉ
(1845-1924)

Gabriel Fauré was a composer, pianist and teacher, known as a master of the French art song. Critics have said, "More surely almost than any writer in the world, he commanded the faculty to create a song all of a piece, and with a sustained intensity of mood which made it like a single thought." His music has been called the bridge between the Romantic and 20th Century periods. The way Fauré connects poetry and music is seamless and advanced for his time.

Mandoline (Paul Verlaine)

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clytandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.
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.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,
Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

Les Berceaux (Sully Prudhomme)

Le long du Quai, les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.
Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!
Et ce jour là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Along the quay, the great ships,
Rocked silently by the surge,
Take no notice of the cradles.
That the hands of the women rock.
But the day of farewells will come,
When the women must weep,
And curious men are tempted
Towards the horizons that lure them!
And that day the great ships,
Sailing away from the diminishing port,
Feel their bulk held back
By the spirits of the distant cradles.

Rêve d'Amour (Victor Hugo)

S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où naissse en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclose,
Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvre-feuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose!

S'il est un sein bien aimant
Dont l'honneur dispose,
Dont le tendre dévouement
N'ait rien de morose,
Si toujours ce noble sein
Bat pour un digne dessein,
J'en veux faire le coussin
Où ton front se pose!

S'il est un rêve d'amour,
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
Oh! j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton coeur se pose!

If there's a lovely lawn
watered by the sky
where in every season
some flower blossoms,
where one can freely gather
lilies, woodbines and jasmimes,
I wish to make it the path
on which you place your feet.

If there is a loving breast
where honour rules,
where tender devotion
is free from all gloominess,
if this noble breast
always beats for a worthy aim,
I wish to make it the pillow
on which you lay your head.

If there is a dream of love
scented with roses,
where one finds every day
something gentle and sweet,
a dream blessed by God
where soul is joined to soul,
oh, I wish to make it the nest
in which you rest your heart.

V.

JOHANNES BRAHMS
(1833-1897)

Johannes Brahms composed for piano, chamber ensembles, symphony orchestra, voice, and chorus. A virtuoso pianist, he premiered many of his own works; he worked with some of the leading performers of his time, including the pianist Clara Schumann. *Ständchen* was the first of five songs in Brahms' Op. 106, all written by different poets, including Franz Theodor Kugler. *Sapphische Ode* was the fourth of five songs in Brahms' Op. 94, written by different poets, including Hans Schmidt.

Ständchen (Franz Kugler)

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.
Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei,

The moon hangs over the mountain,
So fitting for love-struck people.
In the garden trickles a fountain;
Otherwise, it is still far and wide.
Near the wall, in shadows,
There stand the students three,

Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.
Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten

Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt, "Vergiß nicht mein!"

With flute and fiddle and zither,
They sing and play there.
The sounds waft up to the loveliest of
women,
Gently entering her dreams.
She gazes on her blond beloved
And whispers, "Forget me not!"

Sapphische Ode (Hans Schmidt)

Rosen brach ich nachts mir am dunklen
Hage;
Süßer hauchten Duft sie als je am Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten
Äste
Tau, der mich näßte.

Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie
berückte,
Die ich nachts vom Strauch deiner Lip-
pen pflückte,
Doch auch dir, bewegt im Gemüt gleich
jenen,
Thauten die Tränen.

Roses from the dark hedge, I plucked at
night;
They breathed sweeter fragrance than
ever during the day;
But the moving branches abundantly
shed
The dew that showered me.

Thus your kisses' fragrance enticed me
as never before,
As at night I plucked the flower of your
lips,
But you too, moved in spirit as they were,
Shed a dew of tears.

ROBERT SCHUMANN
(1810-1856)

Robert Schumann was famously and completely in love with his wife, the talented pianist, Clara Schumann. In 1840, he dedicated to her his Opus 25, *Myrthen*, two of the 26 songs are *Widmung* and *Du Bist Wie Eine Blume*. Myrthen, or myrtles, are European evergreen shrubs with white, rosy flowers that are often used to make bridal wreaths. The 26 poems were presented to Clara on their wedding day.

Du bist wie eine Blume (Heinrich Heine)

Du bist wie eine Blume
So hold und schön und rein.
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.
Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt,
Betend, das Gott dich erhalte,
So rein und schön und hold.

Thou art so like a flower,
So pure, and fair and kind.
I gaze on thee, and sorrow
Then in my heart I find.
It seems as though I must lay then
My hand upon thy brow,
Praying that God may preserve thee,
As pure and fair as now.

Widmung (Friedrich Rückert)

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn, o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darin ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel, mir beschieden.

You my soul, you my heart,
You my bliss, o you my pain,
You the world in which I live,
You my heaven, in which I float,
O you my grave, into which
I eternally cast my grief.
You are rest, you are peace,
You are bestowed upon me from heaven.

Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir
wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bessres Ich!

That you love me makes me worthy of
you;
Your gaze transfigures me;
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My good spirit, my better self!

VI.

How Can I Keep From Singing? (Lowry)
ROBERT LOWRY
(1826-1899)

"How Can I Keep From Singing?" (also known as *"My Life Flows On in Endless Song"*) is a Christian hymn with music written by American Baptist minister Robert Wadsworth Lowry. The song is frequently referred to as a traditional Quaker hymn. Robert Lowry published the lyrics to the song in the 1869 song book, *Bright Jewels for the Sunday School*. In this book, Lowry claims credit for the music, but never said who wrote the words.

How Can I Keep From Singing?

My life flows on in endless song
Above earth's lamentations,
I hear the clear, though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation.

Through all the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing,
It finds an echo in my soul.
How can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest loudly roars,
I know my Savior liveth.
And though the darkness binds me close,
Deep in the night, sweet songs He giveth.

His inner peace makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing.
Since love is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

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