

SCHOOL of MUSIC

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Senior Recital

Elaine Brown, *mezzo-soprano*

Eric Jenkins, *piano*

Wednesday, January 13, 2021 | 5:30 PM

Presented virtually from Morgan Concert Hall of the Bailey Performance Center

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree
Bachelor of Music in Performance.

Ms. Brown studies voice with Prof. Jana Young.



KENNESAW STATE
UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF THE ARTS
School of Music

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**Program Notes, Texts, and Translations
for the Senior Recital of**

**Elaine Brown, mezzo-soprano
Eric Jenkins, piano
January 13, 2021**

**Bel piacere é godere
from *Agrippina* (1709) [Grimani]**

**G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)**

G.F. Händel was a late Baroque composer famously known for his operas and oratorios, like *The Messiah*. Bel Piacere begins the third act of *Agrippina*, where Poppea tells Ottone how much she loves him. The switch to 2/4 time in this 3/8 piece serves to accent the declamation that “it is a great pleasure to enjoy a faithful love.”

Bel piacere

Bel piacere è godere,
È godere fido amor!
Questo fà contento il core.

Di bellezza non s'apprezza
lo splendor;
Se non vien d'un fido core.

Great pleasure

A great pleasure it is
to enjoy a faithful love!
This suffices to make the heart happy.

Beauty's splendor is no welcome guest
if it comes not from a faithful heart.

**Nulla in mundo pax sincera, RV 630 (1735)
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris
From *Gloria* (1715)**

**Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)**

Nulla in mundo pax sincera is the first of a three-part work that speaks of the evils of the world and how Jesus is the salvation from it. This major work consists of three parts, beginning with this aria. Originally set in E major, the first stanza says, “In this world, there is no honest peace free from bitterness; pure and true peace, sweet Jesus, lies in Thee.” The B section modulates to minor, exhorting that “chaste love” is the punished and tormented soul’s “only hope.”

Vivaldi’s *Gloria* comes from the Latin Mass. Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris is the tenth section of the oratorio and this contralto solo is sung in B minor. The phrase “Who sits at the Father’s right hand” is sung repeatedly with sixteenth notes in the solo voice and accompaniment. These rhythmic figures are agitative, as if driving home the point that Jesus was sent by God.

Nulla in mundo pax sincera

Nulla in mundo pax sincera
sine felle; pura et vera,
dulcis Jesu, est in te.

Inter poenas et tormenta
vivit anima contenta,
casti amoris sola spe.

Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris

Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.

**En prière [Bordèse]
Les roses d'Ispahan [Leconte de Lisle]
Lydia [Leconte de Lisle]
Notre Amour [Silvestre]**

In this world there is no honest peace

In this world there is no honest peace
without poison/bitterness; pure and true
[peace] sweet Jesus, lies in you.

Amidst punishment and torment
lives the contented soul
chaste love its only hope.

You who sit at the right hand of the Father

You who sit at the right hand of the Father,
have mercy on us.

**Gabriel Faure
(1845-1924)**

Faure is one of the greatest composers of French *mélodie* and “perfected it as a true art song form.” This Faure set features love, romantic and agape. *En prière* is Jesus’s prayer to God. In this prayer, Jesus is asking God to direct him and encourage him to be what he wants him to be for the world’s sake. In *Les roses d’Ispahan*, the author compares the breath of their lover to the aromas of orange blossoms, jasmines, and roses that grow in the city of Ispahan, exhorting that their breath is much sweeter. *Lydia* details the physical attributes of the author’s lover and speaks of wanting to spend the rest of their life with them. *Notre Amour* is a light, buoyant modified strophic aria. The author speaks of the love between the author and their lover as being *légère* (light), *charmante* (charming), *sacrée* (sacred), *infinie* (infinite), and *éternelle* (eternal).

En prière

Si la voix d'un enfant peut monter jusqu'à
Vous, Ô mon Père,
Écoutez de Jésus, devant Vous à genoux,
La prière!

Si Vous m'avez choisi pour enseigner vos lois
Sur la terre,
Je saurai Vous servir, auguste Roi des rois,
Ô Lumière!

In prayer

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!

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!

Les roses d'Ispahan

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de
mousse,
Les jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de
l'oranger
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur
moins douce,

Ô blanche Leïlah! que ton souffle léger.
Ta lèvre est de corail, et ton rire léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une voix
plus douce,
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce l'oranger,

Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord d'un
nid de mousse ...

Ô Leïlah! depuis que de leur vol léger
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si douce,
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle oranger,
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans leur
mousse

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce papillon léger,
Reviens vers mon cœur d'une aile prompte
et douce,
Et qu'il parfume encore les fleurs de l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de
mousse!

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!

The roses of d'Ispahan

The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths,

The jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossom

Have a fragrance less fresh and a scent less
sweet,

O pale Leilah, than your soft breath!
Your lips are of coral and your light laughter
Rings brighter and sweeter than running
water,
Than the blithe wind rocking the orange-tree
boughs,

Than the singing bird by its mossy nest ...
O Leilah, ever since on light wings
All kisses have flown from your sweet lips,
The pale orange-tree fragrance is spent,
And the heavenly scent of moss-clad roses

Oh! may your young love, that airy butterfly,
Wing swiftly and gently to my heart once
more,
To scent again the orange blossom,
The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths!

Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir, mourir toujours!

Notre Amour

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
Notre amour est chose légère!

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
Notre amour est chose charmante!

Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
Notre amour est chose sacrée!

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,

Lydia

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparkingly
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

Our Love

Our love is something light
like the perfumes which the breeze
brings from the tips of ferns
for us to inhale as we dream.
Our love is something light.

Our love is something enchanting
like the morning's songs
in which regrets are not heard
but uncertain hopes vibrate.
Our love is something charming.

Our love is something sacred
like the forests' mysteries
in which an unknown soul quivers
and silences have voices.
Our love is something sacred!

Our love is something infinite
like the paths of the evening,
where the ocean, joined with the sky,

S'endort sous les soleils penchants.
Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur,
Notre amour est chose éternelle!

falls asleep under slanting suns.
Our love is something eternal
like all that has been touched
by the fiery wing of a victorious god,
like all that comes from the heart.
Our love is something eternal!

Treue Liebe [Ferrand]

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Treue Liebe is about a story of a young maid awaiting her lover's return from sea. In stanza one, the maiden is looking out to the ocean from the shore, asking where her lover could be and wishing they'd return that day. In stanza two, the sun begins to set, and the horizon becomes harder and harder to see and she loses hope that her lover will never return. In stanza three, we see the maiden walk into the ocean after she "finds" her lover.

Treue Liebe

Ein Mägdlein saß am Meeresstrand
Und blickte voll Sehnsucht ins Weite.
"Wo bleibst du, mein Liebster, Wo weilst du
so lang?
Nicht ruhen läßt mich des Herzens Drang.
Ach, kämst du, mein Liebster, doch heute!"

Der Abend nahte, die Sonne sank
Am Saum des Himmels darnieder.
„So trägt dich die Welle mir nimmer
zurück?
Vergebens späht in die Ferne mein Blick.
Wo find' ich, mein Liebster, dich wieder?“

Die Wasser umspielten ihr schmeichelnd den
Fuß,
Wie Träume von seligen Stunden;
Es zog sie zur Tiefe mit stiller
Gewalt:
Nie stand mehr am Ufer die holde Gestalt;

Sie hat den Geliebten gefunden!

True Love

A maiden sat by the seashore
And looked, full of longing, into the distance.
"Where are you, my lover? What is keeping
you so long?
The turmoil of my heart gives me no rest.
Ah, if only you would come today, my love!"

The evening approached, the sun sank low
At the edge of the sky.
"So the waves will never then bring you
back?
It is then in vain that I peer in the distance.
Where will I find you again, my beloved?"

The creeping water played about her
feet,
Like a dream of blissful hours;
She was drawn to the depths by some silent
power:
No more did that lovely form stand on the
shore;

She had found her beloved again!

Der Jüngling und Der Tod, D. 545 [Spaun]**Franz Schubert (1797-1828)**

Franz Schubert composed over 600 songs, setting texts by approximately 90 poets. Schubert makes use of both major and minor modalities in the piece, starting off minor and shifting to major keys as the young person speaks of the relief death will bring. It is in Death's arrival in minor, that the tone of the piece shifts. This has become the point of no return. In a Schubert song, the piano is an active supporter of the voice and helps further the story. In *Der Jüngling und Der Tod*, the accompaniment introduces the arrival of Death in a haunting, thunderous way. Schubert then ends this piece in major, as Death grants this young person relief.

Der Jüngling

Die Sonne sinkt, o könnt' ich mit ihr
scheiden!
Mit ihrem letzten Strahl entfliehen!
Ach diese namenlosen Qualen meiden
Und weit in schön're Welten zieh'n.

O komme, Tod, und löse diese
Bande!
Ich lächle dir, o Knochenmann,
Entführe mich leicht in geträumte Lande,
O komm' und rühre mich doch an.

Der Tod

Es ruht sich kühl und sanft in meinem Armen,
Du rufst! Ich will mich deiner Qual erbarmen.

The Youth

The sun is sinking; would that I could depart
with it,
to flee with its last beams,
to end this nameless torture
and travel far away into a fairer world!

Oh, come, Death, and free me from these
bonds!
I smile at you, o Man of Bone.
Lead me well into the land of dreams;
oh come and take me.

Death

You will rest, cool and gentle, in my arms.
You call! I will end your torment.

**Als Luise die Briefe [Baumburg]
Abendempfindung [Campe]****W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)**

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is considered to be one of the most successful and prolific composers of the Classical period. He wrote in many genres: operatic, orchestral, chamber music, and sacred music.

Mozart used the text of Joachim Heinrich Campe's poem *Abendempfindung* in a through-composed setting. This art song features brilliantly sweeping melodies and declamatory, almost recitative vocal lines. *Als Luise die Briefe* tells the tale of a woman, Luise, learning of her lover's infidelity. The intense piano accompaniment in the right hand mimics the flames of the fire that she throws her lover's love letters into. In addition to the text painting in the accompaniment, Luise's torment is highlighted in the exclamation of "Doch ach!" and chromaticism in the lines "der Mann, der euch geschrieben".

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde,
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch
geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

Abendempfindung

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste
Stunden,
Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.
Aus ist unser Spiel! Des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie Westwind
leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu –
Schließ' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe
weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch
erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.

When Luise burned the letters of her unfaithful lover

Generated by ardent fantasy;
in a rapturous hour
brought into this world - Perish,
you children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your existence,
so I restore you now to the fire,
with all your rapturous songs.
For alas! he sang them not to me alone.

I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters,
there will be no trace of you here.
Yet alas! the man himself, who wrote you,
may still perhaps burn long in me.

Evening Thoughts

Evening it is; the sun has vanished,
And the moon streams with silver rays;
Thus flee Life's fairest hours,
Flying away as if in a dance.

Soon away will fly Life's colorful scenes,
And the curtain will come rolling down;
Done is our play, the tears of a friend
Flow already over our grave.

Soon, perhaps (the thought gently arrives like the
west wind - A quiet foreboding)
I will part from life's pilgrimage,
And fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep over my grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,
Then, o Friends, I will appear
And waft you all heavenward.

Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen mir
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein
Grab;
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab.

And You [my beloved], bestow also a little tear on
me, and pluck
Me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze,
Look then gently down on me.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach!
Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n,
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein.

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry;
Those tears will be in my diadem
then: the fairest pearls!

Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen
from *Der Freischütz* (1821) [Kind]

Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826)

In this aria from *Der Freischütz*, Ännchen boasts of her ability to attract men to Agathe, in an attempt to cheer her up.

Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen,
Blond von Locken oder braun,
Hell von Aug' und rot von Wangen,
Ei, nach dem kann man wohl schauen.

If a slim young man comes along,
With fair hair or dark hair,
Bright-eyed and with red cheeks –
Oh! It's worth looking at him!

Zwar schlägt man das Aug' aufs Mieder
Nach verschämter Mädchen Art;
Doch verstohlen hebt man's wieder,
Wenn's das Bürschchen nicht gewahrt.

Of course you lower your eyes demurely
After the fashion of bashful girls;
But secretly you look up again,
When the young man is not looking.

Sollten ja sich Blicke finden,
Nun, was hat das auch für Not?
Man wird drum nicht gleich erblinden,
Wird man auch ein wenig rot.

If you do exchange glances,
Well, what harm is there in that?
No one's going to be struck blind on the spot,
Even if someone turns red with
embarrassment.

Blickchen hin und Blick herüber,
Bis der Mund sich auch was traut!
Er seufzt: Schönste!
Sie spricht: Lieber!

A glance here, a glance there,
Until the lips too are loosened!
He sighs: 'Fairest!'
She says: 'Dearest!'

Bald heißt's Bräutigam und Braut.
Immer näher, liebe Leutchen!
Wollt ihr mich im Kranze sehn?
Gelt, das ist ein nettes Bräutchen,
Und der Bursch nicht minder schön?

Soon they'll be bride and groom
Come up closer, dear people!
Do you want to see me with a bridal wreath?
Isn't that a pretty bride,
And the young man's no less handsome!

Sunset [Elder]**Florence Price (1887-1953)**

Florence Beatrice (Smith) Price became the first black female composer to have a symphony performed by a major American orchestra. Price composed hundreds of pieces during her lifetime and her music has been described as a combination of “a rich and romantic symphonic idiom with the melodic intimacy and emotional intensity of African-American spirituals.” *Sunset* is through composed song is intimate, romantic, with decisive use of chromaticism.

When the golden West reflects her beauty,
Comes to me a happy duty;
And I must write of that golden town,
That beckons me when the sun goes down.

Tis a story from the golden sky
As the clouds go sailing by.
I sit and watch for that golden town
That beckons me when the sun goes down.

I'll seek this home in the golden West
That lures me on in my joyful quest,
And find new life in that golden town
That beckons me when the sun goes down.

**I Want to Die While You Love Me [Johnson]
from *Miss Wheatley's Garden*****Rosephanye Powell (1962-)**

Dr. Rosephanye Dunn Powell has been hailed as one of America's premier women composers of choral music. She has an impressive catalogue of works published by some of the nation's leading publishers.

I Want to Die While You Love Me is the second song in the *Miss Wheatley's Garden* set and is composed in modified strophic form. In this Georgia Douglass Johnson poem, a day between two lovers experiencing the height of passion is described. This poem expresses the desire for passion and love from this day to follow the lovers into death.

I want to die while you love me,
While yet you hold me fair,
While laughter lies upon my lips
And lights are in my hair.

I want to die while you love me,
And bear to that still bed,
Your kisses turbulent, unspent
To warm me when I'm dead.

I want to die while you love me
Oh, who would care to live
Till love has nothing more to ask
And nothing more to give?

I want to die while you love me
And never, never see
The glory of this perfect day
Grow dim or cease to be!

The Cuckoo [Rands]

Liza Lehman (1862-1918)

Liza Lehman was one of the foremost female composers of songs at the beginning of the 20th century. She is known for her song cycles, art songs, parlour songs and children's songs. She also composed several pieces for the stage and wrote a textbook on singing.

The Cuckoo is the seventh song in the *More Daises: New Songs from Childhood* set. In this upbeat and charming piece, a dialogue a young woman teasing the young man trying to be invited inside.

The Cuckoo sat in the old pear-tree. "Cuckoo!"
Raining or snowing, naught cared he. "Cuckoo!"

The Cuckoo flew over a housetop nigh. "Cuckoo!"
"Dear, are you at home, for here am I? Cuckoo!"

"I dare not open the door to you, Cuckoo!
Perhaps you are not the right Cuckoo. Cuckoo!"

"I am the right Cuckoo, the proper one; Cuckoo!
For I am my father's only son. Cuckoo!"

"If you are your father's only son- Cuckoo!
The bobbin pull tightly,
Come through the door lightly,- Cuckoo!"

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

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