

2017

Concert recording 2017-12-04

Christopher Senty

Yoko Fukuda

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Senior Voice Recital

Christopher Senty, *baritone*

Yoko Fukuda, *piano*

December 4, 2017 | 6:00pm
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

level: 50

Program

"Ich habe genug"

000 ✓ From *Ich habe genug* BWV 82

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Andrew Baker, *oboe*

From *Winterreise* Op. 89

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

001 ✓ "Erstarrung"

002 ✓ "Irrlicht"

003 ✓ "Frühlingstraum"

004 ✓ "Die Krahe"

005 ✓ "Die Post"

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (6'35)

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

006 ✓ "Chanson romanesque"

007 ✓ "Chanson épique"

008 ✓ "Chanson à boire"

INTERMISSION

From *Autumn Valentine*

Ricky Ian Gordon
(b.1956)

009 ✓ "Lullaby"

010 ✓ "Autumn Valentine"

elided into | "But Not Forgotten"

Cheri Headrick, *soprano*

"Largo al factotum"

Gioachino Antonio Rossini
(1792-1868)

011 ✓ From *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*

012 ✓ I'm Glad I'm Not A Tenor

Ben Moore
(b. 1960)

*Christopher is a student of Dr. Moon-Sook Park
This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance.*

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PROGRAM NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Ich habe genug BWV 82

J. S. Bach was a Baroque composer. Bach was born in a musical and religious family who encouraged his music at a very young age. Bach is best known during his lifetime as an outstanding organist performer as well as composer; creating countless works for organ, voice, choirs and other instruments. Bach's focus was mostly on his counterpoint and harmonies, which are some of the most complex and rich. Bach had a stable career working at churches and courts as director of music, composing and performing sacred and secular works ranging from toccatas all the way to huge works such as his famous *St. Matthew Passion*. While working as the musical director of the Thomaskirche in Leipzig, Germany, Bach wrote an entire cantata every week for most of his first years there. Most of these were corresponding to the liturgical readings from the Bible, or from hymns for each Sunday church service.

Ich habe genug was a cantata written for a church Sunday called The Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. "Ich habe genug" is the first of five movements in the cantata. This movement is dramatic and challenging, while also being a joyful declaration that God is enough for us.

Ich habe genug,
Ich habe den Heiland,
Das Hoffen der Frommen,
Auf meine begierigen Arme genommen;
Ich habe genug!

I have enough,
I have taken the Savior,
The hope of the righteous,
Into my eager arms;
I have enough!

Ich hab ihn erblickt,
Mein Glaube hat Jesum ans Herze gedrückt;
Nun wünsch ich, noch heute mit Freuden
Von hinnen zu scheiden.

I have beheld Him,
My faith has pressed Jesus to my heart;
Now I wish, even today with joy
To depart from here.¹

¹ Peter Graney, "Cantata BWV 82", July 2006, <http://www.bach-cantatas.com/Texts/BWV82-Eng8.htm> (accessed October 8, 2017).



Winterreise

Schubert composed over 600 songs during his short life. His songs are looked back on as the bedrock of the German *Lied* by later composers of High Romantic *Lied* like J. Brahms, R. Schumann, and H. Wolf. Brahms wrote: "There is not a song of Schubert's from which one cannot learn something."² Schubert is well known for his exquisite use of text painting in the piano accompaniment as well as a deep understanding of the mixture of poetry and music. Schubert had access to an array of poets like J.W. von Goethe, H. Heine, W. Müller, and many more to compose with. Schubert is the cornerstone of German *Lieder* and created the foundation for later art song composer and even influenced later composers of French *Melodie*.

Winterreise was written a few years before Schubert's death. It's dark and depressing topics were very uncommon in music at the time. *Winterreise* is about a wandering traveler all alone on a journey which even he does not know the end destination. He only talks to himself, tormented by his memories and loneliness. Schubert portrays the 24 strophic songs of fond memories which turn to cries of deep despair and torment.

Erstarrung

Ich such im Schnee vergebens
Nach ihrer Tritte Spur,
Wo sie an meinem Arme
Durchstrich die grüne Flur

I seek in the snow in vain
for her step's trace,
where she at my arm,
roves (through) the green plain

Ich will den Boden küssen,
Durchdringen Eis und Schnee
Mit meinen heißen Tränen,
Bis ich die Erde seh'.

I will the ground kiss,
pierce ice and snow
with my hot tears,
Till I the earth see..

Wo find' ich eine Blüte,
Wo find' ich grünes Gras?
Die Blumen sind erstorben
Der Rasen sieht so blaß.

Where find I a blossom?
Where find I green grass?
The flowers have perished,
The turf looks so pale.

Soll denn kein Angedenken
Ich nehmen mit von hier?
Wenn meine Schmerzen schweigen,
Wer sagt mir dann von ihr?

Shall then no souvenir
I take with (me) from here?
When my pains (become silent),
Who tells me then of her?

Mein Herz ist wie erstorben,
Kalt starrt ihr Bild darin;
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,
Fließt auch ihr Bild dahin!

My heart is almost dead,
Cold stares her image in it;
Thaws ever the heart [me] again,
Flows [also] her image away!³

² Quoted in S. S. Prawer, ed. *The Penguin Book of Lieder*, 33.

³ Berton Coffin and others,, *Word-by-Word Translations of Song and Arias, Part 1 - German and French*, (n.p.: The Scarecrow Press, Inc., 1996), 413-414



Irrlicht

In die tiefsten Felsengründe
Lochte mich ein Irrlicht hin:
Wie ich einen Ausgang finde,
Liegt nicht schwer mir in dem Sinn.

Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,
's führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:
Uns're Freuden, uns're Leiden
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

Durch des Bergstroms trock'ne Rinnen
Wind' ich ruhig mich hinab,
Jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,
Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab.

Frühlingstraum

Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai;
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen,
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.

Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schrien die Raben vom Dach.

Doch an den Fensterscheiben,
Wer malte die Blätter da?
Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer,
Der Blumen im Winter sah?

Ich träumte von Lieb' um Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

Und als die Hähne kräten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume nach.

Into the deepest gorges of the rocks
Lured me a will-o'-the-wisp
How I a way out find
Lies not heavily me on my mind

[I] am accustomed the going astray,
[It] leads surely every path to the goal:
Our joys, our sufferings,
all (are) a will-o'-the-wisp's whim.

Through the mountain-stream's dry ditches
Climb I calmly [myself] down;
Every stream will the sea reach,
Every suffering also its grave.⁴

I dreamt of colored flowers
[So] as they [may] bloom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows,
Of merry bird-calls.

And when the cocks crowed,
There did my eye awake,
There was it cold and dark,
(The ravens cried from the roof.)

But on the window-panes,,
Who painted the leaves there?
You laugh maybe about the dreamer,
Who flowers in winter saw?

I dreamt love for love,
Of a fair maiden,
Of caressing and of kissing,
Of joy and blissfulness..

And when the cocks crowed,
There did my heart awake;
Now sit I here alone
And think of the dream.

⁴ Berton Coffin and others,, Word-by-Word Translations of Song and Arias, Part 1 - German and French, (n.p.: The Scarecrow Press, Inc., 1996), 423



Die Augen schließ' ich wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?
Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?

The eyes close I again,
Still beats the heart so warmly;
When green you leaves at the window?
When hold I my beloved in the arm?⁵

Die Krähe

Eine Krähe war mit mir
Aus der Stadt gezogen,
Ist bis heute für und für
Um mein Haupt geflogen.

A crow was with me
From out of the town,
Even up to this moment
It circles above my head.

Krähe, wunderliches Tier,
Willst mich nicht verlassen?
Meinst wohl, bald als Beute hier
Meinen Leib zu fassen?

Crow, strange creature,
Will you not forsake me?
Do you intend, very soon,
To take my corpse as food?

Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr geh'n
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, laß mich endlich seh'n,
Treue bis zum Grabe!

Well, it is not much farther
That I wander with my staff in hand.
Crow, let me see at last
A fidelity that lasts to the grave!

Die Post

Von der Straße her ein Posthorn klingt.
Was hat es, daß es so hoch aufspringt,
Mein Herz?

From the street [there] a post-horn sounds
What has it, that it so high jumps,,
My heart?

Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich.
Was drängst du denn so wunderbarlich,
Mein Herz?

The mail brings no letter for you..
What urges you then so wondrously
My heart?

Nun ja, die Post kömmt aus der Stadt,
Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen hatt',
Mein Herz!

Well yes, the mail comes from the town,
Where I a dear darling had,,
My heart!

Willst wohl einmal hinüberseh'n
Und fragen, wie es dort mag geh'n,
Mein Herz?

(You probably want to look across once)
And ask how it there may go,
My heart?⁶

⁵Berton Coffin and others,, Word-by-Word Translations of Song and Arias, Part 1 - German and French, (n.p.: The Scarecrow Press, Inc., 1996), 426-427

⁶ Berton Coffin and others,, Word-by-Word Translations of Song and Arias, Part 1 - German and French, (n.p.: The Scarecrow Press, Inc., 1996), 429



Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Composer Eric Salzman said, "Even when Ravel hits you over the head, he does it with overwhelming style and finesse."⁷ Ravel's music is well known for its ornate and challenging rhythms. Ravel worked with the established form and harmony of his time and refined it a higher state of elegance while using non-diatonic scales such as phrygian and dorian in his melodies. Carol Kimball says that Ravel does not leave anything up to interpretation in his compositions. He wanted the performers to only perform the piece. He covers his pieces with dynamics, tempo changes, and phrasing that are precisely noted. His style of harmony is rich and complicated. Ravel not only drew from French music at the time, but also from more exotic and even medieval styles. He uses dance rhythms, primarily from Spain, in much of his music. *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* uses these dance rhythms and gives the songs an exotic feeling.⁸

Ravel wrote this set for a film version of Cervantes's *Don Quixote de la Mancha* called *Don Quixote*. It starred the world renowned Russian bass Fyodor Chaliapin. Ravel was one of five other composers commissioned to write music for the movie. Ravel's late submission of the work due to his illness lost him the job, but gave him the time to perfect it. This was Ravel's last completed vocal composition before his death. It spans three contrasting pieces sung by Don Quixote, a gallant knight conflicting with ideals and reality. The three pieces use three different dance rhythms: the *guajira*, alternating 6/8 and 3/4 meter, the *zorrica*, a quintuple meter Basque dance, and the *jota*, a triple-metered Spanish dance⁹

1. Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

If you told me the eternal turning
Of the world, offended you.
I would send Panza:
You would see it motionless and silent.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

If you told me you were bored by
The number of stars in the sky.
I would tear the heavens apart,
Erase the night in one swipe

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

If you told me that the now-empty
Space doesn't please you,
Chevalierdieu, with a lance at hand
I would fill the wind with stars.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blémirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.
Ô Dulcinée.

But, my Lady, if you told me
That my blood is more mine than yours.
That reprimand would turn me pale
And, blessing you, I would die.
Oh, Dulcinée¹⁰

⁷ Arbie Orenstein, *Ravel: Mand and Musician*, (Toronto, Ontario: Dover Publications, Inc., 1991) 117.

⁸ Carol Kimball, ed. *Song: A Guide to Art Song Style and Literature*, Revised Ed., (n.p.: Hal Leonard, 2006), 212-213.

⁹ Carol Kimball, ed. *Song: A Guide to Art Song Style and Literature*, Revised Ed., (n.p.: Hal Leonard, 2006), 216-217.

¹⁰ Marty Lucas, "Romanesque Song", October 27, 2011, http://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=11539 (date accessed October 7, 2017)

2. Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame,

Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

3. Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
Lorsque j'ai ... lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!
Ah! Je bois à la joie!...

Good Saint Michael, who gives me the chance
to see my Lady and to hear her.
Good Saint Michael who deigns to choose me
To please and defend her.
Good Saint Michael will you descend
With Saint George to the alter
Of the Virgin in the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven, bless my sword
And his equal in purity
And his equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

O Great Saint George and Saint Michael
The angel who guards my watch
My sweet Lady, so much like you
Virgin in the blue mantle.
Amen.¹¹

Fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady
Who, for losing me in your sweet eyes
Tells me that love and old wine
Put my heart and soul in mourning.

I drink to pleasure!
Pleasure is the only goal,
To which I go straight...
When I've drunk!

Fig for the jealous, dark-haired mistress
Who moans, who cries and swears
Always being the pallid lover,
Watering down his intoxication
I drink to pleasure!¹²

¹¹ Marty Lucas, "Epic Song", June 16, 2014, http://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=11541 (date accessed October 7, 2017)

¹² Marty Lucas, "Chanson à boire", June 16, 2014, http://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=11542 (date accessed October 7, 2017)



Autumn Valentine

Ricky Ian Gordon is a 21st Century American composer. He composes art songs, musical theatre, choral, orchestra, and opera. One of his most famous works is his opera *The Grapes of Wrath* (2007), based on John Steinbeck's novel. Gordon composes his music in a style unrestrained by conventional harmonies while still being tonal.

Gordon wrote *Autumn Valentine* - a suite of eleven songs for soprano and baritone, in 1992 for the Opera Omaha Fall Festival.¹³ *Autumn Valentine* is about a couple's failed marriage, using poems and short stories by Dorothy Parker. James R. Oestreich from *The New York Times* said, "... "Lullaby," was especially delightful, using metrical and rhythmic complexity to achieve a mellow relaxation."¹⁴

Largo al factotum

Above all things, Rossini was a composer of romantic opera. He lived during the turn of the century and laid the groundwork for the transition from classical to romantic opera. He wrote 39 operas and some of his great successes are *La Cenerentola*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Il barbiere di sivilia*. Rossini is regarded as the "Italian Mozart"¹⁵ because of his great memorable songlike melodies.

Il barbiere di Sivilia is a two act comic opera. It is about Count Almaviva. He is in love with Rosina, a beautiful woman. Doctor Bartolo keeps her restricted inside his house. Figaro, who knows everything about everyone in Sivilia, tells Almaviva that Rosina is in fact not Bartolo's daughter and that he plans to marry her. With the help of the cunning Figaro, he is disguised as a poor student named Lindoro and he meets Rosina. They quickly fall in love. After being tricked Bartolo overhears their plans to elope and stops it. Then Bartolo tries to marry here that night and asks Basilio, Rosina's music teacher to quickly bring the notary to marry them. Figaro and Almaviva sneak and and bribe Basilio to help them. Almaviva and Rosina are quickly married just in time before Bartolo returns with soldiers. Bartolo accepts defeat and Flgaro, Almaviva and Rosina celebrate. "Largo al factotum" is Figaro's entrance aria in the beginning of the opera. Figaro brags of his amazing abilities as a jack of all trades who can do anything for anyone.

Largo al factotum della citta.
Presto a bottega che l'alba e gia.
Ah, che bel vivere, che bel piacere
per un barbiere di qualita!
Ah, bravo Figaro!
Bravo, bravissimo!
Fortunatissimo per verita!

Make way for the topman of the city.
Rushing to his shop now that it's dawn.
Ah, isn't life good, how pleasant it is
For a barber of class!
Ah, nice one Figaro!
Nice one, really nice one!
I am the luckiest it's true to say!

¹³ Ricky Ian Gordon, *Autumn Valentine* (n.p.: Theodore Presser Company, 2013)

¹⁴ James R. Oestreich, quoted in Ricky Ian Gordon, "Autumn Valentine," <http://rickviangordon.com/project/autumn-valentine/> (accessed October 8, 2017)

¹⁵ Sophia Gorlin, *Music Theory for Young Musicians in the Style of Russian School of Piano Playing - Book 5.*, (CreateSpace Independent Publishers, 2013)



Pronto a far tutto,
la notte e il giorno
sempre d'intorno in giro sta.
Miglior cuccagna per un barbiere,
vita piu nobile, no, non si da.
Rasori e pettini
lancette e forbici,
al mio comando
tutto qui sta.
V'e la risorsa,
poi, de mestiere
colla donnetta... col cavaliere...

Ready for anything,
night and day
Always busy and around.
A better lot for a barber,
A more noble life cannot be found.
Razors and combs
Lancets and scissors,
At my command
Are all here.
And there are 'extras',
Then, for the business
With women... and with gentlemen...

Tutti mi chiedono, tutti mi vogliono,
donne, ragazzi, vecchi, fanciulle:
Qua la parruca... Presto la barba...
Qua la sanguigna...
Presto il biglietto...
Qua la parruca, presto la barba,
Presto il biglietto, ehi!
Figaro! Figaro! Figaro!, ecc.
Ahime, che furia!
Ahime, che folla!
Uno alla volta, per carita!
Figaro! Son qua.
Ehi, Figaro! Son qua.
Figaro qua, Figaro la,
Figaro su, Figaro giu,

Everyone asks for me, everyone wants me,
Women, young people, old people, the golden haired;
What about the wig... A quick shave...
Some leeches for bleeding...
Quick the note...
What about the wig, a quick shave,
Hurry - the note, o me!
Figaro! Figaro! Figaro! etc.
Heavens, what mayhem!
Heavens, what crowds!
One at a time, For pitias sake!
Figaro! Here I am.
O me, Figaro! Here I am.
Figaro here, Figaro there,
Figaro up, Figaro down,

Pronto prontissimo son come il fumine:
sono il factotum della citta.
Ah, bravo Figaro! Bravo, bravissimo;
a te fortuna non mancherà.

Quicker and quicker the sparks fly with me;
I am the topman of the city.
Ah, nice one Figaro! Nice one, really nice one;
From you luckiness will not depart.¹⁶

I'm Glad I'm Not a Tenor

Ben Moore is an American composer whose works span art song and musical theatre, to choral, opera and even cabaret. His rich harmonies and ease of listening make his music a pleasure to listen to. His music is very singable and melodic in a way that makes most of his music very memorable.

I'm Glad I'm Not a Tenor is one of his opera parodies. In his preface in the piece, Moore says, "I created this song in response to a very common complaint among baritones with good high notes: they are often under pressure to become tenors."¹⁷ In the piece, the singer struggles with his argument that baritones have great songs because "Nessun Dorma", the renowned tenor aria, repeatedly sneaks into his melody and the piano.

¹⁶ Stephen McCloskey, http://www.aria-database.com/translations/barber01_largo.txt (Date accessed October 7, 2017)

¹⁷ Ben Moore, Quoted