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Senior Recital: Emily Hansen, Soprano; Grace Eom, Piano; April 16, 2022

Emily Hansen Soprano

Grace Eom Piano

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Please silence all electronics for the duration of the concert. Thank you.

Senior Recital
Emily Hansen, *Soprano*
Grace Eom, *Piano*

from *Giulio Cesare* George Frideric Handel
V'adoro, pupille (1685-1759)

Sechs Lieder, Op. 13 Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
i. Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
ii. Sie liebten sich beide
iii. Liebeszauber
iv. Der Mond kommt still gegangen
v. Ich hab' in deinem Auge
vi. Die stille Lotosblume

Vocalises
i. Vocalise André Previn (1929-2019)
ii. Vocalise-etude, Alla Gitana Paul Dukas (1865-1935)

~ Five minute Intermission ~

Siete canciones clásicas españoles, vol. 1 Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
i. La mi sola, Laureola
ii. Al Amor
iii. ¿Corazón, porqué pasáis...?
iv. El majo celoso
v. Con amores, la mi madre
vi. Del cabello más sutil
vii. Chiquitita la novia

Blue Mountain Ballads Paul Bowles (1910-1999)
i. Heavenly Grass
ii. Lonesome Man
iii. Cabin
iv. Sugar in the Cane

from *She Loves Me* Jerry Bock (1928-2010)
Vanilla Ice Cream

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

Center for the Performing Arts
April 16, 2022
Saturday Afternoon
4:30 p.m.

Notes and Translations
(program notes by Emily Hansen; translations as marked)
Para mi abuelito. Siempre estuviste destinado a escuchar esta música.

George Frideric Handel — *Giulio Cesare* (1724)

Poetry by Nicola Francesco Haym

George Frederic Handel (1685-1759) was born in Germany, but moved to London in 1713 and became a fully-fledged Londoner, totally transforming the city's cultural landscape through his music. Handel's most famous pieces today include his *Messiah* (heard everywhere at Christmas), *Water Music*, *Music for the Royal Fireworks*, and *Coronation Anthems*. However, Handel also wrote over 40 operas, which were game-changing for the genre. Previously, opera (especially in London) had simply been a string of arias designed to show off singers' vocal abilities, but with Handel, gripping storytelling and fully-rounded characters emerged.

In Handel's *Giulio Cesare* (Julius Caesar), Cleopatra and her brother are vying for the throne when Julius Caesar arrives in Egypt, pursuing an enemy. Seeing the opportunity to tip the balance of power in her favor, Cleopatra seduces Caesar. Cleopatra knows she is beautiful and quite the seductress, she uses these skills to captivate and seduce Caesar into falling in love with her. Once she manages that, Caesar can help Cleopatra overthrow her brother so she can sit on the throne.

V'adoro, pupille

V'adoro, pupille,
saette d'amore,
le vostre faville
son grate nel sen.

Pietose vi brama
il mesto mio core,
ch'ogn'ora vi chiama
l'amato suo ben.

V'adoro, pupille,
saette d'amore,
le vostre faville
son grate nel sen.

I adore you, eyes (English trans. Melinda Parsons)

I adore you, eyes,
arrows of love
Your sparkles
are pleasing in my breast.

Have pity on
my sad heart
That at every hour calls
the lover your beloved.

I adore you, eyes,
arrows of love
Your sparkles
are pleasing in my breast.

Clara Schumann — Sechs Lieder, Op. 13

Texts and English translations as noted below

Clara Wieck (1819-1896) was a German composer, pianist, and piano pedagogue. Born a child prodigy, she was a virtuoso performer that gained international recognition at age 11, getting compliments from celebrities like Liszt, Chopin and Paganini. The historical context where she grew up in had a hard time regarding female musicians as something more than performers. Her marriage and relationship with Robert Schumann can mirror this peculiar and paradoxical duality: although she became far more famous than him during their lifetime (as a performer), it was Robert who entered the flawed classical music canon (as a composer), not her.

Her first ten opus are before her marriage with Robert Schumann, which were all piano pieces, but after their engagement she began experimenting with other genres such as the lied. *Sechs Lieder (Six Songs), Op. 13* were written as birthday and Christmas gifts to Robert and dedicated to Denmark's Queen Caroline Amalie, whose warm hospitality Schumann had appreciated greatly during a concert tour. This set of lieder has introspective texts written by Emanuel Geibel, Friedrich Rückert and Heinrich Heine that talk about death and the past in a particular way, where the gloomy topics seem to have a charming veil drawn over them. Clara uses the music to mirror this reality: a pleasant, serene piano accompaniment while the words speak about something more profound.

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen (Heine)

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildniß an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmuthstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Thränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab -
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Daß ich Dich verloren hab'!

Sie liebten sich beide (Heine)

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sahn sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wußten es selber kaum.

I stood in gloomy daydreams (English trans. Emily Ezust)

I stood in gloomy daydreams
and gazed at her portrait,
and that well-beloved countenance
began furtively to come to life.

About her lips there seemed to glide
a wondrous smile,
and, as if they were about to fill with nostalgic tears,
her eyes glistened.

And my tears flowed
down my cheeks -
and ah, I cannot believe
that I have lost you!

They once loved each other (English trans. David Smith)

They once loved each other, but neither
would to the other confess;
they saw each other as hostile,
yet wanted to perish from love.

They finally parted and sometimes sighted
the other in dreams;
they had been dead so long now
and hardly known it themselves.

Liebeszauber (Geibel)

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang,
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.

Und wie er klang, da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
Und leise ging die Luft;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getön.

Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
Sich goldig rother Schein.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall --
Ach, was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Wiederhall.

Der Mond kommt still gegangen (Geibel)

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Mit seinem goldenen Schein,
Da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
Aus manchem treuen Sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken
Über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Thale, da funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunkeln
Still in die Welt hinaus.

Love Spell (English trans. David Smith)

Now Love once like a nightingale
in rosebush perched and sang;
with sweetest wonder flew the sound
along the woodland green.

And as it rang, there rose a scent
from ring of thousand buds,
and all the treetops rustled soft,
and softer blew the air;

The brooklets silenced, scarcely come
by splashing from the heights,
the fawns stood still as if in dream
and listened to the tone.

And bright and ever brighter flowed
the sunbeams down inside,
'round blossoms, wood and gorge it gushed
with golden red sunshine.

I walked along the path that day
and also heard that sound.
Alas! what ever since I've sung
was just its echo faint.

Night Song (English trans. Sharon Krebs)

The moon approaches quietly
With its golden radiance.
The tired world then falls asleep
Resplendent in beauty.

And swaying upon the breezes,
From many a loyal spirit
Are thousands of loving thoughts,
Wafting over those who sleep.

And down in the valley there sparkle
The windows of my beloved's house.
But I, in the darkness, gaze
Silently out at the world.

Ich hab' in deinem Auge (Rückert)

Ich hab' in deinem Auge den Strahl
Der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen einmal
Die Rosen des Himmels stehen.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt,
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
Ihr Abglanz, ewig neu erfrischt,
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben.

Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen sehn
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
So werden sie mir in Rosen stehn
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

Die stille Lotosblume (Geibel)

Die stille Lotosblume
Steigt aus dem blauen See,
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
All' seinen gold'nen Schein,
Gießt alle seine Strahlen
In ihren Schooß hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und schaut die Blume an.
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und will im Singen vergehn --

O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?
O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?

In your eyes I have seen (English trans. Sharon Krebs)

In your eyes I have seen
The beam of eternal love,
I once saw upon your cheeks
The roses of heaven.

And as the beam in your eyes fades,
And as the roses scatter,
Their reflection, ever refreshed anew,
Has remained within my heart.

And I shall never see your cheeks
And never look into your eyes,
But that [your cheeks] will be full of roses for me,
And [your eyes] will be sending me the beam of love.

The quiet lotus-blossom (English trans. David Smith)

The quiet lotus blossom
sprouts from the pond so blue,
its leaves all glimmer and sparkle,
its bud is white as snow.

The moon pours down from heaven
all of its golden shine,
pours all its golden moonbeams
into her blossom heart.

In water 'round the blossom
circles the whitest swan
it sings so sweet, so softly
and gazes on the bloom.
It sings so sweet, so softly
and would but perish in song.

O blossom, whitest blossom,
can you conceive the song?
O blossom, whitest blossom,
can you conceive the song?

André Previn

André George Previn (1929-2019), original name Andreas Ludwig Priwin, was born in Berlin, Germany in 1929, before his family fled Nazi persecution and moved to Los Angeles in 1939. While still a teenager, Previn was recognized as a gifted jazz pianist, and performed various orchestrating and arranging tasks for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the 1940s and then worked under contract with MGM from 1952 to 1960. Working for various studios, he won Academy Awards for his music scores for *Gigi* (1958), *Porgy and Bess* (1959), *Irma la Douce* (1963), and *My Fair Lady* (1964). His many Grammy Awards were in multiple categories: musical shows (1958 and 1959), pop (1959), jazz (1960 and 1961), and classical (several awards from 1973).

André Previn's *Vocalise* was written for soprano and cello, specifically Sylvia McNair and Yo Yo Ma. A vocalise is considered a singing exercise using individual syllables or vowel sounds to develop flexibility and control of pitch and tone. When composed for performance, rather than an exercise, a vocalise gives the performer freedom of vowel shape, allowing them to best highlight their voice.

Paul Dukas

Paul Abraham Dukas (1865 - 1935) was a French composer, critic, scholar and teacher. Born in Paris, he was the second son in a Jewish family of three children. Dukas entered the Paris Conservatory at the end of 1881, when he was only 16 years of age. Among his fellow students at that time was Claude Debussy with whom he formed a close friendship. Dukas worked as a music critic, contributing regularly to several French journals. He was intensely self-critical and abandoned or destroyed many of his compositions. His best-known work is the orchestral piece *L'apprenti sorcier* (*The Sorcerer's Apprentice*; 1897), popularized by the Disney production, *Fantasia*, a 1940 animated film in which Mickey Mouse was portrayed as a sorcerer's apprentice.

Dukas was invited by his colleague, Hettich, to contribute a piece for a collection of vocalise-etudes to be used in the concours. Dukas composed this *Vocalise-etude, Alla gitana* (in a Gypsy style), for voice and piano in 1909, to fulfill Hettich's request. Today, this music has been adapted for several different instruments and despite originally being written for voice, the majority of professional recordings are for other instrumentations.

Fernando Obradors — Siete canciones clásicas españoles, vol. 1

Texts as noted below, translations by James T. Abraham and Mark Bates.

Spanish composer, Fernando Obradors (1897-1945) was a conductor and pianist whose love of music was instilled in him by his mother. Although he was a largely self-taught composer, he eventually ended up in Paris to continue his music study. He wrote in a variety of genres, but vocal music is among his most well-known. *Canciones clásicas españolas* are settings of seven Spanish poems spanning multiple centuries and multiple poets. The overarching theme of this cycle is love, whether it is a romantic interest, family member, or friend. The influence of Spanish dances, flamenco, and Spanish guitar are highlighted through specific melodic flourishes, harmonic textures, and dance-like rhythms throughout the set.

La mi sola, Laureola is inspired by a 16th century Spanish song (solmization *villancico*) wherein the text corresponds to solfege syllables (la mi sol la). The melody and harmony highlight the melancholic words of Leriano, who longs for Laureola. *Al amor* provides a sharp energetic contrast to *La mi sola, Laureola*. The accompaniment imitates the excited heartbeat of infatuation. *¿Corazón, porqué pasáis?* narrates the worries and uncertainties of a young lover's perception of her beloved. Dissonant harmonies create uncomfortable feelings of uncertainty. The anonymous 18th century lyrics of *El majo celoso* describe a young lover's jealousy and the attempts of the beloved to quell those jealous emotions. The word "majo" (masculine) or "maja" (feminine) described men and women from the lower classes of the *pueblo llano* section of Madrid; they became a favorite subject of painters (Goya) and playwrights (Raymond de la Cruz) from 1760-1800. *Con amores, la mi madre* resembles a lullaby but, in this case, is sung by the young woman to her mother. The lyrics come from a 15th century poem by Juan Anchieta, a Basque composer of the Renaissance. The young woman's quasi lullaby is an attempt to calm her own psyche to find peace after a past relationship. The lyrics of *Del cabello más sutil* originate from a traditional Spanish folk song. Obradors' delicate setting evokes the beloved being drawn closer by the braids in her hair. She daydreams that she is the cup that "kisses his lips" every time he takes a drink. *Chiquitita la novia* begins with extravagant bravado followed by a flashy vocal cadenza. There is no sense of subtlety in its musical setting or language; a sharp contrast to the previous song. A *flamenco* influence is readily apparent in the vivid accompaniment imitating the rhythmic flourishes of a Spanish guitar.

La mi sola, Laureola (Juan Ponce)

La mi sola, Laureola.
La mi sola, sola, sola

Yo el cautivo Leriano
aunque mucho estoy ufano
Herido de aquella mano
Que en el mundo es una sola.

La mi sola, Laureola.
La mi sola, sola, sola

Al Amor (Cristobal de Castillejo)

Dame amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y despues...
De muchos millares, tres!

Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratamos la cuenta
Y...contemos al revés.

My one and only, Laureola (English trans. Laura Prichard)

My one and only, Laureola.
My one and only, only, only

I'm the captive Leriano
Even though I'm very proud
I'm wounded by that hand
Of which in the whole world, there is only one.

My one and only, Laureola.
My one and only, only, only

To love (English trans. Alice Rogers-Mendoza)

Give me love, kisses without count,
as the number of hairs on my head,
and give me a thousand and a hundred after that,
and a hundred and a thousand after that...
and after those...
many thousands, give me three more!

And so that no one feels bad...
Let us tear up the tally
and begin counting backwards!

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis?

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis
Las noches de amor despierto
Si vuestro dueño descansa
En los brazos de otro dueño? Ah!
¿Corazón, porqué pasáis
Las noches de amor despierto?

El majo celoso

Del majo que me enamora
He aprendido la queja
Que una y mil veces suspira
Noche tras noche en mi reja.
Lindezas, me muero de amor loco y fiero
Quisiera olvidarte mas quiero y no puedo!

Le han dicho que en la Pradera
Me han visto con un chispero
Desas de malla de seda
y chupa de terciopelo.
Malezas, te quiero, no creas que muero
De amores perdida por ese chispero.

Con amores, la mi madre (Juan de Anchieta)

Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí;
Así dormida soñaba
Lo que el corazón velaba,
Que el amor me consolaba
Con más bien que merecí;
Adormecióme el favor
que amor me dió con amor
Dio descanso a mi dolor
La fe con que le serví.
Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí.

Del cabello más sutil

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca
Cuando fueras a beber. Ah!

Heart, why do you pass? (English trans. Alice Rogers-Mendoza)

Heart, why do you pass
The nights of love awake
If your owner rests
In the arms of another? Ah!
Heart, why do you pass
The nights of love awake?

The jealous majo (English trans. Laura Prichard)

Of the nice guy that make me fall in love
I have learned the complaint
That one and 1000 times sighs
Night after night in my window.
Darling, I am dying of love crazy and wild
I want to forget you but I want to and I cannot!

They have told him that in the meadow
They have seen me with another
One of silk garments
and velvet jackets.
Darling, I love you, you don't know that
I'm dying of love helpless for another.

With love, my mother (English trans. Laura Prichard)

With love, my mother,
With love I fell asleep;
So asleep I dreamed
of what the heart watched.
That love consoled me
With more good than I deserved;
The aid lulled me to sleep
What love gave me with love
Give rest to my pain
The faith with which I served
With love, my mother,
With love I fell asleep.

Of the most subtle hair (English trans. Alice Rogers-Mendoza)

Of the most subtle hair
That you have in your braids
I have to make a chain
To bring you to my side
A carcass in your house
Little girl, I would like you to be
To kiss you on the mouth
When you went to drink. Ah!

Chiquitita la novia (Curro Dulce)

Ah!
Chiquitita la novia,
chiquito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala y el dormitorio.
Por eso yo quiero chiquitita la cama
Y el mosquitero.
Ah!

Little girlfriend (English trans. Alice Rogers-Mendoza)

Ah!
Little bride,
little groom,
Little room and the bedroom.
That's why I want the tiny bed
And the mosquito net.
Ah!

Paul Bowles — Blue Mountain Ballads

Poetry by Tennessee Williams

Paul Bowles (1910-1999) was an American expatriate composer, author, and translator. Following a cultured middle-class upbringing in New York City, during which he displayed a talent for music and writing, Bowles pursued his education at the University of Virginia before making several trips to Paris in the 1930s. He studied music with Aaron Copland, and in New York wrote music for theatrical productions, as well as other compositions. He achieved critical and popular success with his first novel *The Sheltering Sky* (1949), set in French North Africa.

The four poems, grouped under the same title given to the song cycle, and printed in the same order, appear in a book of Tennessee Williams's poetry called *In the Winter of Cities* (1956). Throughout the cycle, Bowles incorporates flowing melodies with accompaniments that are infused with jazz and rag rhythms typically associated with southern music.

Heavenly Grass

My feet took a walk in heavenly grass.
All day while the sky shone clear as glass.
My feet took a walk in heavenly grass,
All night while the lonesome stars rolled past.
Then my feet come down to walk on earth,
And my mother cried when she give me birth.
Now my feet walk far and my feet walk fast,
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.

Lonesome Man

My chair rock-rocks by the door all day
But nobody ever stops my way,
Nobody ever stops by my way.
My teef chaw-chaw on an old ham bone an'
I do the dishes all alone,
I do the dishes all by my lone.
My feet clop-clop on the hardwood floor 'cause
I won't buy love at the hardware store,
I don't want love from the mercantile store.
Now the clock tick-tocks by my single bed while
the moon looks down on my sleepless head,
While the moon grins down at an ole fool's head.

Cabin

The cabin was cozy
And hollyhocks grew
Bright by the door
Till his whisper crept through.
The sun on the sill
Was yellow and warm
Till she lifted the latch
For a man or a storm.
Now the cabin falls
To the winter wind
And the walls cave in
Where they kissed and sinned.
And the long white rain
Sweeps clean the room
Like a white-haired witch
With a long straw broom!

Sugar in the Cane

I'm red pepper in a shaker,
Bread that's waitin' for the baker.
I'm sweet sugar in the cane,
Never touched except by rain.
If you touched me God save you,
These summer days are hot and blue.
I'm potatoes not yet mashed,
I'm a check that ain't been cashed.
I'm a window with a blind,
Can't see what goes on behind.
If you did, God save your soul!
These winter nights are blue and cold!

Jerry Bock – *She Loves Me* (1963)

Libretto by Sheldon Harnick

She Loves Me is one of many adaptations of the play, *Parfumerie*, written in 1937 by Hungarian Playwright Miklós László. *Vanilla Ice Cream* is unusual, in that the piece is reliant on the plot in order to be understood by the audience. The night before, Amalia was supposed to finally meet her pen pal at a café, whom she only knows as “Dear Friend”. Amalia believes her pen pal did not show, and that her coworker Georg arriving at the café was a coincidence that ruined her evening. The next day, Amalia has called in sick to work and Georg has decided to stop by her apartment to check on Amalia and bring her vanilla ice cream. Amalia is shocked that Georg is so kind, as they have always bickered at work. Therefore, the audience is in on the secret; Dear Friend, *that* Georg, and *this* Georg are all the same person, unbeknownst to Amalia.

Vanilla Ice Cream

Dear friend
I am so sorry about last night
It was a nightmare in every way
But together you and I will laugh at last night someday

Ice cream
He brought me ice cream!
Vanilla ice cream!
Imagine that!
Ice cream, and for the first time
We were together without a spat!

Friendly
He was so friendly
That isn't like him
I'm simply stunned

Will wonders never cease?
Will wonders never cease?
It's been a most peculiar day!
Will wonders never cease?
Will wonders never cease?
Oh, where was I?

I am so sorry about last night
It was a nightmare in every way
But together you and I will laugh at last night someday!

I sat there waiting in that café
And never guessing that you were fat... oh!
That you were near
You were outside looking bold... oh, no!

Dear Friend
I am so sorry about last night
Last night I was so nasty!
Well, he deserved it, but even so
That George is not like *this* George
This is a new George that I don't know

Somehow it all reminds me of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
When right before my eyes
A man that I despise has turned into a man I like!
It's almost like a dream, as strange as it may seem
He came to offer me vanilla ice cream!