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## Concert recording 2015-04-10

Amanda Brooks

Miranda Baker

Cheyenne McCoy

Jared Isaac Aragon

Elvis Barksdale

*See next page for additional authors*

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**Performer(s)**

Amanda Brooks, Miranda Baker, Cheyenne McCoy, Jared Isaac Aragon, Elvis Barksdale, Yeo Hun Chun, Madeleine Hogue, Tazonio Anderson, and Rosabelle Zhou



# AMANDA BROOKS, SOPRANO

MM Voice - Degree Chamber Recital  
Friday, April 10<sup>th</sup>, 2015 7:30pm  
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

Student of Dr. Moon-Sook Park

University of Arkansas  
J. William Fulbright College of Arts & Sciences  
Music Department  
Dr. Ronda M. Mains, Department Chair



*Neun deutsche Arien*, HWV 202 & 209  
"Küniß ges' Zeiten erlter kummer", No. 1  
"In den angenehmen Blütschen", No. 8

George F. Handel  
(1685-1759)

Vorrei Spieggruß, oh Diol! (K. 418)

Miranda Baker, 1<sup>st</sup> violin; Cheyenne McCoy, violoncello  
Jared Isaac Aragon, harpsichord

Wolfgang A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Elvis Barksdale, oboe  
Yeo Hun Chun, piano

Chanson Perpetuelle (Op. 37)

Miranda Baker, 1<sup>st</sup> violin; Madeleine Hogue, 2<sup>nd</sup> violin  
Tazomio Anderson, viola; Cheyenne McCoy, violoncello  
Yeo Hun Chun, piano

Ernest Chausson  
(1855-1899)

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**Intermission**

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L'invitation au voyage

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

La Diva de l'Empire

Erik Satie  
(1866-1925)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (D.965)

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Tongxiao Zhou, clarinet  
Yeo Hun Chun, piano



### **Künft'ger Zeiten eitler Kummer**

Künftiger Zeiten eitler Kummer  
Stört nicht unsern sanften Schlummer;  
Ehrgeiz hat uns nie besiegt.  
Mit dem unbesorgten Leben,  
Das der Schöpfer uns gegeben,  
Sind wir ruhig und vergnügt.

### **Vain worries of the future**

Vain worries of the future  
Do not disturb our gentle sleep;  
Ambition never defeated us.  
With the unworried life,  
That the Creator gave us,  
We are peaceful and cheerful.

Barthold Heinrich Brockes (1680-1747)

Translation by Hayden Muhl, recmusic.org

### **In den angenehmen Büschen**

In den angenehmen Büschen,  
Wo sich Licht und Schatten mischen,  
Suchet sich in stiller Lust  
Aug' und Herze zu erfrischen;  
Dann erheb' t sich aus der Brust  
Mein zufriedenes Gemüte,  
Und lobsingt des Schöpfers Güte,

### **In the pleasant bushes**

In the pleasant bushes,  
Where light and shadow mix,  
Seek in silent pleasure  
Your eye and heart to refresh,  
Then lift out of your breast  
My content feelings  
And sing praise to the Creator's Goodness.

Barthold Heinrich Brockes (1680-1747)

Translation by Hayden Muhl, recmusic.org

G.F. Handel's extensive collections of works display his undisputed talent of counterpoint and use of the vocal line. His hymns from the *Neun deutsche Arien* collection are simple and intimate glimpses of such uses. "Künft'ger Zeiten eitler Kummer" and "In den angenehmen Büschen" derive from *Irdisches Vergnügen in Gott* (Earthly Pleasure in God), a poetry set written by Barthold Henrich Brockes.

Brockes was one of the first German writers to make the subject of nature a principle motif in his poetry and played an important role in the Enlightenment movement in German literature. "Künft'ger Zeiten eitler Kummer" speaks of not allowing fear and worries to defeat us by destroying our peace and joy by worrying; while "In den angenehmen Büschen" has a more solitary theme, creating an atmosphere of spiritual intimacy with the Creator.



*Vorrei Spiegarmi, oh Dio!*

Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio!  
Qual è l'affanno mio:  
Ma mi condanna il fato  
A piangere e tacere.  
Ander non può il mio core  
Per chi vorrebbe amore  
E fa che cruda io sembri  
Un barbaro dover.  
Ah come, partite, correte,  
Fuggite lontano da me:  
La vostra diletta Emilia v'aspetta.  
Languir non la fate, è degna d'amor.  
Ah stelle spietate! Nemiche mi siete,  
Mi perdo s'ei resta, oh Dio!  
Partite, correte, d'amor non parlate,  
È Vostro il suo cor.

*Oh God, I would like to tell you*

Oh God, I would like to tell you  
Of my suffering!  
But fate condemns me  
To weep in silence.  
My heart is unable to burn  
For the one who desires my love  
What may, causes me to seem severe  
Is a cruel duty.  
Ah Count, leave, run,  
Flee far from me:  
Your beloved Emilia awaits-you,  
Do not cause her to languish, she is worthy of love.  
Ah, pitiless fate! You are hostile to me.  
I will die if he stays, Oh God!  
Leave, run, do not speak of love,  
Her heart is yours.

Text: unknown author

Translation by Bard Suverkrup, Ipsource.com

Originally, this aria was composed by Mozart for Pasquale Alfonsi's opera *Il curioso indiscreto*, specifically for the soprano Maria Aloysia Lange Weber. The diva was not satisfied with the aria Alfonsi originally composed. Making a request to change an aria was customary and encouraged in 18<sup>th</sup> century opera. Therefore, in June 1783, Mozart happily stepped in. It has been recorded that Mozart felt his aria change made Alfonsi's opera a success. Mozart boasts, "No one cared for this opera until I inserted my arias. ... I did Alfonsi a favor". As we listen to the cries of a tossed lover exclaiming to God her fate in the manner of love, our auditory senses appreciate Mozart's boastful, but careful treatment of the melodic interpretation of the text in this case of love. Every note seems to be crafted to be pleasing to the ear. While listening to the voice in its journey, the audience can come to appreciate Mozart's careful and complicated demand of the voice and the beautiful melodic cosigning of thought made by the oboe in *Vorrei Spiegarmi, oh Dio!*.

Setting the trend in 18<sup>th</sup> century classical music, Mozart preferred to write arias according to the singer, a custom fit, just as leather forms to the object. It will hold. *Vorrei Spiegarmi, oh*

*Dio!* is no different. If this aria is not compatible for the singer, the lines have a way of completely exposing the voice in this truth. The vocal lines slowly stretch in range, drama, and anticipation, built by the tension of dissonance and breaks in the lines created by rests. The ear has to wait. Just as the text portrays, eventually the voice reaches God by gracefully bending and slurring to a whistle tone of an E above high C sharp- the ear is satisfied.

After the virtuosic display in the dramatic Adagio section the aria continues to heighten to the bravura style Allegro section. Mozart requires the singer to approach an A and gracefully drop to a low middle C sharp, next descending a whole step to B, and suddenly and majestically back up to the high D above high C sharp. Remember, the art of portamento, or carrying and sliding from one note to another is not in style in this period. The genius in Mozart's voicing style is that although he requires much vocal gymnastics, he believed if the particular voice fit the song, the voice would unlock a natural and clear dramatic expression, to produce an aria that warms the heart when performed. He detested singers who practiced performing a vocally unbecoming exploding bravura aria. *Vorrei Spiegarmi, oh Dio!* is such a song to test Mozart's theory of the soprano's voice.



***Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé***

Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé,  
Mon bien-aimé s'en est allé  
Emportant mon cœur désolé.  
Vents, que vos plaintives rumeurs,  
Que vos chants, rossignols charmeurs,  
Aillent lui dire que je meurs.  
Le premier soir qu'il vint ici  
Mon âme fut à sa merci.  
De fierté je n'eus plus souci.  
Mes regards étaient pleins d'aveux.  
Il me prit dans ses bras nerveux  
Et me baisa près des cheveux.  
J'en eus un grand frémissement;  
Et puis je ne sais comment  
Il est devenu mon amant  
Je lui disais: "Tu m'aimeras  
Aussi longtemps que tu pourras!"  
Je ne dormais bien qu'en ses bras.  
Mais lui, sentant son cœur éteint,

***Woods trembling, sky starlit***

Woods trembling, sky starlit,  
My well-loved he has gone away,  
Carrying away my heart desolate.  
Winds, let your plaintive noises,  
Let your songs, nightingales charming,  
Go to him to say that I die.  
The first evening that he came here  
My soul was at his mercy.  
For pride I not had any care.  
My glances were full of promise.  
He took me into his arms strong  
And kissed me on the forehead.  
I had a great trembling;  
And then, I not know how  
He did become my lover.  
I to him said: "You love me  
As long as you can!"  
I never slept as well as in his arms.  
But he, feeling his heart grow cold,

S'en est allé l'autre matin,  
 Sans moi, dans un pays lointain.  
 Puisque je n'ai plus mon ami,  
 Je mourrai dans l'étang, parmi  
 Les fleurs sous le flot endormi.  
 Sur le bord arrive, au vent  
 Je dirai son nom, en rêvant  
 Que là je l'attendis souvent.  
 Et comme en un linceul doré,  
 Dans mes cheveux défaits, au gré  
 Du vent je m'abandonnerai.  
 Les bonheurs passés verseront  
 Leur douce leur sur mon front;  
 Et les jones verts m'enlaceront.  
 Et mon sein croîtra, frémissant  
 Sous l'enlacement caressant,  
 Subir l'étreinte de l'absent.

He has left another morning,  
 Without me, for a land distant.  
 Since I not have more my friend,  
 I will die in this pool, among  
 The flowers beneath the waters sleeping.  
 On the shore arriving, to the wind  
 I will speak his name, in a dream  
 That there I him await often.  
 And like in a shroud golden,  
 With my hair undone, at the whim  
 Of the wind I will abandon myself.  
 The happiness past will pour  
 Its sweet light on my face;  
 And the reeds green me will entangle.  
 And my breast will believe, trembling  
 Under their enfolding caresses,  
 It is submitting to the embrace of the  
 absent one.

Charles Cros (1842-1888)

Translation by Bard Saverkrop, Ipasource.com

Composed for strings, piano, and voice, *Chanson Perpétuelle* draws the audience in its web of musical emotion and sentiment. Mostly through –composed, the chanson allows the voice, strings, and piano to express intimate emotion as all the instruments weepingly sing to one another, echoing the heart felt emotion of an abandoned and heart-broken woman. The woman's love cries are also dramatically displayed by the string's tremoli, as the voice continuously floats into one memorable and emotional melodic line after another.

Like his beautiful continuous melodic lines and the French language itself, Ernest Chausson understood that French poetry must sing, therefore *Chanson Perpétuelle* text was carefully chosen from Charles Cros's well versed poem *Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé*. Henri Büssé was chosen to set the poem to Chausson's music. Alongside *Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer* and *Les Heures*, *Chanson Perpétuelle* is a one of Ernest Chausson's most performed and famous works. A student of Jules Massenet and César Franck, one should not be surprised that Chausson's harmonies, melodies, and intimate vocal lines are memorable and pleasingly striking to the ear and heart, while adding new and exciting tone colour in French music. Due to a fatal bicycle accident in 1899, Ernest Chausson does not hold an extensive repertoire. Although we are denied an abundant amount of his compositions, *Chanson Perpétuelle* and among other works display his genius, and grants the world beautiful melodies and harmonies our ears shall never forget.





### *L'invitation au voyage*

Mon enfant, ma sœur,  
Songe à la douceur  
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!  
Aimer à loisir,  
Aimer et mourir  
Au pays qui te ressemble.  
Les soleils mouillés  
De ces cieux brouillés  
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes  
Si mystérieux  
De tes traîtres yeux,  
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.  
Là tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté  
Vois sur ces canaux,  
Dormir ces vaisseaux,  
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;  
C'est pour assouvir  
Ton moindre désir  
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.  
Les soleils couchants  
Revêtent les champs,  
Les canaux, la ville entière,  
D'hyacinthe et d'or;  
Le monde s'endort  
Dans une chaude lumière!  
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté  
Luxe, calme et volupté.

### *Invitation to the voyage*

My child, my sister,  
Think of the sweetness  
Of going there to live together!  
To love at leisure,  
To love and to die  
In a country that is the image of you.  
The misty suns  
Of those changeable skies  
Have for me the same  
Mysterious charm  
As your fickle eyes  
Shining through their tears.  
There, all is harmony and beauty,  
Luxury, calm and delight.  
See how those ships,  
Nomads by nature,  
Are slumbering in the canals;  
To gratify  
Your every desire  
They have come from the ends of the earth.  
The westerling suns  
Clothe the fields,  
The canals, and the town,  
With reddish-orange and gold;  
The world falls asleep  
Bathed in warmth and light!  
There, all is harmony and beauty  
Luxury, calm and delight.

Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

Translation by Peter Low, [recmusic.org](http://recmusic.org)

In *L'invitation au voyage*, the piano gracefully shifts from one chord to the next giving an effect of a harp, creating a dream state of pleasure. The vocal line soars over the harmony

smoothly and continuously as a string instrument would. The "violin voice", is what Henri Duparc called this effect. Along with the harmony and melody, the constant transition of meter aids in the push and pull of the line, maintaining a state of euphoria for the ear and mind. Duparc found profound pleasure in poetry unlike his famous teacher César Franck. Duparc sought after the best French poets of the times, such as Charles Baudelaire's poem *L'invitation au voyage*, to compliment his ingenious and detailed text painting.

Although Duparc lost his eyesight at 37, he lived a long life well into his eighties. As we hear the success of his beautifully written "violin voice" in *L'invitation au voyage*, the audience may not understand why he would only leave less than 40 compositions for the world to know and love. One would think we would have an abundance of Duparc's compositions, but musicologists reveal that the Late Romantic composer was a perfectionist and not a confident composer. Unfortunately, Henri Duparc wrote and later destroyed many of his works.



### *La Diva de l'Empire*

Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway,  
Mettant l'éclat d'un sourire,  
D'un rire charmant et frais  
De baby étonné qui soupire,  
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,  
C'est la Diva de l'Empire.  
C'est la rein' dont s'éprennent  
Les gentlemen  
Et tous les dandys  
De Piccadilly.  
Dans un seul "yes" elle mettait de douceur  
Que tous les snobs en gilet à coeur,  
L'accueillant de hurras frénétiques,  
Sur la scène lancent des gerbes de fleurs,  
Sans remarquer le rire narquois  
De son joli minois.  
Elle danse presque automatiquement  
Et soulève, oh très pudiquement,  
Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches,  
De ses jambes montrant le frétillement.  
C'est à la fois très très innocent  
Et très très excitant.

### *Diva of the Empire*

Under the great hat Greenway,  
Showing the burst of a smile,  
Of a laugh charming and fresh  
Of a surprised baby who sighs,  
Little girl with velvety eyes,  
It's the Diva of the Empire.  
It's the queen of whom become enamored  
The gentlemen  
And all the Dandies  
Of Piccadilly.  
In only a "yes" she puts so much sweetness  
That all the snobs in waistcoats to heart,  
Welcome her with frenetic hurrahs,  
On the stage toss wreaths of flowers,  
Without noticing the mocking laugh  
Of her sweet little face.  
She dances almost automatically  
And lifts up, oh very modestly,  
Her underthings of frills and furbelows,  
Of her legs showing the quivering.  
It is at the same time very innocent  
And very very exciting.

Dominique Bonnaud (1864-1943) and Charles Bessat dit Numa Blès (1871-1917)  
Translation by Korin Kormick, recmusic.org

Erik Satie was a colorful figure in the 20<sup>th</sup> century Avant Gard movement. Satie was known to be eccentric in his personal life, and his bold personality shows in his music. His vocal music became the staple of cabaret music. Satie wrote *La Diva de l'Empire* for Paulette Dart, a popular café concert singer in 1904. *La Diva de l'Empire*, is a catchy and memorable tune with 20<sup>th</sup> century turns and twists in the harmony. As the Diva makes fun of the historical and famous Dandies of Piccadilly Street in Britain, whom are well-dressed and polished aristocrat imposters, the Dandies aren't bothered by her fun mockery of them, and swoon around her stage showering her with flowers, waves, and flirtatious sounds for her to continue to protest, flirt, and charm them with her song.

With the backing of Maurice Ravel directing his music and 20 year friendship with Charles Debussy, Erik Satie had great success and became the leader in French music of his time. Charles Debussy stated that Erik Satie was beyond his time. Debussy's theory about his friend and colleague can be heard in Satie's piano composition *Le Piccadilly*, the first experimentation in Ragtime in France, and in Satie's infamous *Gymnopédie* compositions.



### **Der Hirt auf dem Felsen**

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',  
In's tiefe Tal herniedersch',  
Und singe:  
Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal  
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall  
Der Klüfte.  
Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,  
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt  
Von unten.  
Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,  
Drum seh' ich mich so heiß nach ihr  
Hinüber.  
In tiefem Gram verzehr' ich mich,  
Mir ist die Freude hin,  
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,  
Ich hier so einsam bin.

### **Shepherd on the Rock**

When, upon the highest rock I stand,  
And look into the deep valley,  
And sing:  
Far out-of the deep dark valley  
The echo soars upward  
Out of the ravines.  
The farther my voice penetrates,  
The clearer it echoes back to me  
From below.  
My sweetheart lives so far from me,  
Therefore I long so passionately for her  
Over- there  
I am consumed by deep grief,  
For me all joy is gone,  
All hope on earth retreats from me,  
I am so lonely here.

So sehnd klang im Wald das Lied,  
So sehnd klang es durch die Nacht,  
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht  
Mit wunderbarer Macht.  
Der Frühling will kommen,  
Der Frühling, mein Freund  
Der Frühling, meine Freud',  
Nun mach' ich mich fertig  
Zum Wandern bereit.

So longingly sounded in the woods the song,  
So longingly sounded it through the night,  
It draws the heart toward heaven  
With wondrous power.  
The springtime will come,  
He springtime, my friend  
The springtime, my joy,  
Now I prepare myself  
For the journey.

Wilhelm Muller (1794-1824) & Wilhelmina von Chezy (1783-1856)

Translation by Bard Suverkrop, lpasource.com

A few months before Franz Schubert's death in 1828, Schubert wrote *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* for his friend and singer Pauline Anna Milder-Hauptmann. The singer wanted Schubert to write something in which she could express a wide range of emotion and display diversity and agility of the voice. At the time, Schubert was dealing with a wide range of emotions, because of his long length of time fighting sickness and pain. During this chamber work for voice, clarinet, and piano, the instruments have a three-way conversation, exemplifying the Shepherd's emotional turmoil. Each instrument has a role; Schubert allows the clarinet to act as nature. Of course, the voice is the Shepherd and the piano acts as his Conscious. During the conversation between Nature (the clarinet) and the Shepherd (the voice), the clarinet imitates and echoes the vocal line. Musically, the audience can hear Nature (the clarinet) and the Shepherd's Conscious (the piano) cosigning and disagreeing with the Shepherd's (the voice's) declamations through Schubert's contrasting melodies.

In the first section, the Shepherd expresses his joy from a high rock. As the Shepherd stands on the peak of the high rock overlooking the valley, he begins to hear his voice echoing back and forth from the deep valley. He soon realizes the desolate nature of this occurrence and comes to find that he is lonely in the second section; this transition of emotion is emphasized by switching to a minor key. Lastly, the Shepherd finds gratefulness and freedom in the idea of spring, symbolizing new ideals and rebirth.

In keeping the traditional singing style of 19<sup>th</sup> century musical thought regarding embellishments and ornamentation, Schubert adds runs and fantastic soaring lines so that the singer does not have to guess about ornamentation. During this three part mini drama; Schubert makes it equally technical for all three instruments involved. Equal to the technicality of the music, the ability to interpret the range of emotions needed in this mini drama aids in the level of difficulty. Therefore, it is near impossible for each performer not to put ones whole self in *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen*. Each line of the voices alludes to the emotional tension and psychological state of the Shepherd. Schubert's seemingly simplistic, but genius art of song is displayed with virtuosity in the ability to express the contextual depth in *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen*.



A special thanks to my beloved family and friends who have been faithful in their prayers, love, and encouraging words. Thank you for taking the time to join me during this wonderful occasion.

Special thanks to Dr. Park for her expertise and mentorship, direction, and encouragement to continue to develop into a well-rounded vocalist, musician, and artistic scholar.

Many, many, thanks to the wonderful musicians that have worked very hard to help me create a successful Degree Chamber Recital. I am honored to share a stage with you.

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University of Arkansas  
J. William Fulbright College of Arts & Sciences  
Music Department  
Dr. Ronald M. Mann, Department Chair