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Jeanie Darnell, Cindy Fuller, and Kristin Grant in a Faculty Recital

Jeanie Darnell

Ouachita Baptist University

Cindy Fuller

Ouachita Baptist University

Kristen Grant

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Ouachita Baptist University
Bernice Young Jones School of Fine Arts

Division of Music

presents

Jeanie Darnell

Soprano

Cindy Fuller

Piano

Guest Appearance by

Kristin Grant

Flute

In a
Faculty Recital

Tuesday, February 7, 2006, 7:30 p.m.
W. Francis McBeth Recital Hall
Mabee Fine Arts Center

Program

From *Ariettes Oubliées*
C'est l'extase
Il pleure dans mon coeur
Chevaux des bois

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

From *Così fan tutte*
Come scoglio

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Wesendonck Lieder
Der Angel
Stehe still!
Im Treibhaus
Schmerzen
Träume

Richard Wagner
(1813-1883)

From *Love's Waning Seasons*
Autumn
I so liked spring
Winter
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Z. Randall Stroope
(b. 1953)

From *Die tote Stadt*
Mariettas Lied zur Laute

Erich Wolfgang Korngold
(1897-1957)

C'EST L'EXTASE
THIS IS ECSTASY

This is languorous ecstasy,
This is sensual weariness,
This is all the rustling of forests
In the embrace of the breezes.
This is, through the gray boughs,
The chorus of little voices.
Oh, the faint cool murmur,
It twitters and whispers,
It resembles the gentle cry
Which the ruffled grass exhales.
You might call it,
The muted rolling of pebbles!
This soul which is lamenting
In this subdued plaint,
It is ours, is it not?
Say that it is mine, and yours
Which breathes this humble hymn,
So softly, on this mild evening.

IL PLEURE DANS MON CCEUR
TEARS FALL IN MY HEART

Tears fall in my heart
Like the rain upon the city.
What is this languor
That penetrates my heart?
Oh, gentle sound of the rain,
On the ground and on the roofs!
For a heart that is weary,
Oh, the sound of the rain!
Tears fall without reason
In this anguished heart.
What! No betrayal?
This mourning has no reason.
This is truly the keenest pain,
To know not why,
Without either love or hate,
My heart bears so much pain.

CHEVAUX DE BOIS
WOODEN HORSES

Turn round, keep turning, good wooden horses,
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times.
Turn often and do not stop,
Turn round, turn to the tune of the oboes.
The child quite red and the mother white,
The boy in black and the girl in rose,
Each one doing as he pleases,
Each one spending his Sunday penny.
Turn round, turn, horses of their choice,
While at all your turning

The sly rogue casts a surreptitious glance.
Keep turning to the tune to the victorious trumpet!
Is it astounding how it intoxicates you,
To move thus in this foolish circus,
With empty stomachs and dizzy heads,
Feeling altogether badly, yet happy in the crowd;
Turn, hobby horses, without needing
Ever the aid of spurs
To make you gallop on.
Turn round, turn, without any hope of hay,
And hurry, horses of their fancy,
Here, already the supper bell is sounded
By night, which falls and disperses the crowd
Of gay drinkers, whose thirst has made them
famished.
Turn, turn round! The velvet sky
Arrays itself slowly with golden stars.
The church tolls a mournful knell.
Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep turning.

Come Scoglio
From Act 1 of **Così Fan tutte**

Fiordiligi:
Foolhardy ones! Go
from this place, and may you cease to profane
with your infelicitous uttering of abominable words
our devotion, our hearing, and our emotions!
It is useless for you or for others to attempt
to seduce our hearts! The unswerving faithfulness,
which we have already pledged to our dear lovers,
we will maintain until death,
in spite of the world and what fate may bring.

As a reef stands unmoving
against the wind and the tempest,
so forever this hear is strong
in faithfulness and in love.

With us is born the flame
that pleases and comforts is,
and only death can
change the affections of our hearts.

Show respect, ingrates,
for this demonstration of loyalty,
and may your callous desire
not make you bold again.

Wesendonk Lieder
FIVE POEMS FOR
FEMALE VOICE

Der Engel
The Angel

In my early childhood days
I often heard tales of angels
who exchange the blissful sublimity
of heaven
for the sunshine of earth.

Heard that, when a heart in sorrow
hides its grief from the world,
bleeds in silence,
and dissolves in tears,

Offers fervent prayers
for deliverance,
then the angel flies down
and bears it gently to heaven.

Yes, an angel came down to me also,
and on shining pinions
bears my spirit away from all torment
heavenward.

Stehe still!
Be Still!

Rushing, roaring wheel of time,
you measure of eternity;
shining spheres in the vast firmament,
you that encircle our early globe;
eternal creation, stop!
enough of becoming, let me be!

Ye powers of generation, cease,
primal thought, that endlessly creates,
stop every breath, still every urge,
give but one moment of silence!
Swelling pulses, restrain your beating:

So that, in sweet forgetfulness,
I may take the full measure of all my joy!
when eye blissfully gazes into eye,
when soul drowns in soul;
when being finds itself in being,
and the goal of all hopes is near,

then lips are mute in silent
amazement,
the heart can have no further wish:
man knows the imprint of eternity,
and solves your riddle, blessed Nature!

Im Treibhaus
In the Hothouse

High-arching leafy crowns,
canopies of emerald,
you children of distant lands,
tell me, why do you lament?

Silently you incline your branches,
tracing signs in the air,
and, mute witness to your sorrows,
a sweet perfume rises.

Wide, in longing and desire,
you spread your arms
and embrace, in self-deception,
barren emptiness, a fearful void.

Well I know it, poor plant!
we share the same fate,
although the light shines brightly
round us,
our home is not here!

Schmerzen
Torment

Sun, you weep every evening
until your lovely eyes are red,
when, bathing in the sea,
you are over taken by your early death;

But you rise again in your old splendor,
the aureole of the dark world,
fresh awakened in the morning
like a proud and conquering hero!

Ah, then why should I complain,
why should my heart be so heavy
if the sun itself must despair,
if the sun itself must go down?

And, if only death gives birth to life,
if only torment brings bliss;
then how thankful I am that Nature
has given me such torment.

Träume
Dreams

Say, what wondrous dreams hold my soul captive,
and have not disappeared like bubbles into barren
nothingness?

Dreams, that in every hour of every day bloom most
fair, and with their intimations of heaven, float
blissfully through my mind!

Dreams, that like rays of glory penetrate the soul,
there to leave an everlasting imprint;
forgetfulness of all, remembrance of one!

Dreams, like the kiss of the spring sun drawing
blossoms from the snow, so that to undreamed of
bliss the new day may welcome them.

So that they may grow and flower, spread their scent
as in a dream, softly fade upon your breast,
then sink into their grave.

KORNGOLD'S
Mariettas Lied from **Die tote Stadt**

Marietta:

You, happiness that remained to me,
draw close to me, my true love.
in the grove evening falls -
you are my light and my day.
Heart pounds unquiet against heart -
hope soars heavenward.
Truly a sad song.
The song of true love,
that cannot but die.
I know the song.
I heard it often in younger,
in happier days...
It has another verse -
do I know it still?

Though dark sorrow approach,
yet draw close to me, my true love,
bow down you pale face -
death shall not part us.
If one day you must leave me,
then believe, the dead shall live again.

Program Notes

Ariettes Oubliées by Claude Debussy and Paul Verlaine

Symbolist poet Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) wrote fifteen books of poetry in his lifetime. A controversial character in his day, he was an innovator in the symbolist movement by writing words to imply emotion and moods rather than directly communicating them. He used frequent internal assonances and alliterations in his poetry. By the time of his death, he was a cherished poet of France.

Claude Debussy (1862-1918) understood poetry and moved in literary circles throughout his life. It is not known whether he knew Verlaine personally, but his first piano teacher, Madame Mauté, was Verlaine's mother-in-law. During the years Debussy was taking lessons from Madame Mauté at her home, Verlaine and his wife Mathilde were living there, so it is possible that they could have met. Inspired by Verlaine's poetry, Debussy set nineteen of his fifty-nine songs to his texts.

Debussy wrote the *Ariettes oubliées* between 1885 and 1887, during the period when he lived in Rome after winning the *Prix de Rome* for his *L'Enfant prodigue*. The first three songs, which include "C'est l'extase" and "Il pleure dans mon coeur," were published in 1888 under *Ariettes*, and in 1903, he published a revised version with three more songs under the full title. These songs were dedicated to Miss Mary Garden, the singer for whom he wrote the role of Mélisande in his opera *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

The texts from *Ariettes oubliées* were taken from Verlaine's *Romance sans paroles*, published in 1873, but the words of "Chevaux de Bois" were taken from a slightly different version in a later book, *Sagesse*. Verlaine wrote these poems in the midst of his love triangle with his wife Mathilde Mauté and his lover Arthur Rimbaud. For this reason, it is not always clear from whom the poetry was inspired.

"Come scoglio" from *Così fan tutte* by Mozart

Act I

The young officers, brothers Ferrando and Guglielmo, protest to their older friend Don Alfonso that their lovers could never be unfaithful. Don Alfonso tells them that feminine constancy is a myth, and wagers that he can prove his theory if the two men will follow his instructions.

The two sisters Fiordiligi and Dorabella are admiring miniature portraits of their lovers when Don Alfonso arrives to say that they have been called away to the wars and must leave at once. After a tearful farewell, the brothers sail away.

The plot thickens when Ferrando and Guglielmo, disguised as two mysterious Albanians with the help of Don Alfonso, appear at the sister's home to woo and seduce them into having affairs. The eldest sister Fiordiligi declares her fidelity to Guglielmo, even until death, when singing the aria "Come scoglio," and has nothing to do with the strangers.

Wesendonck Lieder by Richard Wagner

Wagner's *Wesendonck Lieder* resulted from a love affair with Mathilde Wesendonck (1828-1902), the wife of a prominent Zürich silk merchant and Wagner patron, Otto Wesendonck. Because Mathilde was the author of the poems, Wagner originally titled the cycle *Fünf Gedichte für eine Frauenstimme* (*Five Poems for a Female Voice*) to avoid calling attention to their affair. The only songs of his mature period, these songs were originally conceived for piano and voice, but Wagner later orchestrated "Träume" as a birthday present for Mathilde. The remaining songs were orchestrated by Felix Mottl in 1880.

In 1857, the Wesendoncks rented Wagner and his wife Minna a small house adjoining their mansion. Wagner composed the *Wesendonck Lieder* before composing the music to the opera *Tristan und Isolde*, quickly after he had finished writing the libretto the same year. He designated two of the five songs as

studies for *Tristan und Isolde*, “Träume” and “Im Treibhaus.” These songs foreshadow the opera’s harmonic and melodic language. The accompaniment to “Träume” is built around a two-note motive that appears in the love duet of *Tristan* in Act II. “Im Treibhaus” contains long passages appearing in the Prelude of Act III.

Mathilde’s poems contain the theme of “pain and suffering necessary to attain happiness,” which is also present in *Tristan*. Her poetry also symbolized feelings she could not display openly.

***Love’s Waning Seasons* by Z. Randall Stroope**

Choral conductor and composer Z. Randall Stroope (b. 1953) is my friend and former colleague from the University of Nebraska at Omaha. He published *Love’s Waning Seasons* with Colla Voce in 2005, two years after he introduced me to the cycle and asked me to record the first and third song with him at the piano for the demonstration CD that accompanies the published work. He is largely published as a composer of choral music, and this is his first song cycle to date.

Stroope writes in the preface to *Love’s Waning Seasons*:

This set of four songs for voice and piano (“I So Liked Spring” also includes flute) is written to describe, among other things, the seemingly unpredictable nature of love. Love can hold on for a lifetime, or be gone in a moment; one can live for love, or die for it; and the presence of love makes the heart leap, but the absence of love can leave despair and hopelessness. The cohesive thread that winds itself through these poems, beyond the obvious cycle of the seasons, is the idea of love that has “waned” away, or once existed and now is gone.

The poets of each song include:

1. Walter de la Mare (1873-1956)—“Autumn”
2. Charlotte Mew (1869-1928)—“I so liked spring”
3. Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)—“Winter”
4. William Shakespeare (1564-1616)—“Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?”

The first two movements are dedicated to teaching colleagues, Dr. Jeanie Darnell and Dr. Anne Hagen Bentz, and the last two to voice teachers that he had in his college training, Dr. Edward Pierce and Dr. John Glenn Paton.

“Mariettas Lied zur Laute” from *Die tote Stadt* (The City of the Dead) by Korngold

Scene I

Paul has built a shrine of memories to his dead wife Marie in her former room, and lives a life of self-denial in Bruges, the “city of the dead” and symbol of the past. Marietta, a company dancer who is visiting town in the traveling production *Robert le diable*, greatly resembles Paul’s dead wife Marie, and is invited to visit Paul’s home.

During her visit, Marietta flirts with Paul while singing the aria “Mariettas Lied” as he accompanies her at the piano.