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Senior Voice Recital

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CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY

School of Music

presents a

Senior Voice Recital



Kjersti Mae Glesne
soprano

Tania Fleischer, piano
Deanne Saum, clarinet

Sunday, May 10, 1998 • 5:00 p.m.
Salmon Recital Hall

Scarlatti, Alessandro
(1660-1725)

Scarlatti was born in Palermo, Sicily and died in Naples. He wrote close to 115 operas, 800 cantatas, 12 symphonies, and other instrumental and vocal works.

I. Toglietemi La Vita Ancor

Take away from me my life,
cruel heavens, if you wish to
steal my heart from me.
Deny me the rays of the day,
severe stars, if you are happy
over my sorrow.

II. Cara, Cara E Dolce

Dear, dear and sweet liberty,
console my spirit; it no
longer lives in servitude if
my heart goes free.
Fly, flee then alone, flee then
from me, the God of love
make retreat. My heart is
already free if the foot has no
more snares.

III. Voglio Amar

I want to love the one who
despises me without hope of
reward. The constancy of my
faith will wear down your
pride.

I want to follow she who flees
from me, as long as I have
breath in my bosom. If your
glance enticed me your arrow
must wound me.

***IV. Sono Unite A
Tormentarmi***

They are united to torment
me, fierce fate and cruel love.
With allurements and not
with weapons, they make war
on this heart.

Schubert, Franz
(1797-1828)

Schubert was born and died
in Vienna. He felt that the
future of his success began
after a concert devoted
entirely to his works was
performed in March, 1828.
The *Shepherd on the Rock*
(op. 129), composed in
October, was one of his last
compositions before he died
in November of the same
year.

The Shepherd on the Rock

When on the highest rock I
stand, into the deep valley I
look down, and sing.
Afar from the deep dark valley
swings up the echo, the echo
of the cliffs.

The further I can fling my
voice, the clearer it returns to
me from below. But further
still my sweetheart dwells,
therefore I long so warmly for
her, in vain I long to reach
her there, but she is too far
away.

In deep sorrow I consume
myself, my joy is gone, on
earth my hope vanished, I am
so lonely. The yearning in
my my song of love so
haunts the woods by day and
night. It draws the heart
towards Heaven with
wonderful might.

Spring will be coming with
joys for me in store, through
pastures to wander once
more.

The further I can fling my
voice, the clearer and brighter
it returns to me from below.

Gounod, Charles
(1818-1893)

Gounod was born and died in Paris. *Faust* was first performed on March 19, 1859 and was such a failure that no major publisher would accept it for publication. A small publishing house finally published the work and the revival began in 1869.

Faust has now been performed in over 24 languages and in more than 45 countries.

The *Jewel Song* from *Faust*

Faust is entranced by a lovely maiden, Marguerite. One day, Marguerite finds a beautiful chest on her doorstep which she discovers contains magnificent jewels; a gift from Faust.

Ah! I'm smiling, seeing myself so beautiful in the mirror!

Is it you, Marguerite?

Answer me; answer quickly!

No, it's no longer you! It's no longer your face; it's the daughter of a king to whom people bow as she passes!

Ah, if he were here! If he could see me like this! Like a lady of gentility, he would find me beautiful!

Let's complete the transformation.

I'm most eager to try the bracelet and the necklace!

God! It's like a hand that sets itself upon my arm!

Ah!...

Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)

Libby Larsen is the professional name of Elizabeth Brown Reece. She was born in Deleware and raised in Minneapolis, MN. When choosing texts for her songs, Larsen is drawn to the writings of creative women with powerful personalities. The text for this song cycle comes from the diary of Martha Jane Canary Hickok, known as Calamity Jane.

Songs from Letters,
Calamity Jane to her daughter Janey

I. So Like Your Father's
(1880)

Janey, a letter came today and a picture of you. Your expression so like your father's, brought back all the years.

II. He Never Misses
(1880)

I met your father 'Wild Bill Hickok' near Abilene. A bunch of outlaws were trying to kill him. I crawled through the brush to warn him. Bill killed them all. I'll never forget... Blood running down his face when he used two guns. He never aimed and he was never known to miss.

III. A Man Can Love Two Women (1880)

Don't let jealousy get you, Janey. It kills love and all nice things. It drove your father from me, I lost everything I loved except for you. A man can love two women at a time. He loved her and he still loved me, because of you Janey.

**IV. *A Working Woman*
(1882-1893)**

Your mother works for a living. One day I have chickens, and the next day feathers. These days I'm driving a stagecoach. For a while I worked in Russell's saloon, but when I worked there all the virtuous women planned to run me out of town, so these days I'm driving a stagecoach.

I'll be leaving soon to join Bill Cody's Wild West Show. I'll ride a horse bare-back, standing up, shooting my Stetson hat twice - throwing it into the air - and landing on my head.

These are hectic days-like hell let out for noon.

I mind my own business, but remember the one thing the world hates, is a woman who minds her own business. All the virtuous women have bastards and shot-gun weddings. I have nursed them through childbirth and my only pay is a kick in the pants when my back is turned. These other women are pot-bellied, hairy-legged, and they look like something the cat dragged in. I wish I had the power to damn their souls to hell! Your mother works for a living.

**V. *All I Have*
(1902)**

I am going blind. All hope of seeing you again is dead, Janey. What have I ever done except one blunder after another? All I have left are these pictures of you and your father. Don't pity me, Janey. Forgive my faults and all the wrong I did you.

Good night, little girl, and may God keep you from harm.

**Alberto E. Ginastera
(1916-1983)**

Ginastera was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina and died in Geneva, Switzerland.

Almost from the beginning, Ginastera's works show the native musical influences of Argentina through their melodies, harmonies, and rhythms.

***Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas* (Five Popular Argentinian Songs)**

I. *Chacarera*

I like girls with turned up noses and once such has ensnared me. She will be married and little ones like her will be the result. When I sing chacareras, it makes me feel like crying because I am reminded of Catamarca and Tucuman.

II. *Triste*

Under a green lemon tree where the water did not flow, I gave my heart to one who did not deserve it. Ah! Sad is the day without sun, sad is the moonless night, but it is sadder to love without hope.

III. *Zamba*

The stones in the mountain, the sand in the sea tell me not to love you, but I cannot forget you. Since you have stolen my heart, you must give me yours. Who steals another's must pay with his own. Ah!

V. Gato

The cat in my house is very
clever and sometimes he tap-
dances to a guitar of pine
with chords of steel. I love
young girls as well as the
fully grown. I love the girl
who is dancing but not as a
sister, because I have a sister.
Although I am not your
master, I enjoy seeing you.

A Princess Publication