

5-16-1998

Senior Recital

Roger A. Giese
Chapman University

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/music_programs

Recommended Citation

Giese, Roger A., "Senior Recital" (1998). *Printed Performance Programs (PDF Format)*. Paper 151.
http://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/music_programs/151

This Senior Recital is brought to you for free and open access by the Music Performances at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Printed Performance Programs (PDF Format) by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.

Chapman University School of Music

Presents a

Senior Recital
Roger A. Giese

Tania Fleischer
Accompanist

May 16th, 1998
2:00 p.m.
Salmon Recital Hall

Program:

I

Piu m'impiega quel ciglio nero
Quanto peni anima mia
Siete estinte o mia speranza
Marmi adorati e cari

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1659-1725)

II

Serenade
Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?
Selbstgefühl

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

III

Don Quichotte A Dulcinee
Chanson romanesque
Chanson epique
Chanson a boire

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Intermission

IV

Eligies for Garcia Lorca
Poems by Antonio Machado
The Crime
The Poet and Death
Elegy

Elie Siegmeister
(1909-1991)

V

"Warm as the autumn light"
The ballad of Baby Doe

Douglas Moore
(1893-1968)

I.

Piu m'impiaiga quel cigo nero

Eyes that pierce me with sparkling glances,
That radiant smile sets my heart on fire.
I am wounded by cupid's lances,
Still he mocks my vain desiring.

Quanto peni anima mia

Weary soul with sorrow enduring,
Joy and laughter ever evade you,
Sad suspicions ever pervade you,
Victim of that bitter torment,
Jealousy which knows no curing.

Siete estinte o mia speranza

Hope surrenders in dejection,
Dreams deceived no longer by your wiling.
Ah! How lightly you play with affection,
cruel goddess, illusion beguiling.
Hope surrenders in dejection.

Marmi adorati e cari

Poets of inspiration,
Your works of art resplendent,
In beauty so transcendent.
With you alone do I find consolation.
Poets of inspiration.
Offer consolation.

II.

Serenade

If it is your will, sweet maiden,
To my fervent wooing
Only in death to yield,
If I shall enjoy your favor,
Only after my span on earth,
Then my life lasts far too long!
May it melt away this instant!
If it is your will, sweet maiden,
To my fervent wooing
Only in death to yield,
Oh that is too long a time,
Far too long a time!

Selbstgefühl

I don't know what's the matter!
I am not sick and I am not well,
I have been hurt and there's no wound,
I don't know what's the matter!
I want to eat and nothing tastes good;
I have some money and do not care,
I don't know what's the matter!
I even do not have any snuff,
And have no farthing in my purse,
No money in my purse,
No farthing in my purse!
I don't know what's the matter,
 what's the matter!
Marriage would be just for me,
But I don't like children squealing,
Children squealing I don't like!
I don't know what's the matter!
Only today I asked the doctor,
He told me to my face:
"I know well what's the matter,
 what's the matter:
A fool you are for certain!"
"Now I do know what's the matter."

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Up there on the mountain
In the high house! In the House!
There looks out a fine dear little maiden!
She is not at home there!
She is the innkeeper's little daughter!
She lives on a green heath!
My heart is sore!
Come, sweetheart, make it well!
Your darkbrown eyes
Have wounded me
Your rosy mouth makes my heart hale.
Makes the young wise
Makes the dead come alive,
Makes the sick recover,
 Makes the sick recover,
Recover indeed.
Who then has thought up this fine
 fine little song?
Three geese brought it over the water.
Two gray and a white!
And whoever can't sing the little song,
They will whistle it for him! Indeed!

III.

Chanson romanesque

Were you to tell me that the earth
offended you with so much truning,
speedily would I dispatch Panza:
you should see it motionless and
silent.

Were you to tell me that you are
weary
of the sky too much adorned with stars,
destroying the divine order,
with one blow I would sweep them
from the night.

Were you to tell me that space
thus made empty does not please you,
god-like Knight, lance in hand,
I would stud the passing wand with
stars.

But were you to tell me that my
blood
belongs more to myself than to you,
my Lady,
I would pale beneath the reproach
and I would die, blessing you.

O Dulcinea

Chanson epique

Good Saint Michael who gives me
liberty,
to see my Lady and to hear her,
good Saint Michael who deigns to
elect me
to please her and to defend her,
good Saint Michael, I pray you
descend
with Saint George upon the altar
of the Madonna of the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven bless my
sword
and its equal in purity
and its equal in piety
as in modesty and chastity:
my Lady.

(O great Saint George and Saint
Michael)
the angel who watches over my vigil,
my gentle Lady so much resembling
you, Madonna of the blue mantle!
Amen.

Chanson a boire

A fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady,
who to shame me in your sweet eyes,
says that love and old wine
will bring misery to my heart, my
soul!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
to watch I go straight...
when I am drunk!

A fig for the jealous fool, dark-haired
mistress,
who whines, who weeps and vows
ever to be this pallid lover
who waters the wine of his
intoxication!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
to watch I go straight...
when I am drunk!

Thank you...

To my parents Art and Mary who have given me support over the years to pursue my dream of music and who have made it possible for me to succeed in my endeavors.

To Patrick Goeser, my voice teacher and good friend who has helped me realize my ability to sing and perform, and to achieve musical goals that I never thought were possible.

To Tania Fleischer, my very talented accompanist and good friend who has been there for me in times of musical frustration, for your time and patience.

To Dr. William Hall and the School of Music for giving me the financial support to attend Chapman and providing me with an outstanding education in music.

To The All-American Boys Chorus and its director Tony Manrique, my personal friend, the staff and Board of Directors for their continuing support and guidance throughout my schooling, and for the opportunity to apply new ideas and learn real-life applications in the fields of music and communications.

To Father Richard Coughlin for the introduction of music into my life.

To Richard Dastrup, my first voice coach and good friend for his encouragement and vocal coaching.

To Richard Otey for his support in both music and academics during my years in high school.

To all my relatives, Dick and Barbara Giese, Jerry and Cora Lee Giese and my sister Chery for their love, reassurance and encouragement.

To the Gannon family and the Thompson family for their assistance and loving encouragement in time of need.