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Senior Recital

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Chapman University

Tania Fleischer
Chapman University

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CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY
School of Music

presents a

SENIOR RECITAL

Brenda von Gremp, soprano

Tania Fleischer, piano

Friday, March 25, 1994
8:00 P.M. • Salmon Recital Hall

PROGRAM

I

Voglio amar
Se delitto è l'essere amante
Toglietemi la vita ancor
Sono unite a tormentarmi

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

II

Four songs from *Rosina*
When bidden to the wake
When William at eve
The moon returns in saffron drest
Sweet transports

William Shield
(1748-1829)

III

Two Arias from *The Creation*
With verdure clad
On mighty pens

Franz Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

INTERMISSION

3 2 3 1

IV

An Chloe
Das Veilchen
Abendempfindung
Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

V

Villanelle
from *Les Nuits d'Été*
Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Reynaldo Hahn
(1875-1947)

A des Oiseaux

Georges-Adolphe Hùe
(1858-1948)

VI

Ah! Je veux vivre
from *Roméo et Juliette*

Charles Francois Gounod
(1818-1893)

PROGRAM NOTES

(by Brenda von Gremp)

AND TRANSLATIONS

I.

Alessandro Scarlatti is the quintessential master of the high Baroque operatic style. His use of ornamentation is superb and extremely appealing.

Voglio Amar (I Want to Love)

I want to love the one who me despised without hope of reward.

The constancy of my faith will wear down your pride.

Her who from me flees I want to follow,

As long as breath in my bosom I shall have.

If your glance enticed me your arrow must wound me.

Se delitto e l'essere amante

(If a Crime it is a be a Lover)

If s crime it is to be lover, constant the sufferings I am ready to suffer.

But if fate is to blame, pains and torments not I must suffer.

Suffering in love, while adoring, is too much severity, child cruel,

If you always repay it with anguish, fierce tyrant over a faithful soul.

Toglietemi la vita ancor

(Take Away from me my Life, Cruel Heavens)

Take away from me my life, cruel heavens, of from me you wish to steal the heart.

Deny me the light of day. severe stars, if you are happy over my sorrow.

Sono unite a tormentarmi

(They are united to torment me)

They are united to torment me, fierce fate and cruel lover.

With allurements and not with weapons, they make was on this heart.

II.

English composer William Shield is scarcely known today, but he was a highly regarded composer in his day of Ballad Opera. These four selections are from such an opera. Listen for the Irish and Scottish influence in the rhythm and music.

III.

Franz Joseph Haydn set the creation of the world by God's hands as an oratorio, which was first performed on 29 April 1798 at the Schwarzenburg Palace in Vienna. The honored guests at this performance were the nobility.

IV.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, to quote The Concise Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians, is "the supreme genius of music whose works in every genre are unsurpassed in lyric beauty, rhythmic variety and effortless melodic invention." There is no other composer who could write such superb melodies. Mozart's ability to set text is superior to all others.

An Chloe (To Chloe)

When the love from your blue, bright, open eyes glances,
And for joy to look into them my heart beats and glows;
And I hold you and kiss your rosy cheeks warm,
Beloved maiden, and I clasp trembling you in my arms!
Maiden and I press you to my bosom firmly,
Which releases you only in the list moment when dying
This wonderful feeling is shaded by a dark cloud
And I sit faint, but happy, near you.

Das Vellchen (The Violet)

A violet in the meadow stood, bowed into itself and known to none;
It was a dear, sweet violet!
Then came a young shepherdess, light of step and gay of heart,
That way, that way, across the meadow singing.
Ah, thinks the violet, could I but be the fairest flower of nature,
For just, oh just a tiny while, till I were by my loved-one plucked,
And pressed, limp, to her bosom - for just, oh just one tiny quarter-hour!
Oh, but oh, the girl drew near, heeded the violet not at all,
Crushed the poor violet underfoot, which dying fell, yet still rejoiced:
For though I die, yet still I die through her, through her, and at her feet!
Poor thing! It was a dear, sweet violet!

Abendempfindung (Evening Impressions)

Evening it is, the sun has disappeared, and the moon radiates silver-shine;
Thus escape life's most beautiful hours, fly by as in the dance.
Soon escapes life's colorful scene, and the curtain rolls down;
Ended has our play, the friend's tear flows already upon our grave.
Soon perhaps, a gentle west wind blows to me, a silent foreboding -
End I this life's pilgrimage, fly into the land of rest!
Will you then at my grave cry, mournful at my ashes look,
Then, oh friends, will I to you appear and will send heaven to you.
Give also me a violet for my grave, and with your soulful glances
Look then gently at me down.
Dedicate to me a tear, and ah! but be not ashamed to dedicate it to me
Oh, it will in my tiara then the most beautiful pearl be.

Al Lulise die Briefe Ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte
 (When Lulise the Letters of her Unfaithful Lover Burned)
 Produced by hot imagination, brought to the world
 In a passionate hour, perish, you children of melancholy!
 You owe your existence to flames in the heart.
 I give you now to the flames back, and all the passionate songs,
 For, oh! He sang not for me alone.
 You burn now, and soon, your dear letters, is no trace of you here.
 But, oh! The man, who wrote you burns long yet it seems to me.

V.

Hector Berlioz, a French composer, first came up with the tool of a recurring unifying theme called "idée fixe." He was influential in the composing of *mélodie* style art song in France. He is best known for his *Symphonie Fantastique*.

Villanelle

When the new season will come,
 When the frosts will have vanished,
 We two shall go, my lovely one,
 To gather lilies-of the-valley in the woods.
 Under our feet, picking the pearls
 Which one sees trembling in the morn;
 We shall go to hear the blackbirds,
 We shall go to hear the blackbirds whistling;
 Spring has come, my lovely one;
 This is the blessed month for lovers;
 And the bird smoothing its wings,
 Says a poem on the rim of its nest.
 Oh, come then to this mossy bank
 To talk of our glorious love,
 And tell me with your voice so sweet,
 Forever!
 Far, far away, straying from our path
 Let us put to flight the hidden rabbit
 And the buck, in the mirror of the springs
 Admiring its bent antlers;
 Then homeward, so happy, so at ease,
 Entwining our fingers to make a basket,
 Let us return, carrying wild strawberries.

Reynaldo Hahn was a Venezuelan composer who settled in Paris with his family from the age of five. He writes with rich sonorities and beautiful lines, which probably came from the performer in him. He was also noted as an excellent vocalist.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

(If My Verses Had Wings)

My verses would flee, sweet and frail, to your garden so beautiful,
 If my verses had wings like the bird!
 They would fly, glittering, to your cheerful fireside,
 If my verses had wings like the mind!

To you, pure and faithful they would hasten, night and day,
If my verses had wings like love!

Georges Adolphe Hue, a Frenchman, won the prestigious *Grand Prix de Rome* in 1879. He lived in Paris as a teacher and composer for his long ninety years.

A des Oiseaux

(To the Birds)

Good morning, good morning, warblers, good morning, jolly finches,
Wake up the daisies and the flowers among the green bushes.
Your soul is always festive, gay birds one loves to see;
For the lover and the poet you sing morning and night.
But on the plain, methinks, they have been rigging up nets;
Keep fluttering always together! take heed, little birds!
Descend without touching ground...
Do you see at the edge of the forest, lying in wait for you, secretly,
Those children with cunning eyes?
Oh, quickly, with one beat of your wings, flee, flee from their bait;
Come with the swallow following me in its flight.
You need have no fear in my garden:
You can, with your nimble beaks, pillage, pillage without restraint
All the ripe fruits of the orchard.
Good night, good night, warblers, good night, jolly finches,
Send to sleep the daisies
And the flowers among the green bushes!

VI.

Charles Gounod first debuted his opera *Roméo et Juliette* in 1867. It was an enormous success and brought him critical acclaim. To this day it is in the standard repertoire of many opera houses around the world. It is the story of a beloved couple who are doomed to tragedy from the start. Coming from two opposing families, their love is forbidden. This aria speaks of Juliette's elation at finding love and her sorrow of knowing it cannot last, yet knowing it was worth loving all along.

Je veux vivre

(Juliette's Waltz)

Ah! I would linger in this daydream that entralls me thus at twilight;
Sweet and happy does this day seem, born of bliss and beauty bright.
But this pleasure, youth's sole treasure, bloometh, ah! Soon 'tis dead;
After greeting, follows weeping; love cometh, peace hath fled,
Far from the cold world's sorrow, let me rest.
Let me rest in my dream;
Leave to stern fate the morrow,
Now the roses bloom and youth sheds its perfume,
Ah! Sweet and happy, ah! Sweet and happy, ever is youth's dream,
Most sweet and fair is love's young dream.

Dedication

This recital is dedicated to my very good friend, Jimmy; a man of so much strength, courage and talent. He was such an inspiration to me for the twenty years I had the pleasure of being his friend. He will continue to be an inspiration to me forever. Way back in high school, Jimmy encouraged me to join choir. At the time I was an instrumentalist. I joined and loved it so much, that singing became a very important part of my life. So thanks to him, I am here tonight performing my senior recital. Thank you, my friend. I wish you were here to see me accomplish my dream. I will never forget you.

James Lyle Villante
(1963-1994)

My special thanks to my husband, Tom, and my beautiful daughter, Meggie, for always understanding and supporting me. To the rest of my family, who are my biggest fans, I want to thank you all for your words of encouragement and support. And, a very special thanks to my mom and my mother-in-law for stepping in to make my reception wonderful.

Thank you, Janet, for all your hard work and determination over the last two years. Thanks for putting up with my bad habits and turning them into good habits.

My special thanks to Tania Fleischer and your enormous talent behind the keyboard and in your studio. You have been a great help to me and a great friend also.

Finally, thank you all for coming this evening. It means the world to me to have you here.