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Senior Recital

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CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY
School of Music

presents a

Senior Recital

Stacey Tappan, Soprano

Tania Fleischer, Accompanist

assisted by
Christy Steimer, Violin
Judith Johnson, Cello
Gina Vanides, Clarinet

Sunday, April 23, 1995
8:00 P.M. • Salmon Recital Hall

Program

I

SüBer Blumen Ambraflokken — *George Friedrich Handel*
Meine Seele hört im Sehen — *(1685-1759)*
from *Neun Deutsche Arien*

Tania Fleischer, harpsichord
Christy Steimer, violin
Judith Johnson, cello

II

Er ist's (Eduard Mörike) — *Hugo Wolf*
Die ihr schwebet (Lope de Vega) — *(1860-1903)*
Mein Liebster ist so klein (Anon.)
Das verlassene Mägdelein (Mörike)
Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens (Mörike)

III

"Una voce poco fa" — *Gioacchino Rossini*
from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* — *(1792-1868)*

Intermission

IV

Exsultate, Jubilate, K. 165 — *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*
(1756-1791)

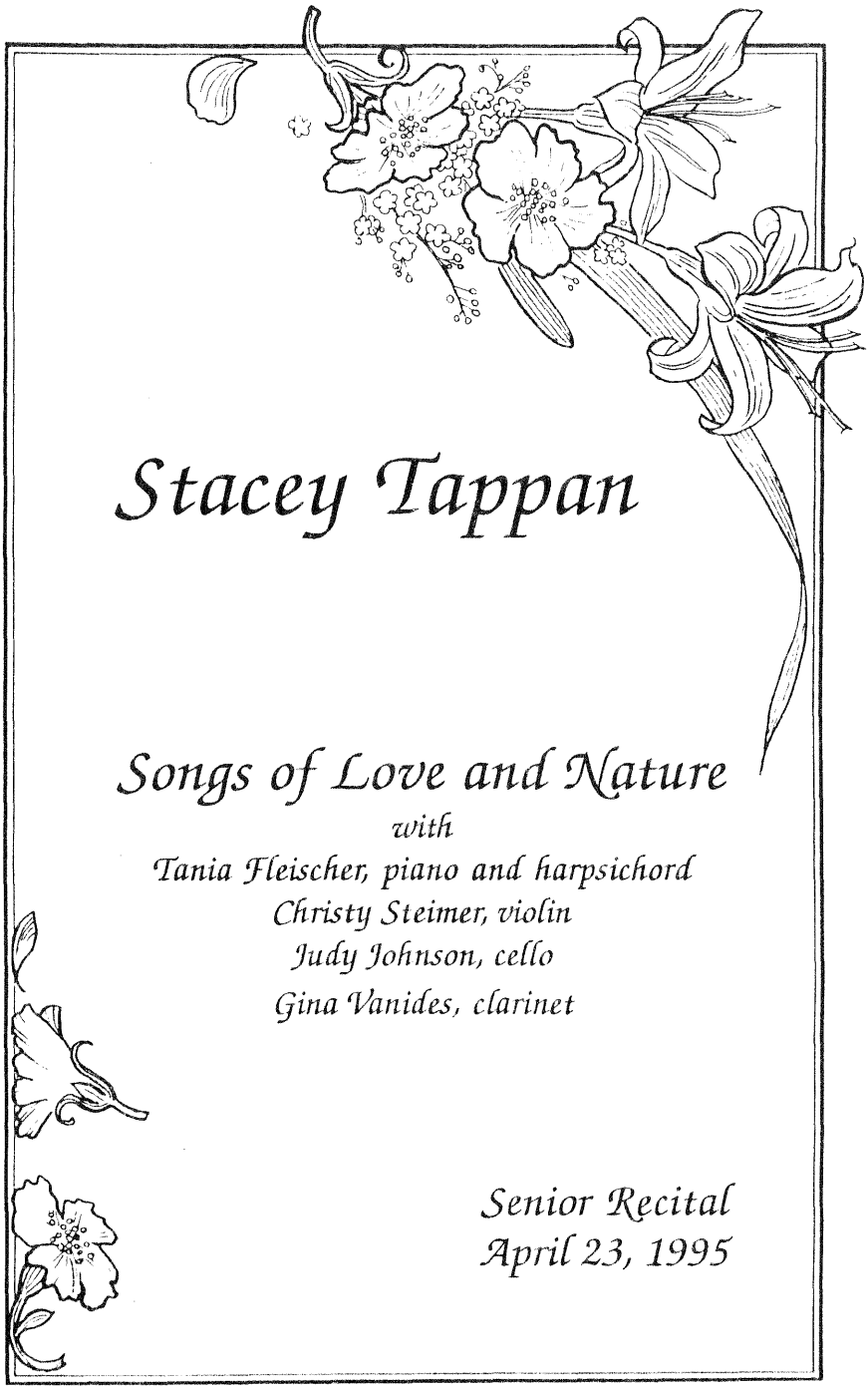
V

Ludions — *Erik Satie*
Air du Rat — *(1866-1925)*
Spleen
La Grenouille amércaine
Air du Poète
Chanson du Chat

VI

Three Songs for Soprano and Clarinet — *Gordon Jacobs*
Of all the birds that I do know — *(1895-1984)*
Flow, my tears
Ho, who comes here?

Gina Vanides, clarinet



Stacey Tappan

Songs of Love and Nature

with

Tania Fleischer, piano and harpsichord

Christy Steimer, violin

Judy Johnson, cello

Gina Vanides, clarinet

Senior Recital

April 23, 1995

Welcome to the recital!

First on the program are two arias by George Freiderich Handel (1685-1759). This collection of nine German arias was written between 1724 and 1727 for soprano, violin, and basso continuo. Basso continuo in this case is harpsichord with a sustainable bass instrument, a cello, which plays the bass line of the harpsichord. Since the harpsichord cannot sustain pitches, the cello does. Above this foundation, the soprano and violin have two contrasting melodic lines, each complementing the other. The poems in these two songs share a common theme: appreciation for God is found through nature.

Next we jump several centuries to the lieder of Hugo Wolf (1860-1903). Wolf is one of the greatest song composers of all time, because his music works with the text so perfectly. The unbridled joy of Er ist's leaps from the arpeggios in the piano and the voice. The piano provides the wind for Die ihr schwebet while the Virgin Mary both pleads with the angels and worries over her child. Mein Liebster ist so klein details the whimsy and the horror of being ridiculously short (a half-century before The Incredible Shrinking Man), with short notes and small intervals. The open, stark chords in Das Verlassene Mägdelein paint the desolate scene of a rejected housemaid at a level that the poetry alone cannot reach. Especially poignant is the extra measure before the final phrase, as if she could no longer even bring herself to speak. Finally, Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens, while comparing falling in love to fishing, contains in its music all the torrid feelings and melodrama that come with a first love, at once frightening and exhilarating.

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868) composed one of the best *buffo* operas ever: Il Barbiere di Siviglia, or The Barber of Seville. This delightful comic opera, first performed in 1816, deals with the love between Rosina and Count Almaviva, and their attempts to overcome the obstacles to their marriage. Rosina is kept under close watch by her guardian, but she is certainly no fool. This aria, her first in

the opera, introduces her to the audience as a sweet, loving, obedient girl on the surface, who underneath is strong-willed, clever, and determined not to give up until she achieves her heart's desire. The music, too, is at times sweet and flirtatious, bold and confident, or sly and clever. Usually an aria for mezzo-soprano, it is transposed up a half-step from its original key when done by sopranos, to better fit in the soprano voice. The frequent coloratura runs with which Rosina expresses her determination, however, are equally challenging for soprano and mezzo alike.

The motet Exsultate, Jubilate was written in 1773 by that greatest of child (and adult) prodigies, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) when he was seventeen years old. He wrote it in Milan for a Roman male soprano (the castrato Venanzio Rauzzini) but it remains popular with female sopranos today, and with good reason. The music, and especially the vocal line, contain Mozart's characteristic simplicity and beauty, while at the same time overflowing with joy and praise.

Now we progress from the sublime to the ridiculous; Ludions by Erik Satie (1866-1925). This song cycle was written in 1923 and was the last set of songs Satie ever wrote. The songs are characteristic of Satie's style in several ways: they are very short, they have odd harmonic colorings, and the text setting points out Satie's sense of humor as well as his sensitivity to the poet's intentions.

Air du Rat is a nonsense poem, which makes translation difficult. Satie's odd chords and intervals and bizarre accents complement the weird nature of the words in this poem. The next song, Spleen, is more serious in its despair and questioning of life. La Grenouille américaine talks, in an American accent, about a frog with yellow eyes. This frog is represented by a little "hopping" idea in the piano that also sounds like an American march. The entire purpose of the next song, Air du Poète, is a play on words:

combining "poesie" (poetry) with "Papouasie" (the Papuans of New Guinea) to make first "pouasie" and then "Papouète", which may be a pun on "cacahouète" (peanut). To accompany this odd poem Satie makes a monotonous droning two-chord accompaniment point out the ridiculousness of the pun, as well as playfully stressing the final syllable of each line, which is usually very subtle in French. The final song, Chanson du Chat, is a vigorous folk song. Many of the words are in baby talk, as if one were talking to a spoiled cat.

The last piece on the program is a set of songs by Gordon Jacobs (1895-1984), written for clarinet and soprano. The texts are taken from "English Madrigal Verse". The first is an anonymous poem, the second is by John Dowland, and the third is by Thomas Morely. Of all the birds that I do know is a good example of Elizabethan metaphor: comparing a woman to a sparrow, in a slightly bawdy manner. The clarinet plays the part of the bird with light sixteenth-note runs. In the second song, Flow, my tears, voice and clarinet interchange parts and build off of one another in a beautifully expressive line. Finally, Ho, who comes here? refers to the ancient English tradition of the Morris. This ritual is usually held on May Day and celebrates rebirth and springtime. These traditions involve Morris dancing, which is performed exclusively by men. They often wear white clothes or have white kerchiefs in each hand, and they wear bells on their legs that jingle in time with their steps. Bagpipes and drums provide the accompaniment, and the piping can be heard in the clarinet part. The hobby horse is another common figure of this ritual, and is also associated with the celebration of the fertility of spring.

I would like to thank my fellow classmates for their friendship and encouragement, as well as all of my teachers, who have not only helped me bring this recital together, but have given me over my four years here a solid foundation as a musician and artist. Thanks especially to Dr. Hall for making me work my hardest; to Judy Palanca-

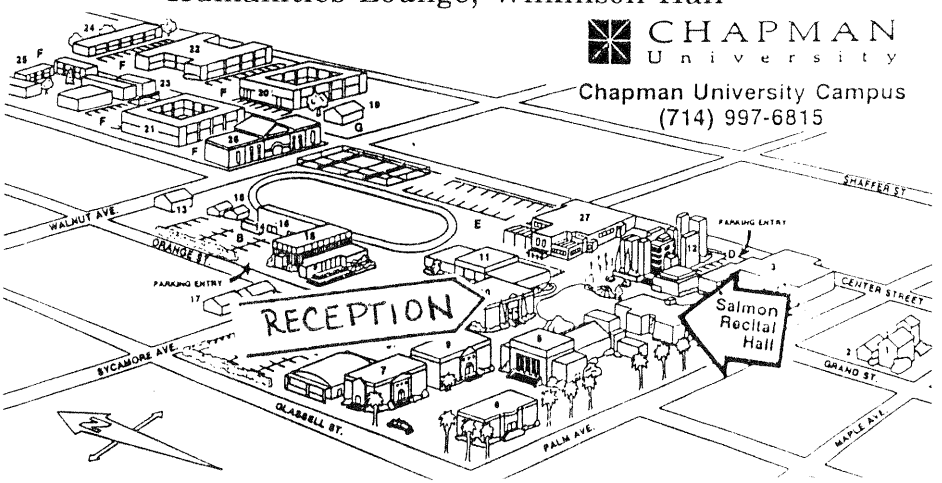
Hansen who has made me see art song in a new light; to the divine Tania Fleischer, whose coaching, counsel, and musicianship have inspired me, and especially to my teacher and friend, Lynn "Best Teacher In the World" Cole-Adcock, who has increased my confidence in myself and my abilities, and who has made my love and enthusiasm for music grow. "Learning music by reading about it is like making love through the mail."- Pavarotti.

Special thanks to the best family a girl could ever have: my loving grandparents, Dave and Jeanne Tappan and Bob Vogel; my sister Christina and brother Dan, who make life infinitely richer; and to my wonderful parents, whose unquestioning emotional support and faith in me have kept me going when I needed it most.

Thanks also to Kathy Wagner for the creation of a spectacular dress, to Gina Vanides, Judy Johnson, and Christy Steimer for their help and talent, and especially, to those of you who came tonight.

Thank you all for being a part of my recital!

Please come to the reception following the recital in the Humanities Lounge, Wilkinson Hall



Neun Deutsche Arien, 3

Süßer Blumen Ambraflokken,
Euer Silber soll mich lokken Dem
zum Ruhm, der euch gemacht.
Da ihr fallt, will ich mich
schwingen
Himmelwärts, und den besingen
Der die Welt hervorgebracht.

Sweet blossoms of the gum tree,
Your silver entices me
To the glory which created you.
There you fall, I want to
swing
Heavenwards, and celebrate in song
What the world has brought forth.

Neun Deutsche Arien, 6

Meine Seele hört im Sehen,
Wie, den Schöpfer zu erhöhen
Alles jauchzet, alles
lacht.
Höret nur,
Des erblühnden Frülings Pracht
Ist die Sprache der Natur
Die sie deutlich durchs Gesicht
Allent halben mit uns spricht.

My soul hears in realization,
How, in order to extol,
Everything rejoices, everything
laughs.
Just listen,
The blooming splendor of spring
Is the voice of nature
Which, clearly through this guise,
Everywhere, speaks to us.

Er Ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte,
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser
Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen, ja du
bist's!

It is Spring

Spring lets her blue ribbon
Again flutter through the breeze,
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Pervade, full of promise, the land.
Violets are dreaming already,
They will soon appear
Hear, from far off, the soft note of a
harp!
Spring, yes it is you!
I have sensed you, yes it is you!

Die Ihr Schwebet

Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen
Im Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil'gen Engel, stillet die
Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.
Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem in
Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget euch leis und
lind,

You Who Hover

You who hover over these palms
In night and the wind,
You holy angels, calm the
treetops!
My child is sleeping.
You Bethlehem Palms in the roaring
of the wind,
How can you rage so angrily today?
O do not bluster so!
Hush, bend yourselves lightly and
gently,

Stillet ihr Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.
Der Himmelsknabe duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd er ward vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im schlaf ihm leise gesänftigtdie Qual zerrint.
Stillet ihr Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.
Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck ich des Kindleins Glieder?
O all ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Calm your branches!
My child is sleeping.
The heavenly child bears a burden,
Ah, how weary he was from the sorrow of the world.
Ah, now in sleep, his pain is gently smoothed away.
Calm your branches!
My child is sleeping.
Bitter cold blows here on him,
With what will I cover the child's limbs?
Oh, all you angels,
You who fly wandering in the wind,
Calm the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Mein Liebster Ist So Klein

Mein Leibster ist so klein,
Dass ohne Bücken
Er mir das Zimmer fegt
Mit seinen Locken.
Als er ins Gärtlein ging,
Jasmin zu pfücken,
Ist er vor einer Schnecke sehr erschrocken.
Dann setzt er sich ins Haus
Um zu verschnaufen
Da warf ihn eine Fliege übern Haufen
Und als er hintrat an mein Fensterlein,
Stiess eine Bremse ihm den Schädel ein.
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnacken, Bremsen-
Und wer ein Schätzchen hat aus dem Maremmen!
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnacken, Mücken-
Und wer sich, wenn er küsst
So tief muss bücken!

My Love is so Small

My love is so small,
That without bending,
He sweeps the floor for me
With his hair!
When he went into the little garden
To pluck jasmine,
He was badly frightened by a snail.

Then he sat down in the house
To catch his breath,
Where a fly knocked him head over heels.
And as he came in through my little window,
A bluebottle dented his head.

Cursed be all flies, snails, bluebottles-
And she who has a sweetheart from Marremen!
Cursed be all flies, snails, midges-
And she who, when she kisses him,
Must bend so low!

Das Verlassene Mägdelein
Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,
Eh die Sternlein schwinden,
Muß ich am Herde stehn,
Muß Feuer zünden.
Schön ist der Flammen Schein,
Es springen die Funken;
Ich schaue so darein,
In Leid versunken.
Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Daß ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.
Träne auf träne dann
Stürzet hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran-
O ging er weider!

The Forsaken Maiden
Early, when the cock crows,
Before the stars vanish,
I must stand at the hearth,
I must tend the fire.
Lovely is the fire's glow,
The sparks fly upward,
I look thus into it,
Sunk in sorrow.
Suddenly, it comes to me,
Faithless boy,
That it was of you last night
That I dreamed.
Tear upon tear then
Streams onto my face;
Thus arrives the day -
Oh that it were gone!

Erstes Leibeslied eines Mädchens
Was im Netze? Schau einmal!
Aber ich bin bange;
Greif ich einen süssen Aal?
Greif ich eine Schlange?
Lieb' ist blinde Fischerin;
Sagt dem Kinde, wo greift's hin?

Schon schnellt mir's in Händen!
Ach Jammer! O Lust!
Mit Schmiegen und Wenden
Mir schlüpft's an die Brust.
Es beisst sich, o Wunder!
Mir keck durch die Haut,
Schiesst's Herze hinunter!
O liebe, mir graut!
Was tun? Was beginnen?
Das schaurige Ding,
Es schnalzet dadrinnen,
Es legt sich im Ring.
Gift muss ich haben!
Hier schleicht es herum,
Tut woniglich graben
Und bringt mich noch um!

A Maiden's First Love Song
What's in the net? Let me see again!
But I'm worried;
Do I hold a sweet eel?
Do I hold a snake?
Love is a blind fisherwoman,
She says to the child, where do you catch it?
Already it springs into my hands!
Oh misery! Oh delight!
With bending and turning
It slides onto my breast.
It bites, oh wonder!,
Me boldly through the skin,
It shoots underneath to my heart!
Oh love, I shudder!
What to do? What's beginning?
The horrible thing,
It snaps inside of me,
It lies coiled.
I must have poison!
Here it crawls around,
It does its blissful gravedigging
And will be the death of me!

"Una voce poco fa"
Una voce poco fà
Qui nel cor mi risuonò
Il mio cor ferito è già,
E Lindoro fu che il piegò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà,
Lo giurai, la vincerò.
Io sono docile, son rispettosa,
Sono obbediente, dolce, amorosa.
Mi lascio reggere, mi fò guidar.
Ma se mi toccano dov'e il
mio debbole,
Sarò una vipera, sarò.
E cento trappole, prima di cedere
Faro giocar.

"A voice, a little while ago"
A voice, a little while ago,
Resounded here in my heart,
My heart is already wounded,
And Lindoro was the one who did it.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine,
I have sworn it, I will win.
I am docile, I am respectful,
I am obedient, sweet, loving,
I let myself be ruled, I can be led.
But if they touch me where my
weakness is,
I will be a viper, I will.
And 100 tricks before giving in,
I will play.

<u>Exsultate, Jubilate</u>
Exsultate, jubilate
O vos animae beate.
Dulcia cantica canendo
Cantui vestro respondendo,
Psallant aethera cum me.

Fulget amica dies,
Jam fugere et nubila et procellae;
Exortus est justis in expectata
quies.
Undique obscura
regnabat nox,
Surgite tandem laeti,
Qui timuistis adhuc,
Et jucundi aurore fortunatae
Frondes dextera plena et lilia date.

Tu virginum corona,
Tu nobis pacem dona,
Tu consolare affectus,
Unde suspirat cor.
Alleluja.

<u>Exult, Rejoice</u>
Exult, rejoice,
O you happy souls.
And with sweet music
Let the heavens resound,
With me, answering your song.

The lovely day grows bright,
Now clouds and storms have fled,
A sudden calm has arisen for the
just.
Before, darkness reigned
everywhere.
Rise up and rejoice together,
You who are not feared,
And happy in the blessed dawn
Make offering with hands full of
lilies and garlands.

Thou Crown of Virgins,
Grant us peace,
Assuage the passions
That touch our hearts.
Alleluia.

Ludions
Air du Rat
Abi Abirounère
Qui que tu n'étais don?
Une blanche monère
Un jolie goulifon
Un oeil à son pépère
Un jolie goulifon.

Spleen
Dans un vieux square
Où l'océan du mauvais temps met son séant
Sur un banc triste aux yeux de pluie
C'est d'une blonde
Rosse et gironde
Que tu t'ennuies
Dans ce cabaret du Néant
Qu'est notre vie?

La Grenouille américaine
La gouénouille améouicaine

Me regarde par dessus
Ses bésicles de futaine

Ses yeux sont des grogs massus
Dépourvus de jolie taine.

Je pense à Casadesus
Qui n'a pas fait de musique
Sur cette scène d'amour
Dont le parfum nostalgique
Sort d'une boîte d'Armour.
Argus de table, tu gardes

L'âme du crapaud Vanglor
O bouillon qui me regardes
Avec tes lunettes d'or...

Bottle-Imps
Song of the Rat
Abi Abirounère
Whoever were you?
A white monère
A pretty goulifon
An eye on his grandfather
A pretty goulifon.

Boredom
In an old square
Where the ocean of bad weather sits
On a sad bench with rainy eyes
It is for a blonde
Mean and good-looking
That you long
In this cabaret of emptiness
That is our life?/ What is our life?

The American Frog
The American frog (spelled with an American accent)
Looks at me over
His fustian spectacles (twilled cotton fabric)
His eyes are massive glasses of grog
Deprived of pretty silver (the silver backing on a mirror)
I think of Casadesus (a violinist)
Who made no music
On this stage of love
Whose nostalgic perfume
Comes out of a box of armor/love.
Argus (100 eyed monster) of the table, you keep
The soul of the toad Vanglor,
Oh bubble which looks at me
With your golden glasses...

Air du Poète
Au pays de Papouasie

J'ai caressé la Pouasie...
La grâce que je vous souhaite
C'est de n'être pas Papouète.

Song of the Poet
In the land of the Papous (Papua, New Guinea)
I caressed pouetry. . .
The grace that I wish for you
It's not to be a Papoet.

Chanson du Chat
Il est une bébête
Tili, petit n'enfant, Tirelan
C'est une byronette
La beste à sa moman, Tirelan
Le peu Ti nan faon
C'est un ti blan-blanc
Un petit Potasson
C'est mon goret, c'est mon porçon
Mon petit potasson.
Il saut' sur la fenêtre
Et groume du museau, Tirelo
Pasqu'il voit sur la crête
S'découper les oiseaux, Tirelo
Le petit n'en faut

C'est un ti blo-blo

Un petit Potaçao
C'est mon goret, c'est mon porceau
Mon petit potasseau.

Song of the Cat
He's a childish
Tili, little baby, Tirelan
He's a byronette,
The beast of his mama, Tirelan
The little faun/ little baby
He's a little white-white
A little Potasson.
He's my piglet, he's my little pig
My little Potasson.
He jumps onto the window,
And grooms his muzzle, Tirelo
'Cause he sees on the roof
The outlines of birds, Tirelo
The little one doesn't need/the little baby
He is a ti blo-blo (like blan-blanc, changed to rhyme)
A little Potasso.
He's my piglet, he's my little pig
My little potasso.

Three Songs for Soprano & Clarinet
1
Of all the birds that I do know,
Phillip my sparrow hath no peer.
For sit she high or sit she low,
Be she far off or be she near,
There is no bird so fair, so fine,
Nor yet so fresh as this of mine,
For when she once hath felt a fit,
Phillip will cry out yet, yet, yet.
She never wanders far abroad,
But is at home when I do call.
When I command she lays on load
With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all

She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer
That I believe she hath no peer.
And to tell the truth he were to blame,
Having so fine a bird as she
To make him all this goodly game,
Without suspect or jealousy.
He were a churl (miser) and knew no good
Would see her faint for lack of food
For when she once hath felt the fit,
Phillip will cry still yet, yet, yet.

2

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs,
Exiled forever let me mourn,
Where night's blackbird her sad infamy sings
There let me live forlorn
From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown
And fear and grief and pain
For my deserts are my hopes
Since hope is gone.
Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light,
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.

3

Ho, who comes here along with bagpiping and drumming?
Oh 'tis the Morris dance I see a-coming
Come, ladies, out, come quickly
And see about how trim they dance and trickly
Hey there again how the bells they shake it!
Hey ho, now for our town, and take it!
Soft awhile, piper, not away so fast, they melt them.
Be hanged, knave, see'st thou not the dancers swelt them?
Stand out awhile, you come too far, I say, in
There give the hobby horse more room to play in.