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### Student Recital

Deborah Domanski  
*Chapman University*

Thomas J. Cuffari  
*Chapman University*

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*Chapman University School of Music*

*Presents In Recital*

*Deborah Domanski,*

*mezzo soprano*

*Thomas J. Cuffari,*

*piano*

*Friday, April 18, 1997*

*8:00 P.M.*

*Salmon Recital Hall, Berteau Hall*

*Please join us in the reception immediately following the recital  
in Argyros Forum-Room 209 C*

I.

Prelude and Fugue in a minor BWV 889

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

00:09.1133  
488-6:23

Mr. Cuffari

II.

Warum willst du and're fragen, op.12 Nr. 11  
Die Stille Lotosblume, op.13 Nr.6

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

0:51-9:15  
9:22-14:50

Schwanenlied, Op.1  
Nach Suden, Op.10

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847)

17:19

Miss Domanski

17:45 - 23:05

III.

Sonata in E flat Major, Op.7

Ludvig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

I. Allegro molto e con brio

IV. Rondo

23:10 - 31:32

Mr. Cuffari

IV.

Au bord de l'eau  
Mai  
Fleur jetee

Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)

32:00 - 39:20

Miss Domanski

39:30 -

V.

Etude in b minor Op.25, no.10

Frederic Chopin (1810-1849)

Mr. Cuffari

Intermission

44:20 VI. - 50 -

Malia

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

'A Vucchella

51:15 VII. = 100 - 23

There Will Be Stars  
Morning in Paris  
Loveliest of Trees  
The Door

John Duke (1899-1984)

Miss Domanski

100:30 - 108:20  
VIII.

Ballade in A flat Major Op.47

Frederic Chopin

Mr. Cuffari

108:40

IX.

115: -

"Que fais tu, blanche tourterelle"  
from *Romeo et Juliette*

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Miss Domanski

114:27 = 18:10

Johann Sebastian Bach was born in Eisenach, Germany on March 21, 1685. Both his parents died before he was ten years old. He then lived with his older brother who first taught him to play the clavichord and harpsichord. At age eighteen he joined an orchestra in Weimar as a violinist and became a church organist. He married his cousin Maria and together they had seven children. After the death of his first wife, Bach married Anna Magdalena Wilken, a professional singer, and they had thirteen children. They moved to Leipzig in 1723 for the remainder of his life. In 1740 his eye sight severely declined and his last years were spent nearly blind. He died of a stroke in 1750.

Clara Josephine Schumann was born in Leipzig, September 13, 1819. She was an acclaimed pianist and the wife of Robert Schumann. She made her debut at age eleven and toured extensively throughout the following years. She married in 1840 and abandoned touring until the last years of her husband's life. After his death she concertized all over Europe and was a successful teacher. Her musical style is characterized by seriousness and restraint. She composed many piano, and vocal pieces and also edited her husband's compositions.

*Warum willst du and're fragen - text by Friedrich Ruckert (1788-1866)*  
*Why do you question others about me? Do you think I'm not true to you?*  
*Do not believe what you think my eyes say to you;*  
*Do not believe those strange people, their delusion... it is not my doing.*  
*Silence the questions on your lips, or witness them against me.*  
*What also my lips say, say my eyes: I love you!*

*Die stille Lotosblume – text by Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884)*  
*The quiet lotos flower out of the blue lake,*  
*The leaves glimmer and flash,*  
*The cup is white as snow.*  
*The moon pours all of it's golden shine, all it's beams into her lap.*  
*In the water around the flower circles a white swan*  
*Who sings so sweetly, so quietly, and gazes at the flower.*  
*He sings so sweetly, so softly, and wishes to die singing.*  
*"O flower, white flower, can you understand this song?"*

Fanny Cacelia Mendelssohn [Bartholdy] Hensel was born in Hamburg, November 14, 1805. She was a German pianist/composer and sister of Felix Mendelssohn. Her first instructor was her mother, she then studied under Ludwig Berger and composition with Zelter. The family was forced to flee to Berlin in 1811 because of the Hamburg oppression. From there they moved to Paris. It is said that she could play all of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavier from memory at age thirteen. In 1822 the family moved to Switzerland and in 1829 she married the painter Wilhelm Hensel. She and her husband then moved to Italy. She died in Berlin on May 14, 1847 during her brother's rehearsal. Six of her songs are published under Felix's name: his op.8 & 9. She herself has published (some posthumously) songs, choir pieces, and piano trios. Most of her works have never been printed.

*Schwanenlied, Swansong* - text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

*A star falls down out of the glittering heavens.*

*It is the Star of Love that I see fall.*

*So many white petals of the apple tree fall*

*When comes the teasing breeze.*

*In the pond, a swan sings and rows to and fro.*

*And always sings quietly when he dips into his flowing grave.*

*It is so still and dark, scattered everywhere are leaves and blossoms.*

*The star crackles suddenly, died away is the swansong...*

*Nach Süden, From the South* – text by an unknown poet

*From all the branches wandering birds arise.*

*Rising far through the air, one can hear the traveling choir,*

*"Southward! To the eternal garden!"*

*"You little birds sing merrily southward, we sing out cheerfully.*

*When the spring comes, we'll return to the nest and house,*

*From the south...*

*But for now, let's go!"*

Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn, Germany on December 16, 1770. He studied violin and piano from his father who was a professional singer. Beethoven became a tutor for two children of the Von Bruening family who introduced him to important people in Bonn. He visited Vienna in 1787 and met Count Waldstein who became his friend and benefactor. He enjoyed a close association with the aristocracy. In the late 1790's he began to lose his hearing and from the 1800's, increasing deafness changed his personality. Total deafness in his late years didn't hinder his composing. He took a serious cold in 1826 that developed into pneumonia and then the dropsy. He died on March 26, 1827.

Gabriel Urbain Faure was born May 12, 1845. He was a prominent composer, organist and teacher and studied under Camille Saint-Saens at the Niedermeyer School in Paris. He was forced to serve briefly in the French army in 1870. Faure taught at the Niedermeyer School from 1872. Later (1896) he was a professor of composition at the Paris Conservatory and the principal organist at the Church of the Madeleine. He was also a music critic for the French newspaper *Le Figaro*. In 1905 he was appointed director of the Paris Conservatory. Faure's music exemplifies French tradition: restraint and balance, simplicity and lyricism, and subtle detail.

*Au bord de l'eau, On the bank of the stream*

— text by Sully Prudhomme (1839-1907)

*To sit together on the bank of the stream that passes, to see it pass;*

*Together when a cloud floats in space, to see it float;*

*When a cottage chimney is smoking on the horizon, to see it smoke;*

*If nearby a flower spreads its fragrance, to absorb its scent;*

*To hear at the foot of the willow,*

*Where the water murmurs, the water murmurs;*

*Not to notice while this dream lasts, the passage of time,*

*But to feel deep passion, only to adore each other;*

*Not to care about the world's quarrels, to ignore them;*

*And alone together facing all that grows weary, not to grow weary;*

*To be in love while all else passes, Never to change!*

*Mai, May* – text by Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

*As May, all in flower, calls us to the meadows,  
Come, do not cease to bring close to your heart  
The countryside, the woods, the charming shades,  
The vast reflection of the moon over the shores of sleepy rivers,  
The path that ends where the road begins,  
And the air, the Spring, and the immense horizon.  
The horizon, modest and cheerful, which the world places  
As the lip at the bottom of the gown of the skies.  
Come, and let the gaze of the chaste stars,  
Falling to the earth through so many veils,  
The tree, imbued with perfumes and songs,  
The warm wind of the South in the fields,  
And the shadow, and the sun, and the tide, and the greenery,  
And the radiance of all nature,  
Let them brighten, like a double flower,  
The beauty of your face and the love in your heart!*

*Fleur jetee, Castoff Flower* - text by Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)

*Carry away my madness at the pleasure of the wind,  
Flower gathered while singing, and thrown away while dreaming.  
-Carry away my madness at the pleasure of the wind!  
Like the mown flower, Love perishes,  
The hand that touched you now shuns my hand forever.  
-Like the mown flower, Love perishes!  
May the wind that dries you out, O poor flower,  
So fresh a little while ago,  
And tomorrow with no color,  
-May the wind that dries you out, dry out my heart!*

Frederic Francois Chopin was born in 1810 near Warsaw in Zelazowa-Wola. He was a child prodigy and performed publicly at age eight. He began composing shortly after. Chopin studied at the Warsaw Conservatory from 1826-1829 before leaving Poland in 1830. He settled in Paris from 1831 until his death in



1849. He had an affair with the French woman novelist George Sand and they traveled together to the Mediterranean island Majorca during the winter of 1838-39. Bad weather there weakened his already failing health. The affair ended in conflict in 1847; by then he was seriously ill with tuberculosis and died on October 17, 1849.

Sir Francesco Paolo Tosti was born in Ortano sul Mare, Italy on April 9, 1846. He was a song composer and a vocal pedagogue. He entered his studies in 1858 at the Royal College of Music of S. Pietro a Maiella in Naples. Tosti studied violin with Pinto and composition with Conti and Mercadante. In 1869 he was ill and forced himself into convalescence. During this time he wrote many songs. Upon his recovery, the Queen of Italy appointed him her singing teacher and trustee of the court of music archives. In 1875 he moved to London and was appointed the singing teacher of the royal family of England. Tosti was knighted in 1908 and finally retired back to Italy in 1912. He died in Rome on December 2, 1916.

*Malia* - text by R.E. Pagliara (1839 -1905)

*What is it about this flower you have given me?  
Perhaps it is like a love potion, it is mysterious!  
My heart has trembled at the touch of it,  
And it's fragrance troubles my thoughts!  
The handsome movements that you make,  
Are they perhaps part of your enchantment?  
Even the air trembles everywhere you go,  
A flower rises from the ground you walk on!  
I will not ask which blessed country you are from,  
I will not ask if you are a nymph or a fairy...  
I will not ask why you appear so mystical.  
But what is it about your glance that seems so fatal?  
Why is everything you say like magic?  
An elation assails me when you look at me,  
And when you speak to me, I feel I could die!*

*'A Vucchella, Little Mouth* - text by Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863-1938)  
*Yes, you have a little mouth like a little flower,  
A little bit passionate.  
Ah, give it to me,  
Like a little brook, give me a little kiss,  
Give me it! Give it to me and you take one,  
A long kiss like this little mouth,  
That, like a brook, is a little bit passionate.  
Yes, you have a little mouth which is a little bit passionate!*

John Woods Duke was born in Cumberland, Maryland on July 30, 1899. He studied piano and composition at Peabody Conservatory at age sixteen. Duke continued his studies in Baltimore and then in New York. He began teaching at Smith College in 1923. In 1929, while on sabbatical in Paris he studied with Schnabel and Nadia Boulanger. In 1967, after a long career, he retired from Smith College as Professor of Music. He wrote about 180 songs, two chamber operas and one operetta as well as orchestral, choral and instrumental pieces. He died in Northampton, Massachusetts on October 26, 1984.

*There Will Be Stars* - text by Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)  
*There will be stars over the place forever;  
Though the house we loved and the street we loved are lost,  
Every time the earth circles her orbit  
On the night the autumn equinox is crossed,  
Two stars we knew, poised on the peak of midnight,  
Will reach their zenith;  
Stillness will be deep.  
There will be stars over the place forever,  
There will be stars forever, while we sleep.*

*Morning in Paris* - text by Robert Hillyer (1895-1961)  
*Early in the morning of a lovely summer day,  
As they lowered the bright awning at the outdoor café  
I was breakfasting on croissants and café au lait,  
Under greenery, like scenery,  
Rue Francois Premier.*

*They were hosing the hot pavement with a dash of flashing spray  
And a smell like summer showers when the dust is drenched away.  
Under greenery like scenery  
Rue Francois Premier.  
I was twenty and a lover and in Paradise to stay  
Very early in the morning of a lovely summer day.*

*Loveliest of Trees - text by A.E. Housman (1859-1936)  
Loveliest of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bow,  
And stands along the woodland ride  
Wearing white for Eastertide.  
Now of my three score years and ten,  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy springs a score,  
That only leaves me fifty more.  
And since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty springs are little room,  
About the woodlands I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.*

*The Door - Text by Orrick Jones (1899-1984)  
Love is a proud and gentle thing, a better thing to own  
Than all of the wild impossible stars over the heavens blown,  
And the little gifts her hand gives are careless given or taken,  
And though the whole great world break, the heart of her is not shaken.  
Love is a viol in the wind, a viol never stilled,  
And mine of all is the surest that ever God has willed.  
I shall speak to her though she goes before me into the grave,  
And though I drown in the sea, herself shall laugh upon a wave;  
And the things that love gives after shall be as they were before,  
For life is only a small house, and Love is an open door.*

Charles Francois Gounod was born in St. Cloud, France on June 17, 1818. His father was a painter who won the 2<sup>nd</sup> Grand Prix de Rome died when Charles was young. His mother served as his literary, artistic, and music educator and taught him piano. He entered the Paris Conservatory in 1836, studying with Halevy, Le Sueur, and Paer. In 1837 he won the 2<sup>nd</sup> Prix de Rome with his cantata *Marie Stuart et Rizzio*, and in 1839 he won the Grand Prix with the cantata *Fernand*. In Rome he studied church music and composed several such works. He then began writing for the stage. The opera *Romeo et Juliette* gained him universal acclaim. The last part of his life he devoted mainly to sacred works. He died in Paris on October 18, 1893.

from *Romeo et Juliette*, - libretto by Jules Barbier and Michel Carre,

based on the play by Shakespeare

Stephano, Romeo's page, has been looking for Romeo since yesterday. He knew he was with Juliette last night but is he still in her room? He must try to awake Romeo from his love trance with this song of warning.

*"Que fais tu, blanche tourterella"*

Recitative - *Since yesterday I have searched in vain for my master!*

*Can he still be at the house of the Capulets?*

*Let's see if your loyal servant can make you reappear at the sound of my voice.*

Aria - *What are you doing, white turtledove, in that nest of vultures?*

*One day, spreading your wings, you will follow love.*

*To vultures, it is necessary to battle, to cut and thrust their sharp beaks!*

*Leave them there, those birds of prey,*

*Turtledove who finds joy in amorous kisses!*

*Guard well your beautiful girl, Time will tell!*

*Your turtledove may escape from you!*

*You, pigeon, far from your green grove,*

*For love attired, I believe you've sighed, while circling this savage nest.*

*The vultures are at the spoils, their songs make even Cytheree flee,*

*They resound with great strength!*

*Meanwhile, in their sweet ecstasy, the lovers recount their tenderness*

*Beneath the stars of the night!*

*Guard well your beautiful girl, Time will tell!*

*Your turtledove may escape from you!*

Debbie and Tom would like to thank everyone who made this concert possible, and all of you for attending. Special thanks are extended to our parents for all their hard work. Thank you Mrs. Cuffari, who designed the flyers and invitations and Mrs. Domanski and Mrs. Bordwell, who arranged and funded the reception. Thank you Margaret Dehning and Tania Fleischer for all the hours of rehearsal (and extra hours)! Thank you Dr. Joseph Matthews and Ms. Marjorie Short for all your hours of instruction.

Program notes by Miss Domanski