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Senior Recital

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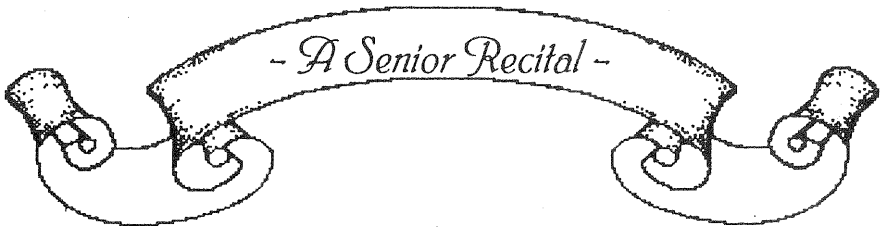
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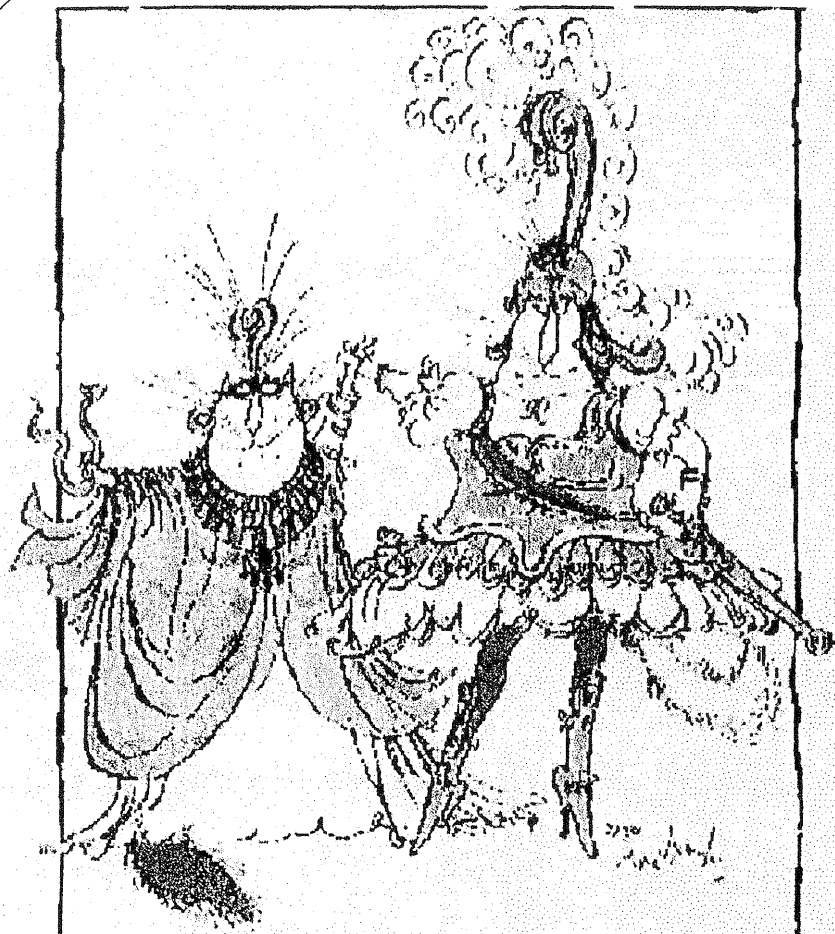
Dave



Kjirste J. Thibedeau
- Soprano -

Accompanied by:
Tania Fleischer - Piano
David Campbell - Trumpet

April 25, 1997 - 8:00 p.m.
- Chapman University -
Salmon Recital Hall



GIULIO
CESARE

Introduction

Welcome, and thank you for coming to my senior recital. The music tonight is an interesting mix of diverse periods, languages, and styles. I hope that these recital notes will serve to show you why I love these pieces so much, and help you to understand what I am trying to express through the music. And now, without further ado...the notes.

George Frideric Handel

George Frideric Handel was born in 1685 in Germany, but spent most of his professional career as a composer in London, England. Today, Handel is probably best known for his oratorio *The Messiah*, but in his own day, he was known as a composer and producer of opera. Handel was a very interesting sort of person. He spoke three languages fluently, and bits and pieces of others. (He was known to have the disconcerting habit of changing languages in the middle of a sentence, sometimes more than once - which made him a bit difficult to follow.) Over the course of his varied career, Handel composed forty-six operas, several oratorios, and various orchestral pieces.

The first aria I will sing is from the opera *Giulio Cesare* (*Julius Caesar*). It was Handel's sixteenth opera. It is in the traditional Baroque style - meaning that it is comprised of long recitatives which move the plot forward, interspersed with da capo arias, which express the character's thoughts and emotions at that particular moment (as well as allowing the leading men and women to show off their individual vocal prowess). The recitative *Che sento, oh Dio!* and the aria *Se pietà di me non senti* come in the middle of Act II. My character, Cleopatra (Queen of Egypt), has just revealed her true identity to Cesare in an attempt to urge him to flee a band of conspirators who are approaching to attempt to kill him. Instead of fleeing, Cesare goes to face his enemies. Cleopatra remains behind and sings this aria which is a prayer to the gods for Cesare's safety.

The second piece is from one of Handel's oratorios, *Samson*. *Let the Bright Seraphim* is a duet between the trumpet and the voice. The two dialog, the voice imitating the trumpet, and vice versa. This piece is known to be one of the more difficult pieces in trumpet literature. It is being played on the piccolo trumpet (which is a smaller, and much more difficult to play version of the trumpet). This is a fun, high energy piece, and we hope that you enjoy it as much as we do!

Recitive: *Che sento, oh Dio!*

What do I hear, oh god!
Let Cleopatra die also!
Cowardly soul, what are you saying?
Ah! Be silent! I shall have for my
 revenge in battle
The features of Bellona with the
 heart of Mars.
Meanwhile, oh gods, you who reign
 in heaven,
Defend my love, for he is my
 comfort and my hope.

Aria: *Se pietà, di me non senti*

If pity you do not feel for me,
Just heaven, I shall die.
Give thy peace to my torment
Or this soul will expire.

Let the Bright Seraphim

Let the bright Seraphim in burning
 row
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets
 blow.
Let the Cherubic host, in tuneful
 choirs,
Touch their immortal harps with
 golden wires.

Joseph Marx

Joseph Marx was composer of the beginning of the Twentieth Century period of music (he lived from 1882-1964). He was born in Graz, Austria, and interestingly enough, was educated in Art History and philosophy, not music. (He was another of those composers whose parents did not want him to become professional musician.) However, he was an accomplished pianist, and this love and knowledge of the piano is very evident in his vocal works. These works are very much an equal partnership between the singer and the accompanist, not simply a vocal piece accompanied by the piano. It takes a truly talented pianist to play these pieces (Thank you Tania!!). His vocal music is on the conservative side of the Twentieth Century style (it most often shows the influence of Strauss), but is harmonically challenging none the less. He uses a wide variety of texts, and sets them incredibly well. What I like the most is that no two of his pieces are the same. Each evokes vivid images and illustrates each of the very different poet's words.

Die Elfe

The Elf

-Poem by Eichendorff

Stay with us!

We have a dance-floor in the valley,
blanketed with the moon's radiance.
Glow-worms brighten up the hall,
the crickets play for the dance.

Joy, that lovely, gullible child,
sways in the evening breezes.
Where silver spills over the branches
you will find the loveliest one!

Nocturne

- Poem by Otto Hartleben

Sweetly fragrant linden blossoms
in the flowing June night
awakened in my being
a feeling of rapture.

There sounded in my ears
a song of happiness
as if long lost youth greatly
resounded.

Sweetly fragrant linden blossoms
in the flowing June night
awakened in my being
a feeling of pain.

Der bescheidene Schäfer

The Shy Shepherd

- Poem by Ch. Weisse

My Shepherd, oh! He is so shy!
He loves me, tenderly he loves me.
The very essence of his joy,
he tells me often, is me alone.
But he is always so shy!
The other day mother left us alone.
What do you think happened then?
He just stood there, motionless
as a stone,
stared into his hat, and wanted to
leave!

And, oh, we were alone!

All alone, mind you!

Completely alone!

My Shepherd, oh! He is so shy!

Hat dich die Liebe berührt

If love has touched you

- Poem by Paul Heyse

If love has touched you
quietly amid the noisy crowds,
you will walk on a golden cloud,
safely guided by God.
As if lost, you let your glances wander
allowing others to enjoy their
pleasures

While you have only one desire.

Timidly repressing your ecstasy,
you attempt, in vain, to deny
that the crown of life now
radiantly adorns your brow.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

W.A. Mozart is considered by many to be the greatest genius in the history of music. He was born in Salzburg, Austria in 1756, and took up his first instrument, the harpsichord, at the age of four. He had written his first opera by the age of eleven. Along with many other genres of music, Mozart composed many operas. The aria that I will sing is from his comic opera, *Le Nozze di Figaro* (*The Marriage of Figaro*). This opera was almost scuttled before its first performance by intriguing Italian singers, loyal to their own composers. This opera has been performed all over the world, and in many different languages, but its humor and wonderful music seem to translate well in any language.

The recitative, *E Susanna non vien!* and the aria *Dove Sono* come in the third act of the opera. An elaborate plot has been laid by the Countess Almaviva (my character), with the aid of Susanna (her maid) and Figaro (the count's valet), to expose her husband's infidelity. In the recitative, the Countess muses on the fact that she has even had to stoop to enlisting the aid of her chamber maid in an attempt to stop the Count's flirtations. In the aria which follows, she ponders her future, and yearns for the return of her husband's affection and fidelity.

Recitative: *E Susanna non vien!*

And Susanna doesn't arrive!

I am anxious to know how the Count
reacted to the proposal.

The plan seems to me, rather bold,
especially with a husband so high-

strung and jealous!

But what harm is there

in changing my clothes

with those of Susanna and hers with

mine, under the cover of night?

Oh heaven!

To what an unfortunate state of

humility I have been reduced to

by a cruel husband!

Who - with an incredible mixture

of infidelity, jealousy, and disdain

after having first loved me

having then offended me,

and having finally betrayed me,

causes me now to seek

help from one of my servants!

Aria: *Dove Sono*

Where are the beautiful moments

of sweetness and of pleasure?

Where did the promises of those

lying lips go?

Why ever, if in tears and in suffering

everything has changed for me,

has the memory of that dear one

not left my breast?

Ah, if only my constancy, while

languishing, always loving,

may bring me a hope changing

his ungrateful heart.

GABRIEL FAURÉ

Gabriel Fauré was born in the year 1845, so he was one of the transitional composers from the Romantic to the Twentieth Century style. Fauré is generally considered to be one of the best composers of the French *mélodie* style as well as being one of the most productive of the *mélodie* composers. In his sixty years of composing, he wrote over one-hundred songs. Throughout his years of composing, Fauré strove to reach a specific musical goal. He was continually working toward making his songs more "subtle in form and harmony, and purer and more restrained in expression." (Bernac) Fauré's works fall into three different periods, and the four pieces I will perform tonight come from all three of the periods. *Après un Rêve* comes from the first period, *GREEN*, and *Toujours* come from the second period, and *Dans le forêt de septembre* comes from the third period. You can clearly hear the progress Fauré was making towards his goal in listening to these pieces. They are all beautiful pieces, and exemplify the best of Fauré's writing.

(FYI - One of these pieces was made famous by a famous cellist who transcribed it into a cello solo piece. In fact, it was the only transcription he ever allowed to be published.

Do you know which piece it is? If not, ask me or Dr. Margery Enix!)

Après un Rêve

After a Dream

- Poem by Romain Bussine

In a slumber charmed by your image
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage;
Your eyes were more tender, your
voice pure and clear.
You were radiant like a sky brightened
by sunrise;
You were calling me, and I left the earth
To flee with you towards the light;
The skies opened their clouds for us,
Splendors unknown, glimpses of
divine light...
Alas! Alas, sad awakening from
dreams!
I call to you, oh night, give me back
your illusions;
Return, return with you radiance,
Return, oh mysterious night!

GREEN

Green

- Poem by Paul Verlaine

Here are fruits, flowers, and
branches,
And here, also, is my heart
which beats only for you.
Do not tear it apart with your
two white hands
And may this humble offering
seem sweet to your lovely eyes
I come, still covered with dew
Which the morning wind has
has turned to frost on my brow
Permit that my fatigue, reposing
at your feet,
May dream of the cherished
moments that will refresh it.
On your young bosom let me
cradle my head.

GREEN cont.

Still filled with music from your
last kisses;
Let it be soothed after the good
storm,
And let me sleep a little, while
you rest.

Toujours from *Poème d'un Jour*

Forever

- Poem by Charles Grandmougin

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you forever,
And depart in solitude
Without remembering the one I
loved!

Rather ask the stars
To fall from the infinite,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its brightness!
Ask the boundless ocean
To drain its vast waves,
And when the winds rage in
madness,

To still their mournful cries!
But do not believe that my soul
Will free itself from its bitter
sorrows,
And cast off its fire,
As spring casts off its flowers.

Dans le forêt de septembre

In the September Forest

- Poem by Catulle Mendès

Foliage with softened murmurs
Resonant trunks hollowed by age.
The ancient sorrowful forest
Is in harmony with our melancholy.

O fir trees clinging to the abyss,
Deserted nests with broken branches
Burned thickets, flowers without
dew.

You well know how people suffer!

And when man, that pale passer-by,
Weeps in the lonely forest,
Laments of shadow and of mystery
Welcome him, similarly weeping.

Good forest! Open promise
Of the exile that life implores,
I come with a step still brisk
Into your still green depth.

But, from a slender birch tree by the
footpath,
A leaf, slightly red, brushes against
My head and trembles at my
shoulder.

This means that the aging forest,

Knowing winter, in which all fails
to grow,
To be already near to me as to her,
Is bestowing brotherly alms upon
me
With its first dead leaf!

Lee Hoiby

Lee Hoiby is an American born Twentieth Century composer. He was, in fact, born in Madison, Wisconsin in 1926, and is still alive and composing. He was also educated in the United States, studying at the University of Wisconsin, Mills College, and at the Curtis Institute. He studied composition with Menotti (of *The Medium* fame), and piano with Petri. Groves says that "his music is in a mildly dissonant manner which relies heavily on the Romantic Tradition," and that "his vocal settings show a fine sensitivity to the English language." He, like Marx (who I discussed earlier), sets the texts of the poems incredibly well, illustrating the words clearly in the music. Hoiby is known most for his stage works, choral music, and songs, though he has also composed symphonic works, piano concerti, and ballet.

There Came a Wind Like a Bugle

- Poem by Emily Dickenson

There came a wind like a bugle.
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat
So ominous did pass.
We barred the windows and
the doors
As from an emerald ghost.
The doom's electric moccasin
That very instant passed
On a strange mob of panting trees,
And fences fled away,
And rivers where the houses ran.
Those looked that lived that day.
The bell within the steeple wild
It flying tidings told.
How much can come, and much
can go,
And, yet abide the world.

The Lamb

- Poem by William Blake

Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream, and o'er the mead;
Gave the clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, wooly bright:
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice:
Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
He is called by thy name,
For he called himself a lamb:
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child;
I a child, and thou a lamb
We are called by his name,
Little Lamb, God bless thee.
Little Lamb, God bless thee.

The Shepherd

- Poem by William Blake

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet
lot,
From the morn to the ev'ning he
strays:
He shall follow his sheep, all the day
And his tongue shall be filled with
praise.
For he hears the lambs innocent call,
And he hears the ewes tender reply.
He is watchful when they are in
peace,
For they know when their shepherd
is nigh.

The Serpent

- Poem by Theodore Roethke

There was a Serpent who had to sing,
there was.
He simply gave up Serpentine,
because, because,
He didn't like his kind of life;
He couldn't find a proper wife;
He was a serpent with a soul;
He got no pleasure down his hole.
And so, of course, he had to sing,
And sing he did, like anything.
The birds they were astounded;
And various measures propounded
To stop the Serpent's awful racket:
They bought a drum.
He wouldn't whack it.
They sent, you always send, to Cuba
And got a most Commodious Tuba;
They got a horn, they got a flute,
But nothing would suit.

He said, "Look Birds, all this is futile:
I do *not* like to bang or tootle."
And then he cut loose with a
horrible note
That practically split the top of
his throat.
"You see," he said, with a Serpent's
leer,
"I'm serious about my singing
career."
And the woods resounded with
many a shriek
As the birds flew off,
To the end of next week.

Many Profuse Thanks:

First of all, thank you all so much for being here. It has made my Senior Recital that much more exciting and special.

Thank you to all of my family, for being here for me, and for your unfailing love and support all of these years. Special thanks to Mom and Dad, for without you this would not have been possible. Also, thanks Neal for taping this for me! I love you all!

Thank you to Lynn for your many extra hours you put in on me, your patience, understanding, and so much more! I have so loved our four years together - you have helped me to come so far, and have made it possible for me to go on to graduate school. You are wonderful!

Thank you to Dr. Hall for giving me so many opportunities. Opportunities to perform in so many different places (countries even!!), to sing such wonderful and challenging pieces, and to experience such true musicianship. I have learned so much from you! Thank you!

Thank you to Tania for playing for and coaching me. I truly appreciate all of the time you have given me, and will always remember all the things that I have learned. You have helped me to really bring the music to life, and to express what the composers were *really* trying to say. You have taught me so much! (Also, thank you for getting me in touch with you mother - you know what I'm talking about! :))

Thank you to all of the wonderful teachers here at Chapman, and to Dr. Enix and Dr. Martin in particular! Thank you also for helping me to discover how much I really like Theory! (weird huh!)

Thank you to Rob, for being there for me. If it weren't for you, I would have truly gone insane months ago! Need I say more?



No trees were killed to bring you this program. However, we were forced to brutally beat several small shrubs. Thank You.

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