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Student Recital

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Chapman University School of Music Presents

Maggie Goodrich

Soprano

in recital with

Tania Fleischer

Piano

and

Daniel Vu

Violin

Saturday, April 25, 1998

8:00 pm

Salmon Recital Hall

I.

- 1 Se Florinda è fedele 3:32-3:13 2:42 Alessandro Scarlatti
from *La donna ancora è fedele*
- 2 Vengo a stringerti 3:26-3:04
from *Il clearco in Negroponte*
Dan Vu, Violin

II.

- Four Songs on Poems by Mörike ~~6:56~~ Hugo Wolf
- 3 — Auf ein altes Bild 6:56-9:00
- 4 — Er ist's 9:17-10:35
- 5 — Das verlassene Mägdlein 10:51-13:57
- 6 — Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens 14:24-15:47

III.

- "Oh! Quante Volte" Vincenzo Bellini
- 7 — from *I Capuleti ed i Montecchi* 16:29-23:16

Intermission

IV.

- Steal me, sweet thief Gian Carlo Menotti
- 8 — from *The Old Maid and the Thief*
24:09-28:38

V.

- Three Songs on Poems by Jean Lahor Henri Duparc
- 9 - defective Sérenade Florentine 29:24-31:27
- 10 - Extase 31:46-34:40
- 11 - Chanson Triste 35:01-37:53 (don't wait)

VI.

- 13 - Vocalise 38:54-42:21 Sergei Rachmaninoff
- 14 - K dyetyam 42:42-46:18
- 15 - O, nye grusti 46:44-49:53

ENCORE

Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)

Alessandro Scarlatti was a prolific Italian composer and the father of Domenico Scarlatti. Nothing is known of Alessandro's musical training. When he was twelve, he went with his two sisters to Rome, where he found patrons who enabled him to pursue a career in music. He went on to become one of the foremost Neapolitan composers of the late Baroque era in Italy.

Se Florinda è fedele

If Florinda is faithful

If Florinda is faithful, I will fall in love.

The archer will be able to stretch the quivered bow,

For I will know how to defend myself

from a quivering glance.

Pleas, tears and laments I do not listen to,

but if she will be faithful, I will fall in love.

Vengo a stringerti

I come to grasp

I come to grasp my sweet life,

I come, O dear, to kiss your lips!

The eye that has wounded my soul,

Will be able again to heal the wound.

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Wolf's significance in music history rests on his songs, about 300 in number. He has been referred to as the "Wagner of the lied" primarily because of his elaboration of the accompaniment and the incorporation of the vocal line into the contrapuntal scheme. Unique to Wolf is his intimate relationship with the poetic spirit of the text. It is this characteristic that allows Wolf to be a legitimate successor to Schubert and Schumann.

Four Songs on Poems by Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Er ist's

It is you

Springtime lets its blue ribbon
flutter through the breezes again;
Sweet, familiar fragrances
like a premonition cross the land.
Violets dreaming already,
will soon come.

Listen, from afar the soft tone of a harp!

Spring, yes it is you!

Spring, yes it is you!

I have heard you!

Yes it is you!

Das verlassene Mägdlein

The deserted maiden

Early, when the roosters crow,
before the little stars disappear,
I must stand at the cookstove,
I must kindle the fire.

Beautiful is the flame's glow,
the sparks leap;
I look into it,
sunk in grief.

Suddenly, it comes to me,
faithless boy.
That during the night
I dreamt of you.

Tear upon tear
rushes down;
Thus comes the day -
Oh, would it pass again!

Auf ein altes Bild
In an old painting
In a green landscape summer flowers,
by the cool water rushes and reeds,
See, how the innocent boy
freely plays upon the Virgin's lap!
And there in the blissful wood,
Ah, the Cross tree is growing already!

Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens
A Young Girl's Lovesong
What's in the net? Take a look!
But I am frightened!
Will I grab hold of a sweet eel?
Will I grab hold of a snake?

Love is a blind fishergirl;
Tell your child where she should reach!
It's already jumping around in my hands!
Oh, sorrow! Oh, pleasure!
Twisting and turning,
It slips at my breast.
How amazing!

It's boldly biting me
Right through my skin,
Shoots down into my heart!
Oh, love, I'm scared!

What should I do?
The frightful thing,
It wriggles inside me,
It's coiling itself up.

I must be poisoned!
It's crawling around here,
Digging rapturously,
And it will kill me yet!

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

Bellini's music represents the Italian operatic school at a glorious point in music history, truly reflected by the term "bel canto". In his writing, the words, rhythm, melody, harmony, and instrumental accompaniment unite in mutual perfection. The dramatic expressiveness of his music provides a natural medium for singers in the Italian language.

"Oh! Quante Volte"

"Oh! How many times"

from *i Capuleti ed i Montecchi*, Act I

Juliet is to marry Tybalt. In her room, Juliet sadly contrasts her joyful wedding garment with her unhappy situation, and longs for Romeo, whom she loves.

Here I am in glad dress... Here I am adorned... like a victim at the altar.

Oh! If I could at least fall a victim at the foot of the altar!

O nuptial torches, abhorred, so fatal, you are for me easily tragic.

I burn... a flame, a fire consumes my torments.

In vain I beg the winds to refresh me.

Where are you Romeo? In what world are you roaming?

Where did you send yourself, where are my breaths?

Oh! How many times, Oh how much I implore the sky crying!

With such ardor I await you, and deceive my desire!

Ah, the bright light of day seems like the radiance of your face:

Ah! The breeze that wafts around me seems like your sighs.

Gian Carlo Menotti (b.1911)

Menotti is a remarkable Italian composer who is unique to the American scene. He was the first to create American opera possessing such an appeal to audiences as to become established in the permanent repertoire. He wrote his own librettos, marked by an extraordinary flair for drama and for the communicative power of the English language.

Steal me, sweet thief

from *The Old Maid and the Thief*

In the kitchen, while mending Bob's trousers, Lactitia speaks of the frustration she is feeling because of Bob's timidity. She contemplates growing old alone.

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Duparc was born in Paris three years after Fauré, and was a student of César Franck. Duparc wrote only fourteen songs during his lifetime. He completed them in only sixteen years, between the ages of twenty and thirty-seven. He suffered from a nervous disease, and died in 1933, having lived another forty-eight years without producing a single note.

Three Songs on Poems by Jean Lahor

Sérénade Florentine

Florentine Serenade

Star whose beauty shines like a diamond in the night,
look down upon my beloved whose eyelids are closed
and let fall upon her eyes the blessings of heaven.
She falls asleep...

Through the window of her happy room enter:
upon her whiteness like a kiss,
come and rest until the dawn.
And let her thought, then,
dream of a star of love which is rising.

Extase

Ecstasy

On a lily pale my heart sleeps
Of a sleep as sweet as death,
Death exquisite, death perfumed
With the breath of the beloved.
On your breast pale my heart sleeps
In a slumber sweet as death.

Chanson triste

Sad song

In your heart sleeps a light of moon,
A sweet light of moon of summer,
And to flee this tiresome life,
I shall drown in your brightness.
I shall forget the sorrows past
My love; when you will rock
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the calm attraction of your arms!

You will take my sick head
Oh! sometimes on your knees,
And sing to it a ballad,
A ballad which will seem to speak of us,

And in your eyes full of sadness,
In your eyes then I shall drink
So much of kisses and tenderness,
That perhaps I shall recover.

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Rachmaninoff is a greatly renowned Russian-born American pianist, conductor and composer. Among Russian composers, Rachmaninoff occupies a very important place. The sources of his inspiration lie in the Romantic tradition of the 19th century Russian music. His individuality lies in the broad sweep of the melodic line, and particularly in the fully expanded sonorities and resonant harmonies.

K dyetyam

To the Children

How often it used to happen that, at the deep midnight hour,
Little ones, I'd come to gaze fondly at you sleeping.
How I used to love blessing you with the sign of the cross,
Praying that you would receive the grace
And love of the almighty God.

To watch tenderly over your childlike repose,
To think how pure in spirit you were,
To hope for long and fortunate days for you,
Carefree and beloved children.
How sweet, how joyous it was!

But now I enter: all around there's darkness,
No life in the room, the little bed is empty,
In the lamp at the icon, the light has gone out...
I'm sad, for my little ones are here no more,
My heart is seized with such anguish!

O children! At the deep midnight hour,
Pray for the one who prayed for you,
For the one who loved to bless you with the sign of the cross;
And pray that this one, too, may receive the grace
And love of the almighty God.

O, nye grusti

Oh, do not grieve

Oh, do not grieve for me!

I am there where there is no pain;
forget former sorrows and tormenting dreams.

May your memories of me be
Brighter, than the spring's first day.

Oh, do not pine for me!

Between us there is no separation,
I, in the same way as before, am close to your soul.
I, as before, am concerned with your torments,
Your anguish oppresses me still.

Live! You must live! And if miraculously
You find joy and peace here on earth,
Then know, that it is I who responded from the other world
To the call of your afflicted soul.