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Senior Recital

Kimberly Anderman
Chapman University

Esther Archer
Chapman University

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Chapman University Presents

A Senior Recital

Kimberly Anderman
Soprano

Esther Archer
piano

Saturday, April 8, 2000
5pm

Program

I

Motet: *Exultate Jubilate*

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

2- Exultate jubilate @ track 2 - 4:30(?)

Fulget, amica dies... Tu virginum corona 4:30 - 5:12

Alleluia 5:15 - 14:22

II

4- Au bord de l'eau :01- track 5-:02 Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

5- Mandoline :02- track 6-:03

6- Au Cimetière :05- track 7-:04

7- Notre Amour - :07- ~~1:38~~ clapping

III

9- Aria: *Caro nome*

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

(from *Rigoletto*)

INTERMISSION

IV

From *Sieben Frühe Lieder*

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

11- Nacht :01- track 12-:02

12- Die Nachtigall :03- track 13-:02

13- Im Zimmer :01-:55

15- ~~14~~ Liebesode :05- ~~1:38~~ track 16-:02

16- Sommertage :02

V

18- Far-Far-Away

Ned Rorem (b. 1923)

19- Look Down, Fair Moon

20- The Serpent

Translations

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

In the seventeenth century the term motet was used to describe a sacred Latin solo cantata which included two recitatives, two arias, and an Alleluia. Mozart wrote K. 165 for castrato Venanzio Rauzzini in 1773 (at the age of 17). *Exultate jubilate* departs from the standard motet only in the absence of one of the recitatives.

Motet: Exultate Jubilate K. 165

Exalt, rejoice, oh you happy souls and with sweet music
let the heavens resound, making answer, with me, to your song.

The lovely day grows bright, now clouds and storms have fled,
and a sudden calm has arisen for the just.

Before, the dark night held sway everywhere,
but now, at last, rise up and rejoice ye who are not feared,
and happy in the blessed dawn, make a offering of lilies.

O crown of virgins grant us peace, and assuage the passions
that touch our hearts. Alleluia.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Fauré wrote 100 french *mélodies*, and brought a greater range of emotion to the art form. He once stated "I want to suggest the great mysteries in the clearest language." The following four selections demonstrate the range of his style.

Au bord de l'eau

(Sully Prudhomme)

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 a nearby flower spreads its fragrance, to absorb its scent;
To hear at the foot of a willow, where 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 at all 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 passes away, never to change!

Mandoline

(Paul Verlaine)

The serenading swains and their lovely listeners
exchange insipid remarks under the singing boughs.
There is Tircis and there is Aminta, and the eternal Clitander,
And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies fashions
many a tender verses.
Their short silken vests, their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their gaiety and their soft blue shadows
whirl madly in the escasy of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandoline chatters amid the trembling of the breeze.

Au Cimetière

(Jean Richepin)

Happy is he who dies here like the birds in the fields!
His body, beside his friends, is laid in the grass amidst the songs.
He sleeps a good and rosy sleep, under the radiant sky.
All those he has known come to bid him a long goodbye.
At his cross his parents, weeping, remain on their knees;
and his bones, under the flowers, with tears are gently
moistened.
On the black headstone everyone can see if he was young or not,
And can, with true regret, call him by his name.

How much more unfortunate are they who die upon the seas,
And under the deep wave go far from the beloved land!
Oh! Poor ones! Who for their only shroud have green seaweed,
where they roll, unknown, unclothed, and with their eyes wide
open!

Notre Amour

(Armand Silvestre)

Our love is a light thing like the perfumes which the wind
Lifts from the top of the fern to be inhaled in dreaming.

Our love is a light thing!

Our love is a thing with charm, like the songs of the morn,
with no expression of regret, in which vibrates an uncertain
hope...

Our love is a charming thing!

Our love is a sacred thing like the mysteries of the forest,
where a strange soul is trembling, where stillness has a voice;

Our love is a sacred thing!

Our love is an infinite thing like the path of sunsets,
where the sea united with the skies,
slumbers under declining suns;

Our love is an eternal thing, like all things that
Almighty God has touched with the fire of his wing,
like all that comes from the heart;

Our love is an eternal thing!

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

The aria *Caro nome* occurs in act one of Verdi's opera
Rigoletto (1851) and is sung by Gilda, the daughter of the title
character. Gilda has been sheltered all her young life, and when
she meets a man at mass she is struck with wonder and fear.
He follows her home and declares his love for her, and she
returns his sentiments, not realizing that her new love is really
the Duke of Mantua, her father's employer, in search of a
conquest.

Caro nome

"Gualtier Malde," name of my loved one,
you engrave yourself on my enamored heart!
Dear name, which first made my heart throb,
You must always recall to me the delights of love!
In my thoughts, my desire will always fly to you;
And even my last breath, dear name, will be yours.
My desire will evermore fly to you!

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

The *Sieben Frühe Lieder* were composed in Berg's early period, when his writing had not yet branched out into twelve tone. *Sieben Frühe Lieder* literally means "Seven Early Songs." They were written, not as a set, but over several years, and compiled in 1907 with a dedication to Berg's wife Helene.

Nacht

(Carl Hauptmann)

Clouds are fading over the darkened valley,
mists are floating, waters murmur softly,
Now, all at once, the veil is lifted;
Oh watch, watch!
A distant wonderland has opened up.
Mountains, silvery as a dream, loom large,
silent paths of silver light into the valley,
from the hidden bosom.
And the venerable world, so dream-like pure.
A silent beech tree stands by the road,
black as shadow, a breath
from the distant grove alone stirs lightly.
And from the gloom of the deep gorge
light begins to twinkle in the silent night.
Drink, o soul! Drink solitude!
Oh watch! Watch!

Die Nachtigal

(Theodor Storm)

It was because the nightingale sang all through the night
that from her sweet sound reverberating and echoing
the roses burst into bloom.

But for that she was a wild young blood;
now she is deeply thoughtful,
carries her summer hat in her hand
and calmly bears the sun
and doesn't know what is beginning.

Im Zimmer

(Johannes Schlaf)

Autumn sunshine. The beloved evening looks in quietly.
A little red fire crackles in the oven door and blazes.
So! my head on you knees, so it is well with me.
while my eye rests then in yours,
how lightly the minutes pass.

Liebesode

(Otto Erich Hartleben)

In the arms of love we slept blissfully.
At the open window the summer wind listened,
and carried our peaceful breathing out into the bright moonlight.
And from the garden timidly stole a fragrance of roses
to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams, dreams of ecstasy,
so rich in longing.

Sommertage

(Paul Hohenberg)

Now days move over the world, sent from blue eternity.
In the summer wind time is blown away.
Now in the night the Lord weaves
crowns of stars with a happy hand
over wanderland and wonderland.
O heart, in these days what then can your brightest song
of wandering tell of your deep, deep happiness?

In the meadows' song the breast becomes mute,
now silent is the word, where image after image
is drawn to you and fills you wholly.

Ned Rorem (b. 1923)

American composer Ned Rorem has written several hundred songs for voice and piano. He believes that "music is, after all a sung expression, and any composer worthy of the name is intrinsically a singer whether he allows it or not." The following three selections span three decades of composition: *Look Down*, *Fair Moon* was composed in 1957, *Far-Far-Away* in 1963, and *The Serpent* from 1970-72.

Far-Far-Away

(Alfred Lord Tennyson)

What sight so lured him thro' the fields he knew
As where earth's green stole into heaven's own hue,
Far-far-away?
What sound was dearest in his native dells?
The mellow linlanlone of evening bells...
Far-far-away.
What vague world whisper, mystic pain or joy,
Thro' those three words would haunt him when a boy,
Far-far-away?
A whisper from his dawn of life? a breath
From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death...
Far-far-away?
Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of birth,
The faint horizons, all the bounds of earth,
Far-far-away?
What charm in words, a charm no words can give?
O dying words, can Music make you live?
Far-far-away?

Look Down, Fair Moon

(Walt Whitman)

Look down, fair moon, and bathe this scene,
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods on faces ghastly,
swollen purple, On the dead on their backs with arms tossed
wide,
Pour down your unstinted nimbus, sacred moon.

The Serpent

(Theodore Roethke)

There was a Serpent who has to sing.
There was. 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 without 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, they were Astounded;
And various Measures Propounded
To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket;
The bought a Drum. He wouldn't Whack it.
They sent, (you always send), to Cuba
And got a Most Commodius 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.

I would like to extend a thank you to my parents, family and friends whose love and support made this evening possible.

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Very special thanks to my husband Mark, whose support and patience through-out my college experience kept me sane.