

Chapman University

Chapman University Digital Commons

Printed Performance Programs (PDF Format)

Music Performances

3-6-2011

Senior Recital

Cheryl Lin Fielding
Chapman University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/music_programs

Recommended Citation

Fielding, Cheryl Lin, "Senior Recital" (2011). *Printed Performance Programs (PDF Format)*. 631.
https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/music_programs/631

This Senior Recital is brought to you for free and open access by the Music Performances at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Printed Performance Programs (PDF Format) by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.



A Senior Recital featuring

Efrain Solís

Dr. Cheryl Lin Fielding, piano



March 6th, 2011
5:00 p.m.
Salmon Recital Hall

Program

I

An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98
Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
Wo die Berge so blau
Leichte Segler in den Höhen
Diese Wolken in den Höhen
Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

II

Three songs on James Joyce poems, Op. 10
Rain has fallen
Sleep now
I hear an army

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Intermission

III

Chansons Gaillardes
La maîtresse volage
Chanson à boire
Madrigal
Invocation aux Parques
Couplets bachiques
L'offrande
Serenade
La Belle Jeunesse

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

IV

Болеро
Клубится волною кипучею Кур, Op. 34 no. 9
В молчаньи ночи тайной, Op. 4 no. 3

Михаил Иванович Глинка
(1804-1857)
Антон Рубинштейн
(1829-1894)
Сергей Рахманинов
(1873-1943)

This Recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirement for a Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance. Mr. Solís is a student of Peter Atherton.

Program Notes

Ludwig Van Beethoven (1770-1827)

An die ferne Geliebte (To the distant beloved), Op. 98

Beethoven's only song cycle, An die ferne Geliebte, is known to be the first and most complete of all song cycles. The poetry was written by Alois Jeitteles and was given to Beethoven by the poet himself. It is said that Beethoven wrote this cycle upon reflecting on his relationship with the wife of his good friend, deepening the intensely personal meaning of the piece. The poetry is not extravagant, but the simplistic and heartfelt melodies set up Jeitteles' poetry beautifully, and the piano connects one song to the next seamlessly, something that had never been done before. Ultimately Beethoven opened the door for future composers, such as Schubert and Schumann, to take German lieder to new heights.

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal

Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,

Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

On the hill sit I, peering

On the hill sit I, peering
Into the blue, hazy land,
Toward the far away pastures
Where I you, beloved, found.

Far am I, from you, parted,
Separating us are hill and
valley
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our sorrow.

Ah! The look can you not see,
That to you so ardently rushes,
And the sighs, they blow away
In the space that separates us.

Will then nothing more be able
to reach you
Nothing be messenger of love?
I will sing, sing songs,
That to you speak of my pain!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht

Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

Wo die Berge so blau

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von
hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,

Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüsst sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

For before the sound of love
escapes
every space and every time,
And a loving heart reaches,
What a loving heart has
consecrated!

Where the mountains so blue

Where the mountains so blue
Out of the foggy gray
Look down,
Where the sun dies,
Where the cloud encircles,
I wish I were there!

There is the restful valley
Stilled are suffering and sorrow
Where in the rock
Quietly the primrose meditates,
Blows so lightly the wind,
I wish I were there!

There to the thoughtful wood
The power of love pushes me,
Inward sorrow,
Ah! This moves me not from
here,
Could I, dear, by you
Eternally be!

Light veils in the heights

Light veils in the heights,
And you, little brook, small
and narrow,
Should my love spot you,
Greet her, from me, many
thousand times.

See you, clouds, her go then,
Meditating in the quiet valley,
Let my image stand before her
In the airy heavenly hall.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.

Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,

Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,

Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,

Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntre Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,

In den seidnen Locken wühlen.
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

If she near the bushes stands,
Now that autumn is faded and
leafless,
Lament to her, what has
happened to me,
Lament to her, little birds, my
suffering!

Quiet west, bring in the wind
To my heart's chosen one
My sighs, that pass
As the last ray of the sun.
Whisper to her of my love's
implore,
Let her, little brook, small and
narrow,
Truly, in your waves see
My tears without number!

These clouds in the heights

These clouds in the heights,
These birds gaily passing,
Will see you, my beloved.
Take me with you on your light
flight!
These west winds will play
Joking with you about your
cheek and breast
In the silky curls will dig.
I share with you this pleasure!

There to you from this hill
Busily, the little brook hurries.
If your image is reflected in it,
Flow back without delay!

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret
zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich
Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig von
kreuz und von quer
Manch weicheres Stück zu dem
Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die
Kleinen.

Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen
so treu,
Was Winter geschieden, verband
nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.

Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling
vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

**May returns, the meadow
blooms**

May returns, the meadow
blooms,
The breezes they blow so
softly, so mildly,
Chattering, the brooks now run.

The swallow, that returns to
her hospitable roof
She builds, so busily, her bridal
chamber,
Love must dwell there.

She brings, so busily,
from all directions,
Many soft pieces for the bridal
bed
Many warm pieces for the little
ones.

Now live the couple together so
faithfully,
What winter has separated is
united by May,
What loves, that he knows how
to unite.

May returns, the meadow
blooms,
The breezes they blow so
softly, so mildly,
Only I cannot go away from
here.

When all that loves, the spring
unites,
Only to our love no spring
appears,
And tears are our only
consolation.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Nimm sie hin denn, diese
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder

Zu der Laute süßem Klang.

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann zieht

Nach dem stillen blauen
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,

Was mir aus der vollen Brust
ohne Kunstgepräg erklingen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

Take, then, these songs

Lieder, Take, then, these songs,
That I to you, beloved, sang,
Sing them again in the
evenings

To the sweet sounds of the lute!

When the red twilight then
moves

See, toward the calm, blue lake,
And the last ray dies
behind that hilltop;

And you sing, what I have
sung,

What I, from my full heart,
Artlessly have sounded,
Only aware of its longings.

For before these songs yields,
What separates us so far,
And a loving heart reaches
For what a loving heart has
consecrated.

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Three Songs on James Joyce Poems, Op. 10

Barber is known as one of the greatest American composers of his generation. His lyric style of composition was very text driven. This set consists of his three most famous settings of James Joyce's poems. Both the pianist and singer are equally responsible for painting the images that the poetry and music form. Consequently, the climax in "Rain has fallen" is not even in the vocal line, but in the piano part. "Sleep now" provides a more introspective and sentimental layer to the set, while "I hear an army" releases a rage and fury concluded by an outcry of longing and despair.

Rain has fallen

Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of mem'ries.
Staying a little by the way
Of mem'ries shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

I hear an army

I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with flutt'ring whips, the charioteers.
They cry unto the night their battlename:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.
They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, why have you left me alone?

Sleep Now

Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying "Sleep now"
Is heard in my heart.
The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying "Sleep no more."
My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart -
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Chansons Gaillardes (Ribald Songs)

Francis Poulenc, possessor of one of the most distinct writing styles of his time, is known as the last prolific composer of the French *mélodie*. *Chansons Gaillardes* was the fourth song cycle Poulenc wrote. Poulenc stated in his *Journal de mes mélodies* (Diary of My Songs), "I am fond of this collection where I tried to show that outright obscenity can adapt itself to music...The accompaniments are very difficult but well written, I think."

La maîtresse volage

Ma maîtresse est volage,
Mon rival est heureux;
S'il a son pucelage,
C'est qu'elle en avait deux.
Et vogue la galère,
Tant qu'elle pourra voguer

Chanson à boire

Les rois d'Egypte et de Syrie,
Voulaient qu'on embaumât leurs corps,

Pour durer plus longtemps morts.
Quelle folie!

Buvons donc selon notre envie,

Il faut boire et reboire encore.

Buvons donc toute notre vie,
Embaumons-nous avant la mort.

Embaumons-nous;
Que ce baume est doux.

The fickle mistress

My mistress is fickle
My rival is fortunate:
If he has her virginity,
She must have had two.
Let's chance our luck
as long as it will last.

Drinking song

The kings of Egypt and Syria
Wanted that their bodies should
be embalmed
So to last, a long time, dead.
What folly!

Let's drink then according to
our desire.

We must drink and redrink
again.

Let's drink then all our life,
Embalm ourselves before
death.

Let's embalm ourselves;
For this balm is sweet!

Cease, good Sirs, to be
marrying men,
Enough, good Sirs, only aim at
the hearts.

Three Russian Romances

Russian romances are among the most beautiful songs, and equally the melodies are inordinately passionate and daring. These three romances accentuate some of the primary attributes of Russian song. The "Boleró" and "V molchanii nochi taj noi" demonstrate the European influence on Russian music, while "Klubitsia volnoju" shows the realist aspects that define Russian song.

Болеро

О дева чудная моя,
Твоей любовью счастлив я!
Припав челом к моей груди
В немом восторге таешь ты.

Так много пламени в очах!
Так много неги на устах!
Трепещет грудь, ты вся дрожишь.

Без слов ты клятвы мне даришь.

Лобзанье длится без речей.

Я пью восторг любви твоей
В невозмутимой тишине.
Но если ты изменишь мне...

О дева бедная моя!
И дик и мрачен буду я,
И бурю смерти подыму
Тебе и другу твоему!

Дымится кровь, несётся крик,

А я к устам твоим приник,
Я рву последний звук речей,

Последний взор твоих очей.

Любви крылатые мечты,

Bolero

Oh wonderful girl of mine,
How happy is my love for you!
Your brow lies on my breast
Sinking in silent ecstasy.

Oh, the burning in your eyes!
Oh, the passion on your lips!
Your trembling breast...
all a quiver
You need no words as you give
me your caresses.

Our lingering kiss is beyond
words.
I devour you loving delight
In silence and stillness.
But if you are ever unfaithful

Oh, wretched girl of mine!
My dark rage
Shall deal death
To you and him together.

In streaming blood and
screaming,
Pressing upon her lips,
I'll strip from the your last
sound,
And tear the last glance from
your eye
All of these are dreams

Тебе и другу твоему!

Дымится кровь, несётся крик,

А я к устам твоим приник,
Я рву последний звук речей,

Последний взор твоих очей.

Любви крылатые мечты,
Надежды, счастье - всё прости;

Я видел вас в коварном сне,
Но нет - ты не изменишь мне.

Клубится волною кипучею Кур

Клубится волною кипучею Кур,
восходит дневное светило;
как весело сердцу, душе как легко!

О, если б навеки так было!

Кубок полон мой, я впиваю с вином
и бодрость, и радость, и силу;
ослепляет меня чудный блеск очей,

О! если б навеки так было!

Если хочешь ты, чтоб душа моя
всю любовь в твои очи излила,
скорей приходи же, темно в ночи,

О! если б навеки так было!

To you and him together.

In streaming blood and
screaming,
Pressing upon her lips,
I'll strip from the your last
sound,
And tear the last glance from
your eye
All of these are dreams
Of hope and happiness; You
must forgive me
I have dreamt of you in blood,
But no, you'll never be
unfaithful.

The turbulent water of Kir

The turbulent waters Kir are
swirling,
Light giving sun is rising;
How happy is my heart,
How full of light is the soul!
O, if it could be like this
forever!

My goblet is full, I drink with
wine cheerfulness,
gladness, and strength;
The bewitching brilliance of
your eyes healing me.
O, if it could be like this
forever!

If you wish my soul to pour
all its love into your eyes,
Come quickly,
For the night is dark.
O, if it could be like this
forever!

В молчаньи ночи тайной

О, долго буду я,
в молчаньи ночи тайной,

Коварный лепет твой, улыбку,
взор случайный,
Перстам послушную волос
густую прядь,
Из мыслей изгонять, и

снова призывать;

Шептать и поправлять
былые выраженья

Речей моих с тобой,
исполненных смущенья,

И в опьянении, наперекор уму,

Заветным именем будить
ночную мглу.

In the silence of the mysterious night

Oh, how long will I,
in the silence of the
mysterious night,
your alluring babble,
smiles and glances,
your fleeting glances, the
locks of your rich hair,
I will long be trying to get rid
of the images
only to call them back again;

I will be repeating and
correcting in a
whisper

The words I've told you, the
words full of
awkwardness,
and, drunk with love, contrary
to reason,

I will be awakening the night's
darkness with a
cherished name

Thank You!

I would like to thank so many people for helping me get this far, but I only have one page so here goes!

Thank you to my family for being here and putting up with my "screaming" all the time at home. I promise that screaming will pay the bills someday, hopefully.

Jeanette and Anne-Marie, the greatest duo I know! Without the both of you I would have stayed a troublemaker all throughout high school, and probably still be one now. Thank you for exposing me to this world of music and the ability to express myself through it. You are the reason I do this!

Cheryl, you are one of the most amazing people I know. Such a wonderful soul you have! Thank you for opening my eyes to so many wonderful ideas and feelings, through music and life! Thank you for all you've taught me in these few years. Collaborating with you always feels right and I hope this will be the first of many more recitals together.

So many people have influenced me during my time here at Chapman: **Dr. Hall, Daniel Wachs, Carol Neblett, Louise Thomas, Kristina Driskill, Joe Modica, Rick Christopherson, Margaret Dehning, Dr. Coker, Vladimir Chernov**, I could keep going for a while! Thank you to the Conservatory Faculty for always being willing to share their experiences and allowing this opera geek to learn as much as he could from all of you.

The one person who truly opened my eyes to opera, and helped me realize that opera was not so out reach for a kid like me, was **Andrea Lopez** (Flores now). If it weren't for you, Andrea, I wouldn't have requested such an amazing teacher and mentor. Peter and I fit so well together and I would have been lost these last four years without him.

Speaking of...**Peter**, you have been a mentor, father figure, and inspiration these last four years. I feel so blessed to have you in my life, as a voice teacher and so much more. Words cannot express the gratitude and respect that I have for you. You have gone above and beyond your requirements as a voice teacher, and I can't thank you enough for all the opportunities you've given me. For always challenging me and believing in me, thank you!

Last, but most certainly not least, thank you to all my friends! Especially my rocks: **Allie, Kalena, and Johannes**. I would not have made it this far without any of you. Thank you to **the Gang** (you know who you are) and my **high school friends** for keeping things exciting and helping me understand that you can't take everything too seriously. Thank you **Simon** for being such an awesome bff! **Brittany and Pam**, thank you so much for helping make this recital happen – it means the world to me!

And thank you all for coming today!