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Senior Recital

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Chapman University

Janet Kao
Chapman University

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Chapman University
Conservatory of Music

presents a

Senior Recital

Brittany Bethurum, mezzo-soprano

Janet Kao, piano

April 14, 2012 • 8:00 P.M.

Salmon Recital Hall

I

Сергей Васильевич Рахманинов

- 1 Не пой, красавица, при мне
- 2 Сирень
- 3 Весенние воды

Sergei Rachmaninov
(1873-1943)

II

- 4 Dido's Lament, from *Dido and Aeneas*

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

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(1792-1868)

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Ben Moore
(b. 1960)

Program Notes

Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Rachmaninov, a Russian native, was an American composer, pianist and conductor as well as one of the greatest champions of the Romantic style of European classical music. He chose text that was deeply related to moments in his own life and the emotional conflicts he had within. This is exemplified through *Не пой, красавица* which was written partly as his response to his bitter homesickness to Russia herself. Rachmaninov remains one of the most prolific Romantic composers.

Не пой, красавица, при мне

Не пой, красавица, при мне	Do not sing, my beauty, to me
Ты песен Грузии печальной;	your sad songs of Georgia;
Напоминают мне	they remind me
Другую жизнь и берег дальний.	of that other life and distant shore.

Увы, напоминают мне	Alas, They remind me,
Твои жестокие напевы	your cruel melodies,
И степь, и ночь, и при луне	of the steppe, the night and moonlit

Черты далекой, бедной девы!	features of a poor, distant maiden!
-----------------------------	-------------------------------------

Я милый, роковой,	That sweet and fateful apparition
Тебя увидев, забываю;	I forget when you appear;
Но ты поёшь, и предо мной	but you sing, and before me
Его я вновь воображаю.	I picture that image anew.

This recital is in partial fulfillment of a Bachelor of Music
in Vocal Performance at Chapman University.

СИРЕНЬ

По утру, на заре,
По росистой траве
Я пойду свежим утром дышать;

И в душистую тень,
Где теснится сирень,
Я пойду свое счастье искать...

В жизни счастье одно
Мне найти суждено,
И то счастье в сирени живет;

На зеленых ветвях,
На душистых кистях
Мое бедное счастье цветет.

ВЕСЕННИЕ ВОДЫ

Еще в полях белеет снег,

А воды уж весной шумят -
Бегут и будят сонный брег,
Бегут, и блещут, и гласят...

Они гласят во все концы:
«Весна идет, весна идет,

Мы молодой весны гонцы,

Она нас выслала вперед!

Lilacs

In the morning, at dawn,
The dewy grass
I'm going to breathe the
fresh morning

And in the fragrant shade,
Where crowding lilacs
I'll go look for my
happiness

In life, happiness is one
I find destined
And the happiness in the
lives of lilac

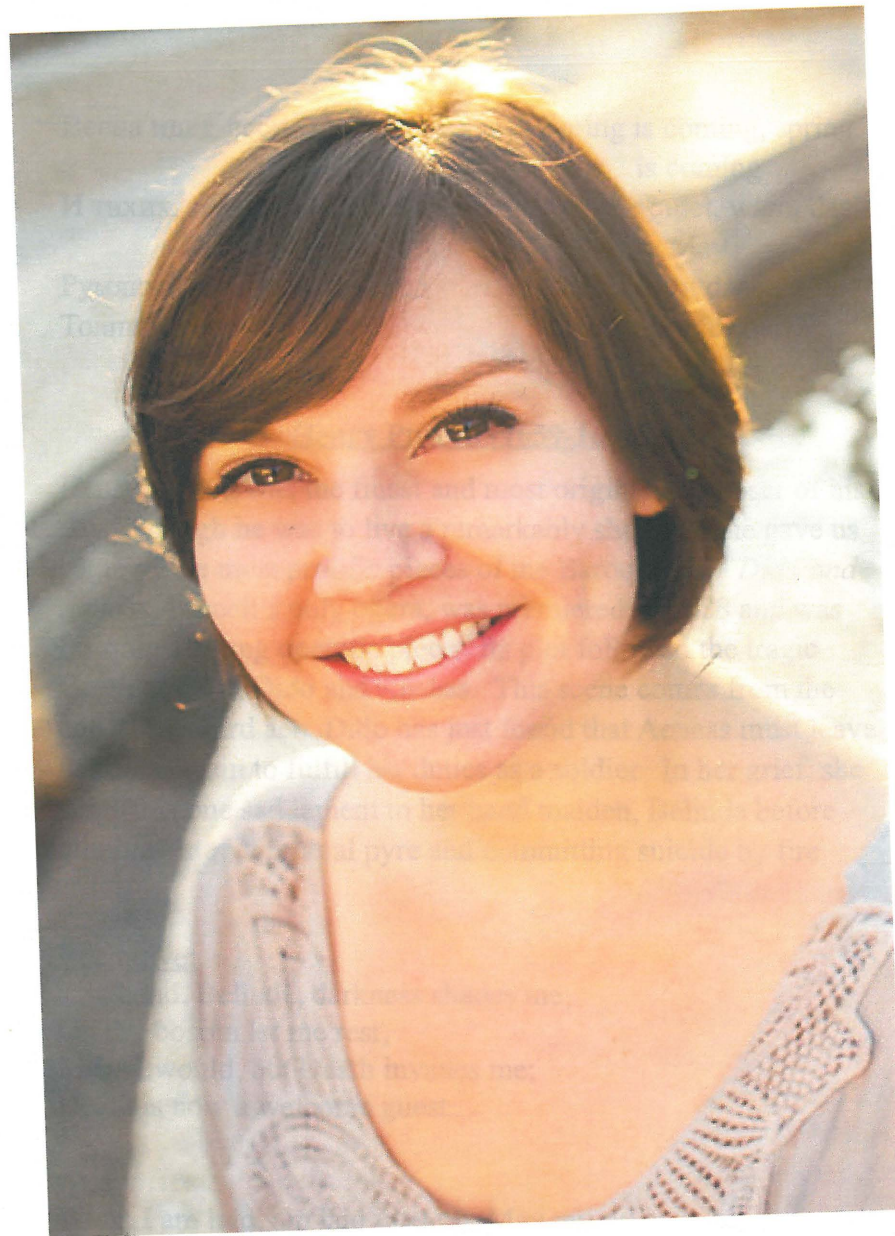
On the green branches
In the fragrant rasemes
My poor luck in bloom

Spring Waters

Even in the fields of
gleaming white snow,
A spring of water too noisy
Run, and wake
The run and shrine, and
read as follows

The stipulate to the ends
"Spring comes, spring
comes,

We are a young
messengers of spring
She sent us forward!



Brittany Bethurum is a student of Patricia Gee

*Thank You
for sharing this special evening with me!*

Весна идет, весна идет,

И тихих, теплых майских дней

Румяный, светлый хоровод

Толпится весело за ней!..

Spring is coming, spring
is coming

And the quiet, warm day
in May

Ruddy, light dance

Crowds fun for her

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Henry Purcell was the finest and most original composer of his day. Though he was to live a remarkably short life, he gave us some of the most prolific pieces of the Baroque era. *Dido and Aeneas*, Purcell's only opera, was premiered in 1688 and was his only all sung operatic piece. Its plot followed the tragic Greek story of Dido and Aeneas. This scene comes from the end of the third act. Dido has just found that Aeneas must leave her once again to fulfill his duties as a soldier. In her grief, she sings this one sad lament to her hand maiden, Belinda before climbing atop a funeral pyre and committing suicide by fire.

Recitative:

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me,
On thy bosom let me rest,
More I would, but Death invades me;
Death is now a welcome guest.

Aria:

When I am laid, am laid in earth, May my wrongs create
No trouble, no trouble in thy breast;
Remember me, remember me, but ah! forget my fate.
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

Gioachino Antonio Rossini (1792-1868)

Rossini's music is famous for its vocal embellishments, driving bass lines, incredible speeds and spontaneity. Rossini was a prolific opera composer until 1829, when at the age of 37 he suddenly decided to stop composing operas. He was the champion of "opera buffa" and the lilting "bel canto", or beautiful singing, styles. He proceeded for the rest of his life to compose small, intimate compositions. He is most noted for his extended use of coloratura to help achieve the meaning of the text.

L'invito

Vieni, o Ruggiero,
la tua Eloisa
da te divisa
non puo restar:
alle mie lacrime
già rispondevi,
vieni, ricevi
il mio pregar.

Vieni, o bell'angelo,
vien, mio diletto,
sovra il mio petto
vieni a posar!
Senti se palpita,
se amor t'invita...
vieni, mia vita,
vieni, fammi spirar ...

The Invitation

Come Ruggiero,
your Eloisa
Cannot stay
Separated from you:
You've already
responded to my tears,
Come and grant
my request.

Come, beautiful angel,
come, my delight,
Here on my bosom
come to rest!
Feel my throbbing heart,
when love invites you,
Come my life, come,
Make me die!

La Promessa

Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare,

No, nol credete, pupille care,

Ne men per gioco v'ingannerò.
deceive you about this.

Voi foste e siete le mie faville,
E voi sarete, care pupille,

Il mio bel foco sin ch'io vivrò.

Aragonese

Mi lagnero tacendo
della mia sorte amara, ah!
Ma ch'io non t'ami,
o cara, non lo sperar da me.

Crudel, in che t'offesi
farmi penar cosi?
Mi lagnero tacendo
della mia sorte amara, ah!

The Promise

That I will ever be able to
stop loving you
No, don't believe it, dear
eyes!

Not even to joke would I

You alone are my sparks,
and you will be, dear
eyes,
my beautiful fire as long
as I live, ah!

In silence I will complain
about my bitter fate
But not to love you, dear,
do not hope to obtain that
from me

Cruel one, why do you still
let me suffer like this?
In silence I will complain
about my bitter fate

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Debussy, a French born composer, was one of the most prolific composers of the 19th century. He is known for great originality, shunning the strictures of traditional counterpoint and harmony to achieve new effects of great subtlety. Regarded as the founder of musical Impressionism, he used unusual voice leading and timbral colors to evoke pictorial images and moods, especially of languor and hendonism. He is most noted for setting vivid and scandalous text to a seemingly quaint melody. This compositional technique is exemplified in the following set:

C'est l'extase langoureuse It is the langourous ecstasy

C'est l'extase langoureuse,	It is the langourous ecstasy,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,	It is the fatigue after love,
C'est tous les frissons des bois	It is all the rustling of the wood
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,	In the embrace of breezes;
C'est vers les ramures grises	It is near the gray branches:
Le chœur des petites voix.	A chorus of tiny voices.
O le frêle et frais murmure!	Oh, that a frail and fresh murmur!
Cela gazouille et susurre,	It babbles and whispers,
Cela ressemble au cri doux	It resembles the soft noise
Que l'herbe agitée expire...	That waving grass exhales...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,	You might say it were, under the bending stream

Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

The muffles sound of
rolling pebbles.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne

This soul, which laments
And this dormant moan,
It is ours, is it not?
It is mine and yours,
Whose humble anthem we
breathe

Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

On this mild evening,
so quietly?

Il pleure dans mon cœur

There is a weeping in my heart

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

There is a weeping in my heart
like the rain falling on the town.
What is this langour
That prevades me heart?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
Ô le chant de la pluie!

Oh the patter of the rain
on the ground and the roofs!
For a heart growing weary
Of the song of the rain!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

There is weeping without cause
in the disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
This is grief without reason.

C'est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon cœur a tant de peine!

Truly the worst pain
is not knowing why,
without love or hatred,
my heart feels so much pain.

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.
J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers ;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Green

Here are some fruit, some flowers, some leaves and some
branches,
And then here is my heart, which beats only for you.
Do not rip it up with your two white hands,
And may the humble present be sweet in your beautiful eyes!

I arrive all covered in dew,
Which the wind of morning comes to freeze on my forehead.
Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,
Dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.

On your young breast allow my head to rest,
Still ringing with your last kisses;
Let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,
And let me sleep a little, since you are resting.

Ben Moore (b.1960)

Ben Moore, a contemporary composer, is applauded for his
“easy tunefulness” and “romantic sweep” in his pieces. He
chooses texts by poets that are pillars of the literary community.
The following set includes texts by Elizabeth Bishop, James
Joyce, Johan Keats and Ben Moore himself. He sets the textual
visuals in these great poems so delicately that the scene of
which they speak actually appears.

I am in need of music:

Text: Elizabeth Bishop.

Sonnet, the original name of the poem, was written in 1928 just
as Bishop entered Vassar College with the intention to become
a composer. Due to the stock market crash in 1929, Bishop was
forced to abandon this notion and changed her thoughts to that
of writing. Although she was a very successful writer, she
suffered from a greatly troubled mind and past. *Sonnet* was
written as a response to her deeply depressed childhood and
young adult life as music, her one vice, was ripped away from
her.

I am in need of music that would flow
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.
Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,
A song to fall like water on my head,
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool

Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

Bright cap and streamers:

Text: James Joyce

Bright cap and streamers is a quaint poem from the numerous contributions Joyce has given to the world of literature. This poem follows the story of a young man courting a young woman told through the perspective of the woman.

Bright cap and streamers,
He sings in the hollow:
Come follow, come follow,
All you that love.
Leave dreams to the dreamers
That will not after,
That song and laughter
Do nothing move.

With ribbons streaming
He sings the bolder;
In troop at his shoulder
The wild bees hum.
And the time of dreaming
Dreams is over -- -
As lover to lover,
Sweetheart, I come.

Darkling I listen:

Text: John Keats

Darkling I listen is a short poem taken from *Ode to a Nightingale* which, according to Keats' then roommate Brown, was written in response to his thoughts as he listened to a nightingale that had made a nest outside their house. It is speculated that this particular portion of the work was a reflection of his long lost love, Fanny Brawne. He was forced to break off an understanding of marriage due to his sudden strike of tuberculosis. He then moved to Rome for his health and never saw Fanny again.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Sexy Lady:

Text: Ben Moore

This opera parody was written for and dedicated to the lovely Susan Graham, Mezzo-Soprano. It follows the plights of the modern day Mezzo-Sopranos of this world. The piece first visits one of the most famous operatic "pants" roles of all time, Cherubino from *Le Nozze di Figaro* by Mozart. Next, Moore visits the well known Octavian from *Der Rosenkavalier* by Richard Strauss. He next visits *Giulio Cesare*, an Italian opera by George Frederick Handel. As the

character of Giulio Cesare was originally played by a castrato, this then leads to a comment about David Daniels who is one of the most prominent countertenors, a modern replacement of the castrato, of our age. Moore then mentions the role of Tosca, one of the premier soprano roles from the opera *Tosca* by Giacomo Puccini. He then goes on to mention one of the lesser female mezzo roles, Suzuki from *Madama Butterfly*, also by Puccini. Moore finishes the composition up with one last comment about the famed role of Cherubino.

Thank You!!

First and foremost, I would like to thank everyone that came out tonight to support me on my journey through this rough world of music. Your support means the world to me!

I would also like to thank my family. **Mom**, thank you so much for always believing in me. I probably would have given up a few times without you. I promise this will pay the bills someday. **Dad**, thank you for always being there and supporting me no matter the task at hand. Without their love, guidance and trust I would not be the person I am today.

Patty, thank you so much for your dedication and inspiration over the past 4 years. You have helped me grow not only as a musician, but as a person and I am greatly indebted to you for the lessons you have taught me. Thank you for being such a wonderful teacher, mentor and friend.

Janet, you are one of the most wonderful people I have ever met. I could not have asked for a better friend and guide than you. You have opened my eyes to so many different things in music and in life. I will truly cherish your mentorship and friendship forever. I could not have done it without you!

I would also like to thank the **Chapman University Faculty** for giving me such great opportunities and ensuring that I receive a first class education. **Peter Atherton and the Opera Chapman crew**, thank you so much for your dedication and for all the many opportunities I have had.

Last, and certainly not least, thank you to all my friends! **Mayuri, Nicole, Clara**, you guys have been my rock at Chapman and I couldn't have made it through (and be as minimally sane as I am) without you! To all the rest of the Chapman gang, thank you for being there and all supporting each other. It has made this journey a fun and enjoyable one. And to my old friends **Lizzie**, you are the best friend and support I could have ever asked for! Thank you for being there for the past 8 years. You really do mean the world to me. **Nick**, thank you so much for all your continued support and encouragement of my musicianship over the past 4 years. Your positive outlook has helped me achieve as much as I have.

Once again, I would like to say thank you to everyone in attendance tonight!