

5-2-2008

A Senior Recital: Love... In Many Forms

Christina Williams

University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Michelle Lee

University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalscholarship.unlv.edu/music_senior_recitals



Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

Repository Citation

Williams, C., Lee, M. (2008). A Senior Recital: Love... In Many Forms. 1-7.

Available at: https://digitalscholarship.unlv.edu/music_senior_recitals/4

This Music Program is protected by copyright and/or related rights. It has been brought to you by Digital Scholarship@UNLV with permission from the rights-holder(s). You are free to use this Music Program in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights legislation that applies to your use. For other uses you need to obtain permission from the rights-holder(s) directly, unless additional rights are indicated by a Creative Commons license in the record and/or on the work itself.

This Music Program has been accepted for inclusion in Senior Recitals by an authorized administrator of Digital Scholarship@UNLV. For more information, please contact digitalscholarship@unlv.edu.

UNLV
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS

The University of Nevada Las Vegas
College of Fine Arts
Department of Music

Presents

Love...

In many forms

a senior recital by

Christina Williams

Soprano

with

Michelle Lee, piano

Friday, 2 May 2008
7:00 P.M.
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beam Music Center

~ Program ~

<i>Ah! mio cor</i> Alcina (1728)	Georg Friederich Händel (1685-1759)
<i>Blumengruß</i> <i>Die Spröde</i> <i>Die Bekehrte</i> <i>Frühling übers Jahr</i>	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
<i>Homenaje a Lope Vega op. 90</i> 1. <i>Cuando tan Hermosa or miro</i> 2. <i>Si con mis deseos</i> 3. <i>Al val de Fuente Ovejuna</i>	Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)

~ Intermission ~

<i>L'amour captif</i> <i>Alleluia</i> <i>Écrin</i> <i>L'été</i> Lord, I have seen	Cécile Chaminade (1852-1944)
Let Us break Bread Together	John Dangerfield Cooper (1922-2005)
Guide My Feet	Moses Hogan (1957-2003)
You Can Tell The World	Jacqueline B. Hirston (b.1938)
	Margaret Bonds (1913-1972)

Christina Williams is a student of Dr. Alfonse Anderson. This recital is offered in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelors of Music degree in vocal performance.

Georg Friedrich Händel (1685 –1759) was a baroque composer prominently known for his contribution to Italian Opera. During his lifetime Handel composed fifty operas he also composed many oratorios, cantatas and chamber music. Growing up Handel's father encouraged him to study law but allowed him to take private lessons. Although his mother encouraged him to pursue music he never fully did until his father's death. Handel wrote most of his operas in the Italian style because he had traveled throughout Italy for three years. Alcina is one of his later operas, which was very popular during its premier. Alcina was written in Italian but contains elements of French opera including a ballet. The libretto's author is unknown, but the plot is taken from Ludovico Ariosto's Orlando furioso, an epic poem. The story is about a sorceress named Alcina who falls in love with the knight, Ruggiero. After being placed under Alcina's spell Ruggiero can no longer recognize his betrothed Bradamante, who disguises herself as a man to rescue him. When Ruggiero finally breaks away from Alcina's spell she is crushed and infuriated. Ruggiero, free from Alcina's spells destroys her magic erne and island returning all her previous prisoners back to human form. Ah! mio cor is a da capo aria in which Alcina confesses of her deep love for Ruggiero. Her sadness is represented in short phrases with three halted eight notes that represent her tears or broken heartbeat and her unstable panic is represented by the broken chord pattern in the continuo line. In the lively B section she breaks herself away from sadness and remembers that she can still make Ruggiero either return to her or be punished with suffering.

Ah! mio cor

Ah! mio cor, schernito sei.
Stelle, Dei, Nume d'amore!
Traditore, t'amo tanto,
Puoi lasciarmi sola in pianto?
Oh Dei! puoi lasciarmi,
Oh Dei, perché?
Ma, che fa gemendo Alcina?
Son regina, è tempo ancora:
Resti, o muora, peni sempre,
O torni a me.

Ah! my heart

Ah! my heart, scorned you are.
Stars, Gods, deity of love!
Traitor, you I loved so much,
Can you leave me alone in weeping?
Oh God's! Can you leave me,
Oh God's, why?
Yet, why does Alcina grieve?
I am queen, and time is still:
Remain, or die, suffer always,
Or return to me.

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903) is a well known Lieder composer who added a “new style” to German lieder. His works are highly chromatic using music and poetry to function as one. He also uses a wide variety of rhythms to paint pictures of certain words. Wolf highly favored the dramatic technique of Richard Wagner and applied his style to his own music. During the years 1886–1889 Wolf composed a large amount of his lieder. In 1888–89, Wolf composed fifty-one songs on poems by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. With the exception of “Die Spröde,” the entire Goethe collection was completed in less than four months.¹

Blumengruß

Der Strauß, den ich gepflückt,
Grüße dich viel tausendmal!
Ich habe mich oft gebücket,
Ach, wohl eintausendmal,
Und ihn ans Herz gedrückt
Wie hunderttausendmal!

Foral greeting

The bouquet, that I gathered,
Greet you many thousand times!
I have often bent down,
Ah, indeed one thousand times,
And I pressed it to my heart
Again one hundred thousand times!

Die Spröde

An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen
Ging die Schäferin und sang,
Jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,
Daß es durch die Felder klang,
So lala! Lerallala!

Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen
Zwei, drei Schäfchen gleich am Ort,
Schalkhaft blickte sie ein Weilchen;
Doch sie sang und lachte fort:
So lala! Lerallala!

Und ein Andrer bot ihr Bänder,
Und der Dritte bot sein Herz;
Doch sie trieb mit Herz und Bändern
So wie mit den Lämmern Scherz,
Nur lala! Lrallala!

The Coy Shepherdess

On the clearest spring morning
the shepherdess walked and sang,
young and beautiful and without cares
that it through the fields rang
So lala! Lerallala!

Thyrsis offered to her, for one kiss,
two, three lambs, on the spot.
Archly looked she a little while,
but she sang and laughed on:
So lala! Lerallala!

And another offered her ribbons,
and the third offered his heart;
but she left with heart and ribbons
as again with the little lambs joking:
Only lala! Lerallala!

Die Bekehrte

Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
Ging ich still den Wald entlang,
Damon saß und blies die Flöte,
Daß [es von den Felsen klang]3,
So la la! . . .

Und er zog mich an sich nieder,
Küßte mich so hold und süß.
Und ich sagte: Blase wieder!
Und der gute Junge blies,
So la la! . . .

Meine Ruhe ist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon,
Und ich höre vor meinen Ohren
Immer nur den alten Ton,
So la la, le ralla! . . .

Frühling über's Jahr

Das Beet, schon lockert sichs in die Höh!
Da wanken Glöckchen so weiß wie Schnee;
Safran entfaltet gewaltige Glut,
Smaragden keimt es und keimt wie Blut;

Primeln stolzieren so naseweis,
Schalkhafte Veilchen, versteckt mit Fleiß;
Was auch noch alles da regt und webt,
Genug, der Frühling, er wirkt und lebt.

Doch was im Garten am reichsten blüht,
Das ist des Liebchens lieblich Gemüt.
Da glühen Blicke mir immerfort,
Erregend Liedchen, erheitern Wort,

Ein immer offen, ein Blütenherz,
Im Ernste freundlich und rein im Scherz.
Wenn Ros und Lilie der Sommer bringt,
Er doch vergebens mit Liebchen ringt.

All text by *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

The Repentant Shepherdess

Near the evening red sunset
I went quietly along the wood.
Damon sat and blew his flute
That it from the rocks rang,
So la la, ralla! . . .

So la la, ralla! . . .
kissed me so gently, so sweetly,
and I said “blow again”
and the good young blew:
So la la, rala! . . .

My peace is now lost,
my joy fled away,
and I hear before my ears
always only the old sound,
So la la, ralla! . . .

Spring all year

The flower-bed already gives way itself upwards!
There waver little-bells as white as snow;
Saffron unfolds intense glow,
Emerald in budding it and stirs like blood;

Primroses parade so impudently,
Roguish violets, hidden with care;
Whatever else still all there stirs and weaves,
enough, The Spring, it works and lives.

Yet what in the Garden has the richest blossom,
That is of my beloved's sweet disposition.
For glowing glances to me always,
stirring littlesongs, cheering word,

an always often, a blossom-heart,
in the earnest friendly and pure in teasing.
When rose and lily the summer brings,
it yet in vain with my sweetheart rings.

Joaquín Turina (1882-1949) born in Seville, Spain, Turina started out his studies in Seville and Madrid later moving to Paris where he spent eleven years of his life. Turina was very attracted to the French style and favored music of famous composer and friend Claude Debussy. Turina's music is a colorful blend of his native folk music and European trend. His songs are very passionate using a variety of Spanish turns. Turina's rich accompaniments and melody paint pictures for his audience while text and music work together to tell the story. *Homenaje a Lope Vega* is a set of three poems by Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, who was a poet and dramatist who used his life's travels as a story board.

Quando Tan Hermosa Os Mira

Quando tan hermosa os miro
De amor suspiro,
Y cuando no os veo,
Suspira por mí el deseo.
Quando mis ojos es ven
Van a gozar tanto bien;
Mas como por su desdén
De los vuestros me retiro,
De amor suspiro;
Y cuando no os veo,
Suspiro por mi deseo.

Si con mis deseos

Si con mis deseos
Los tiempos caminarán,
Al sol aventajarán
Los pasos gigantes,
Y mis dulces empleos
Celebrará Sevilla,
Sin envidiar celosa
Amante venturosa
La regalada y tierna tortolilla,
Que con arrullos roncros
hace de los huecos troncos.

When I look upon your beauty

When I look upon your beauty
Love will make me sigh,
And when I don't see you,
Desire will sigh for me.
If my eyes see yours,
To enjoy so much good,
But more, comes your cold disdain
That makes me retire,
And love makes me sigh again,
And when I don't see you,
desire sighs for me.

Yes with my desire

Yes with my desire
The time will walk by,
The sun will be ahead
The footsteps giant,
And my sweet employment
Seville would celebrate
Without jealousy or envy
A fortunate lover,
The sweet devoted lover,
Whose cooing lullaby roars. Tálamos
Makes a marriage bed from the hallow trunk.

Al val de Fuente Ovejuna

Al val de Fuente Ovejuna
La niña en cabellos baja,
El caballero la sigue
De la Cruz de Calatrava.
Entre las ramas se esconde,
De vergonzosa y turbada,
Fingiéndose que no le ha visto,
Pone delante las ramas.
"¿Para qué te escondes
Niña gallarda?
Que mis linceos deseos
Paredes pasan."
Acercóse el caballero,
Y ella, confusa y turbada,
Hacer quiso celosías
De las intrincadas ramas,
Mas como quien tiene amor
Los mares y las montañas
Atraviesa fácilmente,
La dice tales palabras
"¿Para qué te escondes
Niña gallarde?
Que mis linceos deseos
Paredes pasan."

All text by *Lope Felix de Vega Carpio*

To the Fuente Ovejuna valley

To the Fuente Ovejuna valley
The long-tressed girl descends;
The gentleman close behind her
from the Calatrava Cross.
Between them branches to hide,
In shame, and disturbed,
Feigning she has not seen him,
She placed branches before her.
"Why are you hiding,
My brave little girl?
My desires will find a way
To pass through any wall."
The man draws nearer to her,
And confused and disturbed,
She tries to weave a lattice
From the entangled branches,
But since those who have loved
Neither sea nor mountain
Can hope to cross easily,
He says these words to her,
"Why are you hiding,
My brave little girl?
My desires will find a way
To pass through any wall."

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944) a child prodigy, who at the young age of eight started composing music on the piano, first taught to her by her mother. Her talents were recognized and admired by Georges Bizet, who made sure she had a proper education. Her father disapproved of her becoming a professional musician so she didn't pursue it completely until her father's death. She gave many European tours and was also highly favored in the United States as well. Chaminade composed works for piano, an opera, orchestra pieces, concertos for piano and over one hundred melodies. During her lifetime she composed a total of four-hundred pieces of music that were mostly published and performed in elegant salon concerts. Each work exudes eloquence and a brilliant charm. The text deliberately speaks through the music with playful rhythms and short phrases.

L'amour Captif

Mignonne, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes;
Il ne pourra plus prendre son essor
Ni quitter jamais nos deux coeurs fidèles.
D'un noeud souple et fin de vos cheveux d'or,
Mignonne, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes!

Chère, de l'amour si capricieux
J'ai dompté pourtant le désir volage:
Il suit toute loi que dictent vos yeux,
Et j'ai mis enfin l'amour en servage,
Ô chère! l'amour, si capricieux!

Ma mie, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes.
Laissez par pitié ses lèvres en feu
Effleurer parfois vos lèvres rebelles,
À ce doux captif souriez un peu;
Ma mie, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes!
text by Thérèse Maquet

Alleluia

J'avais douté de votre amour
Et de ma constance elle-même,
Mais voici qu'avec le retour
Du joyeux printemps, je vous aime!

Le printemps, qui rit dans mon coeur
Comme un soleil dans une eau pure,
M'a rendu mon passé vainqueur
Et son ivresse à la nature.

Je vous aime, enfant, aimez-moi;
C'est le printemps qui nous convie!
Ne sentez-vous pas que la foi,
Qui nous revient, nous rend la vie?

Alleluia pour les beaux jours
Du printemps et de l'allégresse!
Mignonne, en gardant vos amours,
Vous garderez votre jeunesse!
text by Paul Mariéton

Love Captive

Sweetheart, to love I have bound the wings.
He no more will be able to take flight.
Nor ever leave our two faithful hearts.
With a smooth and delicate knot of your golden hair,
Sweetheart, to love I have bound the wings.

Darling, from love so capricious
I have overcome the fickle desire:
He follows all Law which your eyes dictate,
And I have finally put love with service,
Oh Darling! Love, so capricious!

My own, to love I have bound the wings.
Through pity let his fiery lips
To brush against your rebellious lips;
Then to this sweet captive smile a little;
My own, to love I have bound the wings

Alleluia

I had doubts from your love
and of my own constancy,
but here with the return
of joyful spring, I love you!

The spring which laughs in my heart
Like sunshine reflected in pure water,
Has conquered my past
And intoxicated the nature.

I love you, my child, love me;
It is the spring which invites us!
Do you feel our trust returns,
What returns to us, life?

Alleluia for the beautiful days
Of spring and of the ecstasy!
Sweetheart in keeping your love,
You keep your youth!

Écrin

Tes yeux malicieux
Ont la couleur de l'émeraude.
Leurs purs reflets délicieux
Egaient l'humeur la plus grimaude.
Dans leurs filets capricieux
Ils ont pris mon coeur en maraude . . .
Tes yeux malicieux
Ont la couleur de l'émeraude.

Tes lèvres de satin
Sont un nid de chaudes caresses,
Un fruit savoureux qui se tient
De rayonnements de tendresse.
Et ton baiser, comme un lutin,
Verse d'ineffables ivresses . . .
Tes lèvres de satin
Sont un nid de chaudes caresses.

Ton âme est un bijou,
Le diamant de ma couronne;
C'est le plus délicat joujou
De mon amour qu'elle enfleuronne;
C'est le parfum qui me rend fou,
Le doux charme qui m'environne . . .
Ton âme est un bijou,
Le diamant de ma couronne!
text by René Nivard

L'été

Ah! chantez, chantez,
Folle fauvette,
Gaie alouette,
Joyeux pinson, chantez, aimez!
Parfum des roses,
Fraîches écloses,
Rendez nos bois, nos bois plus embaumés!
Ah! chantez, aimez!

Jewel-case

Your eyes mischievous
Are the colour of emeralds.
Their pure, delicious reflection
cheer the gloomiest moods.
In their capricious nets
they have taken my heart.
Your mischievous eyes
are the colour of emeralds.

Your lips of satin
are a nest of warm caresses,
a tasty fruit which I dyed
with rays of tenderness,
and your kiss, like a leprechaun,
pours out ineffable intoxication.
Your lips of satin
are a nest of warm caresses.

Your soul is a jewel,
the diamond of my crown.
It's the most delicate plaything
of my love which it adorns.
It's the fragrance that drives me insane,
the gentle charm which surrounds me.
Your soul is a jewel,
the diamond of my crown!

Summer

Ah, sing, sing,
Insane warbler
Cheerful lark,
joyful Chaffinch, sing, love!
Fragrance of roses
Newly opened in the air,
Meet our wood, more fragrant!
Ah! Sing, love!

Soleil qui dore
Les sycamores
Remplis d'essains tout bruisants,
Verse la joie,
Que tout se noie
Dans tes rayons resplendissants.
Ah! chantez, aimez ...

Souffle, qui passes
Dans les espaces
Semant l'espoir d'un jour d'été.
Que ton haleine
Donne à la plaine
Plus d'éclat et plus de beauté.
Ah! chantez, chantez!

Dans la prairie
Calme et fleurie,
Entendez-vous ces mots si doux.
L'âme charmée,
L'épouse aimée
Bénit le ciel près de l'époux!
Ah! chantez, aimez, ...
text by *Ed. Guinand*

Sun which gazes
The sycamores
Filled with buzzing sound of bees!
Pour down the joy,
that all ones sorrows drown
in your radiant beams!
Ah! sing, love insane warbler, happy finch, sing!

Breezes that pass
In the air
Raising hopes, of a summer day
That your breath
Give way to the plain
More radiance, more beauty!
Ah! Sing, love!

In the meadow
Calm and floral,
Hear these words so gentle.
The soul charming,
The spouse beloved
Blesses the heaven by her Husband's side!
Ah! sing, love! Insane warbler, happy finch, sing!

John Dangerfield Cooper (1922-2005) was born in 1922 in South Philadelphia. At age 12 his father found him his first job in a Baptist Church in South Philadelphia, playing the piano. He earned his master's and doctorate degrees in music from Combs College of Music. He composed many sacred works and became a Reverend during his lifetime. Cooper was founding director of the Little Symphony Orchestra of Germantown, where he lived most of his life. His spiritual song, "Lord, I Have Seen," is published in several hymnals.

Lord I have seen

Lord I have seen thy salvation,
Drank of the blood, held the body,
Lord I have seen, seen with my eyes, seen with my heart.
Fell on my knees down at the Altar.
Bowed down my head whispered a prayer.
Have mercy Lord I'm not worthy.
I believe, yes I believe, now I am sure.

Lord I have heard of thy kingdom (promise).
Looked on thy birth, cried at Cal'vary.
Lord I have heard, Lord I have heard, Lord I have heard.
Fell on my knees down at the Altar.
Bowed down my head whispered a prayer.
Have mercy Lord I'm not worthy.
I believe, yes I believe, now I am sure.

Moses Hogan (1957-2003) born in New Orleans, Louisiana on March 13, 1957, was a pianist, conductor, composer and teacher. Hogan received his B.M. in music performance from Oberlin Conservatory and also studied at Julliard. Hogan composed over seventy published works and is internationally known for his beautiful choral and solo spiritual arrangements.

Let us break bread together on our knees,
Let us drink wine together on our knees,
Let us praise God together on our knees,
When I fall down on my knees,
with my face to the risin' sun,
oh, Lord, have mercy on me.

Jacqueline B. Hairston (1938-) A composer, arranger and vocal coach, received her musical training at the Juilliard School of Music, Howard University School of Music, and her Masters in Music from Columbia University. She composed many Negro Spirituals and choruses that are highly recognized. Her spiritual arrangement, *You (and I) Can Tell the World*, was given its world premiere by internationally known mezzo-soprano, Denyce Graves, and the Orlando Opera Chorus and Orchestra. Hairston wrote the beautiful lyric spiritual "Guide My Feet" in tribute to legendary opera diva Leontyne Price.

Guide My Feet

Guide my feet Lord while I run this race
For I don't want to run this race in vain.
Stan' by me, Lord, while I run this race,
For I don't want to run this race in vain.
Oh my Lord.
Guide my feet Lord while I run this race
For I don't want to run this race in vain.

Margaret Bonds (1913-1972) was born in Chicago and earned a master's degree in Music from Northwestern University. Later Bonds continued to study piano at Julliard. During her lifetime she received many awards for her talents and was one of the first black composers to receive recognition in the United States. Bonds wrote ballets, spiritual suites, cantatas, and commonly known spiritual arrangements.

You can tell the world

You can tell the world about this,
You can tell the nation about that,
Tell 'em what Jesus has done,
Tell 'em that the Comforter has come,
And he brought joy, joy, joy, to my soul.

He took my feet out the Mercy clay, Yes, he did
He placed them on the Rock to stay, Yes, he did.
My Lawd done done jes what He said, Yes, He did
He healed the Sick and Raised the Dead, Yes, He did.

All translations done by Christina Williams

Christina would like to thank her family, friends and UNLV voice faculty for their continued support!
Thank you for all your wisdom, direction and most importantly LOVE!