

Fyremål

Vegen vita, på villstig venda,
Fram å fara og ferdi enda:
Vi mot målet må soleis halda,
Elles vil vi på vegen falla.

Enn eit år over bratte bakkar,
Haug og hamrar og håge slakkar,
Fjell og fjøre og fjord som bryter,
Flod som fløymer, og foss som tyter,

Må vi vandra og vegen fara.
Måtte makti og mergen vara!

Kom då, snille! vi slita saman.
For den gilde er gant og gaman.

Trygt og trufast vår norsk vi tala.
Med det same slags mål vi mala.

Text by Aasmund Olavsson Vinje

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College of Fine Arts ~ Department of Music

Presents

Kristina Newman

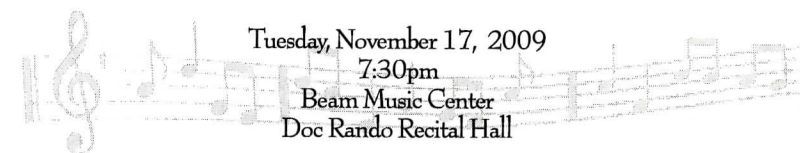
Soprano

Junior Recital

featuring

Jung yoon Choi

piano



Tuesday, November 17, 2009

7:30pm

Beam Music Center
Doc Rando Recital Hall

~ Program ~

"Let the Bright Seraphim" From *Samson*

George Frederic Handel
(1685-1759)

Quatre Chanson de jeunesse Pantomime Clair de lune Pierrot

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Jeg Elsker Dig En Svane Fyremål

Edvard Grieg
(1843-1907)

Kristina Newman is a student of Dr. Ruth Jacobson. This performance is offered in partial fulfillment of the requirements of Bachelor of Music degree in Music education

"Let the Bright Seraphim" from *Samson*

George Frideric Handel

George Frideric Handel composed many operas and oratorios. Many of the pieces he has composed have become standard in vocal literature and are sung by all voice types. He composed mostly da capo arias in which the aria has two sections followed by a repeat of the first section and advised the singer to make modifications to the repeated sections in order to keep the aria interesting. Handel had poor eyesight. As his life went on his eyesight gradually got worse until he became completely blind. However, being blind did not stop him from composing or conducting.

Samson was composed in October 1741 and tells the story of the Old Testament Israelite warrior and his last days. It is one of Handel's most popular oratorios. The original oratorio ended with the chorus "Bring the Laurels," but then one year later, Handel decided to add "Let the Bright Seraphim" for soprano and trumpet. It is in AB form and is followed immediately by the final chorus "Let Their Celestial Concerts All Unite." However, in the case that "Let the Bright Seraphim" were to be performed out of context of the oratorio it is performed as a da capo aria and can be performed with or without trumpet.

Let the Bright Seraphim

Let the bright seraphim in burning row,
Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow.
Let the cherubic host, in tuneful choirs,
Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

Text by Newburgh Hamilton

Quatre Chansons de jeunesse

Claude Debussy

Claude Debussy had a gift for writing for the voice, setting a variety of poetic material. He was very particular about how he wanted his song to sound and would use as many dynamic and tempo markings as he needed. He was also particular about the tonal color of the voice when he composed and therefore his songs should not be transposed.

The *Quatre Chansons de jeunesse* was based on situations or characters found in the Italian commedia dell'arte. The basic outline is Pierrot, a character made up by a famous French mime Jean-Gaspard Debureau, is a sad clown who is vying for the love of Columbine, a maid with sass, whom ends up leaving him for Harlequin, a valet who is good with the ladies. Clitandre and Cassandre are servants as well, but the main characters are Pierrot, Columbine, and Harlequin. Debussy wrote *Quatre Chansons de jeunesse* for a singer whom he was infatuated with, Marie-Blanche Vasnier. The set includes the first three of the four melodies, including an early setting of "Clair de lune."

Pantomime

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un cœur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son cœur des voix. Ah

Text by Paul Verlaine

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmants masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune.
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver, les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Text by Henrik Ibsen

Pierrot

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,
Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple.
Une fillette au souple casaquin
En vain l'agace de son oeil coquin;

Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureaux
Jette un regard de son oeil en coulisse
À son ami Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Text by Théodore Faullin de Banville

Pantomime

Pierrot, who is no Clitandre,
Empties a flask without delay,
And, being practical, cuts into a pâté.

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue
Sheds an unnoticed tear
For his disinherited nephew.

That scoundrel Harlequin plots
The abduction of Colombine
And spins four times.

Colombine dreams, surprised
To feel a heart in the breeze
And to hear in her heart some voices. Ah

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Charmed by masques and bergamasques,
Playing on the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

While singing in a minor mode,
Of love the conqueror and of favorable life,
They do not seem to believe in their happiness
And their song mingles with the light of the moon

With the calm moonlight sad and beautiful,
Which makes the birds dream in the trees,
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
The tall, slim fountains among the marble statues.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Pierrot

The good Pierrot, whom the crowd gazes at,
Having finished the wedding of Harlequin,
Dreamily goes down the boulevard of the temple.
A girl with a loose flowing blouse
Vainly provokes him with her teasing eye;

And in the meantime, mysterious and smooth
Loving him above all others,
The white moon bull-horned
Casts a sidelong glance
To her friend Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Three Selections

Edvard Grieg

Edvard Grieg is thought of as the most prominent Norwegian composer and a major composer for Norwegian songs. He wrote over 150 songs in German, Danish, and Norwegian. He grew up when Norwegian lyrical poetry was blossoming; therefore he is sensitive to poetry and strives to write a song with the correct emphasis on the correct word.

"Jeg Elsker Dig" is Grieg's most famous song, originally written with only one stanza, but later another stanza was added in the French and German translations. He wrote the song as an engagement present to his wife, Nina Hagerup. "En Svane" was written by Henrik Ibsen, Norway's eminent poet and playwright. A swan in many different cultures holds high symbolic value. In the Norse culture, a swan is symbolic of the soul. "Fyremål" speaks of enduring many different tasks and staying true to oneself while one reaches his or her goal. This song is also an ode to the struggle Norway has had with independence and deciphering a national language.

Jeg elsker Dig

Min Tankes Tanke ene du er vorden,
Du er mit Hjertes første Kærlighed.
Jeg elsker Dig, som Ingen her på Jorden,
Jeg elsker Dig i Tid og Evighed!

Text by Hans Christian Andersen

En svane

Min hvide svane
Du stumme, du stille,
Hverken slag eller trille
Lod sangrøst ane.

Angst beskyttende
Alfen, som sover,
Altid lyttende
Gled du henover.

Men sidste mødet,
Da eder og øjne
Var lønlige løgne,
Ja da, da lød det!

I toners føden
Du sluttet din bane.
Du sang i døden;
Du var dog en svane!

Text by Henrik Ibsen

I Love You

The center of my thoughts dwells on your only,
My heart is filled with love and cherishing,
Of all on earth, my love is but yours solely,
My love for you shall last through time and eternity!

Translation by Bradley Ellinghoe

The Swan

My swan, my pale one
So silent, so still,
Neither warbled nor trilled
Of songs I heard none.

Taking care for the elf,
Who's sleeping,
Always listening
Water you're sweeping,

But at our parting
When vows and eyes
Held secret lies
Ah yes, you sang then!

And as you perished
Death's pathway upon,
You sang so sweetly
You were a swan!

Translation by Bradley Ellinghoe