

Kailee Ann Albitz

Mezzo-Soprano

A Junior Recital

“Love’s Philosphy”

With

Shane Jensen, *piano*

Saturday, December 5, 2009

2:30 p.m.

Doc-Rando Grillet Recital Hall

Beam Music Center

-Program-

Alma mia From "Floridante"	George Frederick Handel (1685-1759)
Widmung	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Gretchen am spinnrade	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Wie melodien zeiht es mir	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Les berceaux	Gabriel Urbain Fauré (1845-1924)
Faites-lui mes aveux From "Faust"	Charles Gounod (1818-1893)
Love's Philosophy Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal The Valley and the Hill	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Kailee Ann is a student of Dr. Alfonse Anderson. This recital is in partial fulfillment to a bachelor of arts.

-Program notes-

George Frederick Handel (1685-1759,) a German born composer, spent much of his life in England. He displayed amazing musical talent from an early age, by the age of seven he was an accomplished harpsichord and pipe organist. He is well known for his operas, concert grossi, and oratorios. One of his most famous oratorios is "The Messiah" with the popular "Hallelujah" chorus performed most frequently around Christmas. The aria "Alma mia" is a great example of baroque literature full of lyrical melodies, free for ornamentation.

Alma mia "Florindante"

Alma Mia, si, sol u sei

La mia Gloria, il mio diletto

Dal poter de' sommi Dei Piu bel dono io non aspetto

My beloved

My beloved, you alone

Are my glory and my joy.

From the generosity of the mighty gods

I do not expect a more beautiful gift.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856,) a German composer of both instrumental and vocal music and essayist. He had dreamed of being a concert pianist, but suffered an injury in his right hand preventing the greatest virtuosity. Schumann moved into the home of his piano teacher, Friedrich Wieck, and developed a mutual love with his daughter Clara and after years of strife between him and Wieck, married her in 1840 following a lawsuit of slander. Widmung (Dedication,) is the first in a set of 7 songs he presented to Clara for their wedding. The beautiful poetry was written by Schumann and clearly illustrates through vocal text, line and accompaniment his love and devotion to Clara.

Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine welt, in de rich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich scwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh', du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mire wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklart,
Du hebst mich liebend uber mich,
Mein gutter Geist, main bess' res ich!

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,
You my joy, oh you my pain,
You my world, in which I live,
You my Heaven, in which I soar,
Oh you my grave, into which
I have buried my sorrows forever!
You are the rest, you are the peace,
You are given to me from heaven.
That you love me, makes me worthy,
Your glance has me transfigured,
You lift me lovingly above myself,

My good spirit, my better self!

Franz Schubert (1797-1828,) an Austrian instrumental and vocal composer is well known for his German lieder. One of his most famous songs is Gretchen am spinnrade written when he was just 17! He wrote over 600 songs and 1,000 total works in his short life of only 31 years, which is just one example of his pure artistic and musical genius. Romantic composers such as Schubert and Schumann felt strong connections to the music they wrote and the literature they read. Gretchen am spinnrade is based on Goethe's "Faust" and the young maiden's obsession and love for Faust who has sold his soul to the devil. Gretchen am spinnrade is a perfect example of German "lieder" or "song" written in the romantic period, known not only for its beautiful melody and harmony, but for its literary value in the text and ability to create an entire scene that can be understood through music. Listen to how Schubert composes the sounds of Gretchen sitting at her spinning wheel, dreaming of Faust and how her thoughts wander as she becomes engrossed in her obsession.

Gretchen am spinnrade

Meine Ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab, ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf ist mir verrückt,
Mein aremer Sinn ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau ich zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang, sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln, seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck, und ach! Sein Kuss.

Mein Busen drängt sich nach ihm hin.
Ach! dürft ich fassen und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn, so wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen vergehen sollt!

O konnt ich ihn küssen, so wie isch wollt,
An seinen Küssen vergehen sollt!

Margaret at the Spinning Wheel

My rest is gone, my heart is heavy;
I find it never and nevermore.

As I don't have him, I go to the grave.
The whole world is bitter to me,

My poor head is confused,
My poor mind is shattered.

For him only do I look out the window,
For him alone do I leave the house.

His proud bearing, his noble figure,
His lips' smile, his eyes' power,

And his speech's magic flow,
His handclasp, and Ah! His Kiss!

My bosom urges itself to him!
Ah! If I could touch and hold him!

And kiss him so as I want!
Oh! I could perish with his kisses!

Oh! If I could kiss him as I want
With his kisses I could perish!

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897,) born in Hamburg, Germany, spent much of his life in Vienna, Austria and unlike many of his contemporary musicians he was very popular during his life. Brahms was a musicologist at heart and loved the Baroque and Renaissance periods especially and modeled much of his work after masters of those times while creating and incorporating innovating musical ideas of his own. Brahms composed works for orchestras, solo instruments and voice receiving success with all. Brahms was extremely critical of his own music and often destroyed sections and whole pieces after he had written them because they were not up to his standards and vision. With beautiful lieder like Wie Melodien, it is easy to see that Brahms' standards were very high indeed.

Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Fuhrlings blumen bluht es,
Und schiebt wie Duft dahin.
Doch kimmt das Word und fast es
Und fuhrt es es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblasst es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.
Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
den mild aus stillem Keime
ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

The melodies

Like the melodies that sing
Softly through the mind,
They bloom like spring flowers
And the scent drifts on.
But if you put it into words,
And bring it to awareness,
Like grey mist it fades,
And vanishes like a breath.
And yet in the rhyme remains
Hidden in the fragrance,
Which a tearful eye attracts

From the quiet bud

Gabriel Urbain Fauré (1845-1924) a French composer, pianist, teacher and critic. Fauré spent much of his life supporting his wife and two sons by teaching and eventually became director of the Paris Conservatory. Fauré who was also a great political activist spent much of his life fighting in different movements and had many rogue-like beliefs which had lasting effects on his personal life and music. Fauré is a master of the French Mélodie, (art song) and Les berceaux is a fantastic example of the beautiful harmonic texture and melodic lines that he is known for.

Les berceaux

Le long du Quai, les grands vaisseaux,

Que la houle incline en silence,

Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,

Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,

Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,

Et que les hommes curieux

Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,

Fuyant le port qui diminue,

Sentent leur masse retenue

Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

The cradles

Along the Quai, the large ships,

Silently rocked by the swells,

Take no notice of the cradles,
That the hands of the women rock.

But the day of farewells will come,
For it must be that women weep,
And curious men
Explore the horizons that entice!

And on that day large ships
Fleeing the port that diminishes,
Will feel their weight held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Charles Gounod (1818-1893), was born in Paris and studied in the *Paris Conservatoire* and later studied in Italy. His beautiful and dramatic works include symphonies, oratorios and operas. The opera "Faust" (1859) is one of his more popular works and like Schubert's Gretchen am spinnrade, is based on the first half of Goethe's dramatic play "Faust" in which Dr. Faust sells his soul to the devil and seduces a beautiful young maiden which eventually ends in tragedy. This Aria is sung by the character Siébel who is watching over the beautiful Marguerite, and this is his song confessing his love for Marguerite and his young notions of defiance to Méphistophélès.

Faites-lui mes aveux "Faust"

Faites-lui mes aveux, Portez mes vœux!
Fleurs écloses près d'elle, Dites-lui qu'elle est belle,
Que mon Cœur nuit et jour Languit d'amour!
Révélez à son âme Le secret de ma flamme,

Qu'il s'exhale avec vous parfums plus doux!

Fanée! Hélas! Ce saucier, que Dieu damne,

M'a porte malheur!

Je ne puis, sans qu'elle se fane,

Toucher une fluer! Si je trempais mas doigts

Dans l'eau bénite!

C'est la que chaque soir vient prier Marguerite!

Voyons maintenant! Voyons vite! Elles So fanent?

No! Satan, je ris de toi!

C't en vous que Jai foi: Parlez pour moi!

Qu'elle puisse connaitre L'émoi qu'elle a fait naitre,

Et dont mon cœur trouble N'à point parle!

Si l'amour l'effarouche, que la fluer sur sa bouche Sache au moins déposer Un doux baiser!

Confess to her my Love

Confess to her my love, Take my vows

Flowers blossomed close to her, tell her that she is beautiful,

That my heart night and day Languishes with love!

Reveal to her heart the secret of my flame,

That it exhales with you perfumes so sweet!

Withered! Alas! This sorcerer, that God condemns,

Has brought bad luck to me.

I cannot touch a flower,

Without making it wither!

But suppose I dipped my fingers
In the water blessed!
Each evening Marguerite comes here to pray
Let's see now! Let's see quickly!
Do they wither?
No! Satan, I laugh at you!
It is in you that I have faith: speak for me!
Let her know that passion she has stirred in me,
And of which my troubled heart has not spoken!
If she draws back from love, let the flower at her lips
At least know how to leave a tender kiss!

Roger Quilter (1877-1953,) born in Hove, Sussex, attended Eton College and later Hoch conservatory. Of Roger Quilter's works for voice and piano, Love's Philosophy is one of his most performed. The beautiful poem Quilter set is by Mary Coleridge, (1861-1907,) a British poet, novelist and essayist as well as professor at the London Working Women's College for more than 10 years.

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean.
The winds of heav'n mix forever with a sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine in one another's
Being mingle why not I with thine,

Not I with thine.

See the mountains kiss high heaven

And the waves clasp one another,

No sister flower would be forgiven if it distained it's brother.

And the sunlight clasps the earth,

And the moonbeams kiss the sea.

What are all these kissing's worth,

If thou, if thou kiss not me.

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

Now sleeps the crimson petal not the white

Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk.

Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.

The firefly wakens, wakens thou with me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,

And slips into the bosom of the lake.

So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip

Into my bosom, and be lost

Be lost in me.

The Valley and the Hill

Oh the high valley, the little low hill,

And the cornfield over the sea.

The wind that rages and then lies still,

And the clouds that rest and flee.

Oh the gray island in the rainbow haze

And the long thin spits of land.

The roughening pastures and the stony waves

And the golden flash of the sand.

Oh the brown bracken

The black berry bough,

The scent of the gorse in the air.

I shall love them ever as I love them now.

I shall weary in heaven

To be there.