



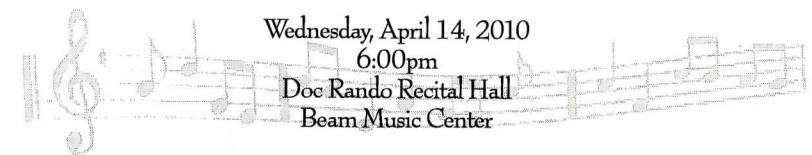
College of Fine Arts ~ Department of Music

Presents a

Junior Recital

Sarah Fulco

soprano



Wednesday, April 14, 2010

6:00pm

Doc Rando Recital Hall

Beam Music Center

Program

Amarilli, mia bella

Giulio Caccini
(1551-1618)

Il mio bel foco...Quella fiamma

Francesco Conti
(1681-1760)

Faites-Lui mes aveux

from *Faust*

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Psyché

Emile Paladilhe
(1844-1926)

from *Fünf Lieder*

Alma Schindler Mahler
(1879-1964)

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|-------|-------------------------|
| No. 1 | Die stille Stadt |
| No. 3 | Laue Sommernacht |
| No. 4 | Bei dir ist es traut |
| No. 5 | Ich wandle unter Blumen |

Come Ready and See Me

Richard Hundley
(b.1931)

Arise, My Love

~Notes and Translations~

Amarilli, mia bella

This is one of **Giulio Caccini's** most famous pieces from his 1602 madrigal and aria publication *Le nuove musiche* (the new music), a huge pivotal volume of vocal music in history. Being a singer himself employed by the Medici family, Caccini had a fluid understanding of vocal line, giving the singer some liberty to ornament, but not too much -- Caccini wrote out most of what he wanted. Despite the long tones and minor mode, this song is not sad, but rather persuasive and reassuring.

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,
Dubitar non ti vale.
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli
è il mio amore.

Amaryllis, my lovely one,
do you not believe, o my heart's sweet desire,
That you are my love?
Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,
Doubt not its truth.
Open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
Is my beloved.

Text by Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612) Translation by Katherine McGuire

Il mio bel foco...Quella fiamma

This aria was long regarded as a composition of Benedetto Marcello, however it has recently been discovered the title of the aria was in fact found under the volume "*Cantata di conti*", referring to **Francesco Bartolomeo Conti**. Most editors leave out the recitative, "*Il mio bel foco*", because it is considered inauthentic in the Baroque style, as it was constructed by 19th century editor Carl Banck (along with a four-measure vocal coda). However, Banck's virtuosic and elaborative approach to the aria is too beautiful to pass up.

Il mio bel foco,
O lontano o vicino
Ch'esser poss'io,
Senza cangiar mai tempre
Per voi, care pupille,
Arderà sempre.

My fire of love,
however far
or near I might be,
never changing,
will always be burning
for you, dear eyes.

Quella fiamma che m'accende
Piace tanto all'alma mia,
Che giammai s'estinguerà.
E se il fato a voi mi rende,
Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,
Altra luce ella non vuole
Nè voler giammai potrà.

That flame which kindled me
is so pleased with my soul,
that it never dies.
And if fate entrusts me to you,
lovely rays of my beloved sun,
my soul will never be able
to long for any other light.

Text by Anonymous poet

Translation by Betram Kottman

*This concert is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree
Bachelor of Music in Performance.
Sarah Fulco is a student of Alfonso Anderson.*

Psyché

Emile Paladilhe, winner of the Prix de Rome in 1860, composed two volumes of published melodies, but is only really remembered for just one, *Psyché*. Coming from the romantic Greek myth of Cupid and Psyche from *Metamorphoses*, Venus vowed vengeance on Psyche, for she had turned the people's adoration towards her instead of Venus. Cupid was then sent to make Psyche fall in love with the ugliest creature in the world, but when he saw Psyche, he fell in love with her himself. This is an allegorical story of the soul (psyche) in pursuit of divine love (eros).

Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la nature: Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop souvent, Vos cheveux souffrent trop les caresses du vent. Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure; L'air même que vous respirez Avec trop de plaisir passe sur votre bouche. Votre habit de trop près vous touché. Et sitôt que vous soupirez, Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche Craint, parmi vos soupirs, des soupirs égarés.	I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature The sun's rays kiss you far too often, Your hair too often accepts the wind's caresses. When he blows your hair, I am jealous; Even the air you breathe Passes your lips with too much pleasure. Your garment touches you too closely. And whenever you sigh, I do not know what frightens me Perhaps that your sighs are not all meant for me.
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Text by Pierre Corneille (1606-1684)

Translation by Douglass Watt-Carter

Faites-lui mes vœux

Charles Gounod's *Faust* is number eighteen on Opera America's list of the 20 most-performed operas in North America. Adapted after the drama *Faust* by Johann Goethe, Gounod has finessed in five acts the most enrapturing dramas of life, including love. The pants role Siebel, a youth in love with Marguerite, has vowed to protect her while her brother is away at war. Siebel pauses beside a bed of flowers, and begs the flowers to carry his message of love to Marguerite.

Faites-lui mes vœux, portez mes vœux, Fleurs écloses près d'elle, dites-lui qu'elle est belle, Que mon coeur nuit et jour languit d'amour! Révélez à son âme, le secret de ma flamme! Qu'il s'exhale avec vous parfums plus doux!	Greet her for me, bear my wishes. Flowers that bloom close to her, tell her she is beautiful, That my heart night and day languishes from love! Reveal to her soul the secret of my passion! May it give forth, with you, fragrances more sweet!
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Fané! Hélas! Ce sorcier que Dieu damne M'a porté malheur! Je ne puis sans qu'elle se fane toucher une fleur! Si je trempais mes doigts dans l'eau bénite! C'est là que chaque soir vient prier Marguerite! Voyons maintenant! voyons vite! Elles se fanent? Non! Satan, je ris de toi!	Withered! Alas! Satan, that sorcerer, whom God damns Has brought me bad luck! I cannot touch a flower without it withering! Let me dip my fingers into the holy water! It's there that every evening Marguerite comes to pray! Let's see now! Let's see quickly! Are they withering? No! Satan, I laugh at you!
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C'est en vous que j'ai foi; parlez pour moi! Qu'elle puisse connaître l'émoi qu'elle a fait naître, Et dont mon coeur trouble n'a point parlé! Si l'amour l'effarouche, Que la fleur sur sa bouche Sache au moins déposer un doux baiser!	It's in you I have faith, speak for me! May she know the emotion she has caused to be born, And of which my troubled heart has not spoken at all! If love startles her, may the flower upon her mouth At least be able to place a sweet kiss!
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Text by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré

Translation by Martha Gerhart

from Fünf Lieder

Alma Schindler, celebrated as "the most beautiful woman in Vienna", was educated to become a composer. While a teenager, she began to compose many forms of music; but the only surviving kind is her lieder. During her engagement to Gustav Mahler, he insisted she stop composing and regard his music as hers. Later in 1910 as a result of a marital crisis, Mahler not even hearing one note of Alma's music, insisted to then help her publish her songs; *Fünf Lieder* was the result. Her songs represent the style of Viennese turn-of-the-century music, a blend of late romanticism and early modernism.

No. 1 Die still Stadt

Liegt eine Stadt im Tale,
Ein blasser Tag vergeht.
Es wird nicht lange mehr dauern,
Bis weder Mond noch Sterne
Nur Nacht am Himmel stellt.

Von allen Bergen drücken
Nebel auf die Stadt,
Es dringt kein Dach, noch Hof noch Haus,
Kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch heraus,
Kaum Türme noch und Brücken.

Doch als dem Wanderer graute,
Da ging ein Lichtlein auf im Grund
Und aus dem Rauch und Nebel
Begann ein leiser Lobgesang
Aus Kindermund.

Text by Richard Dehmel (1863-1920)

No. 3 Laue Sommernacht

Laue Sommernacht,
am Himmel stand kein Stern,
im weiten Walde suchten wir uns
tief im Dunkel, und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten Walde
In der Nacht, der sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
Nur ein Tappen, nur ein Suchen,
Da in seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel dein Licht!

Text by Gustav Falke (1853-1916)

The quiet town

A town lies in the valley;
A pale day fades.
It will not be long
Before neither moon nor stars
But only night shall rule the heavens.

From all the mountaintops
Mists descend upon the town;
No roof nor yard nor house
Nor sound can pierce the smoke,
Not even a tower or a bridge.

But as the wanderer felt fear
A tiny light flashed below,
And through smoke and mist
And a soft song of praise began
From children's lips.

Translation by Hyperion Records

Mild summer's night

Mild summer's night,
Not a star in the sky,
In the wide forests we were looking,
Deep in the dark, and we found us.

Found ourselves in the wide forests
In the night, the starless night,
And held each other astonished, in our arms
in the dark night.

Was not our whole life
Just a groping, only a searching,
Then into this darkness,
Love, your light shone!

Translation by Hal Leonard Corporation

No. 4 Bei dir ist es traut

Bei dir ist es traut,
zage Uhren schlagen wie aus alten
Tagen,
komm mir ein Liebes sagen,
aber nur nicht laut!

Ein Tor geht irgendwo
draußen im Blütentreiben,
der Abend horcht an den Scheiben,
laß uns leise bleiben,
keiner weiß uns so!

Text by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)

With you it is safe

With you it is safe
Timid clocks strike
As in days of old,
Say something sweet to me,
But not too loudly!

A gate squeaks somewhere outside
Out there in the blossoming flowers,
The evening listens at the window panes,
Let us keep quiet,
So no one knows we're here!

Translation by Hal Leonard Corporation

No. 5 Ich wandle unter Blumen

Ich wandle unter Blumen
Und blühe selber mit,
Ich wandle wie im Traume
Und schwanke bei jedem Schritt.

O halt mich fest, Geliebte!
Vor Liebestrunkenheit
Fall' ich dir sonst zu Füßen
Und der Garten ist voller Leut!

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

I wander among flowers

I wander among flowers
And I blossom too with them,
I wander as if in a dream,
And sway with every step.

Oh hold me tight, beloved!
Or else, drunk with love
I shall fall at your feet
And the garden is full of people!

Translation by Hal Leonard Corporation

Richard Hundley is one of only twelve composers recognized as a "standard American composer for vocalists". He says his objective as a composer is to "crystallize emotion". He succeeds amazingly well with one of his most popular songs *Come Ready and See Me*. Regrettably, a lot of his works are not published, like *Arise My Love* for instance. However, the balance and beauty in the poetry, piano and voice is too wonderful to miss.

Come Ready and See Me

Come ready and see me
No matter how late.
Come before the years run out.
I'm waiting with a candle
No wind will blow out.
But, you must haste on foot or by sky,
For no one can wait forever
Under the bluest sky.
I can't wait forever,
For the years are running out.

Text by James Purdy (1914-2009)

Arise, My Love

Arise, my love, my fair one,
And come away.
O my dove,
That dwelleth in the clefs of the rock,
In the covert of the steep place,
Let me see thy countenance,
Let me hear thy voice;
For sweet is thy voice,
And thy countenance is comely.

Text from Song of Solomon 2:13, 2:14