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Senior Recital

Amanda Mura
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Kanako Yamazaki
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

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I met a man who had a fortune in the bank
Who had retired at age thirty, set for life.
I met a man and didn't know which stars to thank,
And then he asked one day if I would be his wife.
And I looked up, and all I could think of
Was the life I had dreamt I would live
And I said to him, "What will you give?"

"I'll give you cars and a townhouse in Turtle Bay
And a fur and a diamond ring
And we'll be married in Spain on my yacht today
And we'll honeymoon in Beijing.
And you'll meet stars at the parties I throw at my villas
In Nice and Paris in June."

And I thought, "Okay."
And I took a breath
And I got my yacht
And the years went by
And it never changed
And it never grew
And I never dreamed
And I woke one day
And I looked around
And I thought, "My God...
I'll never have the moon."

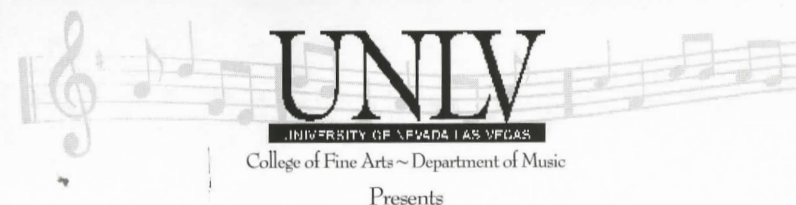
Text by: Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)

Amanda Mura, soprano

Amanda Mura, soprano is a senior majoring in Vocal Performance at the University of Nevada Las Vegas. Amanda has appeared in numerous operas, concerts and recitals with UNLV Opera Theatre. She has performed the role of Despina in *Così fan tutte*, Zita in *Gianni Schicchi*, and Mrs. Anderssen in *A Little Night Music* and will be performing the role of 2nd Lady in UNLV's fall production of Mozart's *The Magic Flute*. Amanda has also performed in symphony and oratorio concerts with the Las Vegas Philharmonic.

Amanda is a scholarship recipient from The American Institute of Musical Studies in Graz, Austria which she recently attended. While in Graz, Amanda performed in numerous artist recitals and sang in a master class conducted by European director and intendant Dr. Peter Brenner.

Amanda is the recipient of numerous NATS study awards and is on full scholarship at UNLV.



Amanda Mura

Soprano

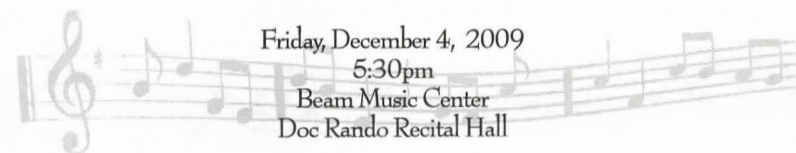
Senior Recital

Pour l'amour de chanter

(For the Love of Singing)

Featuring

Kanako Yamazaki, piano



~ Program ~

I.

Serate Musicali

1. La Promessa
5. L'Invito
6. La Pastorella Delle Alpi

Gioachino Rossini
(1792 – 1868)

Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden Ständchen Allersellen

Richard Strauss
(1864 – 1949)

Mi chiamano Mimi From *La Bohème*

Giacomo Puccini
(1858 – 1924)

~ Intermission ~

II.

Ariettes Oubliées

2. Il pleure dans mon coeur
4. Chevaux de bois

Claude Debussy
(1862 – 1918)

Daybreak and Alabama Harlem Night Song Late Last Night

Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)

Stars and the Moon From *Songs for a New World*

Jason Robert Brown
(b. 1970)

Amanda Mura is a student of Dr. Alfonse Anderson. This recital is offered in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a BM in Vocal Performance.

Rossini's *Serate Musicali* is a far cry from the sacred works he focused on earlier in his career, exploring instead the many facets of love and relationships. Composed from 1830-1835, the songs in this collection beautifully encompass the Bel Canto style as well as showcase the catchy melodies that earned Rossini the nickname of the "Italian Mozart." While the set is tied together by a common theme, each individual song offers a fresh and unique variation on matters of the heart.

La Promessa

Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare,
No, nol credete, pupille care,
Ne men per gioco v'ingannerò.

Voi sole le siete le mie faville,
E voi sarete, care pupille,
Il mio bel foco sinch'io vivrò, ah!

Text by: Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

The Promise

That I will ever be able to stop loving you,
No, don't believe it, dear eyes!
Not even jokingly would I lie about this.

You alone are my spark,
And you will be, dear eyes,
My beautiful fire as long as I live, ah!

Translation by: Amanda Mura

L'Invito

Vieni, o Ruggiero, la tua Eloisa
da te divisa no, non puo restar:
alle mie lacrime già rispondevi,
vieni, ricevi il mio pregar.

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

Text by: Carlo Pepoli (1796-1881)

The Invitation

Come, oh Ruggiero, your Eloisa
Can not stay separated from you:
You've already responded to my tears,
Come, grant my request.

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

Translation by: Amanda Mura

La Pastorella delle Alpi

Son bella pastorella,
che scende ogni mattino
ed offre un cestellino
di fresche frutta e fior.

Chi viene al primo albore
avrà veziose rose
e poma rugiadose,
venite al mio gairdin!
Ahu, ahu...

Chi nel notturno orrore
Smari la buona via,
alla capanna mia
ritrovera il cammin.

The Shepherdess of the Alps

I am the pretty shepherdess,
who comes down every morning
and offers a little basket
with fresh fruit and flowers.

Whoever comes at dawn
will have some pretty roses
and dew sprinkled apples.
Come all to my garden!
Ahu, ahu!

Whoever loses his way
in the frightening night,
at my little hut
will find his path again.

Venite o passeggero,
La pastorella è qua.
Ma il fior del suo pensiero
Ad uno solo darà!
Ahu, ahu...

Text by: Carlo Pepoli (1796-1881)

Come, O traveler,
The Shepherdess is here
but her most tender thoughts
are for one alone!
Ahu, ahu!

Translation by: Amanda Mura

Composed in the Post-Romantic period, the following pieces high-light the compositional attributes German-born composer Richard Strauss was best known for. Although these pieces are from three different sets, all three of these songs encompass the thick melodic textures, captivating harmonies, over the bar-line phrasing, and clever text painting that was so synonymous with Strauss. "Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden" from Strauss' *Brentano Lieder* uses folk poetry and pastoral imagery to compare love to the fate of flowers. "Ständchen," from Strauss' *Sechs Lieder*, uses bristling accompaniment and constant 16th note arpeggios to passionately serenade the listener. "Allerseelen," one of Strauss' best known pieces from his *Acht Lieder aus Letzte Blätter*, is a serene reflection on All Soul's Day.

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,
Sonst hätt ich dir's gebracht.

Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Tränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun im Garten seh.

Das wollte ich dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
Doch fing es an zu sprechen:
Ach, tue mir nicht weh!

Sei freundlich im Herzen,
Betracht dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!

Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
Im Garten ganz allein,
So hätt ich dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,
Und kann nicht anders sein.

Clemens Brentano (1778-1842)

I Would Have Made a Bouquet

I would have made a bouquet,
but then the dark night arrived
and I could not find any little flowers,
or I would have brought them.

Then down my cheeks
flowed tears onto a clover,
I saw that one small flower
had sprouted up in the garden.

I wanted to pick it for you
deep in the dark clover,
but it began to speak:
"Ah, do not harm me!

"Be kind hearted,
consider your own grief,
and do not let me die
in agony before my time!"

And if it had not said so,
in the garden all alone,
I would have picked it for you,
but now that can not be.

My sweetheart has not come,
I am so entirely alone.
In love dwells tribulation,
and it can never be different.

Translation by: Amanda Mura

Ständchen

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach,
kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.
Drum leise, mein Mädchen,
daß nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
die über die Blumen hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den
Wonnenschauern der Nacht:

Text by: Adolf Friedrich von Schack
(1815-1894)

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Asten trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und funkelt heut
auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Text by: Herman von Gilm (1812-1864)

Serenade

Open up, open up, but softly my dear,
so you wake no one from their slumber.
The brook hardly murmurs,
the wind hardly shakes
the leaves on the bush and hedge.
So softly, my maiden,
so that nothing it stirred,
lay your handle gently on the door latch.

With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,
soft enough to hop over flowers,
fly lightly into the moonlit night,
and steel me from the garden.
The flowers are sleeping along the rippling brook,
fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sit here, as it mysteriously darkens
under the lindens,
while the nightingale sits above our heads
and dreams of our kisses,
and the rose, when it wakes in the morning,
shall glow from the
wondrous passions of the night.

Translation by: Amanda Mura

All Soul's Day

Place the fragrant mignonettes on the table,
bring inside the last of the red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as we once did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I can hold it secretly
and if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.
Just look at me sweetly,
as you once did in May.

Flowers adorn every grave today
sending of their fragrance on the
one day a year the dead are free.
Come close to my heart, so I may have you again,
as I once did in May.

Translation by: Amanda Mura

"Mi chiamano Mimi" from Giacomo Puccini's 1896 opera *La Bohème* is truly one of the most beautiful and recognizable arias in the operatic repertoire. In this Act I aria, Mimi, a seamstress, coyly describes her simple everyday life to her love interest Rodolfo, a poet. With its' sweet, memorable melody, text painting and passionate climax, "Mimi chiamano Mimi" is a touching reflection of hope and new love.

Mi chiamano Mimi

Si. Mi chiamano Mimi,
ma il mio nome è Lucia.
La storia mia è breve.
A tela o a seta
ricamo in casa e fuori...
Son tranquilla e lieta
ed è mio svago
far gigli e rose.
Mi piaccion quelle cose
che han sì dolce malia,
che parlano d'amor, di primavera,
di sogni e di chimere,
quelle cose che han nome poesia...
Lei m'intende?

Mi chiamano Mimi,
il perché non so.
Sola, mi fo
il pranzo da me stessa.
Non vado sempre a messa,
ma prego assai il Signore.
Vivo sola, soletta
là in una bianca cameretta:
guardo sui tetti e in cielo;
ma quando vien lo sgelo
il primo sole è mio
il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!
Germoglia in un vaso una rosa...
Foglia a foglia la spio!
Così gentile il profumo d'un fiore!
Ma i fior ch'io faccio,
Ahimè! non hanno odore.
Altro di me non le saprei narrare.
Sono la sua vicina che la vien fuori
d'ora a importunare.

Text by: Luigi Illica (1957-1919)

They Call Me Mimi

Yes, they call me Mimi,
But my name is Lucy
My history is brief
To cloth or to silk
I embroider at home or outside...
I am peaceful and happy
And it is my pastime
To make lilies and roses
I like these things
That have so sweet a smell,
That speak of love, of spring,
That speak of dreams and of chimera
These things that have poetic names
Do you understand me?

They call me Mimi,
And why I don't know.
Alone, I make
Lunch for myself the same.
I do not always go to mass,
But I pray a lot to the Lord.
I live alone, alone.
There is a white little room
I look upon the roofs and heaven.
By when the thaw comes
The first sun is mine
The first kiss of April is mine!
Rose buds in a vase
Leaf and leaf I watch it!
That gentle perfume of a flower!
But the flowers that I make
Ah me! They don't have odor!
About me I would not know how to tell
I am your neighbor who came unexpectedly
to bother you.

Translation by: Amanda Mura

Claude Debussy's 1887 song cycle *Ariettes oubliées* consists of some of the best known settings of poems by famous French poet Paul Verlaine. This cycle marked the transition of Debussy from a "typical composer" to an individual and unique artist. Debussy's best known musical characteristics such as heavy use of chromaticism, muddled piano texture, use of dominant ninth chords as well as descending ninth intervals are present throughout the song cycle as well as the two songs below. In "Il pleure dans mon Coeur," the vocal line floats above the piano accompaniment that imitates falling rain, another characteristic that would become synonymous with Debussy. A stark contrast from the moody "Il pleure dans mon Coeur," is "Chevaux de bois," a lively song laden with distinct visual imagery that depicts the happenings at a carnival.

Il pleure dans mon coeur

Il pleure dans mon Coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon coeur?

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

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

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

Text by: Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez, bon chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tounez mille tours.
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose.
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

There is a Weeping in My Heart

There is a weeping in my heart
like the rain that falls on the town.
What is this languor
that penetrates my heart?

Oh the patter of the rain
on the ground and the roofs!
For a heart that grows weary,
oh the song of the rain!

There is a weeping without cause
in this disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
There is no reason for this grief!

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

Translation by: Amanda Mura

Horses of Wood (Merry-Go-Round)

Turn, turn, good horses of wood
Turn a hundred turns, turn a thousand turns.
Turn often and turn always,
Turn, turn to the sound of oboes.

The rosie-cheeked child and the pale mother,
The boy in black and the girl in pink,
One in pursuit and one in a pose,
Each getting their penny's worth of Sunday fun.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'oeil du filou sournois.
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle,
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête,
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds.
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin,

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs, que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement,
L'Eglise tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours, tournez.

Text by: Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
all while the turning
squints the pick-pockets eye.
Turn to the sound of the victorious piston!

It is astonishing how it intoxicates you,
to go around in a stupid circle this way,
nothing in your tummy and an ache in your head,
very sick but having lots of fun.

Turn wooden horses, people never
needing to use your spurs
to command you to gallop around.
Turn, turn, with no hope for hay.

And hurry, horses of the soul,
hear the supper bell again
along with the falling night and chasing the troop
of merry drinkers, famished by their thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
is slowly clothed with golden stars.
The church bell sadly tolls.
Turn, to the happy sound of drums, turn.

Translation by: Amanda Mura

American-born Ricky Ian Gordon is one of the finest opera, art song and musical theater composers of the 20th and 21st centuries. While many composers of his generation were shying away from tonal, melodic music, Gordon embraced the beauty of a simple melody while still maintaining a sense of newness and showcasing his own unique composition style. Ricky Ian Gordon was known not only for his beautiful and catchy melodies, but also his over the bar phrasing, relatable text, and jazz like qualities.

Daybreak and Alabama

When I get to be a composer,
I'm gonna write, write me some music
About daybreak and Alabama,
And I'm gonna put the purtiest songs in it.
Rising out of the ground like a swamp mist,
And falling out of Heaven like soft dew.

I'm gonna put some tall, tall trees in it,
And the scent of pine needles,
And the smell of red clay after rain,
And long red necks and poppy colored faces,
And big brown arms, and the field of daisy eyes
Of black and white, black, white, black people,
And I'm gonna put white hands and black hands
And brown and yellow hands

Harlem Night Song

Come, let us roam the night together
Singing I love you.
Across the Harlem rooftops moon is shining,
Night sky is blue,
Stars are great drops of golden dew.

Down the street a band is playing "I Love You."
Come, let us roam the night together
Singing I love you.
Come, let us roam the night together,
Singing, singing, singing.....

Text by: Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

And red clay hands in it,
Touching everybody with kind fingers
And touching each other natural as dew,
In that dawn of music.

When I get to be a composer
And write about daybreak in Alabama.

Text by: Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

Late Last Night

Late last night I set on my steps and cried.
Wasn't nobody gone, neither had nobody died.
I was cryin' cause you broke my heart in two.
You looked at me cross eyed
And broke me heart in two,
So I was cryin' on account of you.
I was cryin' on account of you.

Text by: Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

"Stars and the Moon," taken from Jason Robert Brown's 1995 hit Broadway Musical *Songs for a New World*, tells the story of a woman who longed for the all the finer things in life until realizing that all she ever really wanted was a life of sincere love and happiness. The simple nature of the piano part allows the gentle melody and sincerity of the text to shine through.

Star and the Moon

I met a man without a dollar to his name
Who had no traits of any value but his smile
I met a man who had no yearn or claim to fame
Who was content to let life pass him for a while
And I was sure that all I ever wanted
Was a life like the movie stars led
And he kissed me right here, and he said,

"I'll give you stars and the moon and a soul to guide you
And a promise I'll never go
I'll give you hope to bring out all the life inside you
And the strength that will help you grow.
I'll give you truth and a future that's twenty times better
Than any Hollywood plot."
And I thought, "You know, I'd rather have a yacht."

I met a man who lived his life out on the road
Who left a wife and kids in Portland on a whim
I met a man whose fire and passion always showed
Who asked if I could spare a week to ride with him
But I was sure that all I ever wanted
Was a life that was scripted and planned
And he said, "But you don't understand —

"I'll give you stars and the moon and the open highway
And a river beneath your feet
I'll give you day full of dreams if you travel my way
And a summer you can't repeat.
I'll give you nights full of passion and days of adventure,
No strings, just warm summer rain."
And I thought, "You know, I'd rather have champagne."