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Senior Recital

Elizabeth Rasmussen
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Shane Jensen
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

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UNLV

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS

College of Fine Arts ~ Department of Music

Presents a

Senior Recital

Elizabeth Rasmussen

Soprano

Accompanist

Shane Jensen

Saturday, May 1, 2010

6:30 pm

Paul Harris Theatre

Ham Fine Arts

Senior Recital
Elizabeth Rasmussen, soprano

Program

I

Ah! Mio Cor
-from the opera Alcina

Georg Friedrich Händel
(1685-1759)

II

La Danza

Perduta ho la pace

Lo Spazzacamino

Gioacchino Antonio Rossini
(1792-1868)
Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)
Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Intermission

III

Allerseelen
"Breit" über mein Haupt..."
Einerlei
Befreit

Richard Georg Strauss
(1864-1949)

IV

Fêtes Galantes I

1. En Sourdine
2. Fantoques
3. Clair de lune

Claude Achille Debussy
(1862-1918)

V

Steal me, Sweet Thief
-from the opera The Old Maid and the Thief

Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911-2007)

This performance is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor's degree in Vocal Performance.

Elizabeth Rasmussen is a student of Dr. Alfonso Anderson.

Notes and Translations

Ah! mio cor – Ah! my heart

Alcina was one of Handel's most famous operas. Alcina confesses her love for Ruggeriero, her most recent captive. You can hear the longing heart beats in the piano accompaniment. Not use to feeling such emotions towards her prisoners, Alcina is taken aback by her own weakness for the mortal and in the beautiful B section reminds herself of her power to destroy him. But the strong feelings return and she again sings of this love that has captured her.

Ah! Mio Cor, Schernito sei! Stelle Dei! Nume d'amore! Traditore! T'amo tanto! Puoi lasciarmi sola in pianto, Oh Dei, perché?	Ah! my heart. You are mocked! God of the stars! God of Love! Traitor! I love you so much! Can you leave me in tears, Oh God, why?
Ma, che fa gemendo Alcina? Son regina, è tempo ancora: Resti, o muora, Peni sempre o torni a me.	But what are you doing Alcina? I am Queen, there is still time: Rest, oh death Always think or return to me.
Anonymous Text	Translation by Elizabeth Rasmussen

La Danza – The Dance

Written by Rossini originally for the tenor voice and a guitar, "la Danza" is full of energy and fast moving lines requiring agility and stamina of its performers. The Italian diction is furiously fast and delightfully playful.

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare, Mamma mia si salterà, L'ora è bella per danzare chi è in amor non mancherà.	Already the moon dips into the sea, My goodness, she'll jump right in; The hour is pleasant for dancing, And no one in love would want to miss.
Presto in danza a tondo, donne mie venite quà, un garzon bello e giocondo a ciascuna toccherà. Finchè in ciel brill una stella e la luna splenderà, Il più bell con la più bella tutta notte danzerà.	Swiftly dancing round and round, My dear ladies, come to me, See a handsome smiling fellow Willing to dance with every one. While the evening star shines in the sky And the moon glows brightly, The most handsome with the fairest Will dance the night away.
(Mamma mia, mamma mia, già la luna è in mezzo al mare, mamma mia, mamma mia, mamma mia si salterà. Frinche frinche frinche frinche mamma mia, si salterà, La la ra la ra...)	Mamma mia, my goodness...

<p>Salta, salta, gira, gira, ogni coppia a cerchio va, già s'avvanza si ritira e all' assalto tornerà.</p> <p>Serra, serra colla bionda collabruna va quà e là, colla rossa và a seconda colla smorta fermo sta! Viva il ballo a tondo a tondo sono un Rè, sono un Bascià, è il più bel piacer del mondo la più cara voluttà.</p> <p>(Mamma mia...</p> <p>Text by Carlo Pepoli, Conte</p>	<p>Jump, jump, turn and turn, Every couple circling round, Back and forth and over again And return where you began.</p> <p>Hold on tightly to the blonde, Take the brunette here and there, Take the redhead for a turn, The wallflower you better don't touch. Hooray for dancing round and round, I'm a king, a pasha too, This is the greatest pleasure on earth, And the dearest passion? !</p> <p>Mamma mia, my goodness...</p> <p>Translated by Johann Gaitzsch</p>
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Perduta ho la pace – I have lost the peace

This song by Verdi is as not widely known as some of his others. Verdi wrote this Italian “Gretchen am Spinnrade” when he was twenty-five years old. Three sections all beginning with the text “Perduta ho la pace” develop and change with this woman’s emotions as she reflects, remembers, and aches over the loss of her lover.

<p>Perduta ho la pace, ho in cor mille quai; Ah, no, più non spero trovarla più mai. M'è buio di tomba ov'egli non è; Senz'esso un deserto è il mondo per me. Mio povero capo confuso travolto; Oh misera, il senno m'è tolto!</p> <p>Perduta ho la pace, ho in cor mille quai; Ah, no, più non spero trovarla più mai. S'io sto al finestrello, ho gli'occhi a lui solo; S'io sfuggo di casa, sol dietro a lui volo. Oh, il bel portamento; oh, il vago suo viso! Qual forza è nei sguardi, che dolce sorriso! E son le parole un magico rio; Qual stringer di mano, qual bacio, mio Dio!</p> <p>Perduta ho la pace, ho in cor mille quai; Ah, no, più non spero trovarla più mai. Anella con giungersi al suo il mio petto; Potessi abbracciarlo, tenerlo a me stretto! Bacciarlo potessi, far pago il desir! Baciarlo! e potessi baciata morir.</p> <p>Text of Luigi Balestri</p>	<p>My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I will find it never and never more. Where I do not have him, that is the grave, The whole world is bitter to me. My poor head is crazy to me, My poor mind is torn apart.</p> <p>My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I will find it never and never more. For him only, I look out the window Only for him do I go out of the house. His tall walk, his noble figure, His mouth's smile, his eyes' power, And his mouth's magic flow, His handclasp, and ah! his kiss!</p> <p>My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I will find it never and never more. My bosom urges itself toward him. Ah, might I grasp and hold him! And kiss him, as I would wish, At his kisses I should die!</p> <p>Translation by Lynn Thompson</p>
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La Spazzacamino

In this cheerful song of Verdi's, the young chimney sweep calls out to the town of his fame and skill. "Could you find anyone happier than I?...Ladies and gentlemen, this chimneysweep will save you from fire for only a small fee!"

<p>Lo Spazzacamin! Son d'aspetto brutto e nero, Tingo ognun che mi vien presso; Sono d'abiti mal messo, Sempre scalzo intorno io vo.</p> <p>Ah, di me chi sai più lieto Sulla terra dir non so. Spazzacamin! Signori, signore lo spazzacamin. Vi salva dal fuoco Per pochi quattrin. Ah, Signori, signore lo spazzacamin!</p> <p>Io mi levo innanzi al sole E di tutta la cittade Col mio grido empio le strade E nemico alcun non ho.</p> <p>Ah, di me chi sai più lieto Sulla terra dir non so. Spazzacamin! Signori, signore lo spazzacamin. Vi salva dal fuoco Per pochi quattrin. Ah, Signori, signore lo spazzacamin!</p> <p>Talor m'alzo sovra i tetti, Talor vado per le sale; Col mio nome i fanciulletti Timorosi e quieti io fo.</p> <p>Ah, di me chi sia più lieto Sulla terra dir non so. Spazzacamin! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin Vi salva dal fuoco per pochi quattrin. Ah! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin!</p>	<p>The Chimney-sweep! I seem ugly and black, I stain everyone who presses against me; I am badly dressed, Ever barefoot around I go.</p> <p>Ah! Who could be as happy as I - On earth I cannot say! Chimney-sweep! Ladies and gentlemen, the chimney-sweep Will save you from fire for a few pennies. Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the chimney-sweep!</p> <p>I get up before the sun And through all the city With my cry I fill the streets And I do not have one enemy.</p> <p>Ah! Who could be as happy as I - On earth I cannot say! Chimney-sweep! Ladies and gentlemen, the chimney-sweep Will save you from fire for a few pennies. Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the chimney-sweep!</p> <p>Now I rise to the rooftops Now I go through the rooms With my name the little children Timid and quiet I make</p> <p>Ah! Who could be as happy as I - On earth I cannot say! Chimney-sweep! Ladies and gentlemen, the chimney-sweep Will save you from fire for a few pennies. Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the chimney-sweep!</p>
Text by S. Manfredo Maggioni	Translation by Stuart Williams

Richard Strauss is one of the most accomplished composers of his day. His works made him famous and rich. His beautiful settings of the text and rich music have captivated audiences around the world. **Allerseelen** November 2 is the day many Christians celebrate those faithful souls who have past beyond this world. Here she sits, thinking of a past love, wanting to awaken those beautiful emotions and relive those vividly sweet memories. **Breit' über mein Haupt** is strongly German with its strength and power. The consistent chords of the piano symbolize the Lover's devotion. **Einerlei** captures the innocence of young love. The piano's cheerful, carefree lines remind us of our youth. In **Befreit**, Strauss has masterfully blended the voice and the piano in an incredible duet. It is one of Richard Strauss' greatest songs. The poem speaks of deep devotion shared between a pair of lovers soon to be separated by death, but their love is eternal; they are immortally bound despite the despair of the moment.

Allerseelen – All Souls' Day

<p>Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden, Die letzten roten Atern trag herbei, Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden, Wie einst im Mai.</p>	<p>Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes, Bring inside the last red asters, And let us speak again of love, As once we did in May.</p>
<p>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.</p>	<p>Give me your hand, so that I can press it secretly; And if someone sees us, it's all the same to me. Just give me your sweet gaze, As once you did in May.</p>
<p>Es blüht und duftet 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.</p>	<p>Flowers adorn today each grave, sending off their fragrances; One day in the year are the dead free. Come close to my heart, so that I can have you again, As once I did in May.</p>
<p>Text by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg</p>	<p>Translation by Emily Ezust</p>

Breit' über mein Haupt – Spread over my head your black hair

<p>Breit' über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar, neig' zu mir dein Angesicht, da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar mir deiner Augen Licht.</p>	<p>Spread over my head your black hair, And incline to me your face, So that into my soul, so brightly and clearly, Will stream your eye's light.</p>
<p>Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht, noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz, ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht und deiner Blicke Glanz.</p>	<p>I do not want the splendor of the sun above, Nor the glittering crown of stars; I want only the night of your locks And the radiance of your gaze.</p>
<p>Text by Adolf Friedrich</p>	<p>Translation by Emily Ezust</p>

Einerlei

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe, Sein Kuß mir immer neu, Ihr Auge noch dasselbe, Sein freier Blick mir treu; O du liebes Einerlei, Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!	Her mouth remains the same, Its kiss is ever new, Her eyes yet unchanged, Their boundless gaze true to me. Oh you dear singular one, What wondrous variety comes from you!
Text by Karl Joachim	Translated by Lawrence Snyder

Befreit

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, leise wirst du lächeln: und wie zur Reise geb' ich dir Blick und Kuß zurück. Unsre lieben vier Wände! Du hast sie bereitet, ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet -- o Glück!	You will not weep. Gently You will smile, and as before a journey, I will return your gaze and your kiss. Our dear four walls you have helped build; And I have now widened them for you into the world. O joy!
Dann wirst du heiß meine Hände fassen und wirst mir deine Seele lassen, läßt unsern Kindern mich zurück. Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben, ich will es ihnen wiedergeben -- o Glück!	Then you will warmly seize my hands and you will leave me your soul, leaving me behind for our children. You gave me your entire life, So I will give it again to them. O joy!
Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's beide, wir haben einander befreit vom Leide; so [geb'] ² ich dich der Welt zurück. Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum erscheinen und mich segnen und [mit mir] ³ weinen -- o Glück!	It will be very soon, as we both know - but we have freed each other from sorrow. And so I return you to the world! You will then appear to me only in dreams, And bless me and weep with me. O joy!
Text by Richard Fedor Leopold Dehmel	Translation by Emily Ezust

Debussy set text written poets of the day, Paul Verlaine being used particularly often. These collection of poems were inspired by contemporary art of the day by Watteau. The three pieces in the *Fêtes Galantes* I, completed in 1892, are unrelated except that they are based on the paintings of Watteau and their playful flirtations that catch the heart.

En Sourdine - Muted

Calmes dans le demi-jour Que les branches hautes font, Pénétrons bien notre amour De ce silence profond.	Calm in the half-day That the high branches make, Let us soak well our love In this profound silence.
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<p>Fondons nos âmes, nos coeurs Et nos sens extasiés, Parmi les vagues langueurs Des pins et des arbousiers.</p> <p>Ferme tes yeux à demi, Croise tes bras sur ton sein, Et de ton coeur endormi Chasse à jamais tout dessein.</p> <p>Laissons-nous persuader Au souffle berceur et doux Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider Les ondes des gazons roux.</p> <p>Et quand, solennel, le soir Des chênes noirs tombera Voix de notre désespoir, Le rossignol chantera.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Text by Paul Verlaine</p>	<p>Let us mingle our souls, our hearts And our ecstatic senses Among the vague langours Of the pines and the bushes.</p> <p>Close your eyes halfway, Cross your arms on your breast, And from your sleeping heart Chase away forever all plans.</p> <p>Let us abandon ourselves To the breeze, rocking and soft, Which comes to your feet to wrinkle The waves of auburn lawns.</p> <p>And when, solemnly, the evening From the black oaks falls, The voice of our despair, The nightingale, will sing.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Translation by Emily Ezust</p>
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Fantoches - Puppets

<p>Scaramouche et Pulcinella, Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla, Gesticulent noirs sous la lune,</p> <p>Cependant l'excellent docteur Bolonais Cueille avec lenteur des simples Parmi l'herbe brune.</p> <p>Lors sa fille, piquant minois, Sous la charmille, en tapinois, Se glisse demi-nue,</p> <p>En quête de son beau pirate espagnol, Dont un amoureux rossignol Clame la détresse à tue-tête.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Text by Paul Verlaine</p>	<p>Scaramouche and Pulcinella, brought together by some evil scheme gesticulate, black beneath the moon.</p> <p>Meanwhile, the learned doctor from Bologna slowly gathers medicinal herbs in the brown grass.</p> <p>Then his sassy-faced daughter sneaks underneath the arbor half-naked, in quest</p> <p>Of her handsome Spanish pirate, whose distress a languorous nightingale deafeningly proclaims.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Translation by Laura Claycomb and Peter Grunberg</p>
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Clair de Lune - Moonlight

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant 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]¹ les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres

Text by Paul Verlaine

Your soul is a chosen landscape
charmed by masquers and revellers
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
of victorious love and fortunate living
they do not seem to believe in their happiness,
and their song mingles with the moonlight,

the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains among the marble statues!

Translation by Peter Low

The Old Maid and the Thief is a one act opera written by the Italian composer Gian Carlo Menotti. It was his first opera in English. A fun fact about this opera is that it was written for the radio and was first premiered on NBC radio on April 22, 1939. It was and still is today well accepted by American audiences due to its humor, high musical value and its length.

Steal Me sweet Thief

What a curse for a woman,
Is a timid man!
A week has gone by;
He had plenty of chances.
But he made no advances.

Miss Todd schemes and labors
To get him some money.
She robs friends and neighbors,
The club and the church.
He takes all the money
With a smile that entrances,
But still makes no advances.

The old Woman sighs
And makes languid eyes.
All the drawers are wide open,
All the doors are unlocked.
He neither seems pleased nor shocked.
He eats and drinks and sleeps,
He talks of baseball and boxing,
But that is all.
What a curse for a woman
Is a timid man!

Steal me, oh steal me, sweet thief
For time's flight is stealing my youth,
And the cares of life steal fleeting time.
Steal me, thief, for life is brief
And full of theft and strife,
And then with furtive step
Death comes and steals time and life;
Oh sweet thief, I pray, make me die
Before dark death steals her prey.

Steal my lips before they crumble to
dust.
Steal my heart before death must.
Steal my cheeks before they've sunk and
decayed.
Steal my breath before it will fade.
Steal my lips, steal my heart,
Steal my cheeks, steal, oh, steal my
breath
And make me die before death will steal
her prey;
Oh steal me, for time's flight is stealing
my youth.

Text by Gian Carlo Menotti

I would like to thank my teachers Mrs. Kim Barclay Drusedum, Robert Wilhelm, Dr. Tod Fitzpatrick, and Dr. Anderson for always pushing me forward and having faith in me. The many friends who care for me and have stood by my side have been such a strength. My family has been the constant source of support, encouragement, and love for me from the beginning, for which I could never thank them enough. Most importantly I want to thank my Heavenly Father for my love of music and the joy it brings to all of us.