



College of Fine Arts ~ Department of Music

Presents a

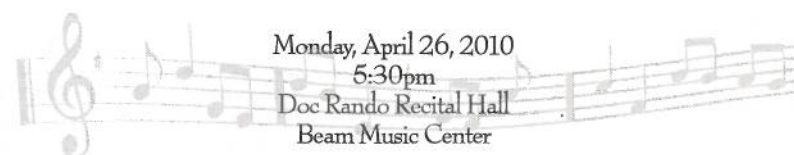
Junior Recital

Stephanie Redman

soprano

with

Shane Jensen, piano



Monday, April 26, 2010
5:30pm
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beam Music Center

PROGRAM

Sei Romanze

1. Il tramonto
5. Il mistero

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Breit über mein Haupt Allerseelen

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Si mes vers aveint des ailes L'heure exquise À Chloris

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

De Blin' Man Stood On De Road An' Cried

H. T. Burleigh (1866-1949)

Give me Jesus

Moses Hogan (1957-2003)

Giuseppe Verdi is an Italian Romantic composer best known for his extensive operatic career. His more than twenty operas are well celebrated and are often performed in opera houses around the world. Because of his huge opera influence his art songs contain the dramatics and intensity of his famous arias. The following pieces are from his song collection *Sei Romanze*, written in 1845 when he was only 25.

Il Tramonto

Amo l'or del giorno che muore
Quando il sole già stanco declina,
E nell'onde di queta marina
Veggio il raggio supremo languir.
In quell'ora mi torna nel core
Un'età più felice di questa;
In quell'ora dolcissima e mesta
Volgo a te, cara donna, il sospir.

L'occhio immoto ed immoto il pensiero,
Io contemplo la striscia lucente
Che mi vien dal seren, dal sereno occidente
La quiete solcando, solcando del mar
E desio di quell'aureo sentiero
Ravviarmi sull'orma infinita
Quasi debba la stanca mia vita
Ad un porto di pace guidar.
Text By: Andrea Maffei

Il Mistero

Se tranquillo a te d'accanto,
Donna mia, talun mi vede,
O felice appien mi crede
O guarito dall'amor;
Ma non tu, che sai pur quanto
Combattuto e oppresso ho il cor.

Come lago, che stagnante
Par che dorma e appena muova,
Ma tempeste in fondo cova
Sconosciute al viator,
Ma tal calma ho nel sembante,
Ho scompiglio, ho in fondo al cor.

Se un sospiro, se un lamento
Il timore a me contende,
Dell'amore che m'accende
Non scemò l'intenso ardor.
Come lampa in monumento
Non veduto avvampa in cor.

E vivrà benchè represso,
Benchè privo di conforto
E vivrebbe ancor che morto
Lo volesse il tuo rigor,
Chè alimento da sè stesso
Prende amore in nobil cor.
Text By Felice Romani

The Sunset

I love the time of the dying day
When the sun already weary declines,
And in the wave of the still sea I see the last ray
languish.
At this time there returns to my heart
An era happier than this one; In this hour so very
sweet and sad
My sigh turns to you, dear lady.

The eye fixed and fixed the thought,
I contemplate the radiant stream
That reaches me from the serene West The placid
furrowing of the sea
And I desire of this gilded path
To set my foot once more on the endless way
As if it should my weary life
Guide to a haven of peace.
Translated By: Stuart Williams

The Mystery

If tranquil close to you,
My lady, someone sees me,
He fully believes that I am happy
Or cured of love;
But not you, who knows how much still
I battle and oppress my heart.

Like a lake that stagnates
Seems that it sleeps and scarcely moves,
But nurses storms in its depths
Unknown to the passer-by,
Though I am quite calm in appearance,
I have chaos in the depths of my heart

Though for a sigh or groan
I must contend with my fear,
Of the love that burns me
I will not lessen the intense heat.
Like a lamp in a monument
It blazes unseen in my heart.

And it will live, although repressed,
Although deprived of comfort,
And would live still after death
If your sternness wanted it,
Because love feeds itself in a noble heart.
Translated by Stuart Williams

*This concert is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree
Bachelor of Music in Performance.
Stephanie Redman is a student of Alfonse Anderson.*

Richard Strauss was a German composer of the Romantic period. He was a prolific composer of German lied writing over 200 lieder. Strauss wrote his most famous repertoire after 1885 writing a lieder opus every year. His works *Allerseelen*, *Zweinung*, *Breit über mein Haupt*, and many others have become mainstays of the vocal repertoire.

Breit' über mein Haupt
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.

Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht,
noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,
ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht
und deiner Blicke Glanz.
Text By: Aldolf Friedrich Graf von Schack

Allerseelen
Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern 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 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.

Text By: Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg

Reynaldo Hahn was a naturalized French composer of the Romantic period. He is regarded as one of the best at writing French melody. His works mainly set to the texts of poets like Victor Hugo and Paul Verlaine have been said to have "fine craftsmanship and remarkable beauty"

Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fideles,
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'amour!
Text By Victor Hugo

L'heure exquise
La lune blanche luit dans les bois.
De chaque branche part une voix sous la ramée.
O bien aimée...

L'étang reflète, profond miroir,
la silhouette du saule noir où le vent pleure.
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Spread Over My Head...
Spread over my head your black hair,
and draw your face closer to mine,
so that into my soul, so brightly and clearly,
will shine your eye's light.

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 light of your eyes.
Translation By: Stephanie Redman

All Souls Day
Lay on the table the sweet smelling mignotte
Carry in the last red asters
Let us speak again of our love
As we did in May

Give me your hand so I may secretly press it
And if someone sees, it is all the same to me
Give me one of your sweet glances
As we did in May

The Flowers blossom and are fragrant on each grave
One day in the year the dead are free
Come to my heart so that I will have you again
As I did in May

Translation By: Stephanie Redman

If my words had wings
My words would fly, sweet and frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my words had wings,
Like a bird. They would fly, like sparks,

They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the mind.

If my words had wings,
Like the mind. Pure and faithful,
to your side They'd hasten night and day,
If my words had wings, like love!
Translation By: Stephanie Redman

The Exquisite Hour
The white moon shines in the woods.
From each branch springs a voice beneath the arbor.
Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror the pond reflects
the silhouette of the black willow where the wind weeps.
Let us dream! It is the hour...

Un vaste et tendre apaisement
semble descendre du firmament
que l'astre irise.
C'est l'heure exquise!
Text By Paul Verlaine

À Chloris
S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.

Que la mort serait importune
De venir changer ma fortune
Pour la félicité des cieux!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.
Text By Théophile de Viau

H. T. Burleigh was an African American classical composer and professional singer. Burleigh gained notoriety one of America's most famous composers of art songs. He best known for his arrangements of over 100 Negro spirituals. His arrangements made spirituals more accessible to soloists, before then spirituals were only available to choruses and ensembles.

Moses Hogan was an African American composer and conductor. He was best known for his arrangements of choral music and spirituals. His life was very short lived. He died at the age of 46 from a brain tumor.

De Blin' Man Stood On De Road An' Cried
O, de blin' man stood on de road and cried
O, de blin' man stood on de road and cried
Cryin' O, my Lord, save me
De blin' man stood on de road and cried

Cryin' what kind o' shoes am dose you wear
Cryin' what kind o' shoes am dose you wear
Cryin' O, my Lord, save me
De blin' man stood on de road an' cried

Cryin' dat he might receib his sight
Cryin' dat he might receib his sight
Cryin' O, my Lord, save-a me
De blin' man stood on de rod an' cried

Cryin' dese shoes I wear am de Gospel shoes
Cryin' dese shoes I wear am de Gospel shoes
Cryin' O, my Lord, save me
De blin' man stood on de road an' cried

A vast and tender calm
seems to descend from a sky
made iridescent by the moon.
It is the exquisite hour!
Translation By: Stephanie Redman

To Chloris
If it is true, Chloris, that you love me,
And I know that you do love me well,
Then I do not believe that even kings
Could know such happiness as mine.

How unwelcome death would be,
If it came to exchange my fortune
With the joy of heaven!
All that they say of ambrosia
Does not fire my imagination
Like the light of your eyes.
Translation By Stephanie Redman

Give Me Jesus
In the morning, when I rise
In the morning, when I rise
In the morning, when I rise
Give me Jesus

Dark midnight, was my cry
Dark midnight was my cry
Dark midnight was my cry
Give me Jesus

Oh, when I comes to die
Oh, when I comes to die
Oh, when I comes to die
Give me Jesus