UNLV

College of Fine Arts ~ Department of Music

Presents

Georgia McQuade

soprano

Masters Recital

with

Michelle Lee, piano

Carmella Cao, flute

Kimberly Anderson, cello

Sunday, November 1, 2009
5:00 pm
Beck Music Center
Doc Rando Recital Hall
~ Program ~

Cara Sposa
from Rinaldo
Carmella Caio: Flute
Kimberly Anderson: Cello
Transcribed by Georgia McQuade

(1685-1759)

Villanelle
Absence
Extase
Chanson Triste
Intermission

Ach Lieb ich muss nun scheiden
Ich Träge meine Minne
Die Nacht
Cäcilie

No. 1 Rain has Fallen
No.2 Sleep Now
from Op. 10
Crucifixion
from Hermit Songs
Sure on this Shining Night

Senza mamma
from Suor Angelica

George Frideric Handel

George F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Much of Handel's career as a composer was focused on the genre of Italian opera. He adhered to the standard practices of the period, in which priority was given to solo singing and stage presentation. Most of the arias, like Cara Sposa were in da capo form, in which there is an A section, B section and then the A section returns. At first glance, Handel's operas seem much like that of his contemporaries, but what set him apart was his ability to convey the characters emotion through the piece. Rinaldo was the first opera Handel wrote for a London audience. It is known for its smooth harmony and rich orchestration, in which he used a bassoon and four trumpets, not a common practice of the time. The opera is based on a Torquato Tasso poem which was an epic elaboration of the history of the first crusade. The song Cara Sposa, originally written for a castrato, is Rinaldo's lament for his lost love Almirena.

Cara Sposa
Cara sposa, amante cara.
Dove sei? Deh ritorna a pianti miei!
Del vostro Ebreo sull'ara,
Colla face del mio slegno
Io vi siedo, o spiriti miei!

Text: Giacomo Rossi

Translation: unknown

Hector Berlioz

A French composer at the forefront of the Romantic period, Berlioz's roots were still grounded in the classical period, and this is obvious in his early works which still fell under the genre of French Romance. Berlioz is credited with coining the term Mélodie, after composing his Mélodies Irlandaises, however like his earlier songs this set fell more into the genre of the Romance. Berlioz's first set composed in the newer style of the Mélodie was Les Nuits Détée. This set was first published in 1841 with piano accompaniment and then was later orchestrated by Berlioz. There are six songs in the set, and they can be performed in any order, all of which are to the text by Théophile Gautier.

Villanelle
Quand viendra la saison nouvelle
Quand auront disparu les froids
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois
Sous nos pieds égrènant les perles
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les mélodies stille.

Villanelle (the poetic form of a pastoral)
When verdant spring again approaches,
When winter's chills have disappeared,
Through the woods we shall stroll, my darling,
The fair primrose to cull at will.
The trembling bright pearls that are Shining
Each morning we shall brush aside;
We shall go to hear the gay thrushes singing.

The Flowers are abloom, my darling,
Of happy hours 'tis the month;
And the bird his soft wing engrossing,
Sings sweet carols within his nest,
Come with me on the mossy bank,
Where we'll talk of nothing else but love,
And whisper with thy voice so tender: always!
Absence
Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée!
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fêlée,
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.
Entre nos coeurs tant de distance!
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!
O sort amèr! ô dure absence!
O grands désirs inapaisés!
Dici là-bas que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
À laisser le pied des chevaux!

Text for Les Nuits d'été: Théophile Gautier
Translation: Samuel Byrne

Henri Duparc

Composer of French Mélodie, Henri Duparc has been called one of the most beautiful and melodic composers of song in the French literature. This is astonishing considering he only has an output of 16 songs. Duparc was very critical of his own works, never feeling they were finished, and eventually destroyed much of his own work. Chanson Triste was Duparc's first Mélodie but its slightly sentimental quality is very reminiscent of the earlier style of the Romance. This contrast that of his later Mélodie Esthée, which Duparc patterned after Wagner's opera Tristan und Isolde. Both Esthée and Chanson Triste are to poems by French symbolist poet, Jean Labor.

Chanson Triste
Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune dort,
Et pour fuir la vie importante,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

Je t'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour quand tu berceras
Mon triste coeur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai,
Tant de baisers et de tendresse
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Text: Jean Labor
Translation: Richard Stokes

Richard Strauss

Germany composer and conductor for over eight decades, Richard Strauss composed in every musical genre. He is best known for his operas, composed in the 20th century, however he did compose over 200 songs in his lifetime. Strauss's lied went through a progression from that of smaller works firmly rooted in the German Romantic tradition, to larger orchestrated works, that show the influences of his operas. Three of these songs, Ach lieb, ich muss nun scheiden, Die Nacht und die Tiefen, were composed between 1885 and 1891. During this period Strauss chose lesser-known poets, who while lacking high literary quality possessed texts with striking expressive images. After 1891 when Ich trage meine Minne, was written, Strauss began to use more contemporary poets, and while this song is about love, many of the songs from this period reflect social criticism.

Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden
Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden,
gehn über Berg und Tal,
die Erlen und die Weiden,
die weinen allzumal.

Sie sahn so oft uns wandern
zusammen an Baches Rand,
da eine ohn den andern
gehst über ihren Verstand.

Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden
Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden,
gehn über Berg und Tal,
die Erlen und die Weiden,
die weinen allzumal.

Alas, my love, I must now part from you,
Alas, my love, I must now part from you,

They watched us wander so often
together by the edge of the brook; the sight of one of us without the other
will surpass their understanding.
Die Eden und die Wälder 
vor Schmerz in Tränen stehen, 
man klagt, wie's man bieden 
est Soon zu Herzen geh'n.

Text: Felix Dahn

Ich trage meine Minne 
Ich trage meine Minne vor Wonne stamm 
mit Herzen und mit Lippen mit meinem 
Ja, daß ich dich gefunden, du lieber Kind, 
Das freut mich alle Tage, die mir 
beschönenden sind.

Und ob auch die Himmel trübe, 
Kokelschwarz die Nacht, 
Hoffentlich meine Liebe glücksame Pracht. 
Und hört auch die Welt in Stunten, 
So tut mir's weh, 
Die sagt müssen enden vor deiner Unschuld Schme.

Text: Karl Henckell

Die Nacht 
Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht, 
Aus der Blumen schweigt sie, klein, 
Schaut sich um im weiten Reise, 
Nun gilt acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt, 
Alle Blumen, alle Farben 
Löchert mir auf und sticht die Gaben 
Wege vom Feld.

Allen nimmt sie, was ihr hold, 
Nur dort das Silber wegs der Stromas, 
Nimmer samt Kameinflocken des Donaus 
Weg das Gold.

Ausgereizt steht der Strach, 
Richte mehr, Seel an Seel; 
O die Nacht, vor Langt, sie stehle 
Dich mir auch.

Text: Hermann von Glahn

O allers and willen, 
standing weeping with pain, 
just thinking now how we 
must feel in our hearts!

Translations: Emily Ernst

I carry my love 
I carry my love most with delight. 
In my heart and in my mind with me everywhere. 
Yes, that I found you, you beloved child. 
That makes me joyful every day, and that is 
granted to me.

And no matter if the sky is gloomy, 
Crash-black the night. 
Brightly shining moon, graceful shining splendid 
And even on the world by through its darkness, 
And I am heavy-hearted, 
The evil must become blind from your snowy 
innocence.

Translations: Rebecca Coether

The Night 
Night steps out of the woods, 
And makes softly out of the trees, 
Lovely about in a wide circle, 
Now beams.

All the lights, of this earth, 
All flowers, all colors 
It extinguishes and stabs the savers 
From the field.

It takes everything that is dear, 
Took the silver from the streams, 
Took away from the cathedral copper roof, 
The gold.

The sun-drenched, sunburned, 
Drew nearer, and to end 
Oh, I fear the night will also steal 
You from me.

Translations: Lawrence Snyder

Cecily
Wenn du es willst, 
Was träumen heißt von lisenpregelten Räppern, 
Von Windern und Robert mit der Schilder, 
Ang in Anny. 
Und kynd und plaudern, 
Wenn du es willst, 
Du magst dein Herz.

Wenn du es willst, 
Was hangen heißt in einem Nacht, 
Umgebaut von Stern, da niemand freutet 
Mildren Murders die kampfhatete Seele, 
Wenn du es willst, 
Da [lustig] zu mir.

Wenn du es willst, 
Was leer heißt, umbucht von der Göttinheit 
Wohls berauscht, Abbey, 
Zu schweben empört, leistungstragen, 
Zu weinen, Erbsen, 
Wenn du es willst, 
Doch lebhaft mit mir!

Text: Heinrich Hart

Translations: Emily Ernst

Samuel Barber

An American composer in the 20th century, Barber composed in every genre of music and was known for his vocally inspired lyricism. Thought to be somewhat conservative, Barber wanted to create music that was highly accessible to both performer and audience. He favored lyrical and nostalgic texts by European poets but set American poems like James Agee as well.

Op. 19 contains three songs all by poetry by James Joyce. This opus was never classified as a set but Barber does connect them harmonically by having the first and last piece in the same key. In Rien ne faut epargner, Barber's accompaniment gives the idea of rain falling, and this adds to the over-all melancholy feel of the piece. In Sheep, Barber creates a progression from slow to fast and then back to slow, painting a picture of death first as something sac, and then abrupt and then finally death becomes peace. The opus is from the Hawai'i songs, a set of two songs based on Hawaiian themes, written by Irish优士. See in the evening night is a great example of his lyrical nature with its long and

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Translations: Lawrence Snyder
Rain Has Fallen
Rain has fallen all the day,
O come among the laden trees;
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of memories.

Staying a little by the way
Of memories shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

Sleep Now
Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying "Sleep now"
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying "Sleep no more."

My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart -
Sleep on in peace now;
O you unquiet heart!

Text for Op. 10; James Joyce

The Crucifixion
At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify thee, O Swain!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.

Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorest still to Him was the grief
Which for his sake, came up on his Mother.

Translated by Howard Mumford Jones

Sure on this Shining Night
Sure on this shining night
Of star-made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me,
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wand ring far a-lone
Of shadows on the stars.

Text: James Agee

Senza mamma
Senza mamma, o bimbo, tu sei morto!
Le tue labbra senza 1 faci miei,
Scoloriron'fredde!
E chiusi, o bimbo, gliocchi belli!
Non potendo carezzarmi,
Le manine compenestrati in croce!
E tu sei morto senza sapere
Quanto t'amavo! Questa tua mamma!
Ora sei un angelo del cielo,
Ora tu puoi vederci la tua mamma,
Tu puoi scendere giù pel firmament
Ed aleggiare intorno a me ti sento,
Sei qui, mi baci e mi accarezzati.
Ah! Dimmi, quando in cielo potrò vederti?
Quando potrò baciarti?
Oh! Dolce fine dogni mio dolore,
Quando in cielo con te potrò salire?
Quando potrò morire?
Dillo alla mamma, creatura bella,
Con un leggero scintillar di stella,
Parlami, amore, amore!

Text: Giovacchino Forzano

Without a mother
Without a mother, o babe, you are dead!
Your lips, without my kisses,
Grew pale and cold!
And you closed o babe, your beautiful eyes!
Powerless to caress me,
You crossed your little hands!
And you died never knowing
how much you were loved by your mother!
Now that you are an angel in heaven,
Finally you can see your mother!
You may descend to earth
And hovering around me I can feel you...
You are here and you kiss and caress me.
Ah! Tell me, when will I see you in Heaven?
When will I kiss you?
O beloved end to all my sorrows,
When will I be with you in Heaven?
When will I die?
Tell your mother, beautiful creature,
With the twinkle of a star...
Speak to me, my love, my love!

Translation: Martha Gerhart

Giacomo Puccini

Italian composer Giacomo Puccini was most known and revered for his operas. He is arguably second to only Verdi in the genre of Italian opera. Puccini's approach to opera was indicative of a style known as "verismo", which came into popularity after the success of Mascagni's Cavalleria rusticana. The word "verismo" translates to 'true' and this is the main premise of the style where the story portrays realistic—sometimes sordid or violent—depictions of everyday life. Suor Angelica, an opera in one act set to a libretto by Giovacchino Forzano, is no exception. Suor Angelica, along with Gianni Schicchi and Il tabarro, form a set of three one-act operas entitled Il trittico. The story of Suor Angelica is about a woman, Sister Angelica, who has a child out of wedlock and then is forced to join a convent. After seven years of isolation from her family, Angelica's aunt comes and tells her that her son has died of a fever. The aria Senza mamma comes at the end of the opera when Sister Angelica is mourning the death of her son. She feels responsible for his death because she wasn't there to take care of him and in the end takes her own life.