

~ Program ~



College of Fine Arts ~ Department of Music

Presents

Georgia McQuade

soprano

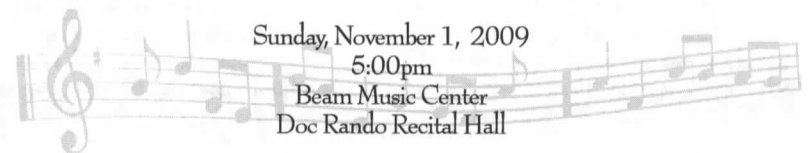
Masters Recital

with

Michelle Lee, piano

Carmella Cao, flute

Kimberly Anderson, cello



Sunday, November 1, 2009

5:00pm

Beam Music Center

Doc Rando Recital Hall

~ Program ~

Cara Sposa
from *Rinaldo*
George F. Handel
(1685-1759)
Carmella Cao: Flute
Kimberly Anderson: Cello
Transcribed by Georgia McQuade

Villanelle
Absence
from *Les Nuits D'été*
Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)
Extase
Chanson Triste
Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Intermission

Ach Lieb ich muss nun scheiden
Ich Trage meine Minne
Die Nacht
Cäcilie
Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

No. 1 Rain has Fallen
No.2 Sleep Now
from *Op. 10*
Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Crucifixion
from *Hermit Songs*
Sure on this Shining Night

Senza mamma
from *Suor Angelica*
Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Georgia McQuade is a student of Dr. Alfonse Anderson. This performance is offered in partial fulfillment for the requirements of the Master of Music Degree in Vocal Performance.

George Frideric Handel

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 castrati, is *Rinaldo's* lament for his lost love *Almirena*.

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

Text: Giacomo Rossi

Dearest Bride
Dearest bride, dearest beloved.
Where are you? Come back, hear my entreaties!
I challenge you, evil spirits.
With the intensity of my scorn,
To appear on the altar out of your darkness!

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 *Mémoires 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 d'été*. 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 égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles siffler.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni,
Et l'oiseau satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce: Toujours!

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 Shinning
Each morning we shall brush aside;
We shall go to hear the gay thrushes singing.

The Flowers are abloom, my darling,
Of happy lovers 'tis the month;
And the bird his soft wing englossing,
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!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin cache,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis, chez nu tout heureux, tour aises,
En panniens enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons, rapportant des fraises des boi.

Absence

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée !
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée,
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.

Entre nos coeurs tant de distance !
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers !
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence !
Ô grands désirs inapaisés !

D'ici 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

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 Extase*, which Duparc patterned after Wagner's opera *Tristan und Isolde*. Both *Extase* and *Chanson Triste* are to poems by French symbolist poet, Jean Lahor.

Extase

Sur un lis pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Au souffle de la bien aimée
Sur ton sein pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort

Far, far off let our foot steps wander,
Fright'ning the hiding hare away,
While the deer at the spring is gazing,
Admiring his reflected horns.
Then Back home, with our hearts rejoicing,
And fondly our finger entwined,
Lets return, let's return bringing fresh wild berries
wood-grown.

Absence

Come back, come back, my dearest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life has drooped,
Removed from the charm of your smile.

Between our hearts how long a distance!
What a wide space our kisses divide!
O bitter fate! O cruel absence!
O longing vain, unsatisfied!

Between us so much countryside,
So many towns and many hamlets,
So many valley's and many mountains,
To tire the hoofs of the horses!

Translation: Samuel Byrne

Chanson Triste

Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'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 Lahor

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* and *Cäcilie*, 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,
das eine ohn' den andern
geht über ihren Verstand.

Sorrowful Song

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Translation: Richard Stokes

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

Alas, my love, I must now part from you,
and go beyond the mountain and valley;
the alders and the willows
are weeping all the while.

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 Erlen und die Weiden
vor Schmerz in Tränen stehn,
nun denket, wie's uns beiden
erst muß zu Herzen gehn.

Text: Felix Dahn

Ich trage meine Minne

Ich trage meine Minne vor Wonne stumm
Im Herzen und im Sinne mit mir herum.
Ja, daß ich dich gefunden, du liebes Kind,
Das freut mich alle Tage, die mir
beschieden sind.

Und ob auch der Himmel trübe,
Kohlschwarz die Nacht,
Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe goldsonnige Pracht.
Und lügt auch die Welt in Sünden,
So tut mir's weh,
Die arge muß erblinden vor deiner Unschuld
Schnee.

Text: Karl Henckell

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Domes
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Text: Hermann von Gilm

O alders and willows,
standing weeping with pain,
just think now how we
must feel in our hearts!

Translations: Emily Ezust

I carry my love

I carry my love mute with delight,
In my heart and in my mind with me wherever.
Yes, that I have 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,
Coal-black the night,
Brightly shines my love's gold-shining splendor.
And even as the world lies through its sinfulness,
And I am heavy-hearted,
The evil must become blind from your snowy
innocence.

Translations: Rebecca Cauthen

The Night

Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly out of the trees,
Looks about in a wide circle,
Now beware.

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

It takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof,
The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal
You from me.

Translations: Lawrence Snyder

Cécilie

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen,
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten,
Aug in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du [kämst]¹ zu mir.

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höhen,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du lebstest mit mir!

Text: Heinrich Hart

Cecily

If you only knew
what it's like to dream of burning kisses,
of wandering and resting with one's beloved,
eye turned to eye,
and cuddling and chatting -
if you only knew,
you would incline your heart to me!

If you only knew
what it's like to feel dread on lonely nights,
surrounded by a raging storm, while no one comforts
with a mild voice your struggle-weary soul -
if you only knew,
you would come to me.

If you only knew
what it's like to live, surrounded by God's
world-creating breath,
to float up, carried by the light,
to blessed heights -
if you only knew,
then you would live with me!

Translations: Emily Ezust

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 poets like James Agee as well. Op. 10 contains three songs all to 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 *Rain has Fallen* Barber's accompaniment gives the idea of rain falling, and this adds to the over-all melancholy feel of the piece. In *Sleep now* Barber creates a progression from slow to fast and then back to slow, painting a picture of death first as something sad, and then abrupt and then finally death becomes peace. *The crucifixion* is from the *Hermit songs*, a set of ten songs based on comments written on the margins of medieval manuscripts, written by Irish monks. *Sure on this shining night* is a great example of his lyrical nature, with its long and seamless lyrical lines; of Barber's songs this is the most performed and probably the most well known.

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

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.

The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify thee, o Swan!
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 sorer 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
Wandering far a-lone
Of shadows on the stars

Text: James Agee

Senza mamma

Senza mamma, o bimbo, tu sei morto!
Le tue labbra senza i baci miei,
Scoloriron, fredde!
E chiudesti o bimbo, gliocchi belli!
Non potendo carezzarmi,
Le manine compoensti in croce!
E tu sei morto senza sapere
quanto t'amava Questa tua mamma!
Or ache sei un angelo del cielo,
Ora tu puoi vederla la tua mamma,
Tu puoi scendere giù pel firmament
Ed aleggiare intorno a me ti sento,
Sei qui, mi baci e m'accarezzi.
Ah! Dimmi, quando in ciel potrò vederti?
Quando potrò biaciarti?
Oh! Dolce fine d'ogni mio dolore,
Quando in cielo con te potrò salire?
Quando potrò morire?
Dillo alla mamma, creatura bella,
Con un leggeroo scintillar di stella,
Parlami, amore, amor!

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