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
5:00pm
Beckman 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
Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Absence
from Les Nuits D'été
Extase
Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Chanson Triste

Intermission

Ach Lieb ich muss nun scheiden
Ich Tragé meine Minne
Die Nacht
Cacilie

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
Giachomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

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 embellishment 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? Delirornado ¡miele!
Del vostro Erico sull’ara,
Colla face del mio slegno
Io vi siedo, 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 Mélanges françaises, however like his earlier songs this set fell more into the genre of the Romantics. Berlioz’s first set composed in the newer style of the Mélodie was Les Nuits d’té. 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
Quad 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 éclatant 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 héri,
Et l’oiseau sifflant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oî! Viens donc sur ce banc de mouse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si couue: 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 pull 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!

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

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

Absence
Revien, revien, 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 !
O sort amer ! ô durée absence !
O grands désirs inapaisés !

Décu là-bas que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
À lasser le pied des chevaux !

Text for Les Nuits d'été: Théophile Gautier

Translation: Samuel Byrne

Chanson Triste
Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune dête,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noiera dans ta clarté ;

Instruirois 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 ! quelquesfois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une balade
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

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, Das Nacht und die Seele, 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,
geht über Berg und Tal,
Die Erden 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.

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 Erden und die Wälder
vor Schmerz in Tränen stehen,
man denkt, wie uns beiden
es müßt zu Herzen gehen.

Text: Felix Dahn

Ich trage meine Minne
Ich trage meine Minne vor Wonne stumm
hin Herzen und in Sippen mit mir herum.
Ja, daß ich dich gefunden, du lieber Kind,
Das freut mich alle Tage, die mir
bescherten sind.

Und ob auch der Himmel trübe,
Kohlleuchter die Nacht,
Hill beschleicht meine Liebe goldernig Pracht.
Und hört als die Welt in Schatten,
So tut mir's weh,
Die sage muß enthindern vor deiner UnschuldSchöne.

Text: Karl Henschell

Die Nacht
Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Blumen schließt sie leise,
Schaust sie von im weitern Reisen,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben,
Leicht me aus und sticht die Garben
Weh vom Feld.

Allen nimmt sie, was sie hold.
Nun wagt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nun erwacht der Krapfenbach des Dorns
Weh das Gold.

Aus der Abendzeit steigt der Strahl,
Rohre aufwärts; Seel an Seel;
O die Nacht, wie lang, sie stehle
Dich mir zu.

Text: Hermann von Glen

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

Translations: Emily Ernst

I carry my love
Leary my love move 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,
Clouds black the night.
Brightly shining at your side shining splendid as
And even the world lies through its admiration.
And I am heavy-hearted,
The evil must become blind from your snowy
innocence.

Translations: Rebecca Coethen

The Night
Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly out of the trees,
Lovely shout in a wide circle,
Now beam.

All the lights of this earth,
All flowers, all colors;
It22.3 shines and subdues the sheaves;
From the field.

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

The light stands still,
Draw near, and to you;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal
You from me.

Translations: Lawrence Snyder

Caecilie,
Wenn du es willst,
Wahrnehm'st halb von den Verführern, König,
Von Wandel und Ruhm mit der Lehre,
Ang in Aug.
Und losend und plaudernd,
Wenn du es willst,
Du sehst dein Herz!

Wenn du es willst,
Wahrnehm'st halb von deinem Herzen,
Umschaut von Sturm, de niemand freisetet,
Mildren Mundes die lemapalmige Seel,
Wenn du es willst,
Du [lberset:] zu mir.

Wenn du es willst,
Wie lebt noch, umsehst von der Welt
Welche helfender, Abh.,
Zu schweben empf. lichterungen,
Zu schweigen, sich lügende,
Wenn du es willst,
Du lebst mit mir!

Text: Heinrich Hart

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 Agee. 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 has taken Barber's accompaniment gives the idea of rain falling, and this adds
to the overall melancholy feel of the piece. In Sleep now Barber creates a progression from
slow to faster and then back to slow, painting a picture of death first as something sac, and then
abrupt and then finally death becomes peace. The coda is from the Hawai'ian songs, a set
of two songs based on written words on the margins of medieval manuscripts, written by
Irish monks. Save on the attic night is a great example of his lyrical nature, with its long
and wondrous 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

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 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 Agée

Senza mamma
Senza mamma, o bimbo, tu sei morto!
Le tue labbra senza I baci miei,
Scoloriron' freddo.
E chiudesti o bimbo, gliocchi bell'i!
Non potendo carezzarti,
Le manine compongerti in croce!
E tu sei morto senza sapere
Quanto ti amavo Questa tua mamma!
Ora che sei un angelo del cielo,
Ora tu puoi vederci la tua mamma.
Tu puoi scendere giù nel firmamento
Ed aleggiare intorno a me ti sento,
Sei qui, mi baci e m'acarezzzi.
Ah! Dimmi, quando in ciel potrò vederti?
Quando potrò baciararti?
Oh! Dolce fine dagli occhi dolce,
Quando in ciel con te potrò salire?
Quando potrò morire?
Dillo alla mamma, creatura bella,
Con un leggero scintillare 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 sorrers,
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.