

THE BELHAVEN UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
Dr. Stephen W. Sachs, Chair

presents

Brooke Edwards
Senior Voice Recital
assisted by
Ms. Rae Shannon

Saturday, April 5, 2014 • 7:30 p.m.
Belhaven University Center for the Arts • Concert Hall

*There will be a reception after the program. Please come and greet the performers.
Please refrain from the use of all flash and still photography during the concert.
Please turn off all pagers and cell phones.*

PROGRAM

Zerfließe, mein Herze

from *St. John Passion, BWV 245/Part Two*
Zerfließe, mein Herze, in Fluten der Zähren
dem Höchsten zu Ehren!
Erzähle der Welt und dem Himmel die Not
Dein Jesus ist tot!

Johann S. Bach • 1685 - 1750

Dissolve, my heart, in floods of tears
to honor the Almighty!
Tell the world and heaven your distress
Your Jesus is dead!

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schließ mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? - Ach nein!

Sorglich strahlt ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
weil die Winde sie zerzausen.
Lockenschatten, Windessausen
Schläferten den Liebsten ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? - Ach nein!

Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
Daß ihm Leben [geb' und nehme]
Diese meine braune Wange,
Und er nennt mich eine Schlange,
Und doch schließ er bei mir ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? - Ach nein!

Hugo Wolf • 1860 - 1903

In the shadow of my tresses
My beloved has fallen asleep.
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!

Carefully I comb my ruffled
Locks, early every day;
Yet for nothing is my trouble,
For the wind makes them disheveled yet again.
Shadows of my tresses, whispering of wind,
Have lulled my darling to sleep.
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!

I must listen to him complain
That he pines for me so long,
That life is given and taken away from him
By this, my brown cheek,
And he calls me a snake;
Yet he fell asleep by me.
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!

Verschwiegene Liebe

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein -
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht
Als die Wolken, die fliegen -
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schön wie die Nacht.

Over treetops and corn
and into the splendor -
who may guess them,
who may catch up with them?
Thoughts sway,
the night is mute;
thoughts run free.

Only one guesses,
one who has thought of her
by the rustling of the grove,
when no one was watching any longer
except the clouds that flew by -
my love is silent
and as fair as the night.

Ich schwebe

*Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen,
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's
Wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.*

*Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
Das spricht so zage, zart und rein,
Leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise
In wonneschweren Traum mich ein.*

*Mein schimmernd Aug' -- indeß mich füllen
Die süßesten der Melodien, --
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen
Mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüberziehn.*

Ständchen

*Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach,
kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.*

*Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Die über die Blumen hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am
rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.*

*Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern
der Nacht.*

C'est l'extase langoureuse from *Ariettes oubliées*

*C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est vers les ramures grises
Le chœur des petites voix.*

*O le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,*

Richard Strauss • 1864 - 1949

I float as if on an angel's wings,
my foot hardly touching the ground,
I hear a lament resounding
As if it were my love's farewell.

It resounds, so lovely, gentle and soft,
It speaks to me, so shy, so frail and pure,
The echo of the melody softly lulling
Me into a blissful dream.

My gleaming eye, while basking
In the sweetest of melodies
Watches my smiling love go by
Without any fabric's fold, any wraps.

Open up, open up, but softly my child,
So as not to wake anyone from their sleep,
The stream is barely murmuring, the wind
hardly causes quivers
In a leaf on bush or hedge.
So, softly, my young girl, so that nothing stirs,
Just lay your hand softly on the door-latch.

With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,
that hop over the flowers,
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,
Sneak to me in the garden.
Around us sleeps the blossoms along the
trickling stream,
Fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sit down, here it darkens mysteriously
Beneath the linden trees,
The nightingale over our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose, when it wakes in the morning,
Shall glow from the joyous showers
of the night.

Claude Debussy • 1862 - 1918

It is the languorous ecstasy,
It is the fatigue after love,
It is all the rustling of the wood,
In the embrace of breezes;
It is near the gray branches:
A chorus of tiny voices.

Oh, what a frail and fresh murmur!
It babbles and whispers,

*Cela ressemble au doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire...
Tu dirais,
sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.*

*Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?*

It resembles the soft noise
That waving grass exhales.
You might say it were,
under the bending stream,
The muffled sound of rolling pebbles.

This soul, which laments
And this dormant moan,
It is ours, is it not?
Is it not mine? -- tell me -- and yours,
Whose humble anthem we breathe
On this mild evening, so very quietly?

Mandoline

*Les donneurs de serenades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.*

*C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle maint vers tendre.*

*Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,*

*Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.*

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

Récit et et air de Lia from *L'enfant Prodigue (The Prodigal Son)*

*L'année en vain chasse l'année!
A chaque saison ramenée,
Leurs jeux et leurs ébats m'attristent
malgré moi:
Ils rouvrent ma blessure et mon
chagrin s'accroît...
Je viens chercher la grève solitaire...
Douleur involontaire!
Efforts superflus!
Lia pleure toujours l'enfant
qu'elle n'a plus!...
Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...
En mon coeur maternel ton
image est restée.
Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...
Cependant les soirs étaient doux,*

Year pursues empty year!
With each returning season,
their games and frolics sadden me
despite myself:
they reopen my wound and my
grief increases...
I come to seek out the solitary beach...
Involuntary pain!
Useless efforts!
Lia weeps continually for the child
she no longer has!...
Azaël! Azaël! Why have you left me?...
In my maternal heart your
image has remained.
Azaël! Azaël! Why have you left me?...
Yet the evenings were sweet

*Dans la plaine d'ormes plantée,
Quand, sous la charge récoltée,
On ramenait les grands boeufs roux.
Lorsque la tâche était finie,
Enfants, vieillards et serviteurs,
Ouvriers des champs ou pasteurs,
Louaient, de Dieu la main bénie;
Ainsi les jours suivaient les jours
Et dans la pieuse famille,
Le jeune homme et la jeune fille
Echangeaient leurs chastes amours.
D'autres ne sentent pas le poids de la vieillesse, -
Heureux dans leurs enfants,
Ils voient couler les ans,
Sans regret comme sans tristesse...
Aux coeurs inconsolés que les temps
sont pesants!...
Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?...*

on the plain with its elm-trees,
when, laden with the harvest,
we would drive the big russet oxen home.
When the task was accomplished,
children, old people, and servants,
farm-workers or shepherds,
would praise the blessed hand of God.
So day would follow day
and in the pious family
young men and young girls
would exchange chaste vows of love.
Others do not feel the weight of old age
happy in their children,
they see the years glide past
without regret, as without sadness...
How heavy time hangs for a heart
without consolation!...
Azaël! Why have you left me?

¿Con qué la lavaré?

*¿Con qué la lavaré
la de la mi cara?
¿Con qué la lavaré,
Que vivo mal penada?
Lávanse las casadas
con agua de limones:
lávome yo, cuitada,
con penas y dolores.*

Joaquin Rodrigo • 1901 - 1999

With what then may I bathe
the bloom upon my beauty?
With what then may I wash it?
Who life has made so twisted?
The wives and mothers wash them
with water fresh from lemons
I'll wash my marks of anguish with
tears wrung from my sorrow.

¿De dónde venís, amore?

*¿De dónde venís, amore?
Bien sé yo de dónde.
¿De dónde venís, amigo?
Fuere yo testigo!*

From where have you come, beloved?
I know full well where you've been.
From where have you come, my lover?
I have been a witness!

De los álamos vengo madre

*De los álamos vengo madre,
de ver como los meneas
el aire
De los álamos de Sevilla
de ver a mi linda amiga*

I have been by the poplars, mother.
I've seen how their branches swayed
in the breezes.
By the poplar trees of Seville,
I have seen my beautiful lover.

Kiss Me Again

Victor Herbert • 1859 - 1924

My Hero from *The Chocolate Soldier*

Oscar Strauss • 1870 - 1954

Love, I Have Won You

Landon Ronald • 1873 - 1938

Caro Nome from *Rigoletto*

*Gualtier Maldè...nome di lui sì amato
scolpisciti nel core innamorato!
Caro nome che il mio cor
festi primo palpitar,
le delizie dell'amor
mi dêi sempre rammentar!
Col pensiero il mio desir
a te ognora volerà,
e pur l' ultimo sospir,
caro nome, tuo sarà.*

Brooke Edwards, Soprano; Ms. Rae Shannon, Accompanist

Giuseppe Verdi • 1813 - 1901

Gualtier Maldè...name of my beloved,
brand this loving heart!
Sweet name, you who made my heart
throb for the first time,
you must always remind me
the pleasures of love!
My desire will fly to you
on the wings of thought
and my last breath
will be yours, my beloved.

PROGRAM NOTES

Zerfließe, mein Herze - From Bach's St John's Passion comes this song of lament for the passing of Christ. The haunting lines from this melody create an atmosphere full of sorrow, but beautiful nonetheless. The tight lines, relentless little runs, and precise cutoffs display different expressions of grief in the melody and create a thoughtful insight into Christ's death at the cross.

In dem Schatten meiner Locken - This song portrays a young maiden and her thoughts as she gazes upon the sleeping form of her lover. She is torn between the choice of allowing him to remain in sweet slumber, or give into desire and awaken him. The phrase, "Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach. Nein!" is repeated three times in the piece, each time showing the struggle within the young maiden whether or not to give into another venture that in the end will be met once more, with sleep.

Verschwiegene Liebe - This particular piece comes from a larger selection of Hugo Wolf's German Lieder that was inspired by the German poet, Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff. Eichendorff is regarded as one of the most important German Romantics and his works have sustained high popularity in Germany from production to the present day. In this song the skillful mix of harmonies and textures creates a wonderful imagery leaning towards the nocturnal. Wolf's setting of the music adds an

enveloping sense of dreaminess that will whisk you away.

Ich schwebe - Musically, Strauss wrote broad, flowing lines, suave, full of glittering sensuous charm. His natural mode was symphonic, and this characteristic permeates his song writing. The melodic line is often erratic, but gives off such a delicate quality that it is captivating to listen to. This song is full of the joys that one can feel when under love's captivating spell; in such a way that one might feel as if they could float to the heavens.

Ständchen - is probably the most popular of Strauss's songs- if not the most familiar. The accompaniment is written in such a way that the listener can imagine the lover serenading beneath the beloved's window. Vocally, the lines are delicately shaped and light and add to the idea that the scene unfolding is sensitive, but definitely urgent.

C'est l'extase langoureuse - hails from a group of six poems of Paul Verlaine's, *Ariettes Oubliées*. This set of songs are known to be Debussy's first important set of melodies, showing his style begin to mature and crystallize. With this song an intimate portrait is unfolding, showing two lovers at one with nature as well as each other.

Mandoline - Elegant lyricism characterizes this song which was composed when Debussy was barely 25 years old. In it we are but detached

observers of an imaginative landscape full of energy and characters drawn from pastoral tradition. This was Debussy's first setting of Verlaine, and shows his gift for divining the inner soul of a poem. Although this text is taken from Verlaine's, "Fêtes galantes", Debussy did not include it in either of his two song sets from this work, but published it separately.

Recit et Air de Lia - This piece for voices and orchestra, often referred to as a cantata, is one of the Debussy's earliest large works. It dates from the composer's student years, during which he came under the spell of several influences that resulted in music often unlike the Debussy most listeners know. That is not to say this work is without merit, because it has its fair share. Most of you are familiar with the biblical story of The Prodigal Son-this aria in particular is sung by the son's mother, Lia. Her agony over the absence of her son is almost too much to bear as the years go by. The repeated phrase, "Pour quoi m'as-tu quittée?" goes to show her confusion as to why her son has chosen to leave her.

Con qué la lavaré? - Joaquín Rodrigo composed four madrigals and placed them in the song cycle, Cuatro madrigals amatorias. This piece is the first in the cycle and begins the cycle on a somber tone. The vocal line is set syllabically in graceful lyric lines that rise in pitch with the singer's emotion.

De dónde venís amore? - Third in the madrigal group we have a song that has a more spirited/flirtatious text. The setting is a highly rhythmic treatment in which the voice borrows a phrase from the piano and repeats it twice at the ends of verses. Rodrigo has the voice join in as well in a four-bar staccato coloratura passage of laughing disbelief. The lover portrayed through the soprano role has a feisty side and woe to any that would try to cross her.

De los álamos vengo, madre - Final in the madrigal set, we have a lover returning from a meeting with the beloved. The mood of the song gives an exciting air as the lover recounts his story to his mother about the event. Vocal

lines are graceful and melodious, with a hint of syncopation here and there. The ostinato in the accompaniment combined with the flexible vocal is elegant as well as exciting.

Kiss Me Again - comes from the operetta, *Mlle. Modiste* - a production with two acts composed by Victor Herbert with a libretto by Henry Blossom. It concerns hat shop girl, Fifi, who longs to be an opera singer but who is such a good hat seller that her employer, Mme. Cecil, discourages her in her ambitions and exploits her commercial talents. Also, Fifi loves Etienne de Bouvray, who returns her love, but his uncle, Count Henri, opposes their union.

My Hero - This song comes from the operetta, *The Chocolate Soldier*. A tale of love in war from unexpected sides brings in the comical aspect of the production and creates a lighthearted atmosphere. Nadina sings the aria for her beloved Bulgarian warrior Alexius and pines for his return, only to notice later on that he is not quite the selfless hero she once thought that he was.

Love, I have won you - Sir Landon Ronald was an English conductor, composer, pianist, teacher and administrator. In his early career he gained work as an accompanist and répétiteur, but struggled to make his way as a conductor. In the absence of operatic or symphonic work he made his living as a conductor and composer in West End shows in the late 19th and early 20th century. Ronald composed a song cycle containing 5 pieces relating to the cycle of life. *Love I have won you* represents summer and rightly so with its strong and vibrant melody that incites the desire to embrace the warm weather in all of its glory.

Caro Nome - From Verdi's *Rigoletto* comes the tale of tragedy revolving around the licentious Duke of Mantua, his hunch-backed court jester Rigoletto, and Rigoletto's beautiful daughter Gilda. In this song young Gilda has encountered the Duke, but is unfortunately unaware of his less than appealing characteristics. She is full of hope for the future and the dizzying effects that young love brings to the blissfully unaware.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC MISSION STATEMENT

The Music Department seeks to produce transformational leaders in the musical arts who will have profound influence in homes, churches, private studios, educational institutions, and on the concert stage. While developing the God-bestowed musical talents of music majors, minors, and elective students, we seek to provide an integrative understanding of the musical arts from a Christian world and life view in order to equip students to influence the world of ideas. The music major degree program is designed to prepare students for graduate study while equipping them for vocational roles in performance, church music, and education. The Belhaven University Music Department exists to multiply Christian leaders who demonstrate unquestionable excellence in the musical arts and apply timeless truths in every aspect of their artistic discipline.

The Music Department would like to thank our many community partners for their support of Christian Arts Education at Belhaven University through their advertising in "Arts Ablaze 2013-2014." It is through these and other wonderful relationships in the greater Jackson community that makes many of our concerts possible at Belhaven. We praise God for our friends and are truly thankful for their generosity. Please mention The Arts at Belhaven University when you visit our community partners.

For a complete listing of Music Department scheduled spring semester programs, please visit our website at <http://www.belhaven.edu/music/recitals.htm>. A complete listing of major Belhaven University arts events may be found at <http://www.belhaven.edu/arts/schedule.htm>.

Thank you to those working behind the scenes to make today's program a success: music faculty supervisor, Dr. Christopher Shelt; student workers –house manager, Beth Walczak; ushers, Rachel Walczak & Libby Roberts; stage manager, Daniel Bravo; recording/sound, Grace Anna Randall; lighting, Cierra Lee; videographer & photography, Morgan Robertson; reception hostess, Libby Roberts.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Tuesday, April 8, 7:30pm, Concert Hall
Friday, April 11, 6:30pm, Concert Hall
Saturday, April 12, 2pm, Concert Hall
Saturday, April 12, 7:30pm, Concert Hall
Monday, April 14, 7:30pm, Concert Hall
Monday, April 21, 7:30pm, Concert Hall

Dr. Rebecca Geihlsler Faculty Voice Recital
Tianna Rogers Senior Collaborative Piano Recital
Katie Rowan Senior Collaborative Piano Recital
Choral and Vocal Arts Concert
Best of Belhaven III
Jocelyn Zhu Senior Violin Recital

THE BELHAVEN MUSIC DEPARTMENT PRESENTS

Brooke Edwards

SOPRANO

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

ACCOMPANIED BY RAE SHANNON, PIANO

APRIL 5, 2014 | 7:30 PM

DOORS OPEN AT 7:00

COMPLIMENTARY
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