

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

*Vibrancy:
Julie Wolfe
Senior Voice Recital*

Saturday, April 9, 2016 • 7:30 p.m.
Belhaven University • 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

L'alba Sepàra dalla luce l'ombra

*L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra,
E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire.
Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.*

*Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!
Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.*

*Chiudimi,
O Notte, nel tuo sen materno,
Mentre la terra pallida s'irrorà.
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!*

Paolo Tosti • 1846 - 1916

The dawn divides the darkness from light,
And my sensual pleasure from my desire,
O sweet stars, it is the hour of death.
A love more holy clears you from the skies.

Gleaming eyes, O you who'll ne'er return,
Sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted light!
I must die, I do not want to see the day,
For love of my own dream and of the night.

Envelop me,
O Night, in your maternal breast,
While the pale earth bathes itself in dew;
But let the dawn rise from my blood
And from my brief dream the eternal sun!

Amor commanda from *Floridante*

*Recitative:
Servasi alla mia bella E si tenti a un così
nobile impegno; L'amor nell' alme grandi
non è remora mai D'eccelse imprese tanto
più 7 Quando de valor mercede fian Del caro
idolo mio l'amor, la fede*

*Aria:
Amor commanda, onore invita, Più bell'
impegno d'espòrta vita, Nò, non si dà. Già
l'alma accesa di bella gloria Corre
all'impresa E di vittoria sicura è già.*

George Friedrich Händel • 1685 - 1759

*Recitative:
Let me dedicate myself to my beloved, And devote
myself to this noble aim. Love in great souls is never An
obstacle to great endeavors, And is even of greater value
When love and faith are the rewards of the beloved.*

*Aria:
Love commands, honor guides, A nobler principle in
leading one's life Does not exist. The soul, already afire
with thoughts of glory Speeds towards its goal, Assured
of victory.*

Or che le rèdole

*Or che le rèdole verdi ritonando,
che veston fiori i cespi ancor,
d'intrecciar danze tempo è tornato;
vieni sul prato, fiore tra i fior.
Giga o furlana vieni a danzare,
di tarlatana tutta vestita.
Stringerti per la vita parlandoti d'amore:
altro dolzore non so sperar.*

*Nel lieve fremito d'un giro
destasi tale un diletto, un tale ardor,
ch'ogni altro affanno è presto obliato;
vieni sul prato, fiore tra i fior.*

Stefano Donaudy • 1879 - 1925

Now that the green paths are returning,
That the bushes again put on their flowers,
The time has come again to join in dances;
Come to the meadow, flower among the flowers.
Come to dance a gigue or forlana,
All dressed in tarlatan.
To hold you close around the waist speaking to you of
love: I don't know how to hope for any other sweetness

In the light thrill of a turn stirs
Such a delight, such an ardor,
That every other anxiety is quickly forgotten;
Come to the meadow, flower among the flowers.

Lágrimas mías from *El anillo de hierro*

*Lágrimas mías en donde estáis
Que de mis ojos ya no brotáis.
El fuego ardiente de una pasión
Seco ha dejado, ha dejado mi corazón. .
¡Ay de mí! ¡Ay de mí!
Que triste y desolada
Para llorar, para llorar nació.
Como cayendo las hojas van*

Pedro Miguel Marqués • 1843 - 1918

My tears where you are
No longer flow from my eyes.
The burning fire of passion
has left my heart dry
Woe is me! Woe is me!
How sad and desolate
I was born to cry.
Like falling leaves they go

Heavenly Grass

Paul Bowles • 1910 - 1999

The Fascination with what is Difficult

Libby Roberts • b. 1992

The fascination of what is difficult
has dried the sap out of my bones, and rent
spontaneous joy and natural content
out of my heart. There's something that ails our colt
that must, as if it had not holy blood
nor an Olympus leaped from cloud to cloud,
Shiver under the lash, strain, sweat and jolt
as though it dragged road metal. My curse on plays
that have to be set up in fifty ways,
On the day's war with every knave and dolt,
theatre business, management of men.
I swear before the dawn comes round again
I'll find the stable and pull out the bolt.

When I am laid in earth from *Dido and Aeneas*

Henry Purcell • 1659 - 1695

Vocalise, Op. 34, No. 14

Sergei Rachmaninoff • 1873 - 1943

Julie Wolfe, Soprano; Mrs. Megan Rowan, Accompanist

INTERMISSION

Barcarole from *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*

Jacques Offenbach • 1819 - 1880

*Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour
Souris à nos ivresses
Nuit plus douce que le jour
Ô, belle nuit d'amour!
Le temps fuit et sans retour
Emporte nos tendresses
Loin de cet heureux séjour
Le temps fuit sans retour
Zéphyr embrasés
Versez-nous vos caresses
Zéphyr embrasés
Donnez-nous vos baisers!
Vos baisers! Vos baisers! Ah!
Belle nuit, ô, nuit d'amour
Souris à nos ivresses*

Lovely night, oh, night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night much sweeter than the day
Oh beautiful night of love!
Time flies by, and carries away
Our tender caresses forever!
Time flies far from this happy oasis
And does not return
Burning zephyrs
Embrace us with your caresses!
Burning zephyrs
Give us your kisses!
Lovely night, oh, night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night much sweeter than the day

*Nuit plus douce que le jour,
Ô, belle nuit d'amour!
Nuit d'amour, ô, nuit d'amour!
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!*

*Julie Wolfe, Soprano; Evangeline Wilds, Mezzo-Soprano;
Mrs. Megan Rowan, Accompanist*

Oh, beautiful night of love!
Ah! Smile upon our joys
Night of love, oh, night of love!
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

Elle a fui, la tourterelle from *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*

Jacques Offenbach • 1819 - 1880

*Elle a fui, la tourterelle!
Ah! souvenir trop doux!
Image trop cruelle!
Hélas! à mes genoux,
Je l'entends, je le vois!
Je l'entends, je le vois!*

She has fled, the turtledove!
Ah, memory too sweet,
Image too cruel!
Alas, at my knees,
I hear him, I see him!
I hear him, I see him!

*Elle a fui, la tourterelle,
Elle a fui loin de toi;
Mais elle est toujours fidèle
Et te garde sa foi.
Mon bienaimé, ma voix t'appelle,
Oui, tout mon coeur est à toi.*

She has flown, the turtledove,
She has flown far from you;
But she is always faithful
And keeps her vow
My beloved, my voice calls you
Yes, all my heart is yours

*Chère fleur qui viens d'éclorre
Par pitié réponds moi!
Toi qui sais s'il m'aime encore,
S'il me garde sa foi!
Mon bienaimé, ma voix t'implore,
Ah! que ton coeur vienne à moi.
Elle a fui, la tourterelle,
Elle a fui loin de toi.*

Dear flower, just opened,
Have pity, answer me
You who knows if he still lives me,
If he keeps his vow.
My beloved, my voice begs you,
Ah, let your heart come to me.
She has flown, the turtledove,
She has flown far from you.

V. Green

Claude Debussy • 1862 - 1918

*Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des
branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour
vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains
blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent
soit doux.*

Here are some fruit, some flowers, some leaves and
some branches,
And then here is my heart, which beats only for you.
Do not rip it up with your two white hands,
And may the humble present be sweet in your beautiful
eyes!

*J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon
front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.*

I arrive all covered in dew,
Which the wind of morning comes to freeze on my
forehead.
Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,
Dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.

*Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers ;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous
reposez.*

On your young breast allow my head to rest,
Still ringing with your last kisses;
Let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,
And let me sleep a little, since you are resting.

Nuit d'étoiles

*Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
Cettes rose, c'est ton haleine,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.*

*La sereine mélancolie vient éclore
au fond de mon coeur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.*

*Tu reviens, pauvre âme éveillée,
Toute blanche dans ton linceuil.
Quand tout bas je soupire seul,
Dans les ombres de la feuillée,*

*Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.*

Claude Debussy • 1862 - 1918

Starry night, beneath your pinions, be-
neath your breeze and your perfumes,
Lyre, in sorrow, softly sighing,
I dream of a love long past.

Melancholy, so sadly tranquil, fills with gloom
my poor weary heart.
And I hear your dear soul, my darling,
Quivering in the dreamy wood.

In the shadows of the greenwood,
When, alone, I am sighing low,
You come back, O! poor soul awaken'd,
Pure and white as snow in your shroud.

I watch here at this, your small fountain
your blue eyes like the sky;
This rose, it is my dear hope,
And these fair stars they are your eyes.

Er ist's

*Frühling läßt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!*

Hugo Wolf • 1860 - 1903

Spring lets its blue ribbon
flutter again in the breeze;
a sweet, familiar scent
sweeps with promise through the land.
Violets are already dreaming,
and will soon arrive.
Hark! In the distance - a soft harp tone!
Spring, yes it is you!
It is you that I have heard!

Einst träumte meiner sel'gen Base from *Der Freischutes*

*Einst träumte meiner sel'gen Base,
die Kammerthür eröffne sich,
und kreide weiss ward ihre Nase,
denn näher, furchtbar näher schlich
ein Ungeheuer, mit Augen Feuer,
mit klirrender Kette;
es nahte dem Bette,
in welchem si schlief:
ich meine die Base
mit kroidiger Nase,
und stöhnte, ach! so hohl,
und ächzte, ach! so tief!
sie kreuzte sich, rief,
nach manchem Angst und Stoss gebet:
Susanne! Margareth'!
Und sie kamen mit Licht, und... denke nur,
und... (erschrick mir nur nicht!)
und... (graust mir doch!)*

Carl Maria von Weber • 1786 - 1826

Once upon a time my blessed aunt dreamed
that her bedroom door opened by itself,
and chalk-white grew her nose,
as nearer, dreadfully nearer crept
a monster with fiery eyes,
with clanking chains;
it approached the bed
in which she slept:
I mean the aunt
with the chalky nose,
and groaned, ah! so loud!
and moaned, ah! so low!
she crossed herself, crying out,
the words torn from her by anguish and blows:
Susanna! Margaret!
And they came with lights, and.. just think,
and... (it terrifies me even now!)
and.... (it horrifies me!)

*und der Geist war:
Nero, der Kettenhund!
Du zürnest mir?
Doch kannst du wöhnen,
ich fühle nicht mit dir?*

*Nur ziemen einer Braut nicht Thränen.
Trübe Augen, Liebchen,
taugen einem holden Bräutchen nicht
Dass durch Blicke sie erquicke
und beglücke, und bestricke,
Alles um sich her entzücke,
das ist ihre schönste Pflicht.
Lass in öden Mauern
Büßseringen trauern*

Das verlassene Mägdelein

*Früh, wann die Hähne kräh'n,
Eh' die Sternlein verschwinden
Muß ich am Herde stehn,
Muß Feuer zünden.*

*Schön ist der Flammen Schein,
Es springen die Funken.
Ich schaue so drein,
In Leid versunken.*

*Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treulooser Knabe,
Daß ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.*

*Träne auf Träne dann
Stürzt hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran -
O ging er wieder*

and the ghost was:
Nero, the watchdog!
You are angry with me?
Then can you believe
that I have no sympathy for you?

But tears do not become a bride.
Troubled eyes, dear,
do not suit a lovely bride
who through her glance refreshes
and brings happiness, and unity;
and sweetens everything around her;
that is her beautiful duty.
Leave for dull rooms
sorrow and penance;

Hugo Wolf • 1860 - 1903

Early, when the cock crows,
before the stars disappear,
I must stand at the hearth;
I must light the fire.

Beautiful is the blaze of the flames;
the sparks fly.
I gaze into the fire,
sunk in grief.

Suddenly, it comes to me,
unfaithful boy,
that last night
I dreamed of you.

Tears upon tears then
pour down;
So the day comes -
O would it were gone again!

The Silver Aria from *The Ballad of Baby Doe*

Julie Wolfe, Soprano; Mrs. Megan Rowan, Accompanist

Douglas Moore • 1893 - 1969

PROGRAM NOTES

L'alba Sepàra dalla luce is technically an art song though it sings like an aria. It has the dramatic air of opera while also pulling from Italy's rich folk tradition. Tosti is noted for being master of the ballad and for forging a distinctive style that he shows beautifully in this piece

Timante, prince of Tyre, proclaims his love to Rossane in Act 3, scene 5 with the recitative and aria of **Amor commanda from Floridante**. Originally sung by a soprano Castrato (males who between the ages of seven and eleven

were castrated to retain the purity in their voices); now, it is sung by a female soprano or in a different key for tenor or baritone.

Or che le rédole

Taken from 36 Arie di Stile Antico, one of the only collections really known by the composer, this piece is set to words written by his brother, Alberto. It speaks of spring returning with dancing and love blooming.

Lágrimas mias

This is the essence of melodrama. El anillo de hierro is from the genre Zarzuela which is basically musical theatre with song, dance, and spoken dialogue. The musicality and the poem together really bring forward the sadness and despair in this piece. We wonder what could have happened to cause such heart wrenching pain for someone to say "I don't know why I was born."

Bowles' vocal works are always idiomatic. He said that he wanted to distort speech as little as possible. "Singing, it seems to me, should be an extinction of speech." **Heavenly Grass** does just that. The poetic interpretation really depends on each person hearing it.

The text in **The Fascination with what is Difficult** is taken from the William Butler Yeats poem. He was at this point writing for a theatre and finding it deadening him creatively. Through the poem and the jagged language he shows his frustration. The colt is a Pegasus, his symbol for creativity and he decides to break free of his stable door and run free at the end. Libby Roberts creatively sets this poem and really opens the window to Yeats's soul. She went for a mock musical theatre style in the opening measures (which recurs later) to capture the humdrum attitude towards his work. The grace note motifs in the piano accompaniment (occurs when talking about the Pegasus) symbolize the magical horse running around. When it comes back at the end, it scampers off up into the heavens to be free again as the poem suggests. The jagged, complex harmonies reflect the frustration he feels. This texture lightens as his vision becomes clearer toward the end of the piece.

This lament, **When I am laid in earth**, is set directly after Dido has swallowed poison believing life unlivable without Aeneas. This is a baroque piece and therefore it follows all the criteria for a lament, the descending chromatic scale in the left hand, the minor key, and the slow tempo all help to present the affect.

Rachmaninoff finished composing **Opus 34** in the summer of 1912. The **Vocalise** comes as the last in the collection, and is dedicated to soprano Antonina Nezhdanora. It is originally a work for piano and wordless voice. When asked why, Rachmaninoff said, "What need is there of words, when you will be able to convey everything better and more expressively that anyone could with words by voice and interpretation."

Barcarole from Les Contes d'Hoffmann. In Act III of the opera Hoffman is telling his third tale of love. He and the muse disguised as his friend Nicklausse (young male roles are often played by women) visit the palace in Venice. Giulietta, a lovely courtesan and Nicklausse meet and sing this duet before Hoffman interrupts them with his proclamation of love.

The aria **Elle a fui, la tourterelle Les Contes d'Hoffmann**, sung by Antonia, takes place in the second act of the opera. Her father has taken her away from her beloved Hoffmann due to her illness; every time she sings her heart grows weaker. She has been left alone in her room to be watched by the butler, but when he goes to the other room she cannot contain herself from singing of her beloved.

V. Green and the group it comes from were composed while Debussy was in Rome studying at the Académie des Beaux-Arts. He only stayed there from '85-'87 because he found the artistic atmosphere stifling, the company boorish, the food bad, and the monastic quarters "abominable". However if he had not studied there he might not have realized his own personal style and ambition. This piece really begins to explore this style.

In the summers of '80-'82 Debussy traveled with a wealthy patroness and her children. He would teach her children, play duets with her and give concerts for her friends. It was during this time that first summer in 1880 that he composed **Nuit d'étoiles**.

Wolf composed the entire Mörike Lieder in his childhood friend's home in Perchtoldsdorf,

Austria. He wanted to escape to solitude so composing would come easier. **Er ist's** is all about the wonder and beauty of spring. It is simple and lovely in poetic structure and vocal line yet deceptively difficult in the accompaniment.

In **Einst träumte meiner sel'gen Base**, Agathe is distraught over bad omens in her dreams and also finding in place of her bridal wreath, a funeral wreath. Her cousin Annchen comes to cheer her up with a story –the recitative, and then with her loving words –the aria. This comic relief is a nice way to come up for air from the rest of the opera.

Wolf wrote **Das verlassene Mägdelein** in a single day, March 4, 1888. He wrote to a friend, “On Saturday I composed, without intending to

do so, **Das verlassene Mägdelein**, already set to music by Schumann in a heavenly way. If in inspiration of that I set to music the same poem, it happened almost against my will; but perhaps just because I allowed myself to be captured suddenly by the magic of this poem, something outstanding arose, and I believe that my composition may show itself beside Schumann's.”

The Silver Aria is set within the party after Baby Doe's wedding to Horace. The men begin arguing on whether Gold is really going to become the new standard in place of Silver. Baby Doe interjects with what her feelings are toward the subject and tries to sway popular opinion. Gold may be “a fine thing” but silver is the substance of dreams.

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 2015-2016.” 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.

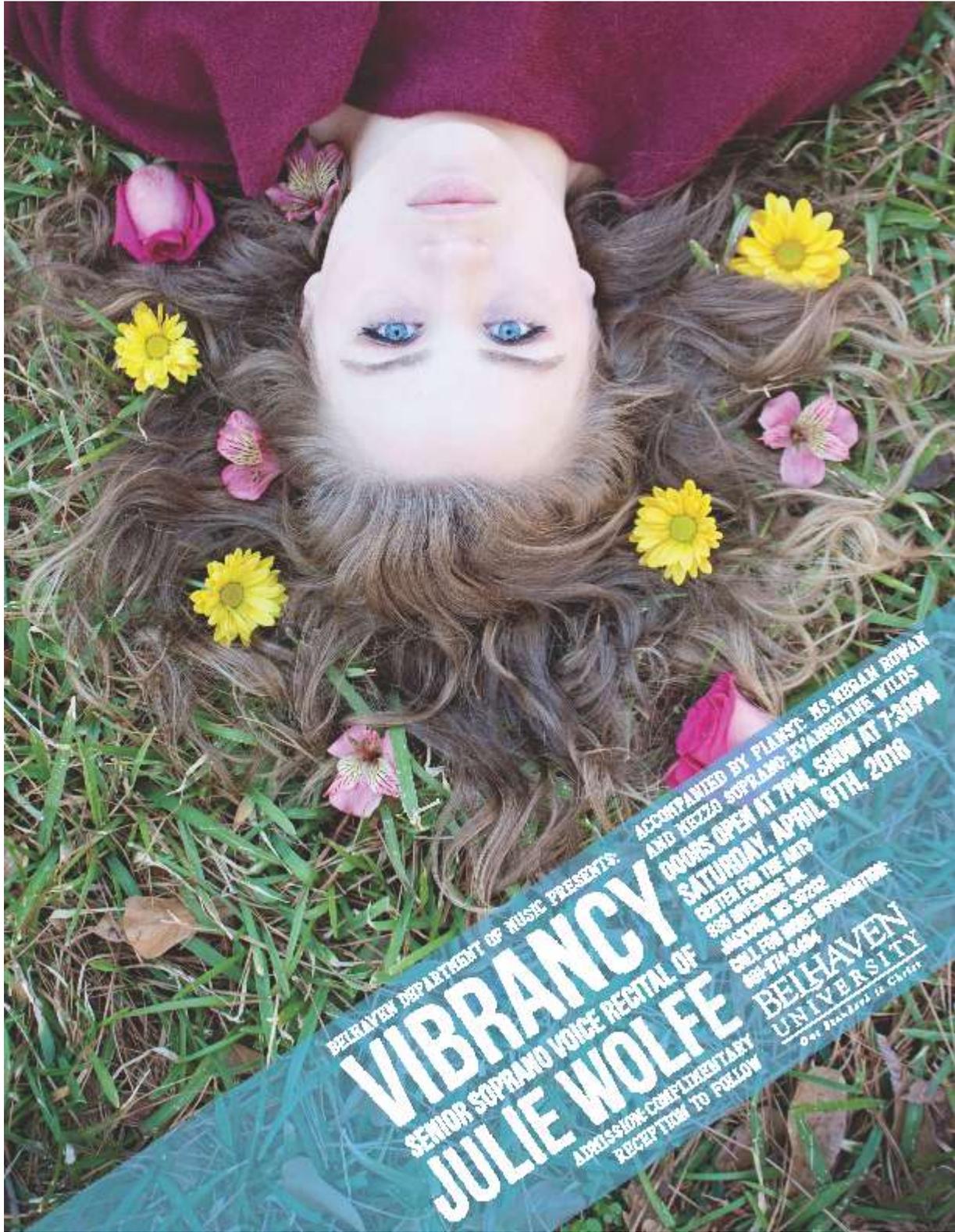
For a complete listing of Music Department scheduled fall semester programs, please visit our website at <http://www.belhaven.edu/music/recitals.htm>. A complete listing of major Belhaven University arts events may be found at <http://www.belhaven.edu/arts/schedule.htm>.

Thank you to those working behind the scenes to make today's program a success: music faculty supervisor, Dr. Christopher Shelt; student workers –Lighting, Stephen Craig; Sound, Cory Smith; Videographer, Mariah Taylor; house manager, Grace Andrews; stage manager, Brandon Randle; ushers, Maddi Jolly & Elizabeth Walczak; reception hosts, Anne Hilleke & Miracle Gee.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Monday April 11, 8:00pm, Concert Hall
Tuesday, April 12, 7:30pm, Recital Room
Friday, April 15, 7:30, Concert Hall

Jessica Schmidt Junior Violin Recital
Student Composers Concert XVI
Strings and Orchestra Concert



BELHAVEN DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC PRESENTS:

VIBRANCY

SENIOR SOPRANO VOICE RECITAL OF

JULIE WOLFE

ADMISSIONS COMPLIMENTARY
RECEPTION TO FOLLOW

ACCOMPANIED BY PIANIST: MS. KEGAN BOWMAN
AND MEZZO SOPRANO: EVANGELINE WILDS

DOORS OPEN AT 7PM. SHOW AT 7:30PM

SATURDAY, APRIL 9TH, 2016

COURTESY FOR THE ARTS
558 WINTERBROOK DR.
JACKSON, MS 39202
CALL FOR MORE INFORMATION:
669-974-4444

BELHAVEN
UNIVERSITY
ONE BELHAVEN IS CHRIST