

TCU School of Music Presents

Anna Morgan, Soprano

James Wehe, Piano

Hannah Baer, Trumpet
Joey Carter, Piano
Sebastian Marin, Trumpet

November 18th, 2022

7:00 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

“Let the bright seraphim” from *Samson*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Hannah Baer, trumpet

Liederkreis, Op. 39

III. Waldesgespräch
V. Mondnacht
VI. Schöne Fremde
XII. Frühlingsnacht

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Kinderszenen, Op. 15

VIII. Traumerei
XII. Kind im Einschlummern

James Wehe, piano

“Caro nome” from *Rigoletto*

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Intermission

Au pays où se fait la guerre
L'invitation au voyage

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

from *Miroirs*
II. Oiseaux tristes

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

James Wehe, piano

"I'd Rather Be Me" from *Mean Girls*

Jeff Richmond
(1961)

"On My Own" from *Les Miserables*

Claude-Michel Schönberg
(1944)

As Long As I Live

Harold Arlen
(1905-1986)

On the Sunny Side of the Street

Jimmy McHugh
(1894-1969)

Joey Carter, piano

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a degree in Music Education. Anna Morgan is a student of Twyla Robinson. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

Let the Bright Seraphim is an aria that comes at the end of Handel's *Samson*. The aria is sung by an anonymous Isrealite woman who calls on Seraphim and Cherubim to honor the dead hero. Trumpet figures respond to the singer throughout the A section. I chose this piece because I had always wanted to do a duet with my best friend, roommate, and piccolo trumpet player, Hannah Baer.

Let the bright seraphim in burning row, Let the cherubic host, in tuneful choirs,
Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow. Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

Liederkreis, Op. 39, is a song cycle composed by Robert Schumann. Its poetry is taken from Joseph von Eichendorff's collection entitled *Intermezzo* and it is known as one of the great song cycles of the 19th century. When programming this recital with Mr. Wehe, we felt there would be no better duets than these.

III. Waldesgespräch (A Forest Dialogue)

Lorelei was an innocent and beautiful woman who used to charm and seduce all men that surrounded her but committed suicide due to a not corresponded love. In the poem of Eichendorff, she appears as a beautiful witch.

Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!
„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“
So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.
„Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.

A Forest Dialogue

It is already late, already cold,
Why ride lonely through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!
'Great is the deceit and cunning of men,
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am.'
So richly adorned are steed and lady,
So wondrous fair her youthful form,
Now I know you—may God protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei.
'You know me well—from its towering rock
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!“

It is already late, already cold,
You shall never leave this forest again!’

V. Mondnacht

Mondnacht belongs to the “Spiritual Poems” within Eichendorff’s collection.

Es war, als hätt’ der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nun träumen müßt’.
Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.
Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

It was as though Heaven
Had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had only to dream of him.
The breeze passed through the fields,
The corn swayed gently to and fro,
The forests murmured softly,
The night was so clear with stars.
And my soul spread
Her wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.

VI. Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halb versunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.
Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in Träumen,
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?
Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie von künftigem großen Glück!

A beautiful foreign land
The tree-tops rustle and shudder
As if at this very hour
The ancient gods
Were pacing these half-sunken walls.
Here beyond the myrtle trees
In secret twilit splendour,
What are you saying, fantastic night,
Obscurely, as in a dream?
The glittering stars gaze down on me,
Fierily and full of love,
The distant horizon speaks with rapture
Of some great happiness to come!

XI. Frühlingsnacht

Überm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blühh.
Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.
Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

Spring Night
Over the garden, through the air
I heard birds of passage fly,
A sign that spring is in the air,
Flowers already bloom below.
I could shout for joy, could weep,
For it seems to me it cannot be!
All the old wonders come flooding back,
Gleaming in the moonlight.
And the moon and stars say it,
And the dreaming forest whispers it,
And the nightingales sing it:
'She is yours, is yours!'

Kinderszenen, Op. 15

Written in 1838, *Kinderszenen* is a set of 13 short pieces for piano that act as an adult's reflection upon childhood. The titles of each piece were given by Schumann after the music was already written. "**Traumerei**" (Dreaming/Reverie) is among the most famous of all of Schumann's music. Its contemplative and yearful melody is accompanied by sudden changes of harmony that bring new colors to each melodic pass. "**Kind im Einschlummern**" (Child Falling Asleep) occurs after a nightmare, making the lullaby-like music somewhat dark and fearful. The piece ends without cadencing just as a child may fall asleep before the end of a story.

"**Caro Nome**" is an aria from *Rigoletto*, an opera in three acts by Italian composer Giuseppe Verdi. The opera premiered at La Fenice opera house in Venice on March 11, 1851. Rigoletto is a court jester who has a daughter named Gilda who lives in a tower and has been kept a secret her whole life. One night, after Rigoletto leaves Gilda to perform at court, the Duke (disguised as a student, Gualtier Maldé) goes to Gilda's tower and they confess their love to each other. After the Duke leaves, Gilda reflects on her love for Gualtier Maldé. I fell in love with this aria when I studied it in Perugia, Italy this past summer. It was the vessel for a lot of vocal development and musical growth and it will always be a very special piece for me.

Gualtier Maldé!
Nome di lui si amato,
Ti scolpisci 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.

Gualtier Maldé!
Name of my beloved
Brand this loving heart
I fell in love!

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.

Henri Duparc (1848-1933) is a French composer most known for his work in setting French poems. It is said that he threw out most of his early works, dissatisfied with the product, and he abandoned composing altogether at the age of thirty-seven. He left behind only forty works in total and they have been some of the most rewarding and challenging works I have studied thus far.

Au pays où se fait la guerre

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé ;
Il semble à mon cœur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre !
En partant, au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche.
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu ?
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Les pigeons sur le toit roucoulent,
Roucoulent amoureusement ;
Avec un son triste et charmant
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent.
Je me sens tout près de pleurer ;
Mon cœur comme un lis plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus espérer.
Voici briller la lune blanche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la rampe :
Serait-ce lui, mon doux amant ?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
Mon petit page avec ma lampe.
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.
Voici que l'aurore se lève,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

To the country where war is waged
My beautiful love departed.
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone remain on earth.
When leaving, at our kiss goodbye,
He took my soul from my mouth...
Who is holding him back so long, O God?
There is the sun setting.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly
With a sad and charming sound;
The waters under the large willows flow...
I feel ready to cry;
My heart, like a full lily, overflows
And I no longer dare to hope.
Here gleams the white moon.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Someone is climbing the ramp rapidly.
Could it be him, my sweet love?
It isn't him, but only
My little page with my lamp.
Evening winds, veiled, tell him
That he is my thoughts and my dream,
All my joy and my longing.
Here is the dawn rising.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

L'invitation au voyage first appeared in a collection of 100 poems titled *Fleurs du Mal* (the Flowers of Evil) by Charles Baudelaire, a publication which caused sensation and uproar. After a trial on August 20, 1857, six poems were immediately removed on grounds of obscenity and Baudelaire was fined 300 francs for “offending public morals...religious morals, and good customs...” which the judges noted “necessarily lead to the excitement of the senses by a crude realism and public decency.” (quote from Pericles Lewis in *Cambridge Introduction to Modernism*.)

The poems were republished in 1861, and grouped into six parts. *L'invitation au Voyage* came from Part I "Spleen et idéal" which focuses explicitly on sexual and romantic love: and all the problems that can, and often do, result." (Indianapolisymphony.org)

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir, Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please, To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.
There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.
There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

Miroirs

II. Oiseaux tristes

"Ravel said that "[Oiseaux tristes] evokes birds lost in the oppressiveness of a very dark forest during the hottest hours of summer." It is free in its structure and improvisatory in nature. The piece has two main layers: the bird calls on a higher plane, and the heavy atmosphere of the dark forest below." (*Ruti Abramovitch*)

“I’d Rather Be Me” takes place in the second act of Mean Girls: The Musical. The song occurs after a “burn book” is distributed throughout the school and the girls must go to an assembly to learn how to express their differences.

So your best friend screwed you over.
Acted nice when she's not nice.
Well, I have some advice,
'Cause it's happened to me... twice
Here's my secret strategy.
It always works because
The world doesn't end:
It just feels like it does.

So raise your right finger
And solemnly swear,
"Whatever they say about me
I don't care!"

I won't twist in knots to join your game
I will say, "You make me mad."
And if you treat me bad
I'll say, "You're bad."

And if I eat alone from this moment on
That's just what I'll do,
'Cause I'd rather be me,
I'd rather be me,
I'd rather be me than be with you

We're supposed to all be ladies
And be nurturing and care...
Is that really fair?
Boys get to fight, we've to share.
Here's the way that that turns out:
We always understand
How to slap someone down
With our underhand.

So here's my right finger
To how girls should behave,
'Cause sometimes what's meant to break you
Makes you brave.
So I will not act all innocent.
I won't fake apologize.
Let's just fight and then make up—
Not tell these lies

Let's call our damage even.
Clean the slate till it's like new.
It's a new life for me,
For I'd rather be me,
I'd rather be me than be with you

I'll say, "NO!"
I'll say, "Knock it off, with your notes and your
rules and your games."
And those sycophants who follow you?
I'll remember all their names.

And when they drag you down
Like they inevitably do,
I will not laugh along with them
And approve their palace coup,
'Cause that's not me.

I don't need their good opinions.
I have plenty of opinions.
Everybody has opinions,
but it doesn't make 'em true.
What's true is being me,
And I'd rather be me,
I'd rather be me than be with you.

So raise them high,
'Cause playing nice and shy
Is insulting my IQ.

I'd rather be me.
I'd rather be me than be with you.

In “**On My Own**” from *Les Miserables*, Éponine walks the streets of Paris and reflects on her love for Marius, ultimately knowing that his life will go on without her and they will never be together. I chose to sing this piece because it has been a lifelong favorite of mine. I first heard it when I was twelve years old and it is a full-circle moment to have it on my Senior recital.

On my own,
Pretending he's beside me.
All alone I walk with him 'til morning,

Without him, I feel his arms around me,
And when I lose my way I close my eyes
And he has found me.

In the rain, the pavement shines like silver.
All the lights are misty in the river.
In the darkness the trees are full of starlight,
And all I see is him and me forever and
forever...

And I know it's only in my mind
That I'm talking to myself and not to him;
And although I know that he is blind
Still I say, there's a way for us.

I love him,
But when the night is over
He is gone, The river's just a river.

Without him,
The world around me changes:
The trees are bare and everywhere
The streets are full of strangers.

I love him,
But every day I'm learning
All my life
I've only been pretending.

Without me,
His world will go on turning;
A world that's full of happiness
That I have never known.

I love him
I love him
I love him
But only on my own.

When programming this recital, I knew I wanted to have a jazz set. Jazz has been one of my favorite parts of college and some of the most freeing and joy-bringing music making I've experienced.

As Long As I Live was written in 1934 by Harold Arlen. Arlen wrote over 500 songs, some as well known as “Somewhere Over the Rainbow”. He is known as one of the greatest contributors to the American songbook.

Maybe I can't live to love you
as long as I want to.
Life isn't long enough baby,
but I can love you as long as I live.

What if I can't live to love you
as long as I want to.
Long as I promise you, baby,
I'm gonna love you as long I live.

Maybe I can't give you diamonds
and things like I want to,
But I can promise you, baby,
I'm gonna want to as long as I live.

I never cared, but now I'm scared,
I won't live long enough.
That's why I wear my rubbers when it rains
and eat an apple every day then see
the doctor anyway.

I'll even wear long underwear,
when winter breezes blow.
I'm gonna take good care of me because,
a sneeze or two might mean the flu,
And that would never, never do.

What if I can't live to love you
as long as I want to.
Long as I promise you, baby,
I'm gonna love you as long I live.

On the Sunny Side of the Street was written in 1930 by Jimmy McHugh and Dorris Fields. Since then, it has become a jazz standard and has been recorded by Louis Armstrong, the Nat King Cole Trio, Dizzy Gillespie, James Booker, Count Basie, Lester Young and more.

Grab your coat and grab your hat.
Leave your worries on the doorstep.
Just direct your feet
To the sunny side of the street.

Can't you hear that pitter-pat?
That happy tune is your step.
Life can be so sweet
On the sunny side of the street.

I used to walk in the shade
With those blues on parade,
But I'm not afraid, baby.
My rover crossed over.

If I never have a cent,
I'll be rich as Rockefeller;
With gold dust at my feet
On the sunny side of the street.