



SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Presents

Senior Recital
Catherine Anderson, Soprano
Andrew Packard, Piano

Sunday, April 30th, 2023

7:00 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

“Liebeszauber” Clara Schumann
from *Sechs Lieber, Op. 13* (1819-1896)

“Mein Schöner Stern” Robert Schumann
from *Minnespiel, Op. 101* (1810-1856)

“Liebst du um Schönheit” Clara Schumann
From *Zwölf Gedichte aus “Liebesfrühling”, Op. 37* (1819-1896)

“Si Per Te Gran Nume Eterno” Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

“Oh, Vieni Al Mare” Gaetano Donizetti
from *Matinée musicale* (1797-1848)

-Intermission-

“Chacun le sait” Gaetano Donizetti
from *La Fille du Régiment* (1797-1848)

“Bergerettes, romances et chansons du XVIIIe siècle”

Jean-Baptiste Weckerlin

(1821-1910)

- I. Chanton les amours de Jean**
- II. Que ne suis-je la fougère**
- III. Menuet d’Exaudet**
- IV. Je connais un berger discret**

“Steal Me, Sweet Thief”

Gian Carlo Menotti

from *The Old Maid and the Thief*

(1911-2007)

“Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again”

Andrew Lloyd Webber

from *The Phantom of the Opera*

(b. 1948)

“The Beauty Is”

Adam Guettel

from *The Light in the Piazza*

(b. 1964)

The recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor’s Degree in Vocal Music.

Ms. Anderson is a student of Professor Alicia Gianni.
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

“Liebeszauber”

Clara Schumann

“Liebeszauber”, composed by Clara Schumann, is a piece within her larger work *Sechs Lieder, Op. 13* (1844). Schumann was known for her ability to compose attention-grabbing pieces that explored rich textures with soaring melodic lines. *Sechs Lieder, Op. 13*, is Schumann's second book of songs set to poetry that further established her success. Schumann's demanding accompaniments and incorporation of contrasting musical and poetic themes showcase her artistry. Specifically within this piece, the pianist's pulsating chords are featured, along with careful phrasing and attention to sonority.

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang;
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.

Love, as a nightingale,
Perched on a rosebush and sang;
The wondrous sound floated
Along the green forest.

Und wie er klang, - da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
Und leiser ging die Luft;

And as it sounded, there arose a scent
From a thousand calyxes,
And all the treetops rustled softly,
And the breeze moved softer still;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getön.

The brooks fell silent, barely
Having babbled from the heights,
The fawns stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sound.

Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
Sich goldig roter Schein.

Brighter, and ever brighter
The sun shone on the scene,
And poured its red glow
Over flowers, forest and glen.

Ich aber zog den Wald entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Widerhall.

But I made my way along the path
And also heard the sound.
Ah! all that I've sung since that hour
Was merely its echo.

Translation by Richard Stokes

“Mein Schöner Stern”

Robert Schumann

“Mein Schöner Stern”, composed by Robert Schumann, is a piece from *Minnespiel, Op. 101* (1849). Schumann was known for his virtuosity as a pianist and his reputation for being recognized as one of the greatest composers of the Romantic era. Interestingly, Robert Schumann did marry pianist and composer Clara Schumann in 1840. Robert Schumann's compositions often include strong rhythmic patterns and use of emotional motifs. Specifically within this piece, Schumann crafts the image of a sorrowful individual that calls upon their lover for help and healing.

Mein schöner Stern!
Ich bitte dich,
O lasse du
Dein heitres Licht

My lovely star!
I beg of you,
O do not let
Your serene radiance

Nicht trüben durch
Den Dampf in mir,
Vielmehr den Dampf
In mir zu Licht,

Mein schöner Stern,
Verklären hilf!
Mein schöner Stern!
Ich bitte dich,
Nicht senk' herab
Zur Erde dich,
Weil du mich noch
Hier unten siehst,
Heb' auf vielmehr
Zum Himmel mich,
Mein schöner Stern,
Wo du schon bist!

Be dimmed by
Dark clouds in me,
Rather help,
My lovely star,

To transfigure the dark
Into light!
My lovely star!
I beg of you
Not to descend
To earth,
Because you still
See me down here,
Rather lift me
Up to heaven,
My lovely star,
Where you already are!

Translation by Richard Stokes

“Liebst du um Schönheit”

Clara Schumann

“Liebst du um Schönheit”, composed by Clara Schumann, is a piece from *Zwölf Gedichte aus “Liebesfrühling”, Op. 37* (1841). Schumann was known for her ability to compose attention-grabbing pieces that explored rich textures with soaring melodic lines. Specifically within this piece, the text describes an individual’s feelings towards their love interest and their hope that the relationship is built upon meaningful qualities. Furthermore, the text serves as a way for the narrator to plead that a genuine love will be everlasting, whereas an artificial love will be fleeting. To heighten the beauty of this piece, Schumann incorporates both chromaticism and a fullness of sound.

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar!

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar!

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!

If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Who is young each year!

If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me always;
I shall love you forever!

Translation by Richard Stokes

“Si Per Te Gran Nume Eterno”

Vincenzo Bellini

“Si Per Te Gran Nume Eterno”, composed by Vincenzo Bellini, is an aria from the Classical period. Bellini was an Italian opera composer that was particularly skilled in composing beautiful and expressive melodic lines. Moreover, Bellini was an important influence in the bel canto style of singing. Specifically within this piece, the text is short but clearly describes an individual’s strong desire to love and praise. Because the text does not explicitly indicate who the individual being praised is, it is reasonable to assume that the piece is either religiously or personally based. Ornamentation, along with dotted rhythms and flowing melodic lines, emphasizes the stylistic qualities of the era.

Si per te gran nume eterno
Oggi tebe é si felice
A te solo é debitrice
Della propria libertá

Yes for you great name eternal
Today you are if happiness
To you alone we are indebted
Of our own freedom

“Oh, Vieni Al Mare”

Gaetano Donizetti

“Oh, Vieni Al Mare”, composed by Gaetano Donizetti, is a piece within the collection *Matinée musicale*, which was dedicated to Queen Victoria of England. Donizetti is unique in that he represents a transitional stage in operatic development, notably incorporating more emotional and comedic content into his works. Specifically within this piece, the text vividly paints the image of a lovely day with joyous sentiment. The text focuses on the beauty found within nature and how such beauty is reflective of special relationships. Lastly, an agile melody, ornamentation, and call-and-response qualities distinguish this piece.

Vieni, la barca è pronta,
Lieve un’auretta spira,
Tutto d’amor sospira,
Il mar, la terra, il ciel.
Vedi, l’argentea luna
Splende agli amanti, amica,
E sembra che ti dica:
“Corri alla tua fedel!”

Come, the boat is ready,
Lightly, a little breeze blows,
Everything sighs from love,
The sea, the earth, the sky.
See, the silvery moon
Shines on the lovers, friend,
And it seems like she says to you:
“Run to your faithful one!”

Deh! vien, garzon gentile,
Ch’io nel tuo sen m’infonda,
E rassomgli all’onda
Che bacia il Cielo e muor.
Deh! quanti flutti ha il mare
Io tanti baci avessi;
Vorrei lasciar con essi
Sulle tue labbra il cor.

Please! Come, gentle lad,
So that I may immerse myself in your bosom,
And resemble the wave
Which kisses Heaven and dies.
Please! As many as the tides of the sea
[Are the] kisses I would have;
I’d like to leave with them
On your lips, [my] heart.

Translation by Laura Prichard

“Chacun le sait”

Gaetano Donizetti

“Chacun le sait”, composed by Gaetano Donizetti, is an aria from the opera *La Fille du Régiment* (1839). This opera tells the story of a young woman named Marie that is an orphaned infant child found and adopted by Sergeant Suplice of the French Army’s Twenty-First

Regiment. At a relatively early point in the opera, Marie sings this aria to honor the regiment and to illustrate her affection for her love interest, Tonio. Moreover, she performs this piece to illustrate that the regiment is truly her family. Majestic dotted rhythms are featured to symbolize pride, confidence, and unity through the militaristic music of the regiment.

Chacun le sait, chacun le dit,
 Le régiment par excellence
 Le seul à qui l'on fass' crédit
 Dans tous les cabarets de France...
 Le régiment, en tous pays,
 L'effroi des amants des maris...
 Mais de la beauté bien suprême!
 Il est là, il est là, il est là, morbleu!
 Le voilà, le voilà, le voilà, corbleu!
 Il est là, il est là, le voilà,
 Le beau Vingt-et-unième!

Il a gagné tant de combats,
 Que notre empereur, on le pense,
 Fera chacun de ses soldats,
 A la paix, maréchal de France!
 Car, c'est connu le régiment
 Le plus vainqueur, le plus charmant,
 Qu'un sexe craint, et que l'autre aime.
 Il est là, il est là, il est là, morbleu!
 Le voilà, le voilà, le voilà, corbleu!
 Il est là, il est là, le voilà,
 Le beau Vingt-et-unième!

Everyone knows it, everyone says it,
 The regiment above all
 The only one to which everyone gives credit to
 In all the taverns of France...
 The regiment, in all countries,
 The terror of lovers of husbands...
 But definitely superior to those of beauty!
 It is there, it is there, it is there, the devil!
 Over there, over there, over there, by Jove!
 It is there, it is there, it is there,
 The handsome Twenty-first!

It has won so many battles,
 That our emperor, one thinks,
 Will make every one of our soldiers,
 Marshall of France in peace-time!
 For, it's known the regiment,
 The most victorious, the most charming,
 Is feared by one sex and loved by the other.
 It is there, it is there, it is there, the devil!
 Over there, over there, over there, by Jove!
 It is there, it is there, it is there,
 The handsome Twenty-first!

Translation by Robert Glaubitz

“Bergerettes, romances et chansons du XVIIIe siècle”

Jean-Baptiste Weckerlin

“Bergerettes, romances et chansons du XVIIIe siècle”, composed by Jean-Baptiste Weckerlin, is a collection of pastoral ditties published in 1860. Weckerlin is recognized most for his piano arrangements of traditional French songs, as well as his success in composing choral works. Although the collection features an impressive twenty pieces, this recital will specifically include four pieces that are suitable for one another. Within these pieces, themes such as love, maturity, commitment, joy, and nature are recurring.

“Chanton les amours de Jean”

Chantons, chantons les amours de Jeanne,
 Chantons, chantons les amours de Jean,
 Rien, n'est si charmant que Jeanne,
 Rien, plus aimable que Jean.
 Jean aime Jeanne,
 Jeanne aime Jean,
 Jean aime Jeanne,
 Jeanne aime joli Jean.

“Oh, let us sing of the love of Jean”

Oh, let us sing of the love of Jenny,
 Oh, let us sing of the love of John;
 No one is as fair as Jenny,
 No one so handsome as John.
 John loves his Jenny,
 Jenny loves John,
 John loves his Jenny,
 Jenny loves her John.

“Que ne suis-je la fougère”

Que ne suis-je la fougère,
Où sur la fin d'un beau jour,
Se repose ma bergère,
Sous la garde de l'amour?
Que ne suis-je le zéphyre,
Qui raffraîchit ses appas,
L'air que sa bouche respire,
La fleur qui naît sous ses pas?

“Menuet d'Exaudet”

Cet étang, Qui s'étend, Dans la plaine,
Rèpète, au sein de ses eaux,
Les verdoyants ormeaux
Où le pampre s'enchaîne;
Un ciel pur, Un azur, Sans nuages
Vivement s'y réfléchit. Le tableau s'enrichit,
D'images. Mais tandis que l'on admire
Cette onde où le ciel se mire,
Un zéphyr, Vient ternir, Sa sur face:
D'un souffle il confond les traits,
L'éclat de tant d'objets S'efface.

“Je connais un berger discret”

Je connais un berger discret,
Qui se plaint et soupire,
C'est vous qu'il a dore en secret,
Sans oser vous le dire.
Pour bien peindre ses sentiments,
Et ses vives alarmes,
Il faudrait au tant de talents
Que vous avez de charmes.

“Steal Me, Sweet Thief”

“Steal Me, Sweet Thief”, composed by Gian Carlo Menotti, is an aria from the opera *The Old Maid and the Thief* (1939). Menotti is known for his success in combining twentieth century dramatic situations with traditional aspects of Italian opera. *The Old Maid and the Thief* tells the tale of two women that both fall in love with the same man and their efforts to keep him interested. Both Laetitia and Miss Todd suspect that Bob, their guest, has escaped from prison. As such, they decide to tempt Bob by leaving money out in the hopes that he will either steal the money or eventually just end up leaving the house. After waiting for Bob to take the money and leave, Laetitia begins to complain about Bob taking the money yet not making the decision to leave. She then begins to contemplate her own life issues and admits her desire to be swept up into the fantasy of running away with him before it's too late.

“Would that I could be the lowly fern”

Would that I could be the lowly fern,
Where my love so pure and fair,
Seeking rest at close of day, would turn,
Guarded safe by Cupid's care.
Would I were the wind from the south,
By whose breeze her charms are fed,
Or the air breathed by her tender mouth,
Or the flow'r growing'neath her tread.

“Exaudet's Menuet”

Calm and cool, Lies a pool, In the meadow,
Mirrored on its breat are seen,
The branching elms of green,
And vines reflect their
Heaven's blue, Mirrored true, Pure and cloudless,
Softly sheds its light. Among the figures bright,
As if the scene to bless. Suddenly, all unsuspected,
To this loveliness reflected,
Comes a wind, Beauty blind, Gently blowing
O'er the surface skimming, and
The picture dimming Past all knowing.

“Well I know a shepherd true”

Well I know a shepherd true,
Love has filled him with despair,
Secretly he worships you,
Fain would speak, yet he does not dare.
If his thoughts I would clearly state,
Hopes and fears and suppressed alarms,
I should need a skill as great
As the beauty of your charms.

Gian Carlo Menotti

What a curse for a woman is a timid man!
A week has gone by
He's had plenty of chances
But he made no advances
Miss Todd schemes and labors to get him some money
She robs friends and neighbors, the club and the church
He takes all the money
With a smile that entrances
But still makes no advances
The old woman sighs and makes languid eyes
All the doors are wide open
All the drawers are unlocked!
He neither seems pleased or shocked
He eats and drinks and sleeps
He talks of baseball and boxing
But that is all!
What a curse for a woman is a timid man!

Steal me, oh steal me, sweet thief
For time's flight is stealing my youth
And the cares of life steal fleeting time
Steal me, thief, for life is brief and full of theft and strife
And then, with furtive step
Death comes and steals time and life
O sweet thief, I pray make me glow
Before dark death steals her prey
Steal my lips, before they crumble to dust
Steal my heart, before death must
Steal my cheeks, before they're sunk and decayed
Steal my breath, before it will fade
Steal my lips, steal my heart, steal my cheeks
Steal, oh steal my breath
And make me die before death will steal her prey
Oh steal me!
For time's flight is stealing my youth

“Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again”

Andrew Lloyd Webber

“Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again”, composed by Andrew Lloyd Webber, is a musical theatre piece from *The Phantom of the Opera* (1986). Andrew Lloyd Webber is an English composer that has had incredible success in composing scores for some of the world’s most famous musicals, such as *Cats*, *The Phantom of the Opera*, *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, and *School of Rock*. Within *The Phantom of the Opera*, this piece is sung by Christine Daaé, a young and beautiful ballerina that begins to enter the spotlight as an opera singer and muse of the phantom. As Christine’s relationship with the phantom begins to change, she becomes fearful and uncertain of her reality. This song serves as a lament for her father that passed away and a plea for guidance amongst the chaos that consumed her life.

You were once my one companion
You were all that mattered
You were once a friend and father
Then my world was shattered

Wishing you were somehow here again
Wishing you were somehow near
Sometimes it seemed, if I just dreamed
Somehow you would be here
Wishing I could hear your voice again
Knowing that I never would
Dreaming of you won't help me to do
All that you dreamed I could

Passing bells and sculpted angels
Cold and monumental
Seem, for you, the wrong companions
You were warm and gentle
Too many years
Fighting back tears
Why can't the past
Just die?

Wishing you were somehow here again
Knowing we must say goodbye
Try to forgive, teach me to live
Give me the strength to try
No more memories, no more silent tears
No more gazing across the wasted years
Help me say goodbye

“The Beauty Is”

Adam Guettel

“The Beauty Is”, composed by Adam Guettel, is a musical theatre piece from *The Light in the Piazza* (2003). Guettel is a gifted composer-lyricist of both musical theatre and opera. Specifically, *The Light in The Piazza* is the musical for which Guettel won the Tony Award for Best Original Score and the Tony Award for Best Orchestrations. In this musical, an American woman named Margaret Johnson and her daughter, Clara, travel to Italy on a summer vacation. While traveling in Florence, Clara realizes that she is falling in love with Fabrizio, a handsome Italian man that she just met. Although Margaret attempts to distract her daughter by taking her to the Uffizi Gallery, Clara begins to yearn for a more exciting life.

These are very popular, in Italy.
It's the land of naked marble boys.
Something we don't see a lot in Winston-Salem,
That's the land of corduroys.
I'm just a someone in an old museum.
Far away from home as someone can go.
And the beauty is I still meet people I know.
Hello.

This is wanting something, this is reaching for it,
This is wishing that a moment would arrive.
This is taking chances, this is almost touching, what the beauty is.
I don't understand a word they're saying,
I'm as different here as different can be.
But the beauty is I still meet people like me.

Everyone's a mother here, in Italy.
Everyone's a father, or a son.
I think if I had a child, I would take such care of her.
Then I wouldn't feel like one.
I've hardly met a single soul, but I am not alone.
I feel grown.

This is wanting something, this praying for it,
This is holding breath and keeping fingers crossed.
This is counting blessings, this is wondering when I'll see that boy again.
I've got a feeling he's just a someone, too.
And the beauty is, when you realize, when you realize,
Someone could be looking for a someone like you.