



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

SENIOR RECITAL

JENNIFER ANN MAYER '15, MEZZO-SOPRANO
DENES VAN PARYS, PIANO

SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 2015
SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL
5 P.M.

"Esurientes implevit bonis" Johann Sebastian Bach
from *Magnificat* (1685–1750)

"Lobe, Zion, deinen Gott"
from *Cantata No. 190*

From *Zwei Gesänge*, Opus 91 Johannes Brahms
Geistliches Wiegenlied (1833–1897)

with Forrest D. Walker, viola

Nuit d'étoiles Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Le Spectre de la Rose Hector Berlioz
from *Les Nuits d'Été* (1803–1869)

"Faites-lui mes aveux" Charles Gounod
from *Faust* (1818–1893)

INTERMISSION

From *Sea Pictures*, Opus 37 Edward Elgar
Where Corals Lie (1857–1934)
Sabbath Morning at Sea

"Lullaby" Gian Carlo Menotti
from *The Consul* (1911–2007)

"Il segreto per esser felici" Gaetano Donizetti
from *Lucrezia Borgia* (1797–1848)

A reception will follow the recital in School of Music, Room 106.

VOCALIST

JENNIFER ANN MAYER '15, mezzo-soprano, is double-majoring in music and communication studies. She studies voice with Kathryn Lehmann. Jennifer is a member of the Adelphian Concert Choir (serving as vice president), Voci d'Amici, and Puget Sound's female a cappella group, What She Said, of which she is president. Jennifer has held the roles of The Third Lady in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, and The Old Woman in Bernstein's *Candide* in University of Puget Sound's Opera Scenes production (2014), and Ragonde in *Le Comte Ory*, the university's most recent opera production. During her sophomore, junior, and senior years, she competed in the NATS competitions, taking first place twice, and second place once. In the spring of her junior year, Jennifer was awarded the Bruce Rodgers Adelphian Scholarship for choral leadership. After graduation Jennifer hopes to pursue her graduate degree in vocal performance.

GUEST PERFORMER

FORREST D. WALKER '16, student of Joyce Ramée, is majoring in viola performance.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thank you to my incredible family for believing in me and encouraging me to continue with music. Thank you to my friends for supporting me through this terrifying and rewarding thing we call "college," and for filling my life with laughter, love, and purpose. Thank you to my incredible teachers: Joyce Larson, George Guenther, Sandra Glover, Nancy Warren, Denes Van Parys, Steven Zopfi, Dawn Padula, and Kathryn Lehmann—I don't know where I'd be without your knowledge and endless encouragement. A special thank you to Kalli Ingrid Priidik—you always knew how to lift me up when I doubted myself or my singing. There are not enough words in this world to express my gratitude towards you, your endless support, and your happy heart. Rest in peace my dear friend.

PROGRAM NOTES

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750) was born in Eisenach, Germany, into a family of musicians and was surrounded by music from a very young age. It is assumed that his father taught him to play many instruments. As a teenager Bach studied music at the prestigious St. Michael's School in Lüneburg. During adulthood Bach held many positions as music director and organists at various institutions and became well known across Europe as a highly respected organist. Although he is now known as one of the greatest composers of the Baroque period, and western music as a whole, Bach was much lesser known in his lifetime. It was not until the mid-19th century that his music became widely performed.

"Esurientes implevit bonis" is the alto aria in Bach's *Magnificat*. The song, from the perspective of the Virgin Mary, voices the praises of the Christian Lord for all his selflessness.

“Esurientes implevit bonis”

from *Magnificat*

Esurientes implevit bonis,
et divites dimisit inanes.

He hath filled the hungry with good things,
and the rich he hath sent away empty.

The text of “Lobe, Zion, deinen Gott” comes from the Biblical passage Psalm 147:12, which encourages one to praise the Lord, for with this praise will come good things.

“Lobe, Zion, deinen Gott”

from *Cantata No. 190*

Lobe, Zion, deinen Gott,
Lobe deinen Gott mit Freuden,
Auf! erzähle dessen Ruhm,
Der in seinem Heiligtum
fernerhin dich als dein Hirt
Will auf grüner Auen weiden.

Praise, Zion, your God,
Praise your God with joy,
Arise! Proclaim His fame.
Who in His sanctuary
from now on as your Shepherd
will pasture you in green meadows.

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897) was born in Hamburg, Germany, where his father played with the Hamburg Philharmonic Society. He began working as a musician in the city during his teenage years. In his early 20s, Brahms met Robert Schumann, who publicly praised his work, helping him become better known in the music world. Brahms quickly became one of the leading composers and musicians of the Romantic era.

Somewhat late in his Career, Brahms composed *Zwei Gesänge for Alto, Viola, and Piano*, Opus 91. The second movement of Opus 91 is **Geistliches Wiegenlied**. In this song a mother pleads with nature and the angels to relieve her child’s suffering, and to let the child sleep in peace.

Geistliches Wiegenlied

from *Two Songs for Alto, Viola, and Piano*, Opus 91

Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil’gen Engel, stilltet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Spiritual Lullaby

You who fly above these palm trees
In the night and the wind,
You holy angels, silence the treetops!
My child is asleep.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
Im Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also, schweiget,
Neiget euch leis und lind;
Stilltet die Wipfel! Es schlummert mein Kind.

You palms of Bethlehem
in the raging wind,
How can you rustle so angrily today!
Do not sought thus, be silent,
Sway softly and gently;
Silence the treetops! My child is asleep.

Der Himmelsknabe duldet Beschwerde;
Ach, wie so müd er ward vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf, ihm, leise gesänftigt,
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stilltet die Wipfel, es schlummert mein Kind.

The child of heaven suffers pain;
He was so weary of Earth’s sorrows.
Now gently soothed in sleep,
The agony leaves him.
Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.

Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder, Womit nur deck ich des Kindleins Glieder! O all ihr Engel, die ihr geflügelt Wandelt im Wind, Stillet die Wipfel, es schlummert mein Kind.	Bitter cold descends, With what can I cover my child's limbs! All you angels, who, on wings Hover in the air, Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.
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Claude Debussy (1862–1918) was a French composer who spent most of his life in Paris. At age 7 Debussy began taking piano lessons and his talent was immediately evident. Just three years later, Debussy began studying music at the Paris Conservatoire. It is said that Debussy, even in his younger years, was somewhat of a rebellious musician, with a special affinity for experimental and modern music. Debussy is now known as one of the most influential composers of his time and a pioneer of the Impressionist movement.

In **Nuit d'étoiles**, the singer reminisces of a love that has since passed. She walks alone through the forest, and everything—the breeze, the smells, the roses, and stars—reminds her of her lover. Debussy paints this scene with his music; the breeze with gliding vocal lines, and the starry night sky with an ethereal accompaniment by the piano.

Nuit d'étoiles

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.

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

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

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

Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cettes rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

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

Hector Berlioz (1803–1869) is a French composer of the Romantic period. He is best known for his larger, symphonic works. Throughout his childhood, Berlioz was not often exposed to the world of classical music. In fact his father discouraged him from taking lessons, and Berlioz never learned to play the piano. After high school, Berlioz went to medical school in Paris, but found himself often visiting the Paris Conservatoire library to indulge in his curiosity of classical composition. Three years later, he abandoned his medical studies (much to his father's chagrin) and officially began attending the conservatoire. Berlioz was a struggling composer for a few years, but eventually found fame in 1830, with his *Symphonie fantastique*.

Le Spectre de la Rose is told from the perspective of a rose that once lay on the breast of a woman attending a ball. The rose describes the beautiful evening and notes that although it is to wither and die, his "lot is envied;" to lie upon her chest is

worth his life. This poetry is symbolic of the old adage—"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

Le Spectre de la Rose

Soulève ta paupière close,
qu'effleure un songe virginal;
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
que tu portais hier au bal.

Tu me pris encore emperlée
des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et, parmi la fête étoilée,
tu me promenais tout le soir.

Ô toi qui de ma mort fus cause:
sans que tu puisses le chaser.
Toute la nuit mon spectre rose
à ton chevet viendra danser.

Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
ni messe ni De Profundis;
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie,
pour avoir un trépas si beau,
plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,
car j'ai ta gorge pour tombeau.

Et sur l'albâtre où je repos
un poète avec un baiser
écrivit: Ci-gît une rose has written:
que tous les rois vont jalouser.

The Phantom of the Rose

Open your closed eyelids,
brushed by a virginal dream.
I am the phantom of a rose
that you wore last night to the ball.

You took me still pearly
with the silver tears of the watering can
And about the starry fest,
you carried me all evening.

You, the cause of my death:
powerless to chase it away.
Each night my rose-colored phantom
will dance at your bedside.

But I fear nothing: I require
neither Mass nor De Profundis;
This fragile perfume is my soul,
and I come from paradise.

My lot was to be envied,
and to have so lovely a fate,
more than one would have given his life,
for your breast is my tomb.

And on the alabaster where I rest,
a poet, with a kiss
"Here lies a rose,
to make all the kings jealous."

Charles Gounod (1818–1893) was born in Paris, to a pianist mother and an artist father. At a very young age, his mother began teaching him to play piano and his natural skill in music was immediately apparent. During his young adulthood, he studied music at the Paris Conservatoire, as well as in Italy, where he was heavily exposed to many sacred works. Throughout his life, he wrote many symphonies, operas, and sacred music. However, Gounod is best known for his opera *Faust*, and a few smaller works. His other compositions and operas have mostly fallen out of current repertoire.

From *Faust*, Gounod's most famous opera, "**Faites-lui mes aveux**" is sung by Siébel, a young and lovesick boy. Siébel anxiously paces outside of Marguerite's home, pondering upon how to express his love to her. He hopes to deliver to her a bouquet of roses. Faust, full of jealousy and possessed by evil, withers the flowers. However, Siébel revives them with a touch of Holy Water, and successfully leaves the alive, beautiful bouquet on Marguerite's doorstep. The aria symbolizes the triumph of good over evil, a common theme throughout the opera itself.

Faites-lui mes aveux
from *Faust*

Faites-lui mes aveux, portez me voeux!
Fleurs écloses près d'elle,
Dites-lui qu'elle est belle,

Que mon coeur, nuit et jour,
Languit d'amour!

Faites-lui mes aveux, portez me voeux!
Révélez à son âme
Le secret de ma flamme,
Qu'il s'exhale avec vous
Parfums plus doux!

Fanée! hélas!
Ce sorcier que Dieu damne
m'a porté malheur!

Je ne puis, sans qu'elle fane,
toucher une fleur.

Si je trempais mes doigts
dans l'eau bénite!

C'est là que chaque soir
Vient prier Marguerite!
Voyons maintenant! Voyons vite!
Elles se fanent? Non!
je ris de toi!

C'est en vous que j'ai foi,
Parlez pour moi!

Qu'elle puisse connaître
l'émoi qu'elle a fait naître,
et dont mon coeur trouble
n'a point parlé!

C'est en vous que j'ai foi,
Parlez pour moi!
Si l'amour l'effarouche
que la fleur sur sa bouche
sache au moins déposer
un doux baiser!
Un baiser, un doux baiser!

Carry my confession

Carry my confession; carry my wishes!
Blooming flowers near her,
Tell her that she is beautiful,

That my heart, night and day,
Languishes with love!

Carry my confession; carry my wishes!
Reveal to her soul
The secret of my flame,
So it exhales with you
Sweet perfumes!

Wilted! Alas!
The sorcerer whom God damns
has brought me bad luck!

I can't, without it withering,
touch the flower.

But, say I dip my fingers
into holy water!

It's there that each evening
Marguerite comes to pray!
Let's see now! Let's see quickly!
Do they wilt? No!
Satan, I laugh at you!

It is in you that I have faith,
Speak for me!

May she know
the emotions that she caused,
and of which my troubled heart
has scarcely spoken!

It is in you that I have faith,
Speak for me!
If love alarms her
may the flower on her mouth
try at least to deposit
a sweet kiss!
A kiss, a sweet kiss!

Edward Elgar (1857–1934) was born in a small village outside of Worcester, England. He was the son of a piano tuner and unemployed mother. However, it was his mother who continually encouraged his musical development. As a performer Elgar thrived

in the local music industry. Compositionally though, he was not well-known until the 1890s. In 1901 Richard Strauss praised Elgar as “the first English progressive musician,” after witnessing the second performance of Elgar’s *Sea Pictures*. In his later years, Elgar focused heavily on the composition of symphonic works, for which he is now best known.

Sea Pictures, Opus 37 (1899) is considered to be one of Elgar’s greatest religious works, in which **Where Corals Lie** and **Sabbath Morning at Sea** are both featured. *Where Corals Lie* tells the story of a journey, guided by music, to “the land where corals lie,” which symbolizes Heaven and the afterlife.

Where Corals Lie

The deeps have music soft and low
When winds awake the airy spry,
It lures me, lures me on to go
And see the land where corals lie.

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,
When night is deep, and moon is high,
That music seeks and finds me still,
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,
But far the rapid fancies fly
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,
And all the land where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
Thy smile is like a morning sky,
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie.

Sabbath Morning at Sea describes an individual’s enduring faith. Throughout the piece, she is surrounded by darkness, death, and sorrow but finds solace and inspiration in her faith and her God.

Sabbath Morning at Sea

The ship went on with solemn face;
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward.
I bowed down weary in the place;
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weighed mine eyelids downward.

The new sight, the new wondrous sight!
The waters around me, turbulent,
The skies, impassive o'er me,
Calm in a moonless, sunless light,
As glorified by even the intent
Of holding the day glory!

Love me, sweet friends, this Sabbath day.
The sea sings round me while ye roll
Afar the hymn, unaltered,
And kneel, where once I knelt to pray,
And bless me deeper in your soul
Because your voice has faltered.

And though this Sabbath comes to me
Without the stollèd minister,
And chanting congregation,
God's Spirit shall give comfort. He
Who brooded soft on waters drear,
Creator on creation.

He shall assist me to look higher,
Where keep the saints, with harp and song,
An endless Sabbath morning,
And, on that sea commixed with fire,
Oft drop their eyelids raised too long
To the full Godhead's burning.

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911–2007) was an Italian-American composer and librettist. He was born in Cadegliano-Viconago, Italy, where he spent his early childhood. At just 11 years old, Menotti had written his first partial opera. He then began his musical studies at the Milan Conservatory. Five years later, he began studying at Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music. Throughout his life, he composed both operatic and choral works, as well as several ballets. *The Consul*, which won the Pulitzer Prize after its debut, was his first full-length opera.

The Consul takes place in an unidentified European country, which is corrupt with totalitarianism. The story follows a family trying to flee the country, but facing horrific obstacles. In Act II the family's young child falls ill, and the child's grandmother (character titled The Mother) sings him the haunting "**Lullaby**," hoping to bring him peace. The aria foreshadows the death of both the child and The Mother.

"Lullaby" from *The Consul*

I shall find for you, shells and stars.
I shall swim for you, river and see.
Sleep my love, sleep for me.
My sleep is old.

I shall feed for you, lamb and dove.
I shall buy for you, sugar and bread.
Sleep my love, sleep for me.
My sleep is dead.

Rain will fall but baby won't know,
He laughs alone in orchards of gold.
Tears will fall, but baby won't know.
His laughter is blind.

Sleep my love, for sleep is kind.
Sleep is kind, when sleep is young.
Sleep for me, sleep for me.

I shall build for you, planes and boats.
I shall catch for you, cricket and bee.
Let the old ones watch your sleep.
Only death will watch the old.

Sleep, sleep...

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848) was an Italian composer, best known for his operas, of which he wrote 75. Unlike many composers of his time, Donizetti was not born into a family of musicians. However, he began music lessons with a local composer and priest (Giovanni Simone Mayr), who encouraged him to pursue an education and eventual career in music. In the following years, Donizetti composed a plethora of operas, including *Maria Padilla*, which was commissioned by Bartolomeo Merelli, who, at the time, was the director for La Scala. Along with being an opera composer, Donizetti also is known as one of the leading composers of the bel canto singing style.

In Act 2 of *Lucrezia Borgia*, Orsini and his best friend, Gennaro attend a party that they have been advised not to attend. In **“Il segreto per esser felici,”** Orsini exclaims that he knows the secret to happiness in life—that is, to drink, joke, and be merry. Throughout the party, he encourages his friends to continue their drinking and disregard the worries of tomorrow—noting that it will keep them young. Little does he know, Lucrezia (Gennaro’s mother) has poisoned their wine and the party’s attendees, Orsini included, are soon to die.

**“Il segreto per esser felici”
from *Lucrezia Borgia***

Il segreto per esser felici
so per prova e l’insegno agli amici.
Sia sereno, sia nubilo il cielo.
ogni tempo, sia caldo, sia gelo,
scherzo e bevo, e deride gl’insani
che si dan del futuro pensier.

Non curiamo l’incerto domani,
se que ste oggi n’e dato goder.

Profittiamo degl’anni fiorenti,
il piacer li fa correr piu lenti.
Se vecchiezza con livida faccia,
stammi a tergoe mia vita minaccia...
scherzo e bevo, e deride gl’insani,
che si dan del futuro pensier.

Non curiamo l’incerto domani,
se que ste oggi n’e dato goder.

“The secret to being happy”

The secret to being happy
I know it, and I’ll try to teach my friends.
Be peaceful, be like the sky.
At all times, be hot both and cold,
joke and drink! Deride the insanity
of the thoughts of the future.

Do not worry of the uncertain tomorrow,
if today brings you solace.

We will flourish in our older years,
And this pleasure will slow them.
If old age bruises my face,
strains my back, and threatens my life..
[I will] drink and deride the insanity,
of the thoughts of the future.

Do not worry of the uncertain tomorrow,
if today brings you solace.

UPCOMING ARTS AND LECTURES

Information: 253.879.3555 | pugetsound.edu/calendar

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Through Friday, May 15 Collins Memorial Library Exhibit: Celebrating Puget Sound Theater. Free

Sun., Mar. 8, 7:30 p.m. Student Recital: Elaine Kelly '15, viola, SCH, Free

Thursday, March 12, 7:30 p.m. Performance: Jazz Orchestra, Tracy Knoop, director, with PLU Jazz Ensemble, David Deacon-Joyner, director, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Friday, March 13, 12:05 p.m. Performance: Organ at Noon, Joseph Adam, organist, Kilworth Memorial Chapel. Free

Thursday, March 26, 6:30 p.m. Guest Lecture I: "The Portage: Time, Memory, and Storytelling in the Making of an American Place," by William Cronon, Frederick Jackson Turner Professor of History, Geography, and Environmental Studies, University of Wisconsin, two-part lecture series sponsored by Brown and Haley Series, second lecture in series on Friday, March 27, 3 p.m., Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Friday, March 27, 3 p.m. Guest Lecture II: "Saving Nature in Time: The Environmental Past and the Human Future," by William Cronon, Frederick Jackson Turner Professor of History, Geography, and Environmental Studies, University of Wisconsin, two-part lecture series sponsored by Brown and Haley Series, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Friday, March 27–Sunday, March 29 Conference: "The Once and Future Antiquity: Classical Traditions in Science Fiction and Fantasy," Brett Rogers, coordinator

Saturday, March 28, 2 p.m. Performance: Adelphian Concert Choir, Bruce Browne, conductor, Kilworth Memorial Chapel. Free

Tuesday, March 31, 8 p.m. Guest Lecture: "Create Dangerously," by Edwidge Danticat, best-selling author and social activist, sponsored by Susan Resneck Pierce Lectures in Public Affairs and the Arts, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Tickets: \$20 general; free for PS faculty/staff/student with ID, available at Wheelock Student Center, 253.879.3100, and online at tickets.pugetsound.edu, and at the door.

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