

2019

Concert recording 2019-04-23a

Dennese Adkins

Ann Rye

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Graduate Voice Recital
Dennese Adkins, soprano
Dr. Ann Rye, piano

April 27, 2019 | 7:30pm

Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

Program

"Let the bright seraphim" from *Samson*, HWV 57 George Frederic Handel
(1685-1759)

Micah Walsh-Levi, *trumpet*
Sebastian Moorman, *violin*
Evan Buckner, *violin*
Charles Hartman, *cello*

From *Les nuits d'été*, H 81 Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)
1. Villanelle
2. Le spectre de la rose

Auf dem Strom, D 943 Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Rebecca Smith, *horn*
Florencia Zuloaga, *piano*

From *Brentano Lieder*, Op. 68 Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)
1. An die Nacht
2. Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden
3. Säus'le, liebe Myrte!

Intermission

Selections from *Genius Child* Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)
Winter Moon
To Be Somebody
Joy

Cowboy Songs Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)
1. Bucking Bronco
2. Lift me into Heaven Slowly
3. Billy the Kid

Non curo l'affetto, KV 74b Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Dennese is a student of Dr. Moon-Sook Park.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Master of Music in Vocal Performance degree program.



Oh, wie selig kann der fliegen,
Dem der Traum den Flügel schwingt,
Dass an blauer Himmelsdecke
Sterne er wie Blumen pflückt:
Schlaf, träume, flieg', ich wecke
Bald dich auf und bin beglückt!
Säusle, liebe Myrtel Ich bin beglückt!

Oh, how blissfully can he fly,
For whom in dreaming the wings swing,
So that on the roof of heaven
He may pick the flowers like stars:
Sleep, dream, fly, I will awaken
You soon and be blest!
Rustle, dear myrtle! I am blest!

Genius Child, Ricky Ian Gordon

Gordon was commissioned by soprano Harolyn Blackwell in 1992 to write this cycle of ten songs using poetry by Langston Hughes. It was premiered at the Bermuda Festival in 1993. Gordon portrays the cycle from the perspective of someone in a city whom is people watching. "Winter Moon" sets the scene for the following songs that describe the people passing by, such as "To Be Somebody". The last three songs take on a less specific and more philosophical air with "Joy" ending the cycle on an upbeat and positive note.

Cowboy Songs, Libby Larsen

An American composer born in Delaware, Larsen is praised for her contemporary yet generally accessible style with clear textures and organic vocal lines. She is a co-founder of the American Composers Forum, a Grammy Award Winner, and a highly sought composer for commissions by well-known performers and ensembles. *Cowboy Songs* is a set written for soprano and fellow composer Jeannie Brindley-Barnett. The text of the first two of the pieces are by poets Belle Star and Robert Creeley. The third, "Billy the Kid" is from an anonymous poet but is cited in John A. Lomax's 1918 collection *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*. Larsen selected this text in part because of her interest in giving form to music based on the syntax of American English.



Non curo l'affetto, KV 74b, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

In Mozart's lifetime, arias in opera productions were often swapped out depending on who was singing the role in order to show off their abilities. Mozart wrote a few arias to be stitched into the operas of other composers as well as concert arias that are taken from operatic libretto but stand alone in a performance. "Non curo l'affetto" was written in 1771 with text from librettist Metastasio's *Demofonte*, a work about the king of Thrace that has been set by composers such as Caldara, Vivaldi, and Gluck. The aria is sung by the character Creusa, princess of Phrygia, who is betrothed to the elder son of Demofonte but romantically involved with the younger son.

Non curo l'affetto
D'un timido amante,
Che serba nel petto
Si poco valor.

I care not for the affection
Of a timid lover,
Who harbors in their breast
So little courage.

Che trema, e deve
Far uso del brando,
Che audace è sol quando
Si parla d'amor.

Who trembles when he should
Make use of his sword,
And is only bold
When love is spoken of.

*All translations by Bard Suverkrop- IPA Source, LLC



"Let the Bright Seraphim" Samson, HWV 57, George Frederic Handel

Samson was premiered at Covent Garden Theatre in London during Lent in 1743. Handel wrote this oratorio shortly after finishing *Messiah*. In three acts it tell the tale of the biblical figure Samson who was betrayed by his wife and bound by the Philistines. He uses his divine strength to bring down the building on them and on himself. In the recitative just before "Let the Bright Seraphim," Micah tells the Israelites not to mourn for Samson's death but to praise God who assisted him in conquering his enemies. The aria is sung by an Israelite woman who tells the angels in heaven to praise God through music at the very end of the oratorio just before the final chorus.

Les nuits d'été, H 81, Hector Berlioz

Les nuits d'été, written in 1841, is a set of six poems from *La Comédie de la Mort* by Théophile Gautier and is recognized as the first song cycle in the genre of French *mélodie*. Unlike the German song cycles before it this one does not have an overarching narrative, but the songs are tied together through the same poet and themes of love lost. The middle four songs are more melancholy and are sandwiched between two more upbeat and hopeful songs. Though they were originally written for either mezzo soprano or tenor voice and piano, they were later rearranged and often performed with orchestral accompaniment and Berlioz even arranged his own transpositions for different voice types.

"Villanelle"

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles siffler.

When the new season comes,
When the cold has vanished,
The two of us will go, my beauty,
To gather the lilies of the valley in the woods;
Beneath our feet scattering the perles of dew
That we see in the morning trembling,
We will go to hear the blackbirds singing.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle,
C'est le moins des amants béni,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce; Toujours!

The spring has come, my beauty,
It is the month blessed by lovers,
And the bird, preening its wing
Sings his verses on the edge of his nest.
Oh! Come to this mossy bank,
To speak of our beautiful love,
And talk to me with your voice so sweet: forever!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin cache,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons, rapportant de fraises des bois.

Far, very far, straying from our course
We make the hidden rabbit flee,
And the deer, mirrored in the spring,
Admires his great antlers lowered;
Then to our home we will return, happy and content,
Like baskets interwoven are our fingers,
Let us return, bringing strawberries from the woods.



"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 promenas tout le soir,

Ô toi qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chaser,
Toutes les 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,
Et pour avoir un sort si beau
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie;
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,

Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser écrivit:
"Cigît une rose,
Que tous les rois vont jalousser."

Open your eyelids
That brushed a virginal dream!
I am the specter of a rose
That you wore yesterday to the ball.

You took me still pearled
From the silver tears of the watering can
And, at the sparkling party,
You wore me all evening.

Oh you who were the cause of my death,
You will be unable to keep away
The specter rose which every night
Will come to your bedside to dance.

But I fear nothing, I do not demand
Neither a Mass nor a *de Profundis*.
This faint perfume is my soul,
And I come from paradise.

My destiny was worthy of envy,
And for such a beautiful fate
More than one would have given his life;
For on your breast I have my tomb,

And on the alabaster where I lie
A poet with a kiss has written:
"Here lies a rose,
Which every king will envy."

Auf dem Strom, D 943, Franz Schubert

"Auf dem Strom" for voice, piano, and horn was written in 1828, the year of Schubert's death. It demonstrates key markers in Schubert's style such as alternating between major and minor to express sharp changes in mood and a continuous rolling accompaniment that not only harmonically supports the melody but takes part in expressing meaning along with the voice and horn. The poem is by Ludwig Rellstab and tells the story of a man who is unsettled by the dark foreshadowing of the turbulent waters, and wishes to return to shore with his love.



Nimm die letzten Abschiedsküsse,
Und die wehenden, die Grüße,
Die ich noch ans Ufer sende,
Eh' dein Fuß sich scheidend wendel
Schon word von des Stromes Wogen
Rasch der Nachen fortgezogen,
Dich den tränendunklen Blick
Zieht die Sehnsucht stets zurück!

Und so trägt mich den die Welle
Fort mit unerflehter Schnelle.
Ach, schon ist die Flur verschwunden
Wo ich selig Sie gefunden!
Ewig hin, ihr Wonnetage!
Hoffnungsleer verhallt die Klage
Um das schönre Haimatland,
Wo ich ihre Liebe fand.

Sieh', wie flieht der Strand vorüber,
Und wie drängt es mich hinüber,
Zieht mit unnennbaren Banden,
An der Hütte dort zu landen,
In der Laube dort su weilen;
Doch des Stromen Wellen eilen
Weiter ohne Rast und Ruh
Führen mich dem Weltmeer zu.

Ach, vor jener dinklen Wüste,
Fern vin jeder heitern Küste,
Wo kein Eiland zu erschauen,
O, wie faßt mich zitternd Grauen!
Wehmutstränen sanft zu bringen
Kann kain Lied vom Ufer dringen;
Nur der Sturm weht kalt daher
Durch das grau gehobne Meer!

Kann des Auges sehndend Schweifen
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen,
Nun so schau' ich zu den Sternen
Auf in jenen heil'gen Fernen!
Ach! Bei ihrem milden Scheine
Nannt' ich sie zuerst die Meine;
Dort vielleicht o tröstend Glück,
Dort begeg'n ich ihren Blick.

Receive the last parting kiss,
And the blown kisses, the greetings,
That I continue to send to the shore,
Before you turn in parting!
Already by the current's waves
The sloop is quickly carried off,
But my longing always brings
My tear-dimmed gaze back to the shore!

And so I bear the waves
Forth with unrelenting speed.
Ah, already has the meadow disappeared,
Where I in bliss met her!
Forever gone, you days of joy!
The lament echoes devoid of hope
For the beautiful homeland,
Where I found her love.

Look, how the shore flies past
And how it draws me to it
Drawn by inexpressible bonds
And to the land there by the cabin,
And to linger there under the arbor;
But the current's waves rush
Onward without rest or peace
Leading me out into the ocean.

Ah there in this darkening wasteland,
Far from every cheerful coast,
Where no island is to be seen,
Oh, how I am seized by trembling dread!
No longer do the songs from the shore
Penetrate and gently bring sad tears to my eyes;
Only the storm blows coldly from there,
Over the grey uplifted sea!

Since my eye's longing gaze
Can no longer catch a glimpse of the shore,
I raise my eyes to the stars
Upward into that holy distance!
Ah! By their gentle light
I called to her who was once mine;
There perhaps, oh comforting chance,
There will I meet her glance.



Sechs Lieder nach Gedichten von Clemens Brentano, Op. 68, Richard Strauss

The selected poems of Strauss's 1918 Brentano Lieder all revolve around themes of love and relationships, with a hint of Brentano's flair of folk tale. This is yet another set of songs originally written for voice and piano but more often performed and recorded with orchestra. Although the larger orchestral arrangement calls for a bigger voice, the set was dedicated by Strauss to Elisabeth Schumann who was a lighter soprano.

"An die Nacht"

Heilige Nacht!
Sternengeschlossener Himmelsfrieden!
Alles, was das Licht geschieden,
Ist verbunden
Alle Wunden
Blten süß im Abendrot.

Bjelbogs Speer
Sinkt in's Herz der trunk'nen Erde,
Die mit seliger Gebärde
Eine Rose
In dem Schoße
Dunkler Lüfte niedertaucht.

Heilige Nacht! Züchtige Braut!
Deine süße Schmach verhülle,
Wenn des Hochzeitsbechers Fülle
Sich ergießet;
Also fließet
In die brünstige Nacht der Tag!

"Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden"

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,
Da kann die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein wawr zu finden,
Sonst hätt' ich Dir's gebracht.

Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Tränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun in Garten seh',

"To the night"

Holy night!
Star-filled heavenly peace!
All that the light has divided
Is connected,
All wounds
Bleed sweetly in the evening's red.

Byelobog's spear
Sinks into the heart of the intoxicated Earth,
That, with a blissful gesture,
A rose
Into the womb
Of the dark airs plunges.

Holy night! Chaste bride!
Cover your sweet shame,
When the wedding goblet's finess
Is poured out;
So flows
Into the passionate night the day!

"I wanted to make a bouquet"

I wanted to make a bouquet,
Then came the dark night,
No little flower was to be found,
Or I would have brought it to you.

Then flowed down the cheeks
My tears onto the clover,
A little flower sprouted up
I now in the garden see,

Das wollt' ich Dir brechen
Whol In dem dunklen Klee,
Doch fing es an zu sprechen:
"Ach, tue mir nicht wehl

Sei freundlich im Herzen,
Betracht' dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit."

Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen
Im Garten ganz allein,
So hätt' ich Dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,
Und kann nicht anders sein.

"Säusle, liebe Myrtel"

Säusle, liebe Myrtel
Wie still ist's in der Welt,
Der Mond, der Sternenhirte
Auf klarem Himmelsfeld
Treibt schon die Wolkenschafe
Zum Born des Lichtes hin.
Schlaf' mein Freud, o schlafe,
Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!

Säusle, liebe Myrtel
Und träum' im Sternenschein,
Die Turteltaube girrte auch
Ihre Brut schon ein,
Still zieh'n die Wolkenschafe
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,
Schlaf' mein Freud, o schlafe,
Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!

Hörst du, wie die Brunnen rauschen?
Hörst due, wie die Grille zirpt?
Stille, lass' uns lauschen,
Selig wer in Träumen stirbt!
Selig, wen die Wolken wiegen,
Wenn der Monde in Schlaflied singt;

I wanted to pick it for you
There in the dark clover,
But it then began to speak:
"Ah, do me no harm!

Be friendly in your heart,
Consider your own grief,
And let me in agony
Not die before my time."

And if it had not so spoken
In the garden all alone,
So would I have picked it for you,
Now though it may not be.

My dearest has remained away,
I am so completely alone.
In love dwells sadness,
And it cannot otherwise be.

"Rustle, dear myrtle!"

Rustle, dear myrtle!
How quiet it is in the world,
The moon, the shepherd of stars
In the bright field of heaven
Is driving forth the sheep clouds already
To the spring of the light.
Sleep, my friend, oh sleep,
Until I am with you again!

Rustle, dear myrtle!
And dream in the starlight;
The turtledove has also cooed
Her brood to sleep already,
Quietly move the sheep clouds
Towards the spring of the light;
Sleep, my friend, oh sleep,
Until I am with you again!

Do you hear how the fountains gush?
Do you hear how the cricket chirps?
Quiet, let us listen.
Happy is he who dies in dreams!
Happy, whom the clouds cradle
When the moon sings a lullaby;