

Department of Music Presents

Chloe Dunlap, Soprano

Sandra Cunningham, piano

In Senior Recital

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for
Bachelor of Music with Teacher Certification

Ms. Chloe Dunlap is a student of Dr. Donald Maxwell

Friday afternoon

April 22, 2022

Akin Auditorium

5:00pm

Lamar D. Fain
College of Fine Arts
Department of Music



Program

The Year's at the Spring	Mrs. H. H. A. Beach (1867-1944)
i carry your heart	John Duke (1899-1984)
I can't be talkin' of love	John Duke (1899-1984)
Si mes vers avaient des ailes	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
Chanson d'amour	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Bel Piacere	George Fredric Handel (1685-1759)
An Chloe	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Voi, che sapete	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Das Veilchen	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Un moto di gioja	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Program Notes

Mrs. Amy Marcy Cheney Beach was an American composer and pianist. She was the first successful American female composer of large-scale art music. She was also the first American woman to have composed and published a symphony. She was one of the first American composers to succeed without the benefit of European training, and one of the most respected and acclaimed American composers of her era. "**The Year's at the Spring**" is the first song in Beach's *Three Browning Songs, op. 44*. This first song of the cycle has been compared to the songs of Schubert.

John Duke was an American composer and pianist. He is best known for his large output of art songs. He was enrolled at Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore where he studied composition and theory under Gustav Strube and piano with Harold Randolph. **i carry your heart** was set to the poetry of E. E. Cummings. The poem was first published in 1952 with the song being published in 1960. The lyrics for **I can't be talkin' of love** were created by Esther Mathews.

Renaldo Hahn was a Venezuelan-born French composer, conductor, music critic, and singer. He is best known for his songs – *mélodies* – of which he wrote more than 100. The lyrics for **Si mes vers avaient des ailes** were written by French poet, **Victor Hugo**. The song was written in 1888 when **Hahn** was 14-years-old.

Program Notes Cont'd

Gabriel Fauré was a French composer, organist, pianist, and teacher. He was one of the foremost French composers of his generation, and his musical style influenced many 20th-century composers. Among his best-known works are his *Pavane*, *Requiem*, *Sicilienne*, nocturnes for piano and the songs "Après un rêve" and "Clair de lune". The lyrics for **Chanson d'amour** were written by **Paul-Armand Silvestre**, a French poet and conteur.

George Fredric Handel was a German-British Baroque composer well known for his operas, oratorios, anthems, concerti grossi, and organ concertos. He received his training in Halle and worked as a composer in Hamburg and Italy before settling in London in 1712. His music forms are one of the peaks of the "high baroque" style, bringing Italian opera to its highest development, creating the genres of English oratorio and organ concerto, and introducing a new style into English church music. He is consistently recognized as one of the greatest composers of his age. **Bel Piacere** is an aria from Handel's opera *Agrippina*, which tells the story of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, as she plots the downfall of the Roman Emperor Claudius and the installation of her son as emperor. It's sung in Act 3 by Poppea.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was an influential composer of the Classical period. He composed more than 800 works of almost every genre in his time. Mozart is among the greatest composers in the history of Western music. **An Chloe** is set to a poem by **Johann Georg Jacobi** and the song was composed on 24 June 1787 in Vienna. The stanzas tell how the lovers' happiness was cut short by betrayal and death. **Voi, che sapete** is an aria from his opera *Le nozze di Figaro*. It's sung in the second act by Cherubino, who is traditionally played by a woman. **Das Veilchen** was written in Vienna in 1785, to a poem by **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**. It is about a careless girl who destroys a violet, a metaphor for a young man's heart. **Un moto di gioja** was written as a replacement aria in mid-1790 for "Venite, inginocchiatevi" in act 2 of *Le nozze di Figaro*.

Text & Translation

Original Text

English Translation

The Year's at the Spring

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

+I carry your heart

i carry your heart with me (i carry it
in my heart)

i am never without it (anywhere i go
you go, my dear; and whatever is
done by only me is your doing, my
darling)

i fear no fate (for you are my fate,
my sweet)

i want no world (for beautiful you
are my world, my true)

and it's you are whatever a moon has
always meant and whatever a sun
will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody
knows (here is the root of the root
and the bud of the bud and the sky of
the sky of a tree called life; which
grows higher than soul can hope or
mind can hide)

and this is the wonder that's keeping
the stars apart

i carry your heart (i carry it in my
heart)

I can't be talkin' of love

I can't be talkin' of love, dear,
I can't be talkin' of love.
If there be one thing I can't talk of,
That one thing do be love.

But that's not sayin' that I'm not
lovin',
Still water, you know, runs deep,
And I do be lovin' so deep, dear,
I be lovin' you in my sleep.

But I can't be talkin' of love, dear,
I can't be talkin' of love.
If there be one thing I can't talk of,
That one thing do be love.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'oiseau.
Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'esprit.
Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour.

My verses would flee, sweet and
frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.
They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the mind.
Pure and faithful, to your side
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love!

Chanson d'amour

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.
J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!
J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.
I love your voice, I love the strange
Charm of all you say,
O my rebel, O my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise.
I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.
I love all that makes you beautiful
From your feet to your hair,
O you the object of all my vows,
O my wild one, O my rebel.
I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.

Bel Piacere

Bel piacere e godere fido amor!
questo fa contento il cor.
Di bellezza non s'apprezza lo
splendor
se non vien d'un fido cor.

It is great pleasure to enjoy a faithful
love!
it pleases the heart.
Splendor is not measured by beauty
if it does not come from a faithful
heart.

An Chloe

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
und vor Lust hinein zu schauen
mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küsse
deine Rosenwangen warm,
liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
zitternd dich in meinem Arm,

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
dich an meinen Busen fest,
der im letzten Augenblicke
sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

den berauschten Blick umschattet
eine düstre Wolke mir,
und ich sitze dann ermattet,
aber selig neben dir.

When love shines from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and the joy of gazing into them
makes my heart pound and glows;

And I hold you and kiss
Your rosy cheeks warm,
dear girl, and I clasp
you trembling in my arms,

Girl, girl, and I press
you firmly to my breast,
which at the last moment,
only dying, lets you go;

My intoxicated gaze is shadowed
by a gloomy cloud,
and then I sit, exhausted,
but blissful, next to you.

Voi, che sapete

Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor,
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor.
Quello ch'io provo, vi ridiro,
E per me nuovo capir nol so.
Sento un affetto pien di desir,
Ch'ora e diletto, ch'ora e martir.
Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar,
E in un momento torno a gelar.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,
Non so chi il tiene, non so cos' e.
Sospiro e gemo senza voler,
Palpito e tremo senza saper,
Non trovo pace notte ne di,
Ma pur mi piace languir cosi.
Voi, che sapete che cosa e amor
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor.

You who know what love is,
Women, see whether it's in my heart,
Women, see whether it's in my heart.
What I am experiencing I will tell
you,
It is new to me and I do not
understand it.
I have a feeling full of desire,
That now, is both pleasure and
suffering.
At first frost, then I feel the soul
burning,
And in a moment I'm freezing again.
Seek a blessing outside myself,
I do not know how to hold it, I do
not know what it is.
I sigh and moan without meaning to,
Throb and tremble without knowing,
I find no peace both night or day,
But even still, I like to languish.
You who know what love is,
Women, see whether it's in my heart.

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
es war ein herziges Veilchen.
Da kam ein' junge Schäferin
mit leichtem Schritt und munterm
Sinn
daher, daher,
die Wiese her und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär' ich
nur
die schönste Blume der Natur,
ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,
bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
und an dem Busen matt gedrückt,
ach, nur, ach nur
ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach, aber ach! Das Mädchen kam
und nicht in acht das Veilchen nahm,
ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb, und freut' sich
noch:
und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich
doch
durch sie, durch sie,
zu ihren Füßen doch!
Das arme Veilchen! es war ein
herzig's Veilchen.

A violet in the meadow stood,
with humble brow, demure and
good,
it was the sweetest violet.
There came along a shepherdess
with youthful step and happiness,
who sang, who sang
along the way this song.

Oh! thought the violet, how I pine
for nature's beauty to be mine,
if only for a moment.
for then my love might notice me
and on her bosom fasten me,
I wish, I wish
if but a moment long.

But, cruel fate! The maiden came,
without a glance or care for him,
she trampled down the violet.
He sank and died, but happily:
and so I die then let me die
for her, for her,
beneath her darling feet.
Poor little violet! It was the sweetest
violet.

Un moto di gioja

Un moto di gioia
Mi sento nel petto,
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor!

Speriam che in contento
Finisca l'affanno
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.

Di pianti di pene
Ognor non si pasce,
Talvolta poi nasce
Il ben dal dolor:

E quando si crede
Più grave il periglio,
Brillare si vede
La calma maggior.

An emotion of joy
I feel in my heart
that says happiness is coming
in spite of my fears.

Let us hope that the worry
will end in contentment.
Fate and love are
not always tyrants.

From weeping, from pain
one cannot always live
Sometimes then is born
a good thing out of sorrow.

And when one believes
the danger is greatest,
one sees shining
a greater calm.