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### Senior Recital: Elizabeth Homan, mezzo soprano

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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**THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND**  
**DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC**

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**Elizabeth Homan**

*mezzo-soprano*

**SENIOR RECITAL**

ASSISTED BY

Dr. Joanne Kong, *piano*

Jenni Swegan, *soprano*

Saturday, April 14, 2012

5:00 p.m.

Perkinson Recital Hall





**Elizabeth Homan**, who will be graduating from the University of Richmond this May, has spent the last few years studying as a Political Science major and as a minor in both Music and Law.

Currently, Elizabeth is writing her senior honors thesis on autism insurance coverage in the United States as a conclusion to her healthcare policy research at Richmond. Next year, she will be attending the University of Virginia's post-baccalaureate pre-medical program in the

hopes of attending medical school down the road.

As an Artist Scholar, Elizabeth has dedicated a huge amount of her college career to voice. Over the years she has participated in Schola Cantorum, Opera Scenes, jazz combos, private lessons, aria competitions, and a capella. She hopes to continue singing as she goes forward, and is truly thankful for her musical experience in Richmond.



*To my family,*

*Thank you for your constant love and support.*

*I am so thankful that you traveled from all over to share this evening with me.*

*To my friends,*

*Thank you for making these four years unforgettable.*

*I could not have asked for better friends, and it means so much to me that you are here.*

*To my music professors,*

*Thank you for teaching me, guiding me, listening to me, and even laughing with me. Studying music at Richmond has been both a privilege and a pleasure.*

## *Program*

**Elizabeth Homan**, *mezzo-soprano*

ASSISTED BY

Dr. Joanne Kong, *piano*

Jenni Swegan, *soprano*

Se l'aura spira

Girolamo Frescobaldi  
(1583-1643)

*L'incoronazione di Poppea*  
Pur ti miro

Claudio Monteverdi  
(1567-1643)

Soupir  
Extase  
Phidylé

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

La maja de Goya  
Callejeo  
El majo discreto

Enrique Granados  
(1867-1916)

A Foggy Day  
Someone to Watch Over Me

George Gershwin  
(1898-1937)

For All We Know

John F. Coots  
(1897-1985)



Please silence cell phones, digital watches, and paging devices before the recital.

## Program Notes

**GIROLAMO FRESCOBALDI** was one of the most prominent keyboard composers of the 17th century. His works influenced composers from Johann Sebastian Bach to Henry Purcell, and many of his pieces were used as models of strict counterpoint far into the 19th century. "Se l'aura spira" is a good example of Frescobaldi's secular music, and of the embellished vocal style that was popular in the late Renaissance and early Baroque periods.

Like Frescobaldi, **CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI** was a famous Italian composer whose music initiated a transition from the Renaissance to the Baroque. Monteverdi is notable for composing some of the earliest mature operas, including *L'Orfeo*, *L'Arianna*, and *L'incoronazione di Poppea* (*The Coronation of Poppea*, 1642). However, while Monteverdi wrote the first two of these at the beginning of his career, he composed *L'incoronazione* while ill and in the last years of his life. The opera revolves around the Roman Emperor Nero and is a setting of a libretto by Giovanni Francesco Busenello.

### **L'incoronazione di Poppea (The Coronation of Poppea)**

My beloved, my beloved,  
Let me hold you, let me hold you and enfold you,  
For no longer, no longer our sweet pleasure is clouded:  
O my treasure, beloved treasure,  
O my treasure, my beloved.

I am yours, all my hope, all I wish, and desire.  
My delight, my content, you are mine.  
Yes, my love, my life and soul, yes, yes, yes.  
Yes, my heart, my life and soul, yes, yes, yes.  
Yes my love, yes my heart, beloved, yes.

—Trans. Humphrey Procter-Gregg

### **Se l'aura spira**

If the breezes blow ever charming,  
The budding roses will show their  
laughing faces,  
And the shady emerald hedge  
Need not fear the summer heat.

To the dance, to the dance, merrily come,  
Pleasing nymphs, flower of beauty!  
Now the clear mountain streams  
Are gone to the sea.

And the birds unfold their sweet verses,  
And the bushes are all in flower.  
Let the fair of face who come to this forest  
Show virtue by having pity on their suitors!

Sing, sing, laughing nymphs!  
Drive away the winds of cruelty!

—Trans. Katherine McGuire

**HENRI DUPARC**, a French composer of the late Romantic period, stopped writing music in his mid-thirties due to mental illness and hypersensitivity regarding his own compositions. Consequently, the majority of Duparc's work consists of a relatively small group of melodies written between 1868 and 1884.

"Soupir" was one of the first songs that Duparc published, at the young age of 21. Using a poem by Sully-Prudhomme about a man mourning the loss of a loved one, Duparc created a short piece of exquisite beauty that subtly conveys the character's bitter sadness and eternal devotion.

Duparc wrote "Extase" five years later to a text by Henri Cazalis, after having seen several of Wagner's operas. As such, the piece shows many connections to Wagner's harmony and chromaticism.

In 1882, Duparc wrote "Phydilé" in a departure from the Wagnerian style. The song is a setting of several verses from a much longer poem by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle, which describes the scene of a lover watching the nymph Phidylyé asleep in the woods.

### **Soupir**

Never to see her or hear her,  
Never to speak her name aloud,  
But, faithful, always to wait for her,  
Always to love her.

To open one's arms, and, weary of  
waiting,  
To close them upon emptiness,  
But still, forever to hold them out to her,  
Always to love her.

Ah, to be able to do nothing but hold  
them out to her,  
And to waste away in weeping,  
But always to shed those tears,  
Always to love her.

Never to see her or hear her,  
Never to speak her name aloud,  
But, with a love always more tender,  
Always to love her,  
Always!

—Trans. Marion Leeds Carroll

### **Extase**

On your pale breast my heart is sleeping  
A sleep as sweet as death  
Exquisite death, death perfumed  
By the breath of the beloved  
On your pale breast my heart is sleeping  
A sleep as sweet as death

—Trans. Richard Stokes

—Cont'd.

### Phidylé

The grass is soft for slumber beneath the fresh poplars,  
On the slopes by the mossy springs,  
Which, in the meadows flowering with a thousand plants,  
Lose themselves under dark thickets.

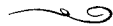
Rest, o Phidylé!  
The midday sun shines on the foliage  
And invites you to sleep!  
Among clover and thyme, alone,  
In full sunlight hum the fickle honeybees.

A warm fragrance circulates about the turning paths,  
The red cornflower tilts,  
And the birds, skimming the hill with their wings,  
Search for shade among the wild roses.

Rest, o Phidylé!

But when the sun, turning in its resplendent orbit,  
Finds its heat abating,  
Let your loveliest smile and your most ardent kiss  
Recompense me for waiting!

—*Trans. Emily Ezust*



Born in 1867, **ENRIQUE GRANADOS** was a Spanish composer whose work epitomized the term “musical nationalism.” The following group of pieces, with texts by Fernando Periquet, illustrates this claim with robust piano accompaniments and uniquely Spanish vocal flourishes.

### La maja de Goya

I will never forget in my life  
The distinguished and beloved image of Goya.  
There is not a woman, or maja, or lady  
Who does not miss Goya now.  
If I found one who would love me  
As he loved me,  
I should not covet, no, nor desire  
Greater fortune or happiness.

### Callejeo

For two hours I have walked the streets,  
Nervously and restlessly, but I cannot find  
Him to whom I trustingly gave my soul.  
I have never met a man  
Who lied more  
Than the majo who betrays me now.  
But he will find it of no avail,  
For I was always a resourceful woman,  
And if it is necessary,  
I will follow him relentlessly all over Spain.

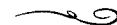
### El majo discreto

They say that my majo is homely  
Perhaps it is so,  
For love is but a desire that blinds and dazzles,  
For a long time I have known that he who loves is blind.

But if my majo is not a man  
Who is noted for being handsome,  
He is, on the other hand, discreet and keeps a secret  
Which I confided in him knowing that he is trustworthy.

What then is the secret that the majo kept?  
It would be indiscreet for me to tell.  
No little effort is needed to discover  
The secrets a majo has with a woman  
He was born in Lavapies  
Eh! Eh! He's a majo, a majo he is.

—*Trans. Waldo Lyman*



**GEORGE GERSHWIN**, an early 20th-century American composer and pianist, wrote many compositions that have become the classical jazz standards of our time. “A Foggy Day” and “Someone to Watch Over Me,” both with lyrics by Ira Gershwin, have been recorded by hundreds of artists, from Frank Sinatra and Fred Astaire to Ella Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday.

Much less famous is **JOHN F. COOTS**, an American songwriter who only gained popular recognition after writing “Santa Claus is Coming To Town” in 1934. The lyrics of “For All We Know” were written by Sam M. Lewis, and the song has been recorded by several famous jazz singers including Sarah Vaughan, Nina Simone, Dinah Washington, and Nat King Cole.

### A Foggy Day

I was a stranger in the city  
Out of town were the people I knew  
I had that feeling of self-pity  
What to do? What to do? What to do?  
The outlook was decidedly blue  
But as I walked through the foggy streets alone  
It turned out to be the luckiest day I've known

A foggy day in London Town  
Had me low and had me down  
I viewed the morning with alarm  
The British Museum had lost its charm  
How long, I wondered, could this thing last?  
But the age of miracles hadn't passed,  
For, suddenly, I saw you there  
And through foggy London Town  
The sun was shining everywhere.

—*Cont'd.*

### **Someone to Watch Over Me**

There's a saying old, says that love is blind  
Still we're often told, "seek and ye shall find"  
So I'm going to seek a certain lad I've had in mind.

Looking everywhere, haven't found him yet  
He's the big affair I cannot forget  
Only man I ever think of with regret

I'd like to add his initials to my monogram  
Tell me, where is the shepherd for this lost lamb?

There's a somebody I'm longin' to see  
I hope that he, turns out to be  
Someone who'll watch over me.

I'm a little lamb who's lost in the wood  
I know I could, always be good  
To one who'll watch over me.

Although he may not be the man some  
Girls think of as handsome  
To my heart he carries the key.

Won't you tell him please to put on some speed  
Follow my lead, oh, how I need  
Someone to watch over me.

Won't you tell him please to put on some speed  
Follow my lead, oh, how I need  
Someone to watch over me.

### **For All We Know**

For all we know, we may never meet again  
Before you go, make this moment sweet again  
So don't say goodnight until the last minute  
I'll hold out my hand, and my heart will be in it.

For all we know, this may only be a dream  
We come and we go like ripples on a stream  
So love me tonight, tomorrow was made for some  
Tomorrow may never come, for all we know.

