4-2-2011

Junior Recital: Elizabeth Homan, mezzo soprano

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
Presents in concert

ELIZABETH HOMAN
mezzo-soprano

Junior Recital

ASSISTED BY
Dr. Joanne Kong, piano

Saturday, April 2, 2011
7:00 p.m.
UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
Perkinson Recital Hall
JUNIOR RECITAL

Elizabeth Homan, mezzo-soprano
Dr. Joanne Kong, piano

Program

Wie Melodien
Ständchen
Von ewiger Liebe

Fêtes galantes
   En sourdine
   Les Fantoches
   Clair de lune

The Monk and His Cat
The Daisies

Come Ready and See Me

Johannes Brahms
   (1833-1897)

Claude-Achille Debussy
   (1862-1918)

Samuel Barber
   (1910-1981)

Richard Hundley
   (1931 --)

Please silence cell phones, digital watches, and paging devices before the event.
JOHANNES BRAHMS
A German composer from the Romantic period, Johannes Brahms uses long, fluid lines and cyclical melodies to complement poetic texts while maintaining the structure of Classical music.

Whereas "Wie Melodien" and "Ständchen" demonstrate the simplistic beauty of his typical lieder, "Von ewiger Liebe" reflects the power and breadth of Brahms' larger orchestral works.

WIE MELODIEN
Like a melody it moves
Softly through my mind
Like spring flowers
It blossoms
And floats around
Like a fragrance
But the word comes
And seizes it
And leads it before the eye
Like fog gray it pales
And disappears like a breath
And nevertheless
It remains in the rhyme
Hidden, indeed, a perfume
Which mildly from quiet bud
A moist eye calls forth.

STÄNDCHEN
The moon hangs itself
Over Berg's Hill
So right for lovers
In the garden trickles a spring
There is silence everywhere
Next to the wall
In the shadows
There stand three students
With flute and violin
And zither
Singing and playing there
The sounds sneak through
To the beautiful maiden
Lost in her dreams
She looks to her blond lover
And whispers, "Forget me not!"

VON EWIGER LIEBE
Dark, how dark in forest and field
It is already evening and the world is silent
Nowhere light and nowhere smoke
Yes, now even the lark is silent

From yonder village there comes a young boy
Taking his beloved home
Leading her past the willow bushes
Talking so much, and of many things:

"If you suffer shame and if you grieve
If you suffer shame before others because of me
Our love shall end so quickly
Fast as we once came together
Separating with rain and separating with wind,
Fast as we once came together"

Then spoke the maiden, the maiden spoke:
"Our love shall end never!
Steel is firm and iron as well
Yet our love is firmer still

"Iron and steel can be forged over by the smith
But our love, who would change it?
Iron and steel can perish in time
Our love, our love will last forever!"

CLAUDE-ACHILLE DEBUSSY
Born in 1862, Debussy entered a world of artistic impressionism. His works reflect the sensual masterpieces created by French painters of that period and he is often quoted as saying, "the primary aim of French music is to give pleasure."

The following group of pieces, called Les Fêtes galantes, comprises three songs. In each of these Debussy uses the piano to balance and enhance the voice with beautiful arpeggios and elegant phrasing.

EN SOURDINE
Calm in the half-day
That the high branches make
Let us penetrate our love
In this profound silence
Let us meld our souls
Our hearts
And our ecstatic senses
Among the vague languor
Of the pines and the bushes
Close your eyes halfway
Cross your arms across your breast
And from your sleeping heart
Chase away your plans
Forevermore

Let us abandon ourselves
To the breeze
Rocking and soft
Which comes to your feet
Of auburn lawns
And when solemnly
The evening
Falls from the black oaks
Voice of our despair
The nightingale will sing.

FANTOCHES
Scaramouche and Pulcinella
Who by some evil plan were brought together
Gesticulate, black beneath the moon
Meanwhile, the excellent doctor from Bologna
Slowly picks medicinal herbs in the brown grass
Then his daughter, sassy-faced,
Sneaks underneath the arbor, half naked
In quest of her handsome Spanish pirate
Whose distress a languorous nightingale
Deafeningly proclaims.

—Cont'd.
CLAIR DE LUNE
Your soul is a chosen landscape
Charmed by masquers and revelers
Playing the lute and dancing
And almost sad beneath their fanciful disguises

Even while singing, in a minor key
Of victorious love and fortune living
They do not seem to believe in their happiness
And their song mingles with the moonlight

The calm moonlight, sad and beautiful
Which sets the birds in the trees dreaming
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy
The tall slender fountains among the marble statues.

—Translation by Peter Low

SAMUEL BARBER and RICHARD HUNDLEY
Perhaps more than any other contemporary composer of song, Samuel Barber uses his musical compositions to mirror textual images. "The Monk and His Cat" illustrates this kind of vocal writing perfectly with its playful accompaniment and unique rhythmic variations. In comparison, "The Daisies" is a very straightforward piece, but shows Baber's apt use of simple melodies to enhance the sweetness of James Stephens' poem.

Richard Hundley is a contemporary American composer from Cincinnati, Ohio. Hundley's style focuses on expressiveness and spontaneity, creating textual clarity with strong and independent vocal lines. "Come Ready and See Me" is a nostalgic piece with big musical gestures and dramatic transitions in vocal range. It is one of Hundley's most widely performed songs.

THE MONK AND HIS CAT
Pangur, white Pangur, how happy we are
Alone together, scholar and cat
Each has his own work to do daily
For you it is hunting, for me study
Your shining eye watches the wall
My feeble eye is fixed on a book
You rejoice, when your claws entrap a mouse
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem
Pleased with his own art, neither hinders the other
Thus we live ever without tedium and envy.

—Cont'd.

THE DAISES
In the scented bud of the morning, Oh
When the windy grass went rippling far
I saw my dear one walking slow
In the field where the daisies are

We did not laugh, and we did not speak
As we wandered happily, to and fro
I kissed my dear on either cheek
In the bud of the morning, Oh

A lark sang up, from the breezy land
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar
As she and I went, hand in hand
In the field where the daisies are.

COME READY AND SEE ME
Come ready and see me
No matter how late
Come before the years run out
I'm waiting with a candle
No wind can blow out
But you must haste
On foot or by sky
For no one can wait forever
Under the bluest sky
I can't wait forever
For the years are running out.

—Cont'd.