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THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in concert

Ellen Broen,
mezzo soprano

JUNIOR RECITAL

ASSISTED BY
Dr. Joanne Kong, *piano*

Friday, December 3, 2010

5:00 p.m.

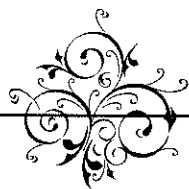
Perkinson Recital Hall



*This hour of music is in dedication to my
grandmother, Shirley Elizabeth Sullivan Broen.*

~and~

*A warm thanks to the University of Richmond
Department of Music and my family for making this possible.*



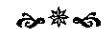
JUNIOR RECITAL
Ellen Broen, mezzo-soprano

Program

Abendempfindung Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges Felix Mendelssohn
Venetianisches Gondellied (1809-1847)
Gruss
Neue Liebe



Now Have I Fed and Eaten up the Rose Samuel Barber
A Green Lowland of Pianos (1910-1981)



Chanson triste Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Mignon Ambroise Thomas
Connais-tu le pays? (aria) (1811-1896)
Légères hirondelles (recitativo et duetto)

with
Eric Piasecki, baritone

LIEDER OF MOZART (1756-1791) and MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847)

For a man who wrote in a nearly all-encompassing variety of compositional genres, "Abendempfindung" and "Als Luise die Briefe" stand out in Mozart's expansive repertoire. He was not prolific in Lied, the classification under which these songs fall, underscoring their specific nature and function for the composer. While Lieder are known for their predictably straightforward musical progressions and repetition, these two Lieder are uncharacteristically through-composed (as in distinct melodies for each poetic phrase, not verses sung like hymns), and one is uncommonly long for the genre. This observation lends itself to Mozart's emphasis on the text, highlighting a distinct mood for each musical and textual line. With traces of Romantic individualism and musical symbolism noticeable throughout the works, these atypical Lieder illustrate the prophetic role Mozart played in ushering in a new era.

In both contrast and congruence, Mendelssohn succeeds Mozart with an equally significant musical statement about the centrality of text in Lieder. While his music repeats in traditional verse-like patterns, Mendelssohn's melodies remain painstakingly descriptive of the central message of the text. It is, therefore, the rapport between the music and text that distinguishes both these composers and their compositions.



Abendempfindung

Evening it is; the sun has vanished,
And the moon streams with silver rays;
Thus flee Life's fairest hours,
Flying away as if in a dance.

Soon away will fly Life's colorful scenes,
And the curtain will come rolling down;
Done is our play, the tears of a friend
Flow already over our grave.

Soon, perhaps (the thought gently arrives
like the west wind
A quiet foreboding)
I will part from life's pilgrimage,
And fly to the land of rest.

Poem by Joachim Heinrich Campe

If you will then weep over my grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,
Then, o Friends, I will appear
And waft you all heavenward.

And You [my beloved], bestow also a little
tear on me,
And pluck me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze,
Look then gently down on me

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry;
Those tears will be in my diadem
then: the fairest pearls!

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte

Generated by ardent fantasy;
In a rapturous hour
brought into this world - Perish,
you children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your existence,
so I restore you now to the fire,
with all your rapturous songs.
For alas! he sang them not to me alone.

I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters,
there will be no trace of you here.
Yet alas! the man himself, who wrote you,
may still perhaps burn long in me.

Poem by Gabriela von Baumburg

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

On wings of song,
my love, I'll carry you away
to the fields of the Ganges
Where I know the most beautiful place.

There lies a red-flowering garden,
in the serene moonlight,
the lotus-flowers await
Their beloved sister.

The violets giggle and cherish,
and look up at the stars,
The roses tell each other secretly
Their fragrant fairy-tales.

The gentle, bright gazelles,
pass and listen;
and in the distance murmurs
The waves of the holy stream.

There we will lay down,
under the palm-tree,
and drink of love and peacefulness
And dream our blessed dream.

Poem by Heinrich Heine

Venetianisches Gondellied

When through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
his own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
Our bark, love, is near:
Now, now, while there hover
those clouds o'er the moon,
'Twill waft thee safe over
yon silent Lagoon."

Poem by Thomas Moore

Gruss

Sweet chimes are softly
filling my soul;
Ring, little springtime-song
Ring out: far and wide.

Go forward till you reach the house,
where the violets bloom;
And if you see a rose,
give her my greetings.

Poem by Heinrich Heine

Neue Liebe

In the moonlit forest
I watched the elves a-riding,
I heard their horns sound
I heard their bells ring.

Their white horses, with
golden antlers, flew on
swiftly, like white swans
Travelling through the air.

The queen nodded at me and smiled,
smiled, as she rode overhead;
Was it because of my new love?
Or does it mean death?

Poem by Heinrich Heine

SAMUEL BARBER

Barber's unique, poignant treatment of melody distinguishes his compositions across a wide variety of styles and genres. Verse and song work seamlessly together to colorfully communicate poetic beauty. This program juxtaposes two profoundly different moods and texts, scratching the surface of Barber's melodic flexibility and imagination. The first is a Joycean text about a resurrected corpse who narrates his feelings about having eaten the rose he clutches in his coffin; the second relates a playful scene of pianos as the cows of the concert hall. Ever in defiance of his critics and in harmony with the art he reinterpreted, Barber upheld, "Born of what I feel. I am not a self-conscious composer."



Now Have I Fed and Eaten up the Rose

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose
Which then she laid within my stiff-cold hand.
That I should ever feed upon a rose
I never had believed in liveman's land.

Only I wonder was it white or red
The flower that in the darkness my food has been.
Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,
Deliver us from evil, Lord, Amen.

Poem by James Joyce

A Green Lowland of Pianos

In the evening as far as the eye can see
herds of black pianos
up to their knees in the mire they listen to the frogs
they gurgle in water with chords of rapture
they are entranced by froggish, moonish spontaneity
after the vacation they cause scandals in a concert hall
during the artistic milking
suddenly they lie down like cows
looking with indifference
at the white flowers of the audience
at the gesticulating of the ushers
black pianos, black pianos

Poem by Czeslaw Milosz, based on a text by Jerzy Harasymowicz

HENRI DUPARC AND THOMAS' MIGNON

"Chanson triste," Duparc's first composition, is one of only sixteen compositions he completed and/or chose not to destroy. Duparc unfortunately suffered from a crippling mental illness that greatly limited his ability and desire to compose, so the few songs he managed to finish and publish were extremely precious to him and his audiences. His sensitivity to the rich nuances of poetic literature and music is poignantly expressed in "Chanson Triste."

Another poignant tale, Ambroise Thomas' *Mignon* tells the story of a noble father (Lothario) and daughter (Mignon) separated from one another by tragic circumstance. Stolen and enslaved by gypsies at birth, Mignon grows up not knowing the loving father or the lavish life that could have been hers. Her aria, "Connais-tu le pays," recalls a vision of a beautiful land she assumes appeared in her dreams, but truly comes from her past. Bewildered, frightened, and enchanted by this seemingly distant place in her mind, Mignon foretells her coming gift of freedom. When Lothario enters the scene, she has just been released from her gypsy captives and anxiously, but eagerly faces this new horizon. In the recitative before their duet, she struggles to grasp the meaning of her newfound freedom, so Lothario points her to the swallows that are just beginning their long journey to the south. Inspired by the boldness of the swallows that flee to their new horizon, Mignon finds peace in her upcoming journey, encouraged by Lothario whose relation to her remains unknown. Fate once again delays their reunion in this scene, but all becomes blissfully clear by the opera's end.



Chanson triste

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Poem by Jean Lahor

Connais-tu le pays? (Mignon aria)

Do you know the land where the orange
tree blossoms?
Where the golden fruits and marvelous roses,
Where the breeze is softer and birds are lighter,
Where bees gather pollen in every season,
And where shines and smiles, like a gift
from God,
An eternal springtime under an ever blue sky!

Alas! But I cannot follow you
To that happy shore from which fate has
exiled me!
There! It is there that I should like to live
To love, to love and to die!
It is there that I should like to live, it is there,
yes, there!

Do you know the house there where I
am awaited?
The gold paneled room where men are made
of marble
Calls to me at night, reaching their arms out
to me?
And the courtyard where people dance in the
shade of the tree?
And the lake upon whose limped waters
A thousand light boats glide like birds?

Alas! But I cannot follow you
To that happy shore from which fate has
exiled me!
There! It is there that I should like to live
To love, to love and to die!
It is there that I should like to live, it is there,
yes, there!

Légères hirondelles (recitativo et duetto)

Recitative

Mignon

Freedom! Freedom! Can it be?
Join me in my rejoicing!
You, like Him, were my Defender today!
To console Mignon, it was God who sent you here!

Lothario

I wanted to behold you before I flee this place.

Mignon

Alas! Why hasten the hours of our goodbye?

Lothario

I must.

Mignon

Where are you going?

Lothario

See how the swallows already fly to the south...

Mignon

What I would give to flee too...!

Give me your lute!

Lothario

Here it is!

Duet

Mignon

Nimble swallows, birds blessed by God,
Open your wings and fly away, Adieu!

Lothario

How the old lute awakens under her young fingers!
And what marvel! It answers her voice!

Mignon

Flee from here!

...et Lothario

Nimble swallows, birds blessed by God,
Open your wings and fly away, Adieu!

Mignon

Flee from here towards the light,
Flee quickly there, to the red horizon!
Joyful is the first to see tomorrow, the land of the sun!
Fly away, Adieu!

Mignon

Nimble swallows, birds blessed by God,

et Lothario

Open your wings and fly away, Adieu!



Transl. by Ellen Broen