

THE SUNDERMAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
AT GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

presents a

SENIOR RECITAL

ELIZABETH DEVITO

Soprano

Featuring

DR. SCOTT CROWNE, *Piano and Harpsichord*



SUNDAY, MARCH 3, 2019 · 2:30PM
PAUL RECITAL HALL
SCHMUCKER MEMORIAL HALL
GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

PROGRAM

"Amor commanda" from *Floridante* (1721) George Frideric Handel
 "V'adoro Pupille" from *Giulio Cesare in Egitto* (1724) (1685-1759)

Songs from Letters: Calamity Jane to her daughter Janey (1989) Libby Larsen
 (b. 1950)

1. So Like Your Father
2. He Never Misses
3. A Man Can Love Two Women
4. A Working Woman
5. All I Have

Fünf Lieder (1911) Alma Mahler
 (1879-1964)

1. Die stille Stadt
2. In meines Vaters Garten
3. Laue Sommernacht
4. Bei dir ist es traut
5. Ich wandle unter Blumen

La Coccinelle (1868) Georges Bizet
Chanson d'avril (1873) (1838-1875)

Adieux de l'hotesse arabe (1867)
Ouvre ton Coeur (1860)



PROGRAM NOTES

George Frideric Handel is one of the most well-known composers of the Western Baroque period. Although his most famous compositions are his Italian operas and English oratorios, Handel was born Georg Friedrich Händel in Germany. His composition style reflects his many travels throughout Europe. His knowledge of harmony and counterpoint can be traced to his early education in Lutheran church music, while his melodic creativity reflects his Italian training. His stately works, like "V'adoro, pupille" show the influence from his time in France. He is known for his beautiful and melismatic setting of the voice, and many of his works are still performed over 250 years after his death. Both "Amor commanda" and "V'adoro, pupille" were written during Handel's time employed in London at the Royal Academy of Music, whose purpose was to bring Italian opera to England. Having mastered Italian opera, Handel was a perfect candidate.

Floridante was written in 1721 and was met with moderate success. Historians cite the lackluster libretto for its downfall, explaining that Handel's excellent music couldn't save the weak characterization. The soprano who premiered the role of Rossane was an agile soprano, so "Amor commanda" is melismatic and fast, however she was not a very good musician and nearly all of her vocal lines are doubled in the orchestration. In Act III, Rossane sings "Amor commanda" to celebrate her union with her betrothed after the main conflict of the opera has been solved.

<p><i>Amor commanda</i> from <i>Floridante</i> (1721) Servasi alla mia bella, e si tenti a un cosi nobile impegno; l'amor nell'alme grandi non è remora mai decelase imprese tanto più, quando de valor mercede fian del caro idolo mio l'amor, la fede.</p> <p>Amor commanda, onore invita, più bell'impegno despor la vita, nò, non si dà.</p> <p>Già l'alma accesa di bella Gloria corre all'impresa, e di vittoria sicura è già.</p> <p>Translation from IPA Source</p>	<p>Cherishing my beloved, And honoring such a noble commitment; Love in great souls is never a hindrance In accomplishing great endeavors, And is even of greater value since love and faith are the rewards from my beloved.</p> <p>Love commands, honor invites, a more noble way in leading one's life no, there does not exist.</p> <p>Already, the soul afire with thoughts of glory rushes into action, and is already certain of victory.</p>
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*This recital is a partial fulfillment of the requirements
 for the Bachelor of Music.
 Elizabeth is a student of Professor Matthew Osfchin.*

"V'adoro, pupille" is considered one of the most seductive arias in opera history. In *Giulio Cesare in Egitto*, Cleopatra sings this aria to seduce Cesare while she is in disguise as one of her own maidens. The aria is a standard *da capo* aria, meaning that there is an A section that repeats with ornamentation after the B section. The music of the A section shows the seductive mood of the aria through interrupted cadences and the prolongation of the melodic line. The B section is in a minor mode and calls back to previous material so that listener yearns for the return of the A section.

V'adoro, Pupille from *Giulio Cesare in Egitto* (1724)

V'adoro, pupille, saette d'amore,
Le vostre faville son grate nel sen.
I adore you, eyes, arrows of love
Your sparks are pleasing to my breast.

Pietose vi dramma il mesto mio core,
Chognora vi chiama l'amato suo ben.
My sad heart, which always calls you its
beloved, desires that you will show pity.

Translation from IPA Source

Born in Wilmington, Delaware in 1950, Libby Larsen has quickly become one of the defining composers of modern American classical music. Writing for many different ensembles, Larsen has composed more than 400 works. Libby Larsen earned her undergraduate and graduate degrees from the University of Minnesota, where she studied with Dominick Argento, Paul Fedler, and Eric Stokes. In addition to using Jazz influences in her compositions, Larsen incorporates the natural rhythms and pitches of spoken American English to give her music a special American sound.

Songs from Letters sets the text of a journal reportedly written by the pioneer woman Calamity Jane to her daughter Janey. A woman, claiming to be the daughter of Calamity Jane and "Wild" Bill Hickock, brought the letters to the media's attention in 1941. Sources debate the validity of these letters, from being completely made up to being at least partially written by Calamity Jane. Regardless, Calamity Jane was a fascinating woman, known for her defiance of traditional gender roles. Living on her own at 15, she drank, cursed, dressed in trousers, and did any job that women weren't supposed to do. While she was adventurous, Calamity Jane was also a kind woman who nursed people back to health from Smallpox.

Songs from Letters may sound foreign to the audience's ear, when compared to more traditional classical music. The song cycle makes use of the traditional diatonic scale, without relying on functional chord progressions. Larsen makes use of text painting throughout the cycle, as seen with increasing pitch and loudness when Calamity is angry or excited. Larsen describes her use of the tritone, the dissonant note located equidistant between octaves, as

"the metaphorical significance of being unsettled, being able to move in any direction." The audience should listen for melodic themes in the piano and voice that unite the song cycle.

Alma Mahler was a Viennese composer, poet, and fascinating individual. The daughter of a Viennese portrait painter, Alma grew up surrounded by interesting individuals. She admired the work of artist Gustav Klimt and philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, and studied composition with Alexander von Zemlinsky, teacher of Arnold Schoenberg. Even though Alma was a talented and blossoming composer, her husband Gustav Mahler convinced her to stop composing, when they got married in 1902. Gustav thought that a composing couple like Robert and Clara Schumann was ridiculous. As was the common belief at the time, he thought that a wife needed to live for her husband's music alone if they were to be respected.

Alma Mahler's only surviving compositions are her lieder, of which she likely wrote entirely before her husband's death in 1911. Her first compositions were published with the help of Gustav after a period of marital strife prior to his death. The song set masterfully uses Romantic techniques, such as text painting and a flexible tempo, and pushes the harmonic limits of tonal music with chromaticism and dissonance. Her delicate and powerful setting of text gives modern audiences a taste of the contribution she could have made to music, had she continued composing.

Die stille Stadt (1911)

Liegt eine Stadt im Tale,
Ein blasser Tag vergeht,
Es wird nicht lang mehr dauern,
Bis weder Mond noch Sterne,
Nur Nacht am Himmel steht

In the valley lies a town,
A pale day fades away,
Before long there will be
Neither moon nor stars,
Only the night

Von allen Bergen drücken
Nebel auf die Stadt,
Es dringt kein Dach noch Hof noch Haus,
Kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch heraus,
Kaum Türme nach und Brücken.

From all the mountains
Fog covers the town,
Neither roof, nor courtyard, nor house,
No sound rises from the thick mist,
Hardly a steeple or a bridge.

Doch als der Wandler graute,
Da ging ein Lichtein auf im Grund
Und aus dem Rauch und Nebel
Begann ein Lobgesang
Aus Kindernmund.

But as the wanderer shivered,
A little light flashed down below
And from the mist and fog
A song of praise was heard
From children's lips.

Translation from Women Composers: A Heritage of Song by Carol Kimball

In meines Vaters Garten

In meines Vaters Garten - Blühe, mein Herz, blüh' auf - In meines Vaters Garten Stand ein schattender Apfelbaum - Süßer Traum - Stand ein schattender Apfelbaum. Drei blonde Königstöchter - Blühe, mein Herz, blüh' auf - Drei wunderschöne Mädchen Schlafen unter dem Apfelbaum - Süßer Traum - Schlafen unter dem Apfelbaum. Die allerjüngste Feine - Blühe, mein Herz, blüh' auf - Die allerjüngste Feine Blinzelt und erwache kaum - Süßer Traum - Blinzelt und erwache kaum - Die Zweite fuhr sich über das Haar Blühe, mein Herz, blüh' auf - Sah den roten Morgensaum - Süßer Traum. Sie sprach: Hört ihr die Trommel nicht - Blühe, mein Herz, blüh' auf - Süßer Traum - Hell durch den dämmernden Raum? Mein Liebster zieht in den Kampf - Blühe, mein Herz, blüh' auf - Mein Liebster zieht in den Kampf hinaus, Küsst mir als Sieger des Kleides Saum - Süßer Traum - Küsst mir des Kleides Saum - Die Dritte sprach und sprach so leis - Blühe, mein Herz, blüh' auf - Die Dritte sprach und sprach so leis: Ich küsse dem Liebsten des Kleides Saum. Süßer Traum - Ich küsse dem Liebsten des Kleides Saum. In meines Vaters Garten - Blühe, mein Herz, blüh' auf - In meines Vaters Garten Steht ein sonniger Apfelbaum - Süßer Traum - Steht ein sonniger Apfelbaum!	In my father's garden - Blossom, my heart, blossom forth - In my father's garden Stood a shady apple tree - Sweet dream - Stood a shady apple tree. Three blonde King's daughters - Blossom, my heart, blossom forth - Three wonderfully beautiful maidens Sleep under the apple tree - Sweet dream - Sleep under the apple tree. The youngest beauty - Blossom, my heart, blossom forth - The youngest beauty Blinked and barely woke up - Sweet dream - Blinked and barely woke up - The second passed her hand through her hair Blossom, my heart, blossom forth - Saw the morning's red glow on the horizon - Sweet dream. She said: didn't you hear the drum - Blossom, my heart, blossom forth - Sweet dream - Clearly through the dawning air? My sweetheart is going to battle Blossom, my heart, blossom forth - My sweetheart is going out to battle, He kisses the hem of my dress like a victor - Sweet dream - He kisses the hem of my dress - The third spoke and spoke so softly - Blossom, my heart, blossom forth - The third spoke and spoke so softly: I kiss the hem of the sweetheart's garment. Sweet dream - I kiss the hem of the sweetheart's garment. In my father's garden - Blossom, my heart, blossom forth - In my father's garden Stands a sunny apple tree - Sweet dream - Stands a sunny apple tree!
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Laue Sommernacht

Laue Sommernacht, am Himmel Stand kein Stern, im weiten Walde Suchten wir uns tief im Dunkel, Und wir fanden uns. Fanden uns im weiten Walde In der Nacht, der sternenlosen, Hielten staunend uns im Arme In der dunklen Nacht War nicht unser ganzes Leben Nur ein Tappen, nur ein Suchen, Da in seine Finsternisse Liebe, fiel dein Licht. Bei dir ist es Traut Bei dir ist es traut, Zage Uhren schlugen wie aus alten Tagen, Komm mir ein Liebes sagen, Aber nur nicht laut! Ein Tor geht irgendwo Draußen im Blütentreiben, Der Abend horcht an die Scheiben, Lass uns leise bleiben, Keiner weiß uns so! Ich wandle unter Blumen Ich wandel unter Blumen Und blühe selber mit, Ich wandle wie im Traume Und schwanke bei jedem Schritt. O halt mich fest, Geliebte! Vor Liebestrunkenheit Fall' ich dir sonst zu Füßen Und der Garten ist voller Leut'!	Mild summer's night, Not a star in the sky, In the vast forests we are looking Deep in the dark, and we found each other. Found each other in the vast forests In the night, the starless night. And held each other astounded, in our arms In the dark night Was not our whole life Just a groping, only a searching, Then into life's darkness, Love, your light shone! With you it is comfortable, Faint clocks strike as in olden days, Come and speak to me of love, But just not loudly! A gate squeaks somewhere outside Out there in the blossoming flowers, The evening listens at the windowpanes, Let us keep quiet, So no one knows we're here! I wander among flowers And I blossom too with them, I wander as if in a dream And sway with every step, Oh hold me tight, beloved! Or else, drunk with love I shall fall at your feet And the garden is full of people!
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Translations from IPA Source

Georges Bizet was born in Paris in 1838, and although he is best known for his opera *Carmen*, he composed over 50 mélodies. He was born to a musical, bourgeois family and was taught piano and the basics of harmony at a young age. At nine years old, his father tried to enter him in the Paris Conservatory. While they were amazed by his talent, they did not have any open spaces until the following year. Bizet was a skilled pianist, admired even by Franz Liszt. His skill can be seen in the involved piano parts that he writes. At the Conservatory, Bizet studied composition under Charles Gounod. His art song style is said to be influenced by Gounod, but his music is more forcefully rhythmic and dramatic.

La Coccinelle tells the charming story of a young person who makes the mistake of paying too much attention to a ladybug and misses the chance to kiss a pretty girl. While considered art song, the piece is so dramatically driven that it is like a mini opera scene. Set in three, the song is in a waltz style. Bizet chose to set a moral, which was not included in Victor Hugo's poetry, at the end to new, slower music. He states that while the beasts of the earth are not intelligent, mankind is stupid.

La Coccinelle

Elle me dit: "Quelque chose
Me tourmente." Et j'aperçus
Son cou de neige, et, dessus,
Un petit insect rose.

J'aurais dû, oui – mais, sage ou fou,
À seize ans, on est farouche –
Voir le baiser sur sa bouche
Plus que l'insecte à son cou.

On eût dit un coquillage:
Dos rose et taché de noir.
Les fauvelles pour nous voir
Se penchaient dans le feuillage.

Sa bouche fraîche était là;
Hélas! Je me penchai sur la belle,
Et je pris la coccinelle:
Mais le baiser s'évola.

"Fis, apprendis comme on me nomme,"
Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu,
"Les bêtes sont au bon Dieu;
Mais la bêtise est à l'homme."

Chanson d'Avril is a strophic song that rejoices the arrival of Spring and love. In comparison to *La Coccinelle*, the piano serves more of an accompanying role in this song, with repeating sixteenth notes throughout. This rhythmic motive in the piano provides a constant energy to the piece, like a bubbling river.

Chanson d'Avril

Lève-toi! Lève-toi!
Le printemps vient de naître.
Là-bas, sur les vallons,
flotte un réseau vermeil,
Tout frissonne au jardin,
tout chante et ta fenêtre,
Comme un regard joyeux,
est pleine de soleil.

She said to me: "Something
Torments me." And I glimpsed
Her neck of snow white, and on it
Was a small, rose-colored insect.

I should have, yes – but, wise or foolish,
At sixteen years, one is shy –
Seen the kiss on her lips
More than the insect on her neck.

It looked like a shell;
Of red and speckled with black
The birds, in order to see us,
They craned their necks in the branches.

Her fresh mouth was there;
Alas! I leaned over the lovely girl,
And I plucked away the ladybug,
But the kiss flew away!

"Son, learn my name,"
Said the insect from the blue sky,
"The dumb beasts belong to God;
But stupidity belongs to man."

Get up! Get up!
Spring has just been born!
Below, over the valleys,
a rosy sheen floats,
In the garden,
everything trembles and sings, your window, like a
joyous glance
is filled with sun.

Du côté de lilas aux touffes violettes,
Mouches et papillons bruissent à la fois;
Et le muguet sauvage,
ébrillant ses clochettes,
A reveillé l'amour
endormi dans tes bois.

Puisqu'Avril a semé
ses marguerites blanches,
Laisse ta mante lourde
et ton machon frileux,
Déjà l'oiseau t'appelle
et tes sœurs les pervenches
Te sourient dans l'herbe
en voyant tes yeux bleus.

Viens, partons! Au matin,
la source est plus limpide;
Lève-toi! Viens, partons!
N'attendons pas du jour
les brûlantes chaleurs;
Je veux mouiller mes pieds
dans la rosée humide,
Et te parler d'amour
sous les poiriers en fleurs!

Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe is another somewhat strophic piece, although it is not as strictly strophic as *Chanson d'Avril*. The text of the song is from another poem by Victor Hugo. The poem translates to "Farewell of the Arabic Hostess." Bizet uses melodic and harmonic minor to give this song an "Arabic" sound. This song is an example of exoticism, where selected musical traits from a different culture are used by composers for effect. The piece is quite virtuosic, as it contains melismatic passages and requires strong technique.

Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe

Puisque rien ne t'arrête
en cet heureux pays,
Ni l'ombre du palmier,
ni le jaune mais,
Ni le repos, ni l'abondance,
Ni de voir à ta voix battre le jeune sein
De nos sœurs, dont, les soirs,
le tournoyant essaim
Couronne un coteau de sa danse,
Adieu, beau voyageur. Hélas, adieu!
Oh! Que nés-tu de ceux
Qui donnent pour limite à leurs pieds
pareseux leur toit de branches ou de toiles!

Beside the purple clusters of the lilac,
Flies and butterflies hum together;
And the wild lily-of-the-valley,
shaking its little bells,
have awakened Cupid
who was asleep in the woods.

Since April has sown
its white daisies,
take off your heavy coat
and your wintry muff
already the birds are calling you,
and your sisters, the periwinkles,
in the grass will smile
when they see your blue eyes.

Come, let's go! In the morning,
the streams are more clear;
Get up! Come, let us depart!
Let us not wait for
the burning heat of the day;
I would moisten my feet
in the damp dew,
and speak to you of love
beneath the flowering pear trees!

Since nothing can keep you
in this happy land,
Neither the shadow of the palm,
or the yellow corn,
Neither the restfulness, or the abundance,
Nor the side of how your voice causes to beat
the young breasts of our sisters, who in a
whirling swarm at evening,
garland the hill in their dance,
Farewell, handsome traveler. Alas, farewell!
Oh, that you are not one of those
Who limit their lazy feet
To roofs of branches or of canvases!

—Sources—

Qui, rêveurs, sans en faire, écoutent les récits, et souhaitent, le soir, devant leur porte assis, de sen aller dans les étoiles!	Dreamers who passively listen to the stories and wish, sitting before their door at evening, to travel to the stars!
Si tu l'avais voulu, peut-être une de nous, O jeune homme, eût aimé te servir à genoux Dans nos huttes toujours ouvertes.	If you had wanted that, perhaps one of us, Oh young man, would have liked to serve you kneeling in our ever open huts.
Elle eût fait, en bercant ton sommeil des ses chants, pour chasser de ton front les mouchetons méchants, Un éventail de feuilles vertes.	She would have, while rocking you to sleep with her songs, chased from your brow the tiny troublesome flies, with a fan of green leaves.
Si tu ne reviens pas, songe un peu quelquefois aux filles du désert, soeurs à la douce voix, Qui dansent pieds nus sur la dune;	If you do not ever return, dream a little of the daughters of the desert, sisters of the sweet voice Who dance with feet bare on the dune;
O beau jeune homme blanc, bel oiseau passager, Souviens-toi, car peut-être, ô rapide étranger, Ton souvenir reste à plus d'une!	Oh handsome, white young man, beautiful bird of passage, remember, for perhaps, oh quickly passing stranger, your memory remains with more than one!
Hélas! Adieu! Bel étranger! Souviens-toi!	Alas! Farewell! Handsome stranger! Remember!

Ouvre ton Coeur is a dramatic statement piece that was first written as an ode-symphony called *Vasco de Gama*. It was published separately after Bizet's death and has become much more popular than the work from which it comes. The piano accompaniment makes use of a Bolero rhythm that Bizet often used. The strophic vocal line is interwoven with a countermelody in the piano interludes. The rhythmic piano accompaniment drives the piece towards a dramatic conclusion.

Ouvre ton Coeur La marguerite a fermé sa corolla, L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour. Belle, me tiendras-tu parole? Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.	The daisy has closed its flower, Darkness has closed the eyes of the day. Fair one, will you keep your word to me? Open your heart to my love.
Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme, Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil. Je veux reprendre mon âme, Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!	Open your heart, oh young angel, to my passion, that a dream may enchant your slumber: I wish to recover my soul, like a flower opens to the sun!

Translations from IPA Source

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