The EWU Department of Music Presents

Alexandra Rannow
Senior Voice Recital
with John Crigler, Andres Jaramillo, and Lauren McKinley

Friday, March 7, 2014
6:30 pm
Music Building, Recital Hall

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for
Bachelor of Arts in Music, Voice

From the studio of Prof. Steven Mortier
“Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I may not reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.”
– Louisa May Alcott
Program

Mi Chiamano Mimi

John Crigler, piano

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
Heart, we will forget him

John Crigler, piano

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Deh vieni, non tardar

John Crigler, piano

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Flow, my tears

Lauren McKinley, marimba

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Andres Jaramillo, piano

Franz Schubert (1791-1828)

Pause

Cinq Melodies Populaires Grecques
Chanson de la mariée
La bas, vers l'église
Quel galant m'est comparable
Tout-gai!

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Andres Jaramillo, piano

Frauenliebe und leben
I. Seit ich ihn gesehen
II. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
IV. Du Ring an meinem Finger
V. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
VIII. Nun hast du mir den ersten schmert geten

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

John Crigler, piano
**Program Notes**

**Mi Chiamano Mimi:** From Puccini’s 1895 opera, La Bohème, this scene features the first meeting of Mimi (Lucia) and Rodolfo. Upon meeting, Rodolfo has fallen completely in love with Mimi and wants to learn everything about her. She obliges, telling him of her love for flowers, staying home by herself, and taking in the beauty of nature.

**Why do they shut me out of Heaven/Heart, we will forget him:** Taken from Copland’s work, *12 Poems by Emily Dickinson*, these poems express Dickinson’s life of deeply felt separation.

**Deh vieni, non tardar:** From Mozart’s 1786 opera, Le Nozze di Figaro, this recitative and aria are sung by Susannah, who knows her fiancé, Figaro, is listening in the garden and thinks he is catching her singing to another man. Little does he know that Susannah knows of his suspicions, and is letting him think the worst of her for a little while. Only she knows that the loving text is meant for him.

**Flow, my tears:** One of John Dowland’s best known pieces, Flow, my tears is a lute song, or “air”, published in 1596. As lutenists are difficult to come by, and Miss McKinley and I share a love for this piece, we are ecstatic to perform our voice and marimba version. This performance is dedicated to January-March of 2013.

**Gretchen am Spinnrade:** Based on a text in Johann Goethe’s “Faust”, Schubert creates a scene with the music of this piece. Gretchen is sitting at her spinning wheel, daydreaming of Faust as she works. From the right hand of piano we hear the rapid, dizzying motion of her wheel, as well as the pounding of her heart in the left hand.

**Cinq Melodies Populaires Grecques:** Ravel began the journey with these pieces when writing them for a lecture on the oppression of Greeks and Armenians. When he later orchestrated the five pieces chosen for this set, the first was renamed “Awaking of the bride”, as the speaker is asking for the hand of his beloved in marriage. The second describes a churchyard, with the imitation of church bells in the accompaniment. A man is boasting of his manly weapons and attitude in the third, showing off for someone he loves. The fourth, not performed today, expresses the daydreams of the one who loves him, yet she is sadly awoken from her daydreams. The fifth is a declaration of utmost joy, of one who is dancing with happiness, knowing she will conquer the traitor in the end.

**Frauenliebe und leben:** Translating to, “A woman’s love and life”, this cycle begins with the moment the heroin sees “him”; to her, this is when her life begins, as he has awoken an undying love within her. In the second movement she does her best to be optimistic, saying that while she does not deserve this man, whomever he does love will be the most worthy of all. By the fourth movement, he has declared that she is the one he loves, and she humbly adores her engagement ring. The fifth movement features her wedding day, and the excitement she feels preparing for her new life. The final movement, she laments his death.

“I have loved and lived... I am no longer living.”
"Every song is a world, every song is a story."
– Renee Fleming

Mi Chiamano Mimi from La Boheme – Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
Libretto by Luigi Illica

Sì. Mi chiamano Mimi, ma il mio nome è Lucia.
Yes, they call me Mimi, but my name is Lucy
La storia mia è breve. A tela o a seta ricamo in casa e fuori...
My story is short...A canvas or a silk I embroider at home or away
Son tranquilla e lieta ed è mio svago far gigli e rose.
I am contented and happy and it is my pastime to make lilies and roses
Mi piaccion quelle cose che han si dolce malia,
I like these things that have a gentle spell
che parlano d'amor, di primavere,
That speak of love, of spring
di sogni e di chimere, quelle cose che han nome poesia...
of dreams and illusions, those things that have poetic names
Lei m'intende?
You understand me?

Mi chiamano Mimi, il perché non so.
They call me Mimi, I don't know why
Sola, mi fò il pranzo da me stessa.
Alone, I make lunch for myself
Non vado sempre a messa, ma prego assai il Signore.
I don't often go to church, but I pray a lot to the Lord
Vivo sola, soletta là in una bianca cameretta:
I live alone, there in the white room
guardo sui tetti e in cielo; ma quando vien lo sgelo
I look at the roof and sky; but when the thaw comes
il primo sole è mio, il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!
the first sun is mine, the first kiss of April is mine
Germoglia in un vaso una rosa...Foglia a foglia la spio!
Sprouts in a vase a rose, leaf by leaf is spied
Così gentile il profumo d'un fiore! Ma i fior ch'io faccio,
That gentle perfume of a flower! But the flowers I make
Ahimè! non hanno odore.
Alas! Have no odor
Altro di me non le saprei narrare.
Other than telling you of me I know nothing
Sono la sua vicina che la vien fuori d'ora a importunare.
I am your neighbor that comes out now to bother
“Parting is all we know of Heaven and all we need of Hell.”  
— Emily Dickinson

From 12 Poems by Emily Dickinson by Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

I. Why do they shut me out of Heaven?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven
Did I sing too loud?
But I can sing a little minor
Timid as a bird
Wouldn’t the angels
Try me just once more
Just see if I troubled them
But don’t shut the door!
Oh, if I were the gentlemen in the white robes
And they were the little hand that knocked
Could I forbid?
Why do they shut me out of Heaven
Did I sing too loud?

V. Heart, we will forget him

Heart, we will forget him
You and I tonight
You may forget the warmth he gave
I will forget the light
When you have done pray tell me
That I my thoughts may dim
Haste! Lest while you’re lagging
I may remember him
"The music is not in the notes, but in the silence between." - Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Deh vieni, non tardar from Le Nozze di Figaro – W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Oh come, don’t delay from The Marriage of Figaro
Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

(Recitative)
Giense alfin il momento, che godro senza’affanno
At last the moment, that I’ll experience joy without haste

In braccio all’idol mio
In my beloved’s embrace

Timide cure uscite dal mio petto
Fearful anxieties, out of my heart

A turbar non venite il mio diletto
Do not come to disturb my delight

O come par che all’amoroso focco
How it seems that to amorous fires

L’amenita del loco, la terra e il ciel risponda
The beauty of the spot, the earth and sky meet

Come la notte i furti miei seconda
As the night, my second theft

(Aria)
Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella
Oh come, don’t delay, lovely joy

Vieni ove amore per goder t’appella
Come where the night calls you for enjoyment

Finche non splende in ciel notturna face
As long as it shines not in the night sky face

Finche l’aria e ancor bruna e il mondo tace
As long as the air is dark and the world is silent

Qui mormora il ruscel qui scherza laura
Here the brook murmurs, here light plays

Che col dolce susurro il cor ristaura
With gentle whisper restores the heart

Qui ridono i fioretti e l’erba fresca
Here little flowers laugh, the grass is fresh

Ai piaceri d’amor qui tutto adesca
To pleasures of love, all thing beckon

Vieni ben mio tra queste piante ascose
Come my love among these hidden plants

Vieni! Vieni! Ti vo’ la fronte incoronar di rose
Come! Come! I want to crown you with roses
"Music expresses that which cannot be said and on which it is impossible to be silent." - Victor Hugo

**Flow, my tears – John Dowland 1563-1626**

Flow, my tears fall from your springs
Exiled, forever let me mourn
Where night's blackbird her sad infamy sings
There let me live forlorn

Down vain lights, shine you no more
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their lost fortunes deplore
Light doth but shame disclose

Never may my woes be relieved
Since pity is fled, and tears and sighs and groans
My weary days, my weary days,
Of all joys have deprived

From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown, and fear and grief and pain
For my desserts, for my desserts
Are my hopes since hope is gone

Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell
Learn to contemn light
Happy, happy, they that in Hell
Feel not the world's despite
"Without music, life would be a mistake." - Friedrich Nietzsche

Gretchen am Spinnrade – Franz Schubert (1791-1828)
Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

(Refrain)
Meine Ruh ist hin, mein Hertz ist schwer,
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy
Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.
I will find it never, and nevermore

Wo ich ihn nicht hab, ist mir das Grab,
Where I don’t have him, that is the grave
Die ganze Welt, ist mir vergällt
The whole world is bitter to me

Mein armer Kopf, ist mir verruckt
My poor head, is crazy to me
Mein armer Sinn, ist mir zerstuckt
My poor head is torn apart

(Refrain)

Nach ihm nur schau ich zum Fenster hinaus,
Only for him do I look out the window
Nach ihm nur geh ich aus dem Haus.
Only for him do I leave the house
Sein hoher Gang, sein’ edle Gestalt,
His lofty gear, his noble figure
Seines Mundes Lächeln, seiner Augen Gewalt,
The smile of his mouth, his eyes of power
Und seiner Rede, zauberfluss,
And his speech, magic river
Sein Händedruck, und ach, sein Kuss.
His handshake, and oh, his kiss

(Refrain)

Mein Busen drängt sich nach ihm hin.
My bosom urges itself toward him
Auch darf ich fassen und halten ihn,
Also I must grasp and take it
Und küsset ihn, so wie ich wollet,
And kiss him, as I wish
An seinen Küssen vergehen sollet!
At his kisses, I should die
Pause
Cinq Melodies Populaires Grecques - Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Text by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877-1944)

I. Chanson de la mariée
Reveille-toi, perdrix mignonne
Awaken, lovely partridge
Ouvre au matin tes ailes
Open your wings to the morning
Trois grain de beauté, mon cœur en est brûle
Three beauty marks, my heart is on fire
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporter
See the ribbon I bring you
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux
For you to tie around your hair
Si te veux, ma belle, viens nous marier
If you want, my beautiful, we will be married
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés
In our two families, everyone is related!

II. La-bas, vers l'église
La-bas, vers l'église, vers l'église Ayio Sidero
Over there by the church, the church of Ayio Sidero
L'église o Vierge Sainte, Ayio Constandino
The church of the blessed virgin, of Ayio Constandino
Se sont réunis, rassemblés en nombres infinis
There are gathered, assemblies in infinite numbers
Du monde o Vierge Sainte, du monde tous les plus braves
The world of the blessed virgin, all the world's best people

III. Quel galant m'est comparable
Quel galant m'est comparable dentre ceux qu'on voit passer
What gallant compares to mine of those that pass by?
Dit, dame Vassiliki?
Tell me, lady Vassiliki?
Vois pendus a ma ceinture, pistolets et sabre aigu
See hanging from my belt, pistol and curved sword
Et c'est toi que j'aime!
And it's you that I love!

V. Tout gai!
Tout gai!
All joyous!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danser  
*Lovely leg, tireli, who dances!*

Belle jambe, la vasaille danser!  
*Lovely leg, the dishes are dancing!*

Frauenliebe und Leben – Robert Schumann (1810-1856)  
A Woman’s Love and Life  
Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

"The very first moment I beheld him, my heart was irrevocably gone."

– Jane Austen, *Love and Friendship*

I.

Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub’ich blind zu sein
*Ever since I saw him, I believe myself to be blind*

Wo ich hin nur blicke, seh ich ihn allein
*Where I but cast my gaze, I see him alone*

Wie im wachen traumet, schwebt sein bild mir wor
*As in waking dreams, his image floats before me*

Taucht aus tieffen dunkel heller, heller nur empor
*Dipped from the deepest darkness brighter, brighter in ascent*

Sonst ich licht und farblos alles um mich her
*All else dark and colorless all around me*

Nach der schwestern spiele nicht begehr’ ich mehr
*For the games of my sisters I no longer yearn*

Mochte lieber weinen still im Kammerlein
*I would rather weep silently in my little chamber*

Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub’ich blind zu sein
*Ever since I saw him, I believe myself to be blind*

"I may have lost my heart, but not my self-control."

– Jane Austen, *Emma*

II.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen, wie so milde, wie so gut
*He, the most glorious of all, oh so milde, oh so good*

Holde Lippen, klares Auge, heller sinn und fester Mut
*Lovely lips, clear eyes, bright mind and steadfast courage*

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe, hell und herrlich jener stern
*Just as yonder as the blue depths, bright and glorious that star*

Al so Er im meinem himmel, hell und herrlich hehr und fern
*So he is in my heavens, bright and glorious, lofty and distant*

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen, nur betrachten deinen Schein
*Meander, meander thy paths, but to observe your gleam*
Nur in Demuth ihn betrachten, selig nur in traurig sein  
But in meekness to observe, blissful but sad to be  
Hore nicht mein stilles Beten, deinem Glucke nurgewelt  
Hear not my silent prayer, consecrated only in your happiness  
Darst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen, hoher stern der Herrlichkeit  
You may not know me, lowly maid, lofty star of glory  

Nur die Wurdgiste von allen darf beglucken deinen Wahl  
Only the worthiest of all will make happy your choice  
Und ich will die hoher segnen, viele tausendmal  
And I will bless her, lofty one, a thousand times  
Will mich freuen dann und weinen  
I will rejoice and weep  
Selig, selig bin ich dann  
Blissful, blissful I'll be then  
Solte mir das Herz auch brechen  
If my heart should also break  
Brich, o Herz, das liegt daran?  
Break, o heart, what of it?  

"I am the happiest creature in the world. Perhaps other people  
have said so before, but not one with such justice."
- Jane Austen, Pride and Prejudice  

IV.  
Du Ring an meinem Finger, mein goldenes Ringelein  
Your ring on my finger, my little golden ring  
Ich drucke dich fromm an die Lippin, an das Herze mein  
I press it piously to my lips, and to my heart  
Ich hatt ich ausgetraumet, der Kindheit freidlich schonen Traum  
I had dreamed it, that lovely childhood dream  
Ich fand allein mich vorloren, im oden, unendlichen Raum  
I found myself alone and lost, in empty, unending space  

Du Ring an meinem Finger, das hast du mich erst belehrt  
Your ring on my finger, you have taught me for the first time  
Hast meinem blicke schlossen des Lebens und endlichen tieffen Wert  
Have opened my gaze unto the endless, deep value of life  
Ich will ihm dienen, ihm Leben, ihm angehoren ganz  
I want to serve him, live for him, belong to him entirely  
Hin selber mich geben, und finden verklaart mich seinem Glanz  
Give myself, and find myself changed in his radiance
"A lady's imagination is very rapid; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony in a moment."
- Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*

V.
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, freundlich mich schmücken,
Help me, my sisters, friendly adorn me
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Serve me, today’s fortunate one
Windet geschäftig, mir um die Stirne
Busily wind about my brow
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier
Adorn me with blooming Myrtle

Als ich befriedigt,Freudigen Herzens,
Otherwise gratified of joyful heart
Sonst dem geliebten im Arme lag,
I would have laid in my beloved’s arm
Immer noch rief er,Sehnsucht im Herzen,
So he called out, yearning in his heart
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag
Impatient for the present day

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, helft mir verscheuchten
Help me, my sisters, help me to banish
Eine törichte Bangigkeit, daß ich mit klarem
A foolish anxiety, so that I with clear
Aug ihn empfange, ihn, die Quelle der Freude
Eyes may receive him, my source of joy
Bist, mein Geliebter, du mir erschienen,
Does my beloved, appear to me
Giebst du mir, Sonne deinen Schein?
Give me, his sun, to shine?
Laß mich in Andacht, laß mich in Demut,
Let me with devotion, let me with meekness
Laß verneigen dem Herren mein
Let me curtsy before my Lord

Streuet ihm, Schwestern, streuet ihm Blumen,
Strew him, sisters, strew him with flowers
Bringt ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Bring him budding roses
Aber euch, Schwestern, grüß ich mit Wehmut
But you, sisters, I greet with sadness
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar  
Joyfully separating from your midst

"You pierce my soul...I have loved none but you."
— Jane Austen, Persuasion

VIII.

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Now though has given me for the first time pain
Der aber traf.
How it has struck me
Duschläfst, du harter, unbarmerz'ger Mann,
You sleep, you you hard, merciless man
Den Todesschlaf.
The sleep of death

Es blicket die Verlaßne vor sich hin,
The abandoning one stares straight ahead
Die Welt ist leer.
The world is void
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
I have loved and lived, I am
Nicht lebend mehr.
No longer living

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,
I withdraw silently to myself
Der Schleier fällt,
The veil falls
Da hab ich dich und mein verlorne Glück,
There I have lost you and my happiness
Du meine Welt!
You my world!
Acknowledgements

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To my fantastic collaborators, John Crigler, Andres Jaramillo, and Lauren McKinley, I am so grateful for you. Thank you for studying and loving music.

Most importantly, to my incredible family, I owe you so much. Thank you for making it possible for me to do what I love, and for encouraging me the whole way.

Upcoming Music Events

Monday, March 10, 7:30 pm: Wind Ensemble Showalter Auditorium, $5 General Admission, $3 Seniors/Non-EWU Students

Tuesday, March 11, 7:30 pm: Composer Forum Concert, Music Building Recital Hall, Admission Free

Wednesday, March 12, 7:30 pm, Choir Concert, Music Building Recital Hall, $5 General Admission, $3 Seniors/Non-EWU Students

Thursday, March 13, 7:30 pm, Percussion Concert, Music Building Recital Hall, $5 General Admission, $3 Seniors/Non-EWU Students

Friday, March 14, 7:30 pm: Randel Wagner, Faculty Recital, Music Building Recital Hall, Admission Free

Sunday, March 16, 6 pm: Mikaela Elms, Junior Cello Recital, Music Building Recital Hall, Admission Free

March 24 - 28, All Day, EWMEA Orchestras & Bands Festival, Recital Hall