

# *Music*

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AT EASTERN

The EWU Department of Music presents

## **Rachel Hansen Senior Voice Recital**

Assisted by  
**Mr. Scott Rednour, piano**  
**Presley DuPuis, tenor**

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**May 11, 2019  
2:00 pm  
Music Building Recital Hall**

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for  
Bachelor of Music – Liberal Arts

Student from the studios of Abbigail Coté and Susan Windham

## Program

**Sugar in the Cane**

**Paul Bowles**  
(1910-1999)

**Three**

**Heavenly Grass**

Mr. Scott Rednour, piano

**No, Non mi guardate**

**Stephano Donaudy**  
(1879-1925)

**Amarilli, mia bella**

**Giulio Caccini**  
(1551-1618)

**Piccola mano bianca**

**Ottorino Respighi**  
(1879-1936)

Mr. Scott Rednour, piano

### *Intermission*

**Bei Männern (from The Magic Flute)**

**Wolfgang A. Mozart**  
(1756-1791)

Presley DuPuis, tenor

**Ach, ich fühl's (from The Magic Flute)**

Mr. Scott Rednour, piano

**Banalités**

Chanson d'Orkenise  
Hotel  
Fagnes de Wallonie  
Voyage à Paris  
Sanglots

**Francis Poulenc**  
(1899-1963)

## **Paul Bowles English Set**

Paul Bowles was a writer and composer born in Jamaica, NY on December 30, 1910. As a young man, he studied in New York, Berlin, and Paris with Aaron Copland. During his time in Paris he became good friends with Gertrude Stein, who heavily influenced his writing. Throughout his life he travelled to Guatemala, Mexico, Ceylon, southern India, Morocco, and the Sahara. His music greatly reflects his travels, especially in his solo piano works which feature elements of American jazz and folk, as well as South American rhythms and harmonies. Paul Bowles died at his home in Tangier, Morocco on November, 18, 1999. In this set, Bowles uses poetry from Tennessee Williams, an American poet and playwright active during the same time period as Bowles. Bowles wrote specifically for Williams, whom he knew personally, along with other well-known writers and singers of the time. Williams struggled with addiction and deep depression throughout most of his life, despite his success as a playwright.

In these three poems, an important theme is longing. Whether it be sexual desire, remembering a lost loved one, or reflecting on better times, all of these texts present this very human theme. Bowles brilliantly set these texts to reflect this theme. In *Sugar in the Cane*, Bowles sets the colloquial text in a very appropriate southern bluesy setting, providing the listener with a sense that the speaker is trying to convey their innermost desires. In the other two poems, there is a sense of otherworldliness in the floating melodies that introduce the text.

## **No, Non mi guardate**

Stephano Donaudy was born on February 21, 1879 in Palermo, Sicily to an Italian father and French mother. Not much is known about his life, but we do know that he wrote mostly vocal music along with some chamber and orchestral music. In 1913, his most well-known publication, *36 Arie di stile antico*, was released. This publication contains some of his most performed works, including *O del mio amato ben* and *O bel nidi d'amore*, along with many others that gained him huge popularity during his time. These works are still widely used today. In 1922, Donaudy released his first opera, *La Fiamminga*, which failed miserably and is considered the end of his career as a composer. He died on May 30, 1925.

This playful work describes a person having a very silly and angry argument with their lover. The staccato introductory line provides context that suggests the singer may not actually be angry with their lover, but simply exaggerating, while the contrasting, romantic middle sections shows how dramatically in love the singer is with their lover, bringing us back to a repetition of the first section to show how the singer is trying very hard to stay angry at them.

## **Amarilli, mia bella**

Giulio Caccini was born on October 8, 1551 in Rome. He was the middle brother of his family, who were all very involved in the arts during their time. Caccini was a very successful treble singer, performing all over Italy in many different noble settings, including as a court musician. He was a passionate and hot-headed man who frequently got into fights, which got him removed from court at one point, to which he returned in 1600. He married the singer Lucia di Filippo Gagnolanti and had two daughters who both became successful singers and composers. Perhaps his most important accomplishment was the publication of his book and collection of art songs, *Nuove musiche d nuova maniera di sriverle*. In his book of art song, he provides detailed instructions of how to sing that are frequently referred to by teachers today. Caccini died on December 10, 1618, having made a huge historical impact on vocal music.

*Amarilli, mia bella* is one of the first and most important Italian art songs ever written. It is widely used as a beginner piece for young singers. However, as with most art song, there is a

hidden complexity to the seemingly simple melodies. Italian art song is extraordinarily passionate music, and was meant to express emotion over sound.

### **Piccola mano bianca**

Ottorino Respighi was born on July 9, 1879 in Bologna, Italy. He was the son of a pianist, and studied piano and violin with his father as a child. He continued his violin studies as he became older with Federico Sarti at the Liceo Musicale in Bologna. There he studied composition with Torchi, and was heavily influenced by the music director there, Martucci. In 1900-01 and 1902-3, he was employed as an orchestral player in Russia and took lessons from Rimsky-Korsakov, who had the most influence on him as a composer. Respighi continued as an orchestral player in Bologna until 1910 when he began to focus as a piano accompanist. In 1913, he settled in Rome as a professor of composition at the Liceo Musicale di St Cecilia for over a decade. He later married one of his students, a young composer and singer, who outlived him by 60 years. Respighi went on to become the director of the Conservatorio di St Cecilia and continued to teach advanced composition until 1935. He travelled extensively in his later years, and died on April 18, 1936.

*Piccola mano Bianca* describes the ultimate fear and joy of having a child. The singer is a young mother who is overjoyed and overwhelmed by her new-born baby. Respighi sets this text with much chromaticism, with moving lines underneath the floating melodies of the text to express this mixed feeling of anxiety and joy. There are sections that are more romantic in which the text seems to show the happiness of the singer, while the more dark and chromatic passages express those parts of the text that seem panicked and anxious.

### **The Magic Flute**

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born on January 27, 1756 in Salzburg, Germany. He was the son of composer Leopold Mozart, and the youngest of 7 children—one of two that survived. He was educated by his father, and was a musical prodigy. Leopold toured Wolfgang and his sister around Europe as children, the two children playing for the high courts in many countries. As a young man, Wolfgang was mostly active in Vienna, composing numerous operas, ballets, instrumental, and vocal works. Mozart's life was one of success that quickly turned to turmoil as his music lost its popularity. He died of illness on December 5, 1791 and was buried in an unmarked grave.

The Magic Flute is a fantasy opera composed in 1791 that centers on the innocent princess, Pamina, who longs to be saved from her evil mother, the Queen of the Night. In the first scene, *Bei Mannern*, Pappageno, a jolly bird man, is sad because he longs for a Pappagena to be his wife. Pamina tries to comfort Pappageno and the two discuss the duties of marriage. The second scene is Pamina's aria, *Ach, ich fühl's*. In this scene, Tamino, Pamina's handsome prince sent to save her, has taken a vow of silence. Pamina is unaware of his vow, and is heartbroken when Tamino will not speak to her. She decides there will only be peace for her in death.

### **Banalités**

Francis Poulenc was born on January 7, 1899 in Paris, France. He was an acclaimed composer and pianist born to a wealthy bourgeois family. His mother taught him piano at age five before moving him to a more prestigious teacher. He completed his education at the Lycée Condorcet on condition he could then go to the conservatory for music, but war and his parents' early deaths upset his plans. He was 16 when his mother passed and 18 when his father passed. However, this never stopped Poulenc from pursuing his creative talents. He made acquaintances with other composers, including Satie, who gently influenced his work, as well as surrounded himself with

many famous writers and poets of the time. He was a member of the famed "Groupe des Six," which included the famous composers Milhaud, Auric, Honegger, Tailleferre, Durey, and himself. The group modeled themselves after Satie, but Poulenc seemed to remove himself from their exact ideals. Poulenc never married, but did have a daughter in 1946. Despite his manic depression and struggles with homosexuality, he remained a devout Catholic all his life. Poulenc anticipated the coming importance of technology and chose to record many of his works dating back to 1928, and also presented a series of broadcasts on French national radio between 1947 and 1949. Poulenc's works include many piano and vocal works, several operas, chamber music, orchestral music, and choral music. He died of a heart attack on January 30, 1963 in Paris.

This set of poems by famous surrealist poet, Guillaume Apollinaire speaks about the political unrest in France during the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. These poems focus on French surrealist ideologies and philosophies. Poulenc set this poetry with elements of classical era styles, jazz, and French cabaret. Both Poulenc and Apollinaire struggled to find happiness in their lives. They struggled with the horrors of war and French politics.

### *Sugar in the Cane*

I'm red pepper in a shaker  
Bread that's waitin' for the baker  
I'm sweet sugar in the cane  
Never touched except by rain  
If you touched me God save you!  
These summer days are hot and blue.

I'm potatoes not yet mashed  
I'm a check that ain't been cashed  
I'm a window with a blind  
Can't see what goes on behind  
If you did God save your soul!  
These winter nights are blue and cold.

### *Heavenly Grass*

My feet took a walk in heavenly grass  
All day while the sky shone clear as glass.

My feet took a walk in heavenly grass  
All night while the lonesome stars rolled past.

Then my feet come down to walk on earth  
And my mother cried when she give me birth.

Now my feet walk far and my feet walk fast  
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.

*Three*

One I kept,  
Two I lost,  
Three is sheltered under frost.

One I tired of,  
Two still wanted,  
Three the starry meadows haunted.

One was faithful,  
Two was clever,  
Three stayed in my heart forever.

*-Tennessee Williams*  
*No, non mi guardate*

No, non mi guardate  
con quegli occhi ardenti,  
ch'io non so, altrimenti,  
di che foco avvampo,  
ch'io non ho più scampo,  
pace più non ho.  
È, dunque, ver che in Maggio  
nascete colle rose;  
che al sol rubaste un raggio;  
che ogni altro ben s'ascose?  
È ver che abbiate un gioco  
dov'ogni donna ha il core,  
perchè non abbia loco in voi pietà...  
pietà d'amore?

No, do not look at me  
With those ardent eyes,  
So that I don't know, otherwise,  
With what fire I blaze,  
So that I no longer have any escape,  
No longer have any peace.  
Is it true, then, that in May,  
You were born with the roses;  
That you stole from the sun a ray;  
That every other good thing was hidden?  
Is it true that you have a toy  
Where every woman has her heart,  
Because pity has no place in you...  
Pity of love?

*Amarilli, mia bella*

Amarilli, mia bella,  
non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,  
desire,  
D'esser tu l'amor mio?  
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,  
Dubitar non ti vale.  
Aprimi il petto, e vedrai scritto in core:  
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli  
e il mio amore.

Amarilli, my beautiful one,  
do you not believe, o my heart's sweet  
That you are my love?  
Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,  
Doubt not its truth.  
Open my breast and see written on my heart:  
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli,  
Is my beloved.

*Piccola mano bianca*

Piccola mano bianca,  
Che tanto destino racchiudi,  
Porgi l'esili dita  
Sul mio tumido cuore.  
Senti? Il palpito preme frequente

Little white hand,  
Which holds so much destiny,  
Place your slender finger  
Over my swelling heart.  
Hear it? The heartbeat pounds frequently

Con rapidi balzi. Porgi l'orecchio:  
 Suona d'amore il canto.  
 Suona le brevi gioie che limpide teco  
 Suggeva ne la purezza d'oro  
 Del meriggio d'estate,  
 Suona la lunga pena de l'animo laborioso,  
 laboring soul,  
 Che ti brama, ti adora e ti venera e teme.  
 fears you.  
 Oh ne le chiome lunghe,  
 Fluenti su l'alabastro  
 De le nitide spalle,  
 Premere il bacio mio!  
 Oh a la piccola mano,  
 Che tanto destino racchiude,  
 Dare l'ultima gioia  
 De l'esistenza vana!

With rapid pulses. Incline an ear:  
 It sounds the song of love.  
 It sounds your brief joys which clearly  
 Suckle the golden purity  
 Of the summer afternoon,  
 It sounds the long sentence of the  
 Which longs for, adores, worships, and  
 fears you.  
 Oh, on your long tresses,  
 Flowing over the alabaster  
 of your fine back,  
 I'll press my kiss!  
 Little white hand,  
 Which so much destiny holds,  
 Give the ultimate joy  
 Of this vain existence!

*Bei Männern*

Bei männern, welche Liebe fühlen,  
 Fehlt auch ein gutes Herze nicht.

With men who feel love,  
 Does not lack a good heart.

Die süßen Triebe mitzufühlen,  
 Ist dann der Weiber erste Pflicht.

The sweet desires to feel with him  
 Is then the woman's first duty.

Wir wollen uns der Liebe freun  
 Wir leben durch die Lieb' allein.

We, ourselves, wish to enjoy love  
 We live through love alone.

Die Lieb' versuset jede Plage,  
 Ihr opfert jede Kreatur.

Love sweetens every trouble,  
 Every creature makes sacrifices to it.

Dir wurzet unsre Sebenstage,  
 Dir wirkt im Kreise der Natur.

It gives spice to our daily life,  
 It works in the cycle of nature.

Ihr hoher Zweck zeigt deutlich an,  
 Nichts Edler's sei als Weib und Mann.  
 husband

Its high purpose is clear,  
 There is nothing more noble than wife and

Mann und Weib, und Weib und Mann  
 Reichen an die Gottheit an.

Husband and wife, and wife and husband  
 Reach up to divinity.

*Ach, ich fühl's*

Ach ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden,  
 Ewig hin der Liebe Glück!  
 Nimmer kommt ihr Wohnstunden.  
 bliss  
 Meinem Herzen mehr zurück!  
 Sieh, Tamino, dieses Tränen,

Ah, I feel it, it has disappeared  
 Forever gone love's happiness!  
 Nevermore will come the hour of  
 bliss  
 Back to my heart!  
 See, Tamino, these tears,

Fliessen, Trauter, dir allein!  
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen,  
So wird Ruh' im Tode sein!  
death!

Flowing, beloved, for you alone!  
If you don't feel the longing of love,  
Then there will be peace in

*Banalites I. Chanson d'Orkenise*

Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut entrer un charretier.  
Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut sortir un vanupieds.  
Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au vanupieds:  
"Qu'emportes tu de la ville?"  
"J'y laisse mon coeur entier."  
Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au charretier:  
"Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?"  
"Mon coeur pour me marrier."  
Que de coeurs dans Orkenise!  
Les gardes riaient, riaient,  
Vanupies le route est grise,  
L'amor grise, o charretier.  
Les beaux gardes de la ville  
Tricotaient superbement;  
Puis les portes de la ville  
Se fermerent lentement.

*In English*

Through the gates of Orkenise  
a carter wants to enter.  
Through the gates of Orkenise  
a tramp wants to leave.

And the sentries of the town,  
rush up to the tramp and ask:  
"What are you taking out of the town?"  
"I'm leaving my whole heart behind."

And the sentries of the town,  
rush up to the carter and ask:  
"What are you bringing into the town?"  
"My heart: I'm getting married."

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!  
The sentries laughed and laughed.



Oh tramp, the road is dreary;  
oh carter, love is heady.

The handsome sentries of the town  
knitted superbly;  
Then the gates of the town  
slowly swung shut.

*Banalites II. Hotel*

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage  
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre  
Mais moi, qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages;  
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette.  
Je ne veux pas travailler.  
Je veux fumer.

*In English*

My room has the form of a cage.  
The sun reaches its arm in through the window.  
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the air,  
and so I light my cigarette on the sun's fire.  
I don't want to work, I want to smoke.

*Banalites III. Fagnes de Wallonie*

Tant de tristesses plénières  
Prirent mon coeur aux fagnes désolées  
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières  
Le poids des kilometres  
Pendant que râlait le vent d'ouest.

J'avais quitté le joli bois  
Les écureuils y sont restés  
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages  
Au ciel  
Qui restait pur obstinément.  
Je n'ai confié au cun secret si non une chanson énigmatique  
Aux tourbières humides

Les bruyères fleurant le miel  
Attiraient les abeilles  
Et mes pieds endoloris  
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles  
Tendrement mariée  
Nord  
Nord  
La vie s'y tord  
En arbres fort

Et tors  
La vie y mord  
La mort  
A belles dent  
Quand bruit le vent.

*In English*

So much deep sadness  
seized my heart on the desolate moors  
when I sat down weary among the firs, unloading  
the weight of the kilometres  
while the west wind growled.

I had left the pretty woods.  
The squirrels stayed there.  
My pipe tried to make clouds of smoke  
in the sky  
which stubbornly stayed blue.

I murmured no secret except an enigmatic song  
which I confided to the peat bog.

Smelling of honey, the heather  
was attracting the bees,  
and my aching feet  
trod bilberries and whortleberries.  
Tenderly she is married  
North!  
North!  
There life twists  
in trees that are strong  
and gnarled.  
There life bites  
bitter death  
with greedy teeth,  
when the wind howls.

*Banalities IV. Voyage a Paris*

Ah, la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris!  
Paris joli,  
Qu'un jour du creer l'Amor!

*In English*

Ah, how delightful it is  
to leave a dismal place  
and head for Paris!  
Beautiful Paris,

which one day Love had to create!

*Banalites V. Sanglots*

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles  
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup d'hommes respirent  
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous nos fronts  
C'est la chanson des rêveurs  
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur  
Et le portaient dans la main droite ...  
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces souvenirs  
Des marins qui chantaient comme des conquérants.  
Des gouffres de Thulé, des tendres cieux d'Ophir  
Des malades maudits, de ceux qui fuient leur ombre  
Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants.  
De ce coeur il coulait du sang  
Et le rêveur allait pensant  
À sa blessure délicate ...  
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes...  
...Et douloureuse et nous disait:  
...Qui sont les effets d'autres causes  
Mon pauvre coeur, mon coeur brisé  
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes...  
Voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves  
...Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme  
Est mort d'amour et le voici.  
Ainsi vont toutes choses  
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi!  
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps  
Laissons tout aux morts  
Et cachons nos sanglots

*In English*

Human love is ruled by the calm stars.  
We know that within us many people breathe  
who came from afar and are united behind our brows.  
This is the song of that dreamer  
who had torn out his heart  
and was carrying it in his right hand...  
Remember, oh dear pride, all those memories:  
the sailors who sang like conquerors,  
the chasms of Thule, the tender skies of Ophir,  
the accursed sick, the ones who flee their own shadows,  
and the joyful return of the happy emigrants.  
Blood was flowing from that heart;  
and the dreamer went on thinking  
of his wound which was delicate ...  
You will not break the chain of those causes...  
...and painful; and he kept saying to us:  
...which are the effects of other causes.

"My poor heart, my heart which is broken  
like the hearts of all men...  
Look, here are our hands which life enslaved.  
"...has died of love or so it seems,  
has died of love and here it is.  
That is the way of all things.  
"So tear your hearts out too!"  
And nothing will be free until the end of time.  
Let us leave everything to the dead,  
and let us hide our sobbing.

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