

HOUGHTON COLLEGE

GREATBATCH SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

Nicole Wakelee

Soprano

in

Senior Recital

Assisted by
Andrew Reith, Piano

Recital Hall
Center for the Arts
March 30th, 2020
6:30pm

Program

Tangled

When Will My Life Begin

Alan Menken

(b. 1949)

Der Blumenstrauß

Felix Mendelssohn

Sechs Gesänge

(1809-1847)

No. 2. Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

No. 4. Suleika

When Jesus Walked on Galilee

Clara Edwards

To a Little Child

(1880-1974)

Into the Night

Offrande

Reynaldo Hahn

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

(1874-1947)

L'Heure exquise

Pause

La Pastorella

Gioachino Rossini

(1792-1868)

El Majo Discreto

Enrique Granados

El Tra La La Y El Punteado

(1867-1916)

El Majo Timido

Tartuffe

Kirke Mechem

Fair Robin I Love

(b. 1925)

We would like to thank the Houghton College administration for its faithful support of the Greatbatch School of Music.

I want to thank my parents, Dr. PrinsMoeller, and my grade school tacher Mrs. Joy Burch. I would not be where I am today without all of you.

***Shirley A. Mullen*, President**

***Paul Young*, Dean of Faculty**

***Dale Wright*, Chief Financial Officer**

Greatbatch School of Music Faculty, Staff, and Administration

Nicole Wakelee, a student of Dr. Kimberly Prins Moeller, is performing this recital in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree in Music Education for vocal emphasis.

As a courtesy to the performer and your fellow audience members, please be certain that all cell phones, watch alarms, and pagers are either turned off or set for silent operation. Flash photography can be very disconcerting to performers and is not permitted during the performance. Thanks for your consideration.

Program Notes

“When Will My Life Begin” by Allen Irwin Menken is a song from Disney’s *Tangled*. Menken is best known for his scores and songs for Walt Disney Animation Studios. Menken has received many awards and Oscars for his contribution in composing and conducting, as well as directing. He has also composed music for many Broadway shows. In this song, Rapunzel sings to herself and her pet iguana about what she does in her days trapped in the tower she was put in, longing to leave and start a new life away from the tower.

Felix Mendelssohn was a German composer, pianist, organist and conductor in the early Romantic period. He wrote symphonies, concertos, piano music and chamber music, and was acquainted with Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Mendelssohn was a child prodigy, but his parents did not want to capitalize on him, so they kept it a secret. When Mendelssohn got older, he traveled across Europe and became very well-known during his 10 trips to Britain where he conducted and performed. “Der Blumenstrauß,” or “She strolls in the flower-garden” is a song that depicts a woman in a garden looking around at the scenery, talking about how beautiful the garden is. “Auf Flügeln des Gesanges” and “Suleika” are selected from Mendelssohn’s *Sechs Gesänge*. “Auf Flügeln des Gesanges” translates to “On the Wings of song” and is about two people escaping to their happy place together. “Suleika” is a sad love song sung by a person who can’t be with their loved one but is asking the wind to carry a message for them.

Der Blumenstrauß

Sie wandelt im Blumengarten	She strolls in the flower garden
Und mustert den bunten Flor,	and admires the colourful blossom
Und alle die Kleinen warten	and all the little blooms are there waiting
Und schauen zu ihr empor.	And looking upwards towards her
Und seid ihr denn Frühlingsboten,	So you are spring’s messengers
Verkündend was stets so neu,	announcing what is always so new
So werdet auch meine Boten	then be also my messengers
An ihn, der mich liebt so treu.	To the man who loves me faithfully
So überschaut sie die Habe	so she surveys what she has available
Und ordnet den lieblichen Strauß,	and arranges a delightful garland;
Und reicht dem Freunde die Gabe,	and she gives this gift to her man friend

1. Lockspeiser, E. (2020, February 3). Felix Mendelssohn. Retrieved from <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Felix-Mendelssohn>

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Und weicht seinem Blicke aus.
Was Blumen und Farben meinen,
O deutet, o fragt das nicht,
Wenn aus den Augen der Einen
Der süßeste Frühling spricht

And evades his gaze
What flowers and colours mean,
oh do not explain, do not ask
not when out of one women's eyes
the sweetest springtime is speaking

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
Herzliebchen, trag ich dich fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges,
Dort weiß ich den schönsten Ort.
Dort liegt ein rotblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein;
Die Lotosbumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.
Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und schau'n nach den Sternen empor;
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen ins Ohr.
Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazellen;
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heiligen Stromes Wellen.
Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum,
Und Liebe und Ruhe trinken,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

On the wings of song, my darling
I'll Carry you off, and we'll go
Where the plains oft the Ganges are calling
To the sweetest place I know
Red flowers are twining and plaiting
There in the still moonlight,
The lotus flowers are awaiting
Their sister Acolyte
The Violets whisper caresses
And gaze at the stars on high;
The rose in secret confesses
Her sweet-scented tales with a sigh
Around them listening and blushing
Dance gentle, subtle gazelles
And in the distance rushing
The holy river swells
Oh, let us lie down by it,
Where the moon on the palm tree beams;
And drink deep of love and quiet
And dream our happy dreams

Suleika

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!
Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;

Ah, west wind, how I envy you.
Your moist pinions;
for you can bring him word
of what I suffer away from him!
The movement of your wings
Wakes silent longing in my heart.

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Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.
Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.
Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.
Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

Flowers, meadows, woods and hills,
dissolve tears where you blow
Yet your mild, gentle breeze
cools my sore eyelids
Ah, I'd surely die of grief.
Did I not hope to see him again?
Hurry then to my beloved,
whisper softly to his heart;
Take care, though, not to sadden him
And hide from him my anguish
Tell him, but tell him humbly
that his love is my life
His presence here will fill me
With happiness in both

Clara Edwards (1880-1974) often used the pseudonym Bernard Haigh because women who composed, sang and played piano weren't widely accepted at the time, and weren't always taken seriously. Though not well-known in contemporary times, Clara wrote over 100 pieces and 60 songs and quickly became popular among many publishers. Clara often collaborated with another composer for lyrics, but also used her own. Among Clara's many songs are a number of hymns and lullabies. The three pieces I am singing are, "When Jesus Walked on Galilee," a story of Jesus; "To a little child" which is a lullaby for children; and "Into The Night," about a person finding their loved one and going through whatever it takes to find them.

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947) is a Venezuelan-French composer, conductor and music critic who wrote in the French classical tradition of the *mélodie*. Though he was born in Venezuela, He moved to France when he was just 3, and the French style permeates his musical identity. As a child prodigy, he composed his first song when he was just 8 years old. The Paris Opera, The Paris Opera Ballet and The Opera Comique shaped Hahn's musical style. These three songs,, *Offrande*, *Si mes vers avaient des ailes*, composed from Victor Hugo's Poem and *L'heure exquise* are love songs to a loved one and are meant to show the love that someone has to their significant other. These songs were very significant in their time due to their manner and meaning. French songs tend to speak of love, and as previously stated, these do, but their meanings are very deep. *Si mes vers avaient des ailes* is about someone singing about their words. Their words would fly like a bird to show how much their significant other means to them. *Offrande* speaks about giving your heart to someone to hold on to. This person is so comfortable that while their significant other is holding onto their heart, they can rest

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peacefully and not worry about anything. Finally, L'Heure exquise is talking about a certain hour at night where the moon gleams and everything is dark and peaceful and it is easy to dream.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'oiseau.
Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'esprit.
Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour.

My verses would flee, sweet and Frail
To your garden so fair
If my verses had wings like a bird

they would fly like sparks
To your smiling hearth
If my verses had wings
Like the mind
Pure and faithful to your side
they'd hasten the night and day
If my verses had wings
Like Love !

Offrande

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches

Here are the fruits, flowers,
leaves and branches

Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous

and here, too, is my heart,
that beats only for you

Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches

Do not tear it apart with two
white hands

Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux

And may this humble gift be
sweet to your lovely eye

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée

I arrive covered with dew

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Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front

That morning wind, iced on
my brow

Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée

Let my fatigue, resting at
your feet

Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront

Dream of the lovely
moments that will refresh

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête

On your young breast let me
rest my head,

Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers ;

Still ringing with your last
kisses

Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête

Let it be stilled after the
sweet tempest

Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez

And let me sleep a little,
while you rest

L'Heure exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...
Ô bien aimée.
L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

The white Moon
Gleams in the woods
From every Branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...
Oh, my beloved
the pool Reflects
Deep mirror
the silhouette
of the black widow
Where the wind is weeping...

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Rêvons, c'est l'heure.	Let us dream, it is the hour
Un vaste et tendre	A vast and tender
Apaisement	Consolation
Semble descendre	Seems to fall
Du firmament	From the sky
Que l'astre irise...	The moon illumines...
C'est l'heure exquise	Exquisite hour

Enrique Granados (1867-1916) was a Spanish pianist and composer of classical music. He was born in Spain, studied in Barcelona, and became popular particularly because of his suite for piano, "Goyescas". Granados was unable to become a student in Paris, but took private lessons under Charles-Wilfrid de Bériot. This influenced Granados' pedal technique. Granados was also using improvisations while playing. *El Majo Discreto* is about a woman who loved her majo(man) and isn't afraid to love him, even though others find him undesirable. Some people think he is sneaky, but she loves him anyway. *El tra la la y el punteado* is about a woman who is singing about a man, and is finding out he is deceiving, yet she still continues to sing. Finally, *El majo tímido* is about a woman singing to a man who is too shy to talk to her from her window. He looks at her but leaves out of timidity.

El Majo Discreto

Dicen que mi majo es feo.	Some say my beloved is homely
Es posible que sí que lo sea,	It is possible he may be
que amor es deseo	For love is desire
que ciega y marea.	Which blinds and dizzies
Ha tiempo que sé	for long have I known
que quien ama no ve.	The loving is not seeing
Mas si no es mi majo un hombre	but if my beloved is not a man
que por lindo descuelle y asombre,	whose beauty turns heads and astonishes
en cambio es discreto	Then he is discreet
y guarda un secreto	and the keeper of a secret

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que yo posé en él	That I entrusted to him
sabiendo que es fiel.	Knowing he is true
¿Cuál es el secreto	What could this secret be
que el majo guardó?	That my beloved is safeguarding
Sería indiscreto	It would be indiscreet for me to reveal it
contarlo yo.	It is no small feat to learn
No poco trabajo costara saber	the secrets between a man and a woman
secretos de un majo con una mujer.	
Nació en Lavapiés. ¡Eh, ¡eh! ¡Es un majo, un majo es!	He was born in Lavapiés, He is handsome, handsome is he!
El tra la la ye el punteado	
Es en balde, majo mío, que sigas hablando	It is in vain my boy, that you go on talking
porque hay cosas que contesto yo siempre cantando:	For there are things to which i ever answer in song
Tra la la...	
Por más que preguntes tanto:	No matter how many times you ask:
tra la la...	
En mí no causas quebranto	You cause me no grief
ni yo he de salir de mi canto:	And I will not cease to sing
tra la la..	

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El Majo Timido

Llega a mi reja y me mira	Coming to my window grate to look at me
por la noche un majo	in the evening is a gent
que, en cuanto me ve y suspira,	Who, when he has seen enough, sighs
se va calle abajo.	And disappears down the road
¡Ay qué tío más tardío!	Ah, What a fleeting fellow
¡Si así se pasa la vida estoy Divertida!	If this I show life will go, it'll kill me

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868) was an Italian composer who gained fame for his 39 operas. He was also a child prodigy, and his first opera was performed when he was just 18. *La Pastorella del Alpi* is about a shepherdess who is yodels to the world to come to her garden. The shepherdess is calling to anyone to come find her if they lose their way, and she will offer them fresh fruits and flowers from her garden.

La Pastorella Del Alpi	The alpine shepherdess
Son bella pastorella,	I am the pretty shepherdess
che scende ogni mattino	coming down every morning
ed offre un cestellino	I offer a little basket
di fresche frutta e fior.	With fresh fruit and flowers
Chi viene al primo albore	Whoever comes at dawn
avrà vezzose rose	Will have some pretty roses
E poma rugiadosa,	and dew sprinkled apples
venite al moi gairdin,	come all to my garden
ahu, ahu...	

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Chi del notturno orrore	Whoever in nights frightness
Smari la buona via,	Loses his way
alla capanna mia	At my little hut
ritrovera il cammin.	Will find his path
Venite o passeggero,	Come o traveler
La pastorella è qua,	the shepherdess is here
Ma il fior del suo pensiero	But her tenderest thoughts
Ad uno solo darà!	Address to one alone!

Kirke Mechem is an American Composer. Mechem was originally interested in sports over music, and first as a sports reporter before finding his way to college where he was following in his father's footsteps to become a writer. Upon taking a music course, he later changed his major and graduated with a degree in music. He has taught at many Universities as a guest composer and conductor. Among over 250 works in every form is Mechem's first opera *Tartuffe*. *Tartuffe* is a 3-part musical setting of the comic play by Molière. Essentially, this opera is about a family deceiving one another and finding out that they are all being ridiculous. The protagonist (Orgon) is also deceiving the family members, even though he is not part of the family. They are all trying to banish him from the kingdom, so he doesn't cause any more problems, yet they themselves are causing a lot". "Fair Robin I Love" is about a maid singing to Mariane (the woman she cares for) about a man she loves and how they are both deceiving each other and others to get their way.

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