Presents an
Undergraduate Recital

Madelynne Hellemn, voice- soprano
Alyssa Soriano, piano

February 25, 2022 6:00 pm, Edge Recital Hall

Ridente la calme  W.A. Mozart  (1756-1791)
An die Nachtigal  Franz Schubert  (1797-1828)
Die Nacht  Richard Strauss  (1864-1949)
Zueignung  From Letzte Blätter, Op. 10
O mio babbino caro  Giacomo Puccini  (1858-1924)
I am in Need of Music  Ben Moore  (b. 1960)
When I Have Sung My Songs  Ernest Charles  (1895-1984)
Thank You for the Music  Bjorn Ulvaeus, Benny Andersson  (b.1945; b.1946)

Sarah Allen, voice- soprano
Ben Pozo, piano

February 25, 2022 6:00 pm, Edge Recital Hall

Sento nel core  Alessandro Scarlatti  (1660-1725)
O del mio dolce ardo  Christoph von Gluck  (1714-1787)
Nell  Gabriel Faure  (1845-1924)
Into the Night  Clara Edwards  (1880-1974)
The Black Swan  From The Medium  Gian Carlo Menotti  (1911-2007)
Music When Soft Voices Die  Ernest Gold  (1921-1999)
The Green Dog  Herbert Kingsley  (1858-1937)
Someone to Watch Over Me  George & Ira Gershwin  (1898-1937; 1896-1983)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in Music Therapy.
Madelynne Hellemn is a student of Dr. Gregory Broughton.

**Out of respect for the performer, please silence all electronic devices throughout the performance.
Thank you for your cooperation.

** For information on upcoming concerts, please see our website: music.uga.edu Join our mailing list to receive information on all concerts and recitals, music.uga.edu/enewsletter

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in Music Therapy.
Sarah Allen is a student of Dr. Gregory Broughton.

** Out of respect for the performer, please silence all electronic devices throughout the performance.
Thank you for your cooperation.

** For information on upcoming concerts, please see our website: music.uga.edu Join our mailing list to receive information on all concerts and recitals, music.uga.edu/enewsletter
Ridente la calma

This da capo aria is one of Mozart’s only songs written for a soprano and not a part of an opera itself. In fact, it is widely thought that this aria was written for educational purposes to be used by Mozart’s voice students. In this song, the singer calls to her lover to be calm, to relax in her embrace and tangle her in the chains of his love.

ARIA:

Ridente la calma nell’alma si desti; Smiling, may tranquility awaken;
Né resti più segno di sdegno e timor. May no sign of distain or fear remain.
Tu vieni, frattanto, a stringer mio bene, Meanwhile, my beloved, you come to me.
Le dolce catene sí grate al mio cor. The sweet chains, are so pleasing to me.

German Lieder

German Art Songs

Franz Schubert is known for a wide variety of genres; however, he is best known for his lieder, writing over 600 of them in his short lifetime of 31 years. An die Nachtigal was part of what is known as Schubert’s “miracle year” in 1815 where he composed over 20,000 bars of music including 145 of his lieder.

An Die Nachtigal To the Nightingale

Er liegt und schläft an meinem Herzen, He lies sleeping upon my heart;
Mein guter Schutzgeist sang ihn ein; my kind tutelary spirit sang him to sleep.
Und ich kann fröhlich sein und scherzen, And I can be merry and jest,
Kann jeder Blum’ und jedes Blatts mich freun. delight in every flower and leaf.
Nachtigall, ach! Nachtigall, ach! Sing mir den Amor Nachtigale, ah, nightingale,
nicht wach! do not awaken my love with your singing!

Richard Strauss was a Romantic Period composer and conductor born in Germany in 1864. While for the bulk of his career and into modern history he is often recognized for his symphonic poems and operas; however, much of his early compositions were rich with lieder. In 1885, when Strauss was just 21, he composed his first song cycle, Letzte Blätter, Op. 10, which consists of eight songs, many of which are still his most popular lieder and are considered to be some of his most beautiful works, including Zueignung and Die Nacht.
Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.
Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel’ an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an’s Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

The Night

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc,
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colours
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.
She takes all that is fair,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral’s copper roof
The gold.

The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me

Dedication

Yes, you know it, dearest soul.
How I suffer when I am away from you.
Love makes my heart sick.
Receive my thanks.

I once held, I who toasted freedom,
High the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink.
Receive my thanks.

And you exorcised within its evils,
Until I, as never before,
Blest, blest upon heart yours sank.
Receive my thanks.
**English Art Songs**

*I am in need of music*

*I am in need of music* is a poem by Elizabeth Bishop, which originally held the name *Sonnet*. *Sonnet* was written about her deeply depressing childhood, and how her passion for music and composing was taken away from her. Ben Moore, the composer, often chooses poems from pillars of the literary community, such as Elizabeth Bishop, and creates a contextual sound that builds on the true meaning of the poem itself.

I am in need of music that would flow  
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,  
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,  
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.  
Oh, for the healing swaying, old, and low,  
Of some song sung to rest their quiet dead,  
A song to fall like water on my head,  
And over quivering limbs, dreams flushed to glow.

There is a magic made by melody:  
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool heart,  
that sinks through the fading colors deep.  
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea.  
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,  
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

*When I have Sung My Songs*

Ernest Charles was a contemporary composer born in 1895. *When I have Sung My Songs* is arguably his most popular art song. Charles not only composed the music to this piece, but the poetry as well. This piece is often interpreted as a song of loss and sadness; however, it is a poem and song of undying love, devotion, and gratitude. The speaker is portraying how the life that was built with their beloved was filled with love. Their lives were intertwined, and they accomplished everything they could have dreamed, they would rather die than spend their life with anyone else.

When I have sung my songs to you, Ill sing no more.  
T’would be a sacrilege to sing at another door.  
We’ve worked so hard to hold our dreams,  
Just you and I.  
I could not share them all again, I’d rather die with just the thought  
That I have loved so well, so true,  
That I could never sing again,  
That I could never, never sing again,  
Except to you!
Selections from *Mamma Mia*

**Thank You for the Music**

Originally written by the Swedish band, ABBA, *Thank You for the Music* is a part of the popular musical, *Mamma Mia*. This song fills my heart with joy as it reminds me of my time here at the University of Georgia as I have grown as a therapist, musician, and person. Thank you to all who have been a part of that growth, and thank you for the music.

I’m’ nothing special, in fact, I’m a bit of a bore
If I tell a joke, you’ve probably heard it before.
But I have a talent, a wonderful thing,
’Cause everyone listens when I start to sing
I’m so grateful and proud,
All I want is to sing it out loud.

So I say, Thank you for the music,
The songs I’m singing.
Thanks for all the joy they’re bringing.
Who can live without it, I ask in all honesty
What would life be?
Without a song or a dance what are we?
So I say thank you for the music
For giving it to me.

Mother says I was a dancer before I could walk.
She says I began to sing long before I could talk
And I’ve often wondered, how did it all start?
Who found out that nothing can capture a heart,
Like a melody can?
Well whoever it was, I’m a fan

So I say, Thank you for the music,
The songs I’m singing.
Thanks for all the joy they’re bringing.
Who can live without it, I ask in all honesty
What would life be?
Without a song or a dance what are we?
So I say thank you for the music
For giving it to me.
Sento nel core
Sento nel core certo dolore, I feel in my heart a certain ache
Che la mia pace turbando va. which disturbs my peace.
Splende una face che l’alma accende, A burning flame arouses my heart;
Se non è amore, amor sarà. if it is not love, then love it shall become.

O del mio dolce ardor
O del mio dolce ardor bramato oggetto! You are the object of my desire!
L’aura che tu respiri alfin respiro. The air that you breathe at last may I breathe.
Ovunque il guardo io giro Wherever I turn my gaze
Le tue vaghe sembianze Amore in me dispinge, Love paints for me your lovely features.
Il mio pensier si finge le più liete speranze, My thoughts are of the most happy hopes
E nel desiro che così m’empie il petto. And in the desire that fills my heart
Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e sospri! I seek you, I call you, I hope and I sigh!

Nell
Ta rose pourpre à ton clair soleil, Your crimson rose in your bright sun
O Juin, étincelle enivrée, Oh June, sparkles intoxicated,
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée: Incline to me also your golden cup:
Mon cœur à to rose est pareil. My heart is like your rose.
Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse Under the soft shelter of shady leaves
Monte un soupir de volupté; Rises a sigh of exquisite pleasure;
Plus d’un ramier chante au bois écarté, More than one dove sings in the secluded
wood,
Oh my heart, it’s loving lament.  
How sweet is your pearl in the burning sky,  
Star of the pensive night!  
But sweeter still is the vivid light  
Which shines in my heart, my enchanted heart!  
The singing sea along the shore  
Shall cease its eternal murmur.  
Before in my heart, my dearest love,  
Oh Nell, your image shall cease to bloom!

O mon cœur, sa plainte amoureuse.  
Que ta perle douce au ciel enflamé  
Étoile de la nuit pensive!  
Mais combien plus douce est la claret vive  
Qui rayonne en mon cœur, en mon cœur charmé  
La chantate mer, le long du rivage,  
Taira son murmure éternel,  
Avant qu’en mon cœur, chère amour,  
O Nell, ne fleurisse plus ton image!