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Junior Recital-Amanda Glancy

Amanda Glancy

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AMANDA GLANCY
SOPRANO
DALLAS HEATON, PIANO

JUNIOR RECITAL

MAY 2, 2017
6:30 PM

ST. JOHN’S EPISCOPAL CHURCH
I. 
Seligkeit
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Nacht und Träume
Auf dem Wasser zu singen

II. 
V. Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
from Requiem Op. 45

INTERMISSION

III. 
Chanson d’avril
Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Ouvre ton coeur

IV. 
Quando m’en vo’
Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
from La bohème

V. 
Stars and the Moon
Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)
from Songs for a New World
Only Us
Benji Pasek & Justin Paul (both b. 1985)
from Dear Evan Hansen
performed with Matthew Glancy

I. 
Franz Schubert is commonly referred to as the Father of the German Lied. He established much of what became the standard for German art song. Schubert’s Lieder is characterized by beautiful poems set to vivid accompaniment that only adds to the meaning of the text. “Auf dem Wasser zu singen” is no exception to this pattern. Meaning literally “a song to be sung upon the water,” Schubert paints a vivid picture of the shimmering water with the fluid piano accompaniment. His other German Lied are no exception to this pattern.

II. “Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit” comes from Brahms’ Ein Deutches Requiem. Most Requiems are composed to commemorate the dead and are rather solemn. Brahms’ Requiem instead focuses on the living for the majority of the work. Its libretto includes text from the German Lutheran Bible instead of the more common Latin-based liturgy. “Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit” translates to “You now have sorrow” and contains words of scripture from John 16:22, Ecclesiastes 51:27, and Isaiah 66:13.

III. Georges Bizet is best known for his opera Carmen, a French Grand Opera set in Spain. This opera is a perfect example of France’s fascination with exoticism, or the portrayal of other cultures in their art and music. “Ouvre ton coeur” continues this tradition of exoticism in its use of Spanish rhythms and harmonies.

IV. In this popular aria from Puccini’s La bohème, Musetta is singing to her former lover, Marcello. The scene takes place as Musetta enters a café accompanied by her very wealthy, but old, lover. She is surprised to find Marcello there with his dear friends Rodolfo and Mimi. Musetta has become bored with her old lover and takes the opportunity (as she is a singer by profession) to tease Marcello with her song.

V. Songs for a New World is a set of pieces by Jason Robert Brown not directly related to each other but that each tell the story of the beginning of a new life, or a new adventure. In “Stars and the Moon” a young woman reminisces on her past failed romantic relationships and realizes what she has lost. Dear Evan Hansen is a new musical about an awkward high school boy who, after living a life empty of love, begins to hope that maybe he has finally found somewhere he belongs.
Auf dem Wasser zu singen
Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn:
Ach, auf der Freude sanftschimmernden Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines Atmet die Seel im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit;
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit
Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit; aber ich will euch wieder sehen und euer Herz soll sich freuen und eure Freude soll niemand von euch nehmen.

Sehet mich an:
Ich habe eine kleine Zeit Mühe und Arbeit gehabt und habe großen Trost funden.

April Song
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 joyful glance, is filled with sun.

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; Arise you! 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!

Open Your Heart
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.

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!

Song to be Sung Upon the Water
In the middle of the shimmer of the reflecting waves
Glides, as swans do, the wavering boat;
Ah, on joy's soft shimmering waves

Glides the soul along like the boat;
Then from Heaven down onto the waves
Dances the sunset all around the boat.

Over the treetops of the western grove Waves, in a friendly way, the red light
Under the branches of the eastern grove Murmur the reeds in the reddish light;
Joy of Heaven and the peace of the grove Is breathed by the soul in the reddening light.

Ah, time vanishes on dewy wing for me, on the rocking waves;
Tomorrow, time will vanish with shimmering wings
Again, as yesterday and today, Until I, on higher more radiant wing, Myself vanish to the changing time.

You Now Have Sorrow
You now have sorrow; but I shall see you again and your heart shall rejoice and your joy no one shall take from you.

Behold me:
I have had for a little time toil and torment, and now have found great consolation.

You now have sorrow; but I shall see you again and your heart shall rejoice and your joy no one shall take from you.

Ouvre ton coeur
La marguerite a fermé sa corolle
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?

Ouvre ton coeur a mon amour.
Ouvre ton coeur, o jeune ange a ma flamme,
Qu'un reve charmant ton sommeil.
Je veux reprendre mon ame,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

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!

Du côté des lilas aux touffes violetttes,
Mouches et papillons bruissent à la fois
Et le muguet sauvage, ébranlant ses clochettes,
A réveillé l'amour endormi dans les bois!

Puisqu'Avril a semé ses marguerites blanches,
Laisse ta mante lourde et ton manchon frileux,
Déjà l'oiseau t'appelle et tes soeurs les pervenches,
Te souriront 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.

Ouvre ton coeur a mon amour.
Ouvre ton coeur, o jeune ange a ma flamme,
Qu'un reve charmant ton sommeil.
Je veux reprendre mon ame,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!
Quando m’en vo’
Quando m’en vo’ soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira, e la bellezza mia
Tutta ricerca in me, da capo a pie’.

Ed assaporò allor la bramosia sottil,
Che da gliocchi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte belta.

Così l’effluvio del desio tutta m’aggira
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

When I Walk
When I walk alone along the street
The people stop and stare, at my beauty
They search for it in me, from head to foot.

And I savor the subtle desire,
Which emanates from their eyes
And they discover the hidden beauties of my obvious charms.

Thus the scent of desire surrounds me
It makes me happy!
And you who know, who remember, and you who suffer
Totally refuse me?
I know well: you don’t want to admit your anguish
But you feel as if you’re dying!

Seligkeit
Freuden sonder Zahl,
Bluh’n im Himmelssaal
Engel und Verklärten,
O da mocht ich sein
Und mich ewig freu’n!

Jedem lachelt traut
Eine Himmelsbraut;
Harf und Psalter klinget,
O da mocht ich sein
Und mich ewig freu’n!

Lieber bleib’, ich heir,
Lachelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der sagt,
Dass ich ausgeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr,
Bleib’ ich ewig hier!

Bliss
Joys without number
Bloom in heaven’s hall
Angels and transfigured beings,
As our fathers taught.
Oh, there would I be
And be eternally happy!

Upon everyone smiles dearly
A heavenly bride;
Harp and psaltery resound,
And everyone dances and sings.
Oh, there would I be
And be eternally happy!

I would rather remain here!
If Laura would smile at me
One glance that says
That I should end my lamentation.
Blissfully then with her,
Remain I eternally here!

Nacht und Träume
Heil’ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume
Wie dein mondlicht durch die Räume,
durch der Menschen stille Brust.

Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil’ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Night and Dreams
Holy night, you sink down;
Dreams also descend
Like moonlight through the night air,
Dreams descend through man’s silent breast.

They listen to them with pleasure;
They call, when the day awakens:
Return again, blessed night!
Lovely dreams, return again!