

Spring 4-26-2014

Marshall University Music Department Presents a Junior Recital, Hillary Herold, mezzo-soprano

Hillary Herold
Marshall University

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School of Music and Theatre

presents

Junior Recital
Hillary Herold, mezzo-soprano

In collaboration with

Alanna Cushing, piano
Jonathan Thorne, guitar

Saturday, April 26, 2014
Smith Recital Hall
3:00 p.m.

This program is presented by the College of Arts and Media through the Department of Music, with the support of student activity funds. For more information about this or other music events, please call (304) 696-3117, or view our website at www.marshall.edu/cam/music.

Program

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| Mein Gläubiges Herze | Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) |
| Flow My Tears | John Dowland (1563-1626) |
| Das Verlassene Magdelin | Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) |
| Als Luise De Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte | Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) |
| An Chlöe | |
| Serate Musicali I. La Promessa IV. La Pastorella Delle Alpi | Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868) |
| <i>INTERMISSION</i> | |
| Au Bord De L'eau | Gabriel Faure (1845-1924) |
| Notre Amour | |
| Silent Noon | Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) |
| The Maiden Snow | Richard Hundley (1931-) |
| My Master Hath a Garden | |
| Sweet Suffolk Owl | |
| Una Voce Poco Fa From: Il barbiere di siviglia | Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868) |

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| <p><i>Mein Glaubiges Herze (My Heart Ever Faithful)</i></p> <p>My faithful heart Rejoice, sing, make merry your Jesus is near! Away misery, away complaining to you will say only my Jesus is here.</p> | <p><i>Flow My Tears</i></p> <p>Flow my tears, fall from your springs exiled forever let me mourn. When nights black bird her sad infamy sings, there let me live forlorn</p> <p>Down vain lights, shine you no more No nights are dark enough for those that in despair her lost fortune deplore light doth but shame disclose</p> <p>Never may my woes be relieved since pity has fled and tears, and sighs and groans my weary days, of all joys have deprived</p> <p>From the highest spire of contentment my fortune is thrown and fear, and grief and pain for my deserts, are my hope since hope is gone</p> <p>Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell learn to concern light Happy, they that in hell feel not the worlds despite</p> |
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| <p><i>Das Verlassene Magdlein (The Foresaken Girl)</i></p> <p>Early, at the cockcrow, before the stars vanish, I must be at the hearth I must light the fire</p> <p>The flames make a lovely light the sparks fly up, I gaze at them sunken in grief.</p> <p>Suddenly I realize faithless boy, that all night long, I have dreamed of you</p> <p>Tears, upon tears then fall so the day dawns, I wish it was over. <i>(Phillip Miller, Ring of Words pg 186)</i></p> | <p><i>Als Luise de breife ihres.... (When Luise burned the letters of her unfaithful lover)</i></p> <p>Generated by ardent fantasy In a raptuous hour brought into this world-perish you children of melancholy</p> <p>You owe the flames your existence so I restore you now to the fire with all your rapturous songs For alas! He sangs them not to me alone</p> <p>I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters There will be no trace of you here yet alas, the man himself that wrote you may still perhaps burn long in me</p> <p>(Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust, from The Lied, Art Song, and Choral Texts Archive)</p> |
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| <p><i>An Chloe</i></p> <p>When love shines from your blue bright open eyes and with the pleasure of gazing into them my heart pounds and glows</p> <p>As I hold you and kiss your warm rosy red cheeks lovely maiden, I clasp you trembling in my arms</p> <p>Maiden and I press you firmly to my breast which at the last moment only at death will I let you go</p> <p>Then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed by a gloomy cloud and I sit then exhausted but blissful next to you</p> <p>(Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust, from The Lied, Art Song, and Choral Texts Archive)</p> | <p><i>La Promessa</i></p> <p>That I could ever cease to love you! Do not believe, Oh dearest eyes Not even in jest will I deceive you. You were and are my loves flame And you will be. dearest eyes My true love so long as I live. <i>(Nicholas Granitto, and Waldo Lyman)</i></p> |
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| <p><i>La Pastorella Di Alpi (The Shepardess of the Al-pines)</i></p> <p>I'm the pretty shepardess coming down every morning I offer a little basket with fruit and flowers</p> <p>Whoever comes at dawn will have some pretty roses and dew sprinkled apples Come all to my garden Ahu, Ahu</p> <p>Whoever in night's frightness loses his way at my little hut will find his path again</p> <p>Come o, traveller the shepardess is here but her tenderest thoughts address to one alone ahu, ahu (Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust, from <i>The Lied, Art Song, and Choral Texts Ar-chive</i>)</p> | <p>Au bord de l'eau (On the Bank of the river)</p> <p>To sit together on the bank of the flowing stream Watching it flow together. If a cloud floats by in space to watch it floating by on the horizon, If a thatched roof is smoking, to watch the smoke Around us is some flower is fragrant to bathe in its fragrance</p> <p>To listen at the foot of the willow where the water murmurs To the murmuring of the water while this dream lasts, Not to feel the passing of time not feeling deep passion Only adoring each other without concern for the disputes of the worlds to know nothing of them</p> <p>And alone together seeing all that grow weary without wearying of each other to feel that love in face of all that passes, will never pass (Winifred Radford, <i>The interpretation of french song, pg 110</i>)</p> |
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| <p><i>Notre Amour (Our love)</i></p> <p>Our love is light thing like the fragrance that the breeze takes from the tips of the ferns for us to breathe in dreaming</p> <p>Our love is a charming thing like morning songs when there are no sorrows to lament where there is the thrill of an uncertain hope</p> <p>Our love is sacred thing like the mysteries of the woods where an unknown soul quivers where the silences are eloquent</p> <p>Our love is an infinite thing like the paths of the sunsets where the sea united to the sky falls asleep beneath the inclining sun</p> <p>Our love is an eternal thing as all that victorious God has touched with the fire of his wing as all that comes from the hearts (Winifred Radford, <i>The interpretation of french song, pg 118</i>)</p> | <p><i>Silent Noon</i></p> <p>Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass the finger points look through, like rosy blooms your eyes smile peace</p> <p>the pasture gleams and gloom, 'neath billowing skies that scatter and amass</p> <p>all round our nests, far as the eyes can pass, are golden king cup fields with silver edge as the cow parsley skirts the hawthorne hedge</p> <p>Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon fly, hangs like a blue thread, loosed from the sky So this winged hour is dropt us, from above</p> <p>Oh clasp me to our hearts for deathless dower, this closed companioned inarticulate hour where two fold silence was the song the song of love. (Dante Gabriel Rossetti)</p> |
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This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Music Performance. Ms. Herold has previously studied with Mrs. Branita Holbrook-Bratka, Ms. Marlayna Maynard, Ms. Simone Gutjahr, and Mrs. Mandy Bohm in her time at Marshall University. Ms. Herold is a currently student of Dr. Larry Stickler. Ms. Herold wishes to thank Mark Smith for his collaboration for her recital hearing. For more information about this or other music events, please call (304) 696-3117.



The Marshall University Department of Music is grateful for the support of many families and individuals who help make our department strong and vibrant.

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| <p><i>The Maiden Snow</i></p> <p>O sleeping, lay the maiden snow, up on the branches of the city and ah, my love was warm beside me</p> <p>O nearer came the rush of dark wing, over the dreams of my people and o my heart was full of their pain</p> <p>O sleeping lay the maiden snow, up on the bitter roofs, of the worlds and ah my love was safe in my arms</p> | <p><i>My Master Hath a Garden</i></p> <p>My master hath a garden fulfilled with diverse flowers where thou may'st gather posies gay all times and hours</p> <p>Here nought is heard but paradise bird Harp, dulcimer and lute with cymbal and timbrel and the gentle sounding flute</p> <p>Oh Jesus lord, my heal and weal my bliss complete make thou my heart a garden plot true fair and neat</p> <p>That i may hear this music clear harp, dulcimer and lute with cymbal and timbrel and the gentle sounding flute</p> |
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| <p><i>Sweet Suffolk Owl</i></p> <p>Sweet Suffolk Owl, so trimly dight, with feathers like a lady bright Thou singest alone sitting by night</p> <p>Te whit, te whoo</p> <p>Thy note that forth so freely rolls with shrill command, the mouse controls and singest a dirge for dying souls te whit te whoo (Thomas Vautour)</p> | <p><i>Una Voce Poco Fa (A voice, a little while ago)</i></p> <p>A voice a little while ago echoed here in my heart my hearts is wounded now and it was Lindoro who covered it with wounds Yes Lindowro will be mine I've sworn it, I shall win</p> <p>My guardian will object I, quick-witted, will be sharp in the end he will acquiesce and I will be content</p> <p>I am submissive I'm respectful, I'm obedient, sweet affectionate I allow myself to be governed I let myself be guided but if they touch me where my sensitive spot is I will be a viper, And I'll cause a hundred tricks to be played before giving in. (Martha Gerhart)</p> |
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Melanie Griffis, Director of Development
College of Fine Arts
SH 161/304-696-2834
griffism@marshall.edu