

Spring 4-4-2015

Marshall University Music Department Presents a Senior Recital, Hillary Herold, Mezzo-Soprano

Hillary Herold

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DEPARTMENT of MUSIC

presents

**Senior Recital
Hillary Herold
Mezzo-Soprano**

With
**Mark Smith, piano
Jonathan Thorne, guitar**

**Saturday, April 4, 2015
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

Messiah

George Frederic Handel (1685-1759)

Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion

Frauenliebe und –Leben op. 42

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Er, der Herrlichste von Allen

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Süsser Freund, du blickest

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan

Intermission

Oh, Quand je dors

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Dreamland

Jürg Kindle (1960-)

I. A dream

II. Alone

Jonathan Thorne, Classical guitar

Canção do Poeta

Heitor Villa Lobos (1887-1959)

Boi Bumba

Waldemar Henrique (1905-1995)

La Cenerentola

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Nacqui all'affanno, non più mesta

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. Mrs. Herold is currently a student in the studio of Dr. Larry Stickler. She would like to extend her thanks to Mark Smith, Jonathan Thorne, Jacob Smith, Olivia Watson, and Brooke Fisher for their preparation and participation in the recital. For more information about this or other music events, please call (304) 696-3117.

Frauenlibe und –Leben

I. Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh' ich ihn allein
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel
Heller nur empor

Since I have seen him
I think myself blind
Wherever I look
I see him only.
As in a waking dream his
image hovers before me
Out of the deepest darkness
It rises ever more brightly

Sonst ist licht-und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwester Spiele
Nicht begehrt' ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen
Still im Kämmerlein
Seit ich ihn gesehen
Glaub ich blind zu sein

There is no other light or color
In anything around me
Playing with my sisters
No longer delights me
Quietly in my room.
Since I have seen him
I think myself blind

II. Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Wie so milde wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge
Heller Sinn und fester Mut

He the noblest of all,
How kind how good!
Fine lips, clear eyes,
Bright soul and strong spirit!

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich jener Stern
Also er an meinem Himmel
Hell und herrlich hoch und fern.

As yonder in the deep blue
That bright and glorious star,
So is he in my heaven
Bright and glorious, high and distant

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen
Nur betrachten deinen Schein
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Go, Go your way
Only let me contemplate your brilliance
Only in humility consider it
Only be blest and melancholy

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht
Darfst mich, niedre magd, nicht kennen
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Do not listen to my quiet prayer
Dedicated only to your good fortune
Take no notice of me the lowly maid
O high and splendid star!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Soll beglücken deine Wahl
Und ich will die Hohe segnen
Segnen viele tausend Mal.

Only the worthiest of all
Shall be favored by your choice
And I will bless the exalted one
Bless her many thousand times

Will mich freuen dann und weinen
Selig, selig bin ich dann

I will rejoice, then and weep
For then I am happy

Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen
Brich o Herz, was liegt daran!

Even though my heart should break
Break, o heart, what can it matter!

III. Ich kann's nicht fassen nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Es hat ein Traum mich betückt
Wie hätte er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

I cannot grasp or believe it
I am beguiled by a dream.
How could he from among them all,
Have exalted and blessed so lowly a one as I?

Mir war's er habe gesprochen
Ich bin auf ewig dein
Mir war's ich träume noch immer
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

It seemed to me he spoke
"I am yours forever"
It seemed to me, I am still dreaming
It cannot ever be so

O lass im Traum mich sterben
Gewieget an seiner Brust
Den seligsten Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

O let me perish in my dream,
Lulled upon his breast!
Let me relish the most blessed death
In the endless happiness of tears

VI. Der Ring

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Mein goldenes Ringeline,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

O ring upon my finger
My little golden ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
Devoutly to my heart.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlichen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

I had done with dreaming
The peaceful dream of childhood
Only to find myself lost
In endless desert space.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen Wert.

O ring upon my finger,
It was you who first taught me,
Revealed to my sight
The infinite value of life.

Ich werd' ihm dienen, ihm leben
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem glanz.

I will serve him, live for him
Belong to him entirely,
Give myself and find
Myself transfigured in his light.

V. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir.
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier

Help me, sisters
Please, to adorn myself,
Serve me the happy one today.
Busily wind
Around my forehead
The blossoming myrtle wreath

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heut'gen Tag.

As I lay peacefully
Happy in heart,
In my beloveds arms
He was always crying out
With longing in his heart
Impatient for this day

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit
Dass ich mit klaren
Aug ihn empfangen
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Help me, sisters
Help me to banish
A foolish anxiety
So that I may with clear eye
Receive him,
Him, the source of happiness.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du, Sonne, mir deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut
Mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

When you, my beloved,
Appeared to me,
O sun, did you give me your light?
Let me in devotion,
Let me in humility
bow before my lord.

Streuet ihm Schwestern
Streuet ihm Blumen
Bringt ihm knospende Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwestern
Grüss' ich mit Wehnut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar

Scatter flowers before him,
Sisters,
Bring him the budding roses
But sisters,
I greet you with sweet melancholy
As I happily take leave of your group

VI. Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an.

Süßer Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudenhell erzittern
In den Auge mir

Wie so bang mein Busen
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst ich, nur mit Worten
Wir ich's sagen soll
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust
Will in Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust

Weißt du nun die Thränen,
Die ich weinen kann?
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann;
Bleib' an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Dear Friend, you look
At me in astonishment.
You don't understand
How I can weep!
Leave the moist pearls
Unwonted ornament
To glisten, bright with happiness
On my eyelashes

How anxious I am
How full of delight!
If only I had the words
To say it!
Come and bury your face
Here on my breast
Into your ear I will whisper
All my happiness

Knowest thou the tears,
that I can weep?
Shouldst thou not see them,
thou beloved man?
Stay by my heart,
feel its beat,
that I may, fast and faster,
hold thee.

Here, at my bed,
the cradle shall have room,
where it silently conceals
my lovely dream;
the morning will come
where the dream awakes,
and from there thy image
shall smile at me.

VII. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
Du meinen Wonne, du meine Lust!

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück
Ich hab, es gesagt und nehms nicht zurück

Hab übergücklich mich geschätzt
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein

O Wie bedaur ich doch den Mann
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann

Du Schauest mich an und lächelst dazu
Du lieber, lieber Engel du!

Upon my heart, upon my bosom
Oh my joy, oh my rapture!

Happiness is love, love is happiness
I have said it before and I don't take it back.

I have thought myself over-happy
But I am over-happy now

Only she who gives suck, only she who loves
The child to whom she gives nourishment

Only a mother knows
What it is to love and to be fortunate.

O how I pity the man
Who cannot feel a mother's rapture?

You look at me and smile
You dear, dear angel!

VIII. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter unbarmherz'ger Mann
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlass'ne vor sich hin,
Die Welt is leer.
Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr

Ich zieh' mich in mien Inn'res still zurück,
Der schleier fällt.
Da hab, ich Dich und mein verlornes Glück
Du meine Welt!

Now you have hurt me for the first time
Really hurt me!
You sleep, hard pitiless man
The sleep of death.

The forsaken one looks before her
The world is empty.
I have loved and lived. I am
no longer alive.

I withdraw silently within myself
The veil falls,
There I have you and my lost happiness.
O you, my world!

Oh! Quand je dors !

Oh! Quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche
Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche
Soudain ma bouche
S'entr'ouvrira !

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,
Que ton regard comme un astre s'élève
Soudain mon rêve
Rayonnera!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,
Eclair d'amour que Dieu même épura
Pose un baiser et d'ange deviens femme
Soudain mon âme
S'éveillera

Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons

Nous n'avons plus de maisons!
Les ennemis ont tout pris,
Jusqu'à notre petit lit!
Ils ont brûlé l'école et notre maître aussi.
Ils ont brûlé l'église et monsieur Jésus-Christ!
Et le vieux pauvre qui n'a pas pu s'en aller!

Nous n'avons plus de maisons!
Les ennemis ont tout pris,
Jusqu'à notre petit lit!

Bien sûr! Papa est à la guerre,
Pauvre maman est morte
Avant d'avoir vu tout ça.
Qu'est-ce que l'on va faire?
Noël! Petit Noël! N'allez pas chez eux,
N'allez plus jamais chez eux,
Punissez-les!

Vengez les enfants de France!
Les petits Belges, les petits Serbes,
et les petits Polonais aussi!
Si nous en oublions, pardonnez-nous.
Noël! Noël! Surtout, pas de joujoux,
Tâchez de nous redonner le pain quotidien.

Noël! écoutez-nous, nous n'avons plus de petits
sabots:
Mais donnez la victoire aux enfants de France !

Oh while I sleep, come to my bedside
As Laura appeared to Petrarch,
And In passing let your breath touch me
All at once
I smile!

On my somber brow where perhaps there is
ending a dismal dream that has lasted too long
Let your face rise like a star....
All at once my dream
Will become radiant!

Then on my lips, where a flame flutters,
A flash of love purified by God himself
Place a kiss, and be transformed from angel into
woman
All at once my soul, will awaken!

Our houses are gone!
The enemy has taken everything,
Even our little beds!
They burned the school and the schoolmaster.
They burned the church and the Lord Jesus!
And the poor old man who couldn't get away!

Our houses are gone!
The enemy has taken everything,
Even our little beds!
Of course, Papa has gone to war.
Poor Mama died
Before she saw all this.
What are we going to do?
Christmas! Little Christmas!
Don't go to their houses, never go there again.
Punish them!

Avenge the children of France!
The little Belgians, the little Serbs
And the little Poles, too!
If we've forgotten anyone, forgive us.
Christmas! Christmas! Above all, no toys.
Try to give us our daily bread again.

Christmas, listen to us. Our wooden shoes are
gone,
But grant victory to the children of France

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Mein Ruh ist hin
Mein Herz ist schwer
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus
Nach ihm nur geh'ich
Aus dem Haus

Sein hoher gang
Sein edle Gestalt
Seines Mundes Lächeln
Seiner Augen Gewalt

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss
Sein Händedruck
Und, ach, sein Kuss!

Mein busen drängt
Sich, nach ihm hin
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy
I shall find it never
Never again

Where I do not have him
It is like the grave to me
The whole world
Is bitter.

My poor head
Is deranged
My poor mind
Is distracted

Only for him
I look out of the window
Only for him I
Leave the house

His fine bearing,
His noble form
The smile of his lips
The power of his eyes

And the magic flow
Of his talk
The clasp of his hand
And Ah, his kiss

My bosom yearns
For him
Ah, could I grasp him
And hold him

And kiss him
To my heart's content
Under his kisses
To swoon!

Canção do Poeta do Século XVIII

Sohnhi quea noite era festiva e tristea lua
E nós dois na estrada enlua rada fria e nua
Nuvens a correr, em busca de que meras

E com as nossas ilusões de fantasias
Di viver como no céu
A cantar uma doce canção
Que enche de luz o amor e a vida
Nas lindas primaveras

I dreamt last night the moon was heavy-hearted
You and I alone up on the moonlit street
Driving clouds in search of phantom madness

And we, like clouds ran seeking for illusion
Drams of life, we'd live in heaven
Perpetual singing of songs
That fill with light, our love of life
In the springtide of gladness

Boi-Bumba

Êle não sabe que o seu dia é hoje
O céu forrado de veludo azul-marinho
Veio ver devagarino
Onde Boi a dançar
Êle perdeu prá não fazer muito ruído
Que o Santinho distraído
Foi dormir sem se lembrar

E vem de longe o eco surdo, do bumbá sambando
A noite inteira encurralado, batucando
Bumba, meu Pai do Campo
Bumba meu Boi-Bumba

He does not know your day is today
The sky lined navy blue velvet
Come see slowly
Where the Ox would dance
He asked me not to make much noise
The Santinho distracted
Went to sleep without celebrating

And is by far the deaf Bumba
All night trapped, making noise, drumming
Bumba, my Father of the field
Bumba, my Ox

Nacqui all'affanno e al piano, non più mesta

Nacqui all'affanno e al pianto
Soffrì tacendo il core
Ma per soave incanto
Dell'età mia nel fiore
Come un baleno rapido
La sorte mia cangiò

No, tergete il ciglio
Perchè tremar?
A questo sen volate
Figlia, sorella, amica,
Tutto trovate in me.

Non più mesta accanto al fuoco
Starò sola a gorgheggiar no.
Ah fu un lampo, un sogno, un giuoco
il moi lungo palpar.

I was born to sorrow and weeping.
My heart suffered silently
But through a kindly magic spell
In the flower of my youth
Swift as a bolt of lightning
My destiny changed!

No, dry your tears
Why do you tremble?
Fly to this breast
Daughter, sister, friend
Find them all in me.

No longer sad by the fire
I will remain alone, warbling, no
Ah, my long-time heartache was a flash,
A dream, a game.

George Frederic Handel (1685-1759) is a quintessential composer for people inside and outside of the arts. As a Baroque composer, he was well versed in many genres of composition, including opera, oratorios (opera without costumes and staging) and many organ works. He began his life as many composers do, by going against his father's will to become a musician. He became organ master in the court of Wittenberg by the age of ten and used his experience as an organ player to be introduced into the world of opera. There was a ruling that stated that opera could not be performed during the season of Lent. Handel, embracing this new rule, began to compose oratorios. He had a lot of success with these, the arguably most famous is *Messiah*. This oratorio follows the story of Christ's birth, life and eventual crucifixion and resurrection. Oratorios consist of recitative, arias, and choruses. *Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion* is a soprano aria featuring melismatic patterns in both the voice and orchestra. There are three sections; the fast opening, the slower and declarative middle section, and a return to the fast tempo to conclude the piece, that can include added notes as the melody is repeated.

Robert Schumann's (1810-1856) masterful and moving song cycle *Frauenliebe und -Leben op. 42*, is one of the greatest collections of songs. The poetry is written by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838) and was composed in 1840. The song cycle programmatic in nature and it follows the story of a young woman and her journey through life and love. Within this work there is a clear progression of the beginning of love starting with the first piece that speaks of the first encounter with the man to the last piece when the husband dies and the woman is living in his memory. The piano has repetitive patterns that drive each of the songs, although the rhythms are different in each piece. The vocal line can be misleading from piano lines because Schumann places the rhythm of the voice an eighth note to a sixteenth off from the piano part at the beginning of phrases. This plays an important part because the opening passage in the piano returns at the very end of the work as the woman remembers her love. This great piece directly reflects Schumann's ongoing relationship with Clara Wieck. It is said that during the composition of this piece he was making arrangements with her father to propose to her, even though her father was against the marriage. *Frauenliebe und -Leben* was dedicated to Clara as a wedding present. This song cycle is the musical description of Robert and Clara's love affair.

Franz Liszt (1811-1886) set text by Victor Hugo in *Oh! Quand je dors*. Liszt composed two versions of the song. The first, reflecting his skill as a pianist, was considered to be too virtuosic, and took away from the melody line. Liszt made revisions to the score, taking out doubled piano lines, and making the overall texture of the piece thinner. This second version, composed in 1859, is the one used by singers today. It tells of the young romance and intimacy of two lovers, willing each other to visit the bedside while they sleep, as Laura came to the poet Francesco Petrarca's side. The piece is called a *melodie* in French, and is the equivalent of a German Lied, although this particular piece identifies more with the lied than the *melodie*. The piano and vocal parts are equally challenging in their composition. The piano part calls for separated articulation at the end of the piece, while the voice has a sustained line. Together the two create a great contrast to the climax that happened only measures before.

Within *Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons*, there is not only sadness for the victims of war, but also a rich history connected to Claude Debussy himself. Debussy (1862-1918) was suffering through many hardships when he composed this work in 1915. He had been diagnosed with cancer, and on the eve of a life-changing surgery, he composed this song. He penned the text himself, as a personal reflection of World War I. When Paris was invaded by Germany in 1914, Debussy was in residence there for a short time before fleeing with his family

to Angers, France. After living through this invasion he composed *Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons* out of rage. The text speaks of children with no homes, shoes, and food, and urges Father Christmas to forget about presents and to give food, and take vengeance on those who caused the children pain. The narrator, never clearly identified can be interpreted as many people. The work could be spoken by a small child, an ambassador for all children that were affected by war, or even a personal narrative by Debussy himself. Regarding the text Debussy said, "Not a word of this text must be lost, inspired as it is by the rapacity of our enemies." The song, marked as "sad and meek", is filled with profound words that move quickly over the triplet rhythm in the piano. Debussy was too old to fight in World War I, but he said that the text and music of this song "is the only way I have to fight the war."

Gretchen am Spinnrade is one of the first songs that Franz Schubert (1797-1828) composed. He was seventeen and it is one of his most popular songs for recital settings. Gretchen, a young maiden, is a character from *Faust*, a two part drama by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Faust is an exhilarating story featuring deceit, the Devil in disguise, loss, and love. In this setting, Gretchen is at her spinning wheel. She is lonely, and slowly going insane. The only time she stops her spinning wheel is when she breathlessly remembers Faust's kiss that he gave her earlier in the play. It astounds listeners that at age 17, Schubert can accurately portray the feelings of a young maiden, and encompass such a wide range of emotion in a song as short as this one. As in most of Schubert's lieder, there is a repetitive figure that is heard throughout the entire piece. Within the first measure, it is possible to hear the incessant spinning of Gretchen's spinning wheel. The vocalist sings the same opening figure several times throughout the piece, bringing the character into deeper madness as the song continues.

Jürg Kindle (b. 1960) has made a name for himself as a contemporary composer for classical guitar. Working not only as composer but also a pedagogue for classical guitar, Kindle is a versatile musician who is inspired by the things around him in his native Switzerland. *Dreamland* is a group of three pieces and was composed in 2013. The texts are taken from poems by Edgar Allan Poe. Each of the songs reveals Poe's soul through dreams and the battle between light and dark. The text uses poetic devices such as anaphora, the repetition of words at beginnings of sentences, as well as frequent alliteration. The guitar and voice often create dissonances that take an entire phrase to resolve themselves. Kindle treats the voice and guitar as separate parts in the composition. The guitar acts solely as the accompaniment to the voice.

Brazilian composer Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959) is one of the composers who helped shape his country's musical style. He was infatuated with Brazilian folklore and folk tunes, and he uses them in almost all of his compositions for voice. *Canção do Poeta* is an especially interesting piece. When Villa-Lobos was in his late forties, he travelled to Paris, where Claude Debussy's music was still very popular and he emulated Debussy's fluidity and harmonic choices in this song. The vocal line, steadily rising and falling in simple scale patterns, brings the poet Alfredo Ferreira's words to life as the text speaks of walking in a dream under the moonlight. The piano plays a dream-like opening line which leads into a simple vocal melody on an ascending and descending scale. The climax of the piece is placed on the word "Light". This is the highest note of the piece and has the loudest dynamic level of the piece. After the climax, the singer returns to the dreamy quality of sound and is followed by the piano playing an enchanting melody similar to the one that started the piece.

Inspired by Brazilian folklore, Boi Bumba is a well-loved tale in the northern parts of Brazil. Every year there is a festival dedicated to the story of Boi, an ox who was loved by the people of the village. As the story goes, a pregnant woman named Catrina got a craving for ox tongue, and her husband Chico sought out the best tongue, which happened to belong to Boi. The village is so furious that Chico would harm such a creature that they chase Chico and Catrina out of town and ask for the help of a priest and his daughter to save the ox. The priest succeeds and Boi is brought back to life. The whole village vowed to celebrate for the rest of his days. Waldemar Henrique (1905-1995) takes this tale and makes a wonderful folk-like melody that is a personification of the celebration that occurs throughout Brazil every year during the summer months. There are many arrangements of the piece and the original version leaves room for improvisation as well as added instrumentation including guitar, cavaquinho, and various percussion instruments.

La Cenerentola gives a different twist to the classic tale of "Cinderella" inspired by Charles Perrault's telling of the story. Gioacchino Rossini's (1792-1868) opera *La Cenerentola* gives hope to the underdog and a happy ever after ending with a prince in disguise. In this concluding aria, Angelina, or "Cinderella" sings of her joy that she has found her prince. She also sings of the forgiveness she feels for her stepsisters and her father for treating her badly during the duration of the opera. The piece begins with a speech-like recitative section at the beginning, followed by a faster section that contains melismatic patterns showing off the speed and agility of the singer. The singer then slows again and the aria is concluded with gusto by the singer and orchestra. This type of form in opera composition is called a *cabaletta*. Many of Rossini's triumphant arias contain the same structure. *La Cenerentola* was popular when it was first composed, but there were few mezzo-sopranos that had the ability to sing its coloratura lines, so it was not performed often in the nineteenth century. It was not until the past fifty or so years that the opera became regularly performed in large opera houses. Rossini wrote the opera during a very short period of time in 1817. He not only used original material, but reused some themes and instrumental interludes he had written previously to fill the silence between arias. The whole opera is light, energetic, and filled with humor with a happy ending for all.