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

MUSIC 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

Mein Glaubliches 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 Chloë

Serate Musicali
I. La Promessa
IV. La Pastorella Delle Alpi

INTERMISSION

Au Bord De L’eau
Gabriel Faure
(1845-1924)

Notre Amour

Silent Noon
Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

The Maiden Snow

Sweet Suffolk Owl

Una Voce Poco Fa
From: Il barbieve di siviglia
Richard Hundley
(1931-)

Gabriel Faure
(1845-1924)

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Richard Hundley
(1931-)

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mein Glaubiges Herz (My Heart Ever Faithful)</th>
<th>Flow My Tears</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>My faithful heart.</td>
<td>Flow my tears, fall from your springs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rejoice, sing, make merry your Jesus is near!</td>
<td>exiled forever let me mourn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Away misery, away complaining to you will say only my Jesus is here.</td>
<td>When nights black bird</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>her sad infamy sings,</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>there let me live forlorn</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Down vain lights, shine you no more</td>
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<td></td>
<td>No nights are dark enough for those</td>
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<td></td>
<td>that in despair her lost fortune deplore</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>light doth but shame disclose</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Never may my woes be relieved</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>since pity has fled</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>and tears, and sighs and groans</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>my weary days, of all joys have deprived</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>From the highest spire of contentment</td>
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<td></td>
<td>my fortune is thrown</td>
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<td>and fear, and grief and pain</td>
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<td></td>
<td>for my deserts, are my hope</td>
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<td></td>
<td>since hope is gone</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>learn to concern light</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Happy, they that in hell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>feel not the worlds despite</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Das Verlassene Magdlein (The Foresaken Girl)</th>
<th>Als Luise de breife ihres..... (When Luise burned the letters of her unfaithful lover)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Early, at the cockcrow, before the stars vanish, I must be at the hearth</td>
<td>Generated by ardent fantasy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I must light the fire</td>
<td>In a rapturous hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I must light the fire</td>
<td>brought into this world-perish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The flames make a lovely light</td>
<td>you children of melancholy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the sparks fly up</td>
<td>You owe the flames your existence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I gaze at them</td>
<td>so I restore you now to the fire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sanken in grief.</td>
<td>with all your rapturous songs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suddenly I realize</td>
<td>For alas! He sangs them not to me alone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>faithless boy,</td>
<td>I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>that all night long, I have dreamed of you</td>
<td>There will be no trace of you here</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tears, upon tears then fall</td>
<td>yet alas, the man himself that wrote you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to the day dawns, I wish it was over.</td>
<td>may still perhaps burn long in me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Phillip Miller, Ring of Words pg 186)</td>
<td>(Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust, from The Lied, Art Song, and Choral Texts Archive)</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>An Chloe</th>
<th>La Promessa</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>When love shines from your blue bright open eyes</td>
<td>That I could ever cease to love you!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and with the pleasure of gazing into them my heart pounds and glows</td>
<td>Do not believe, Oh dearest eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As I hold you and kiss your warm rosy red cheeks lovely maiden, I clasp you trembling in my arms</td>
<td>Not even in jest will I deceive you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maiden and I press you firmly to my breast which at the last moment only at death will I let you go</td>
<td>You were and are my loves flame</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed by a gloomy cloud and I sit then exhausted but blissful next to you</td>
<td>And you will be, dearest eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust, from The Lied, Art Song, and Choral Texts Archive)</td>
<td>My true love so long as I live.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Nicholas Granitto, and Waldo Lyman)
La Pastorella D'Alpi (The Shepherdess of the Alps)

I'm the pretty shepherdess,
coming down every morning
I offer a little basket
with fruit and flowers
Whoever comes at dawn
will have some pretty roses
and dew sprinkled apples
Come all to my garden
Ahu, Ahu
Whoever in night's frightness
loses his way
at my little hut
will find his path again
Come o, traveller
the shepherdess is here
but her tenderest thoughts
address to one alone
ahu, ahu
(Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust, from The Lied, Art Song, and Choral Texts Archive)

Au bord de l'eau (On the Bank of the river)

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
To listen at the foot of the willow
where the water murmurs
To the murmuring of the water
while this dreams 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
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, The interpretation of french song, pg 110)

Notre Amour (Our love)

Our love is light thing
like the fragrance that the breeze
takes from the tips of the ferns
for us to breathe in dreaming
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
Our love is a sacred thing
like the mysteries of the woods
where an unknown soul quivers
where the silences are eloquent
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
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, The interpretation of french song, pg 110)

Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass
the finger points look through, like rosy blooms
your eyes smile peace
the pasture gleams and gloom,
'neath billowing skies
that scatter and amass
all round our nests, far as the eyes can pass,
are golden king cup fields with silvery edge
as the cow parsley skirts the hawthorne hedge
Deep in the sun-searched growths
the dragon fly, hangs like a blue thread, loosen
from the sky
So this winged hour is dropt us, from above
Oh clasped 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)
### The Maiden Snow

**My Master Hath a Garden**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Maiden Snow</th>
<th>My Master Hath a Garden</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O sleeping, lay the maiden snow, up on the branches of the city and ah, my love was warm beside me</td>
<td>My master hath a garden fulfilled with diverse flowers where thou mayst gather posies gay all times and hours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O nearer came the rush of dark wing, over the dreams of my people and o my heart was full of their pain</td>
<td>Here nought is heard but paradise bird Harp, dulcimer and lute with cymbal and timbrel and the gentle sounding flute</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O sleeping lay the maiden snow, up on the bitter roofs, of the worlds and ah my love was safe in my arms</td>
<td>Oh Jesus lord, my heal and weal my bliss complete make thou my heart a garden plot true fair and neat</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sweet Suffolk Owl</th>
<th>Una Voce Poco Fa (A voice, a little while ago)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Suffolk Owl, so trimly dight, with feathers like a lady bright Thou singest alone sitting by night</td>
<td>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</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Te whit, te whoo</td>
<td>Yes Lindowro will be mine I've sworn it, I shall win</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy note that forth so freely rolls with shrill command, the mouse controls and singest a dirge for dying souls te whit te whoo</td>
<td>My guardian will object I, quick-witted, will be sharp in the end he will acquiesce and I will be content</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Thomas Vautour)</td>
<td>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)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Music Performance. Ms. Herold has previously studies 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.

If you would like to support the Department of Music through a donation and assist with student scholarships, academic travel for students and ensembles, or general support of the department please contact:

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