Jenna Hunt
MEZZO SOPRANO
JACK BROOK, ACCOMPANIST

Saturday, March 9, 2013
2:00 pm
Stetson Chapel
Kalamazoo College
KALAMAZOO COLLEGE
SENIOR VOICE RECITAL - JENNA HUNT

Saturday, March 9, 2013

Program

Widmung
from Myrthen
Robert Schumann

Er, der Herrlichste von allen
from Frauenliebe und -leben
Robert Schumann

Après un Rêve
from Trois Mélodies
Gabriel Fauré

Poème d’un jour
Rencontre
Toujours
Adieu
Gabriel Fauré

Va! laisse couler mes larmes
from Werther
Jules Massenet

Smanie implacabili
from Cosi fan tutte, ossia La scuola degli amanti
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Intermission

Nacht und Träume
Franz Schubert

Gretchen am Spinnrade
Franz Schubert

Ständchen
from Schwanengesang
Franz Schubert

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix
from Samson et Dalilà
Camille Saint-Saëns

Song to the Dark Virgin
Florence Price

When I Have Sung My Songs
Ernest Charles

Silent Noon
Ralph Vaughan-Williams

Love Went A-Riding
Frank Bridge
Widmung

(Poetry by Friedrich Rückert)

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab.

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein beßres Ich!

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

(Poetry by Adelbert von Chamisso)

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

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
also er an meinem Himmel,
hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,
nur betrachten deiner Schein,
nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
dinem Glücke nur geweiht;
darfst mich nieder Magd nicht kennen,
hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
darf beglücken deine Wahl,
und ich will die Hohe segnen,
viele tausendmal.

will mich freuen dann und weinen,
selig, selig bin ich dann;
sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,
you my bliss, o you my pain,
you the world in which I live;
you my heaven, in which I float,
o you my grave, into which
I eternally cast my grief.

You are rest, you are peace,
you are bestowed upon me from heaven.
That you love me makes me worthy of you;
your gaze transfigures me;
you raise me lovingly above myself,
my good spirit, my better self!

He, the most glorious of all

He, the most glorious of all,
O how mild, so good!
lovely lips, clear eyes,
bright mind and steadfast courage.

Just as yonder in the blue depths,
bright and glorious, that star,
so he is in my heavens,
bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Meander, meander thy paths,
buts to observe thy gleam,
buts to observe in meekness,
buts to be blissful and sad!
Hear not my silent prayer,
consecrated only to thy happiness,
thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,
lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all
may make happy thy choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty one,
many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep,
blissful, blissful I'll be then;
if my heart should also break,
brich, O heart, what of it?
Après un rêve

(Poetry by Romain Rollin)

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore.

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvriraient leurs nuées,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes
Je t'appelle, ô nuit,
rends moi tes mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

After a dream

In sleep enchanted by your image
I dreamed of happiness, a passionate illusion:
Your eyes were so gentle, your voice so pure and rich,
you were radiant like a sky lighted by the dawn.

You called to me and I left the earth to fly with you toward the light.
For us the skies parted their clouds: unknown splendors, glimpses of divine light.

Alas! Alas! sad awakening from dreams; I call to you, o night, give me back your illusion!
Return, return in radiance!
Return, o mysterious night!
Rencontre
(Poetry by Charles Grandmougin)

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée ;
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment ;
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement ?
Ô, passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un crépuscule?

Ta tristesse sauvage,
à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille,
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher ;
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie,
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te connaître bien !

Encounter

I was sad and pensive when I met you ;
Today I feel less my obstinate torment,
Oh, tell me, might you be the woman not even hoped for,
And the ideal dream pursued in vain?
Oh passerby with gentle eyes, might you be the friend
Who would bring back happiness to the lonely poet?
And will you shine on my strengthening soul
Like the native sky on the heart of an exile?

Your timid sadness, alike to mine,
Loves to see the sun set over the ocean.
Facing this vastness your rapture awakens,
And the charm of the evenings is dear to your beautiful soul.
A mysterious and gentle sympathy
Already chains me to you like a living bond
And my soul trembles, overwhelmed by love,
And my heart cherishes you without knowing you well!
Toujours
(Poetry by Charles Grandmougin)

Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
A la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!

Demandez à la mer immense
De deesser ses vastes flots,
Et, quand les vents sont en démence,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais, n'espère pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs,
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs.

Always

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you forever,
And depart in solitude
Without remembering the one I loved!

Rather ask the stars
To fall into the infinite,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its brightness!

Ask the boundless ocean
To drain its vast waves,
And when the winds rage in madness,
To still their mournful cries!

But do not believe that my should
Will free itself from its bitter sorrows,
And cast off its fire,
As spring casts off its flowers.

Adieu
(Poetry by Charles Grandmougin)

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
Déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés
Des prés ;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées,
Fumées !

On voit dans ce monde léger
Change
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
Nos rêves !
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,
Nos cœurs !

A vous l'on se croyait fidele,
Cruelle,
Mais hélas ! les plus longs amours
Sont courts !
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
Adieu !

Farewell

How quickly everything dies, the rose
Uncloses,
And the fresh colored mantles
Of the meadows;
The long sighs, the beloved ones,
Disappear in smoke!

We see, in this fickle world,
Change
Faster than the waves at the shores,
Our dreams!
Faster than dew on flowers,
Our hearts!

One believed in being faithful to you,
Cruel one,
But alas, the longest loves
Are short!
And I say, leaving your charms,
Without tears,
Almost at the moment of my confession,
Farewell!
Va! laisse couler mes larmes

Vallese! Let my tears flow

Smanie implacabili

Implacable passions

Nachtr und Träume

Night and Dreams

Please! Let my tears flow

Accept my tears, dear love,
They do good, my darling.
The tears we don't shed
All fall back into our soul,
And with their patient drops
Hammer on our sad and weary heart.
Its resistance
Finally wears out;
The heart grows hollow
And weakens—
it is too big,
Nothing fills it;
And, overly fragile,
Anything will break it.

Ah, scostati! paventa il tristo effetto
D’un disperato affetto!
Chiudi quelle finestre—
Odio la luce,
Odio l’aria che spiro,
Odio me stesso!
Chi schernisce il mio duol,
Chi mi consola!
Deh fuggi, per pietà,
lasciami sola.

Ah, get out of my way! Fear the sad effect
Of a desperate love!
Close those windows—
I hate the light,
I hate the air I breathe,
I hate myself!
Who makes light of my grief,
Who will comfort me?
Ah, away with you, for pity’s sake,
Leave me alone.

Smanie implacabili
che m’agitare
entro quest’anima,
piu non cessate
finché l’angoscia
mi fa morire.
Esempio misero d’amor funesto
daro all’Eumenidi
se viva resto
col suono orribile
de’ miei sospiri.

Implacable passions
that rage
in this heart,
do not cease
until this anguish
kills me.
A wretched example of fateful love
I shall give the Furies,
if I stay alive,
with the dreadful sound
of my sighs.

Heil’ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
nieder wallen auch die Träume
wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die helauschen sie mit Lust;
rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil’ge Nacht!
holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Holy night, you sink down;
The dreams flow down, too,
Like your moonlight through the rooms.
Through the people’s silent chests.
They listen softly with desire;
They call, when day awakens:
Come back, holy night!
Sweet dreams, come back!
Meine 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 zerstückL.

Meine Ruh’ ist hin,
mein Herz ist schwer,
ich finde sie nimmer
und nimmermehr.

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!

Meine Ruh’ ist hin,
mein Herz ist schwer,
ich finde sie nimmer
und nimmermehr

Mein Busen drängt sich
nach ihm hin.
Ach, dürft’ ich fassen
und halten ihn!

und küssen ihn,
do wie ich wollt,
an seinen Küssen
vergehen sollt!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

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

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth’s smile,
His eyes’ power,

And his mouth’s
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!
**Ständchen**

*(Poetry by Ludwig Rellstab)*

Leise fliehen meine Lieder
durch die Nacht zu dir,
in den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebehin, komm zu mir!

Flüsternschlanke Wipfel rauschen
in des Mondes Licht;
des Verraters feindlich Lauschen
furchte, Holde, nicht.

Horst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
ach! sie fliehen dich,
mit der Tone süßen Klagen
fliehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
rühren mit den Silbertönen
jedes weiche Herz.

Las auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebehin, hore mich!
bend harr ich dir entgegen!
komm, beglücke mich!

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**Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix**

*(L'oratorio by Ferdinand Lemaire)*

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix
comme s'ouvrent les fleurs
aux baisers de l'aurore.
Mais, ô mon bien-aimé,
pour mieux sécher mes pleurs,
que ta voix parle encore.
Dis-moi qu'à Dalilat
tu reviens pour jamais,
redis à ma tendresse
les serments d'autrefois,
ces serments que j'aimais.
Ah! réponds à ma tendresse,
verse-moi l'ivresse.

Ainsi qu'on voit de blés
les épis onduler
sous la brise légère,
ainsi frémit mon cœur
prêt à se consoler
à ta voix qui m'est chère.
La flèche est moins rapide
à porter le trepas
que ne l'est ton amante
à voler dans tes bras.
Ah! réponds à ma tendresse...

---

**Serenade**

Softly my songs implore
You through the night:
Down into the quiet grove,
Beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops rustle, murmur
In the moon's radiance;
Don't fear the hidden listener's
malevolent malice, my dearest.

Do you hear the nightingales singing?
Ah, they appeal to you.
With their sweet plaintive tones
They're pleading for me.

They understand the heart's yearning,
They know the pain of love,
Touch with their silvery tones
Every feeling heart.

Let them move you, too,
My darling, listen to me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, dearest, enrapture me.

---

**My heart opens up at your voice**

My heart opens up at your voice
as the flowers open up
at the kisses of dawn.
But, o my beloved,
the better to dry my tears,
let your voice speak again.
Tell me that to Dalilayou return forever,
repeat to my tender love
the promises of bygone times,
those promises I loved.
Ah! surrender to my love,
fill me with rapture.

Just as you see
ears of wheat undulate
in a light breeze,
so my heart sways
ready to be consoled
by your voice so dear to me.
The arrow is less swift
in carrying death
than is your lover
in rushing into your arms
Ah! surrender to my love...
Song to the Dark Virgin
(Poetry by Langston Hughes)

Would
That I were a jewel,
A shattered jewel,
That all my shining brilliants
Might fall at thy feet,
Thou dark one.

Would
That I were a garment,
A shimmering, silken garment,
That all my folds
Might wrap about thy body.
Absorb thy body,
Hold and hide thy body,
Thou dark one.

Would
That I were a flame,
But one sharp, leaping flame
To annihilate thy body.
Thou dark one.

Silent Noon
(Poetry by Dante Gabriel Rossetti)

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 glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

When I Have Sung My Songs
(Text by Ernest Charles)

When I have sung my songs to you,
I'll sing no more.
'Twould 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 had loved so well, so true,
That I could never sing again,
except to you.

Love Went A-Riding
(Poetry by Mary E. Coleridge)

Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode . . .
The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.

Than all the youths and the maidens cried,
"Stay here with us, King of Kings!"
But Love said, "No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings."
Jenna Hunt

Jenna will be completing a double major in Music and English at Kalamazoo College this Spring. Jenna has been taking private voice lessons for nine years and singing in school choirs for sixteen years. During her musical career, she has performed extensively, which culminates with her presentation of this musical recital today. Jenna studied abroad in Strasbourg, France during her junior year at Kalamazoo College, taking in the French culture, including music and the language.

Following her graduation from Kalamazoo College, Jenna will be attending law school in the fall, 2013. She plans to continue her vocal studies while working on her Juris Doctor.

Acknowledgements:

I would like to thank each one of you for coming to my recital. Preparing for this day has been a long, but rewarding process and I am excited to share it with you.

I would not be presenting this SIP recital if it had not been for the support and guidance of my voice teacher and SIP advisor, Dr. James Turner. In addition, I would like to thank my collaborative partner, and amazing accompanist, Jack Brooks.

I am grateful to Michael Sosulski for his assistance with the German pronunciation, Susan Lawrence for her assistance in putting together the program and poster for this event, Carol Kennedy for her assistance in facilities reservations, and Doug Decker for his recording services.

I am so thankful for the quality music education that I have received through the Kalamazoo College Music Department, especially, Dr. Leslie Tung, Dr. Andrew Koehler, and Dr. Thomas Evans.

Finally, I want to extend my love and sincere thanks to my family and friends, who have always provided the support, enthusiasm and love for what I do and who I am. Thank you and enjoy the recital!

Jenna
UPCOMING EVENTS

Friday, March 15th
8:00 pm - Kalamazoo College Jazz Band Concert

April 2013
Thursday, April 4th
7:30 pm - Slawomir Dobrzanski, pianist

Saturday, April 27th
3:00 pm - Jessica Hoffman - Senior Vocal Recital

May 2013
Friday, May 10th
8:00 pm - Symphonic & Jazz Band Concert

Thursday, May 16th
7:30 pm - "Into the Woods" Performance

Friday, May 17th
7:30 pm - "Into the Woods" Performance

Saturday, May 18th
8:00 pm - "Into the Woods" Performance

Sunday, May 19th
2:00 pm - "Into the Woods" Performance

Tuesday, May 21st
7:00 pm - International Percussion Ensemble Concert

June 2013
Saturday, June 1st
8:00 pm - Kalamazoo Philharmonia Concert

Sunday, June 2nd
4:00 pm - College Singers & Women's Choir Concert

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