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Julie Brinkman, Soprano, in a Senior Recital, with Cheryl Lemmons on Piano, Jennifer Magill as Mezzo-soprano, and Samuel Snyder as Baritone

Abilene Christian University

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THE ABILENE CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
PRESENTS

Julie Brinkman, Soprano

in a

Senior Recital

with

Cheryl Lemmons, Piano
Jennifer Magill, Mezzo-soprano
Samuel Snyder, Baritone



Sunday, March 22nd, 2015

4:00pm

Williams Performing Arts Center

Recital Hall

Program

Le Violette
Deh vieni, non tardar
 From *Le Nozze di Figaro*
Amiamo

Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725)
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Widmung
Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?
Adieu
Clair de Lune

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Josef Szulc (1875-1956)

Intermission

Music, when soft voices die
American Lullaby
Night

Ernest Gold (1921-1999)
Gladys Rich (1904-1999)
Edwin McArthur (1907-1987)

From *Jekyll & Hyde*
 In His Eyes

Frank Wildhorn (b. 1959)

Jennifer Magill, mezzo-soprano

Take Me As I Am
 Samuel Snyder, baritone

Once Upon A Dream

Julie Brinkman is a student of Dr. Julie Pruett.

Reception to follow

Translations

Le Violette

Rugiadose, odorose,
violette graziose,
Voi vi state vergognose,
mezzo ascose fra le foglie,
e sgridate le mie voglie
che son troppo ambiziose

Deh vieni, non tardar

Giunse alfin il momento
che godrò senza affanno
in braccio all'idol mio.
Timide cure uscite dal mio petto;
a turbar non venite il mio diletto!
Oh come par che all'amoroso foco
l'amenità del loco,
la terra e il ciel risponda,
come la note i furti miei seconda!

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioja bella.
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella
finchè non splende
in ciel notturna face
finchè l'aria è ancor bruna,
e il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel,
qui scherzo l'aura,
che col dolce susurro il cor ristaura,
qui ridono i fioretti
e l'erba è fresca.
Ai piaceri d'amor
qui tutto adescà.
Vieni, ben mio,
tra queste piante ascose!
Vieni, vieni!
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

The Violets

Dewy fragrance
pretty violets
You stand there shy
Half-hidden among the leaves
And scolded my desires
That are too ambitious

Oh, come, don't be late

The moment finally arrives
when I'll enjoy without haste
in the arms of my beloved.
Fearful anxieties, get out of my heart!
Do not come to disturb my delight.
Oh, how it seems that to amorous fires
the comfort of the place
Earth and heaven respond,
as the night responds to my ruses.

Oh, come don't be late, my beautiful joy.
Come where love calls you to enjoyment
until night's torchers no longer
shine in the sky
as long as the air is still dark
and the world quiet.
Here the river murmurs
and the light plays
that restores the heart with sweet ripples
Here, little flowers laugh
and the grass is fresh
Here, everything entices one
to love's pleasures
Come, my dear,
among these hidden plants
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.

Translation by: Naomi Gurt Lind

Translations

Amiamo

Or che l'età ne invita,
Cerchiamo di goder.
L'istante del piacer passa
e non torna.
Grave divine la vita
Se non si coglie il fior;
Di fresche rose amor solo l'adorna.
Più bella sei, più devi
Ad amor voti e fé;
Altra beltà non è
Che un suo tributo.
Amiam ché di son brevi;
È un giorno senza amore
Un giorno di dolor, giorno perduto.

Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
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 von Himmel
mir beschieden.
Das du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
du hebst mich lievent über mich,
mein gutter Geist, mein bess'eres Ich!

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Dort oben am Berg
In dem hohen Haus! In dem Haus!
Da gukket ein fein's lieb's Mädel heraus!
Es ist nicht dort daheime!
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein!
Es wohnet auf grüner Heide!
Mein Herzle is wund!
Komm, Schätzle, mach's g'sund!
Dein' schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die hab'n mich verwund't
Dein rosiger Mund macht Herzengesund.

Let's love!

Now that the age invites,
Let us seek to be happy.
The moment of pleasure passes
and does not return.
Life becomes serious
if one doesn't gather the flowers;
Love only adorns with fresh roses.
The more beautiful you are, the more you owe
to love vows and faith;
another beauty is nothing
but a tribute
Let us love because the days are brief;
A day without love is
a day of sadness, a day lost.

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,
you my bliss, o you my pain,
you my world in which I live,
you my heaven, in which I float
o you my grave,
in which my grief goes down forever!

You are the rest, you are the peace,
you are from Heaven
which I've been granted.
Your love for me makes me worth it,
your glance transfigures me,
you lift me lovingly above myself,
My good spirit, my better self!

Who then has thought up this little song?

Up there on the mountain
In the high house! In the house!
There looks out a fine dear little maiden!
She is not at home there!
She is the innkeeper's little daughter!
She lives on a green heath!
My heart is sore!
Come, sweetheart, make it well!
Your dark brown eyes
Have wounded me
Your rosy mouth makes my heart hale.

Translations

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht? (cont.)

Macht Jugend verständig
Macht Tote lebendig
Macht Kranke gesund, ja gesund.
Wer hat den das schön
schöne Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns' übers Wasser gebracht.
Zwei graue und eine weisse!
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen! Ja!

Makes the young wise
Makes the dead come alive,
Makes the sick recover, recover indeed.
Who then has thought up this fine,
fine little song?
Three geese brought it over the water.
Two gray and a white!
And whoever can't sing the little song,
They will whistle it for me! Indeed!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite,
La rose décroît,
Et les frais manteaux diaphanes
des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimés,
Fumées!
On voit dans ce monde léger changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
Nos rêves!
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs, nos cœurs!
A vous l'on se croyait fidèle,
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 the 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!

Clair de Lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmants masques
et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune.
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire
à leur Bonheur,

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masks
and bergamasks are promenading
Playing a lute and dancing, and almost
Sad under their fantastic disguise,
While singing in the minor mode
Of conquering love and a pleasant life.
They do not seem to believe
in their happiness

Translations

Clair de Lune (cont.)

Et leur chanson se mêle au
clair de lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux
dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes
parmi les marbres.

And their song mingles with
the moonlight
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely,
Which sets the birds
in the trees adreaming
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
The tall slim fountains,
among the marble rocks.

Music, when soft voices die

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so their thoughts when thou art gone,
Love itself, love itself shall slumber on.

Night

Wherefore should darkness
terrify my soul?
Night is the hope of day,
the scabbard deep,
Wherein the sword of sunlight
fair would creep
After the warring shouts
that round us roll
Dawn hath its glamour
Like pearls upon a shoal;
Noon hath its wonder
when it climbs the steep
blue hills of light;
And yet we fall asleep, afraid,
Sometimes with tears beyond control.
O let the shadows fold us in their wings
And when one long unstarlit
night shall come,
Let us not go like poor sheep,
Driv'n and dumb
But with a spirit that exultant sings;
For where the darkness
trails the desolate sod,
He walks before.
Night, Night,
Night is the shadow of God.

American Lullaby

Hushabye, you sweet little baby,
And don't you cry any more;
Daddy is down at his stockbroker's office
Akeeping the wolf from the door.
Nursie will raise the window shade high,
So you can see the cars whizzing by.
Home in a hurry each Daddy must fly
To a baby like you.

Hushabye, you sweet little baby,
And close those pretty blue eyes.
Mother has gone to her weekly bridge party
To get her wee baby the prize.
Nursie will turn the radio on,
So you can hear a sleepy time song,
Sung by a lady whose poor heart must long
For a baby like you!

Special Thanks

Looking back on these past four years, I'm left in awe at how God has worked in my life and the lives of those around me. Those who know my story know that I didn't start out as a music major, but God opened the doors that allowed me to pursue my love of music. During this time, I've learned that God has blessed each and every one of us with gifts so that we can bless others and point them back to God. I've learned that in the difficult times, He will never leave us. He surrounds us with people who love us and care for us daily. Thank you Lord, for the opportunity to sing for you on this day and every day.

I'm thankful for the friends and the professors He has placed in my life that not only challenge me to be the best I can be but who also pick me back up when I fall down. They have surrounded me whether I am in the valley or on the mountaintop.

To my professors and the staff at ACU, I would like to say thank you for holding me to a high standard and encouraging me in all of my endeavors. Thank you for providing a wonderful musical experience here at ACU.

To my friends, thank you so much for all of your support and for welcoming me into the ACU music family. Thank you for the laughs, encouragement, and for believing in me. I am grateful for the memories of these past four years that I will cherish for years to come.

My wonderful family, thank you for listening to almost twenty-two years of singing and for all of the prayers and support along the way. I smile when I think of the little girl standing on the laundry basket so she can see herself while she sings "Cinderelly, Cinderelly." Thank you for providing opportunities for that little girl to pursue her passion. I could not thank God for a more wonderful family. I'm so excited that I will get to see every one of you in the audience today!

Cheryl, thank you so much for all of your words of wisdom. Thank you for all of the time you have spent with me in lessons and for all of the extra time spent out of lessons helping me prepare for my recital. You are such a blessing to all of us!

Jennifer and Sam, thank you for singing with me and cheering me on during this whole process. I feel blessed to share the stage with such wonderful musicians whom I am privileged to call my friends.

Finally, Dr. Pruett, my mentor and teacher, words cannot express how grateful I am for you. Thank you for all of your patience as I learn to "play my instrument." Thank you for believing in me and challenging me. I've enjoyed learning from you – not only about music and singing, but about walking with the Lord and using our gifts to glorify Him. Thank you for everything!

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Bachelor of Music with Teacher Certification degree.

