Senior Recital

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Senior Recital

Dr. Kenneth Prewitt, School of Music

Dr. Carl Ratner, School of Music

Dr. Kimberly Dunn Adams, School of Music
Student Recital

2011–12 Season
Sunday 15 January 2012
Dalton Center Recital Hall
8:15 p.m.

COREY SHOTWELL, Tenor
Gunta Laukmane, Piano

George Frideric Handel
1685–1759
“Sound an Alarm!” from Judas Maccabaeus HWV 63

Georges Enesco
1881–1955
Sept Chansons de Clément Marot
I. Estreines à Anne
II. Languir me fais
III. Aux damoyselles paresseuses d’escrire a leurs amys
IV. Estreine de la rose
V. Present de couleur blanche
VI. Changeons propos, c’est trop chanté d’amours
VII. Du conflict en douleurs

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Per pietà, non ricercate K.420
1756–1791
brief pause

Franz Schubert
1797–1828
Du bist die Ruh D.776

Hugo Wolf
1860–1903
“Die Nacht” from Eichendorff-Lieder

Gustav Mahler
1860–1911
“Ablösung im Sommer” from Des Knaben Wunderhorn
Gioacchino Rossini
1792–1868
“Ecco, ridente in cielo” from Il Barbiere di Siviglia

Leonard Bernstein
1918–1990
“Lucky to Be Me” from On the Town

Tom Cipullo
b. 1962
Another Reason Why I Don’t Keep a Gun in the House (1998)

Corey Shotwell is a senior from Ionia majoring in performance. He studies with Dr. Ken Prewitt.

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Recital Program Notes

"Sound an Alarm!", from Judas Maccabæus
George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Handel composed his first operas, Almira and Nero, at the age of 20. It was the beginning of a very prolific career that would result in a total of 42 operas and another 29 oratorios. It was over the course of his life that he gradually shifted to the composition of oratorio from that of opera. Handel discovered the demand for the oratorio in 1732 when the Bishop of Rome banned any form of theatrical staging of a biblical subject. Judas Maccabeus, written in 1747, is based on the First book of Maccabees that relates events after the conquest of Judea between 170-160 BC. In an attempt to undermine the Jewish religion, the new ruler forbade the following of Jewish traditions and ordered the people to worship Zeus. After the death of Mattathias, a Jewish priest who rejected these new orders, his son Judas becomes a leader for the people of Judea. In this recitative and air, Judas attempts to restore morale with the battle cry "Sound an alarm!" after news of defeat at the hands of Gorgias, an opposing general.

Libretto by Thomas Morell (1703-1784)

Recitative:
My arms! Against this Gorgias will I go.
The Idumean governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

Air:
Sound an alarm! Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around.
Who listeth, follow: to the field again!
Justice with courage is a thousand men.

Sept Chansons de Clément Marot
George Enesco (1881-1955)

Clément Marot was one of the most celebrated poets of the French Renaissance. His texts were set by a number of composers. Some were written in his own time by composers such as Claudin de Sermisy, but many of his poems were also set by several French composers in the 19th and 20th centuries. He is known for being fairly modern for his time and his works truly capturing the vernacular of the period without need for grandeur or formality. In this piece, Enesco assembles an assortment of Marot's chansons and epigrams to show a progression of the love and sentiment the poet felt in his life. The cycle begins with unrequited love and progresses through periods of languish, comic retaliation, adoration, an attempt at reprieve, and finally helpless desolation. In Sept Chansons de Clément Marot, his style varies from the basic triads that outline most of "Estrene a Anne" to the complicated harmonic shifts of "Du conflicts en douleurs". These harmonic shifts lend insight into the development of this devotion that becomes more complex and distorted as time goes on. A metric analysis of the piece reveals that the first six chansons are constantly changing time signatures, which give them a very fluid and unconfined character. The final utterance of the poet's love remains in a fixed meter and the style marking "Avec une expression contenue" ("With a contained expression) shows the resignation and helplessness he feels in loving someone who he knows will never love him back.
1. Estrene à Anne

Ce nouvel an pour Estreines vous donne
Mon cœu r blessé d'une nouvelle playe.
Contrainct y suis; Amour ainsi l'ordonne,
En qui ung cas bien contraire j'essay e;
Car ce Cœu r là, c'est ma richesse vraye;
Le demeurant n'est rien où je me fonde;
Et faut donner le meilleur bien que j'aye
Si j'ay vouloir d'estre riche en ce monde.

2. Languir me fais

Languir me fais sans t'avoir offensée:
Plus ne m'escriptz plus de moy ne t'enquiers
Mais non obst ant, aultre Dame ne quiers:
Plus tost mourir que changer ma pensée.
Je ne dy pas t'amour estre effacée,
Mais je me plains de l'ennuy que j'acquiers,
Et loing de toy humblement te requiers
Que loing de moy, de moy ne sois faschée.

3. Aux damoyselles paresseuses d'escrire
   a leurs amys

Bon jour, et puis, quelles nouvelles?
N'en sçauroit on de vous avoir?
S'en brief ne m'en faictes sçauoir,
J'en feray de toutes nouvelles.

Puis que vous estes si rebelles,
Bon vespre, bonn nuict, bon soir,
Bon jour!

Mais si vous cueillez des groyselles,
Envoyez m'en; car, pour tout voir,
Je suis gros: mais c'est de vous voir
Quelque matin, mes damoyselles;
Bon jour!

4. Estrene de la rose

La belle Rose à Venus consacrée
L'o c il et le Sens de grand plaisir pourvoit;
Si vous diray Dame qui tant m'ag rée
Raison pourquoi de rouges on en voit.

1. A Gift for Anne

I give you as a New Year's present
my heart which is newly wounded.
I'm forced to - this is commanded by Love
in whose service I'm attempting a paradoxical
thing:
for my heart is my true wealth
the rest of my goods are nothing to build on,
yet I have to give away my best possession
if I wish to be rich in this world.

2. You make me pine away

You make me pine away, though I haven't
offended you
You've stopped writing to me, or asking after
me.
But despite this I do not desire any other lady:
I'd rather die than change my mind.

I don't say that your love has vanished,
but I do complain of the anguish I receive.
And far from you I humbly beg you
not to be angry at me.

3. To the Damsels that are too Lazy to
   Write to their Suitors

Good day! And may I add, What's new?
Is there no way of hearing from you?
If you don't inform me soon
I'll make up news of you all.

Since you are so recalcitrant,
I bid you good afternoon, good night,
Good day!

But if you're picking berries,
do send me some, because I'm desperate
to see things - and "berry keen" to see
you, my ladies, some morning soon.
Good day!

4. The Gift of the Rose

The fair rose, the flower of Venus,
is a pleasure to see and to smell.
And I will tell you, lady,
the reason why roses are red.
Ung jour Venus son Adonis suyvoit
Parmy Jardins pleins d’Espines et Branches,
Les Piedz tous nudz et les deux Bras sans
manches,
Dont d’ung Rosier l’Espine luy mesfeit.
Or estoient lors toutes les Roses blanches,
Mais de son sang de vermeilles en feit.

De ceste Rose ay ja faict mon profit
Vous estrenant, car plus qu’a aultre chose
Vostre Visage en douceur tout confict
Semble à la fresche et vermeillete Rose.

5. Present de couleur blanche
Present, present de couleur de Colombe,
Va ou mon Ceur s’est le plus adonne!
Va doucement, et doucement y tombe!
Mais au parler ne te monstre estonne!

Dy que tu es pour Foy bien ordonné!
Dy outreplus (car je te l’abandonne)
Que le Seigneur à qui tu es donné
N’a foy semblable à celle qui te donne.

6. Changeons propos, c’est trop chante
d’amours
Changeons propos c’est trop chanté d’amour
Ce sont clamours, chantons de la serpette:
Tous vigneronc ont à elle recours,
C’est leur secours pour tailler la vignette;
Ô serpillette, ô la serpillonnéte,
La vignollette est par toy mise sus,

Donst les bons vins tous les ans sont yssus!

Le dieu Vulcain, forgeron des hautz dieux,
Forgea aux cieulx la serpe bien taillante,
De fin acier trempé en bon vin vieulx,
Pour tailler mieulx et estre plus vaillante.
Bacchus la vante, et dit qu’elle est seante
Et convenante à Noé le bon hom
Pour en tailler la vigne en la saison.

Bacchus alors chappeau de treille avoit,
Et arrivoit pour benistre la vigne;
Avec flascons Silenus le suyvoit,
Lequel beuvoit aussi droit qu’une ligne;
Puis il trepigne, et se fait une bigne;

Venus one day was following Adonis
with bare feet and uncovered arms
through gardens full of thorns and
branches,
when the thorn of a rose-bush scratched her.
At that time all roses were white,
but her blood made some of them crimson.

Now I’ve made good use of this rose
as a gift to you, because your face,
which is utterly gentle and sweet, resembles
more than anything a fresh red rose.

5. A white-colored present
Gift, oh dove-coloured gift,
go where my heart’s chief devotion lies!
Gently go and settle there gently,
but don’t be too dumb-struck to speak!

Say that you are destined for True Love!
Say also (since I commit you to him)
that the lord to whom you are given
is less true than the lady who gives you.

6. Let’s change the subject, that’s enough
singing of love
Let’s change the subject, that’s enough
singing of love.
It’s empty noise, let’s sing of the
pruning-knife.
All wine-growers make use of it;
they need it for cutting their vines.
Oh tiny knife, oh cute little cutter,
with your help they trim and train the young
plants
which produce good wines every year.

The god Vulcan, the blacksmith of Olympus,
wrought in heaven that good keen blade
out of fine steel soaked in good old wine
to make it sharper and more valiant.
Bacchus praised it, declaring it a fit
and ideal tool for good father Noah
to use in the vine-pruning season.

At that time Bacchus wore a vine-leaf hat
and used to come to bless the vines.
Bearing flagons Silenus followed -
he used to drink standing straight as a die,
and then stagger about and bump his head.
Comme une guigne estoit rouge son nez;  
Beaucoup de gens de sa race sont nez.

He had a nose as red as a cherry  
and many folk are his descendants.

7. Du conflict en douleurs
Si j’ay du mal, maulgre moy je le porte;  
Et s’ainsi est qu’aucun me reconforte,  
Son reconfort ma douleur point n’appaise;  
Voylà comment je languis en mal aise,  
Sans nul espoir de lyesse plus forte.

It’s decreed that anguish can never leave me  
for thus my lot was cast  
since birth; yet don’t be offended  
if I suffer.

Et faut qu’ennuy jamais de moy ne sorte,  
Car mon estat fut faict de telle sorte,  
Dès que fuz né; pourtant ne vous desplaise  
Si j’ay du mal.

When I die my pain will be dead;  
but meanwhile my poor heart endures  
a sad life lived in ill-fortune,  
which compels me to love my own anguish  
and forbids me to feel depressed  
if I suffer.

Quand je mourray ma douleur sera morte;  
Mais ce pendant mon povre cuer supporte  
Mes tristes jours en fortune maulvaise,  
Dont force m’est que mon ennuy me plaise,  
Et ne faut plus que je me desconforte  
Si j’ay du mal.

Text by an anonymous poet

La cagion del mio tormento,  
Si crudele in me lo sento,  
Che neppur lo so spiegar!  
Vo pensando... ma poi come?  
Per uscir... ma che mi giova  
Di far questa, o quella prova,  
Se non trovo in che sperar?

Ah, tra l’ire e tra gli sdegni  
Della mia funesta sorte,  
Chiamo solo, oh Dio, la morte,  
Che mi venga a consolar!

For pity’s sake, do not seek  
The cause of my torment,  
I feel it so cruelly within me,  
That I do not even know how to explain it!  
I think about... but then, how?  
To leave... but of what use it to me  
To make this or that attempt,  
If I find nothing in which to hope!

Ah, between the angers and the indignations  
Of my woeful fate,  
I only call, oh God, for death,  
that it may come to console me!
Du bist die Ruh
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Franz Schubert is one of the most recognized composers of German lied. Over the course of his relatively short life, he composed over 600 lieder. *Du bist die Ruh* was written in his final years before he was diagnosed with syphilis. This art song is so incredibly lyrical and gentle that one must be sure not to overlook the underlying pain that the speaker of the poem feels. Even in the piano introduction, the alternating feelings of pleasure and pain are shown with the movement between the tonic and subdominant chords to the half-diminished seventh chord in the first three measures, a pattern that is found throughout. By the end, the narrator attempts to look past the longing and torment and asks the object of his devotion to fill his heart completely with their love.

Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schließe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz!

You are peace,
The mild peace,
You are longing
And what stills it.

I consecrate to you
Full of pleasure and pain
As a dwelling here
My eyes and heart.

Come to me,
And close
quietly behind you
the gates.

Drive other pain
Out of this breast
May my heart be full
With your pleasure.

This temple of my eyes
by your radiance
alone is illumined,
O fill it completely!

Die Nacht
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Wolf is mostly remembered for his incredibly expressive Romantic German art songs. He wrote over one hundred lieder, which are typically grouped by poet. His compilation of Eichendorff-Lieder and other popular collections like his Goethe-Lieder and Moricke-Lieder were all composed between 1889-1891, a period of high productivity for Wolf. Joseph von Eichendorff was a Romantic German poet who lived in the first part of the nineteenth century. His poem, originally entitled Die Nachtblume (The Night Flower), was written in 1834. Wolf wonderfully paints the text of the rolling waves of the sea in Eichendorff's poem with the flowing motion of the piano upon which the vocal line gently drifts.
"Die Nachtblume", from *Frühling und Liebe*

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Nacht ist wie ein stilles Meer,  Night is like a quiet sea:
Lust und Leid und Liebesklagen  joy and sorrow and the laments of love
Kommen so verworren her  become tangled up
In dem linden Wellenschlagen.  in the gentle throbbing of the waves.

Wünsche wie die Wolken sind,  Desires are like clouds
Schiffen durch die stillen Räume,  that sail through the quiet space:
Wer erkennt im lauen Wind,  who can recognize in the mild wind
Ob's Gedanken oder Tra’ume?  whether they are thoughts or dreams?

Schließ’ ich nun auch Herz und Mund,  Even if my heart and mouth now are closed,
Die so gern den Sternen klagen,  that once so easily lamented to the stars,
Leise doch im Herzensgrund  still, at the bottom of my heart
Bleibt das linde Wellenschlagen.  there remains the gentle throbbing of those waves.

"Ablosung im Sommer", from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Mahler wrote his settings of poems from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* over a span of fifteen years. These texts are simply German folklore that was compiled into one edition at the start of the 19th century. While Mahler set over two dozen of these poems, his first settings were written only for voice and piano. Later groups of these songs were first scored for voice and orchestra and later edited by the composer to a more publishable version for voice and piano. The two characters of "Ablosung im Sommer", the cuckoo and the nightingale, appear in other songs in this collection. Another poem describes a singing contest held between the two. While the nightingale’s song was sweet and melodious, the cuckoo is declared the winner because of his simple song of fourths and fifths. In this poem, the cuckoo has fallen to his death and the narrator then awaits the sweet song of the nightingale to help past the long and wearisome summer.

Text from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (German folk poems)

Kuckuck hat sich zu Tode gefallen  Cuckoo has fallen to its death
An einer grünen Weiden.  On a green willow,
Kuckuck ist tot! Kuckuck ist tot!  Cuckoo is dead! Cuckoo is dead!
Wer soll uns denn den Sommer lang  Who should then for the long summer
Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?  Help us pass the time?

Ei, das soll thun Frau Nachtigall,  Oh, that should be Mrs. Nightingale,
Die sitzt auf grünen Zweige!  Who sits on a green branch!
Die kleine, feine Nachtigall!  The small, fine nightingale,
Die liebe, süße Nachtigall!  The lovely, sweet nightingale!
Sie singt und springt, ist all’zeit froh,  She sings and springs, is always joyous,
Wenn andre Vögel schweigen.  When other birds are silent.

Wir warten auf Frau Nachtigall,  We await Mrs. Nightingale,
Die wohnt im grünen Hage,  Who lives in a green glen,
Und wenn der Kuckuck zu Ende ist,  And when the cuckoo call is at its end,
Dann fängt sie an zu schlagen!  Then does she begin to sing!
“Ecco, ridente in cielo”, from Il barbiere di Siviglia
Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

The Barber of Seville is the first play of the Figaro trilogy, written forty years earlier by Pierre Beaumarchais. It tells the story of Count Almaviva who falls in love with Rosina, the ward of Dr. Bartolo. Dr. Bartolo is a lecherous old man who wants to marry Rosina. Rosina falls in love with the poor college student, Lindoro, who is actually Count Almaviva in a disguise that will ensure the girl who falls in love with him does so for himself and not his money or power. With the help of the town barber, Figaro, Rosina and the Count finally marry. “Ecco, ridente in cielo” is the opening aria of the opera as he sings to Rosina under her window. Rossini was a master of opera buffa (comic opera) and The Barber of Seville is considered one of the greatest triumphs of the genre. His music contains a vivacity and energy that is fueled by the copious number of notes found on the page.

Libretto by Cesare Sterbini (1784-1831)

Ecco, ridente in cielo
spunta la bella aurora,
e tu non sorgi ancora
e puoi dormircosi?
Sorgi, mia dolce speme,
vieni, bell'idol mio;
rendi men crudo, oh Dio,
io stral che mi feri.

Oh sorte! gia veggo
quel caro sembiante;
quest'anima amante
ottenne pieta.
Oh istante d'amore!
Felice momento!
Oh dolce contento
che egual non ha!

There, smiling in heaven
Breaks the beautiful dawn,
And you have not risen yet
And how can you sleep so?
Arise, my sweet hope,
Come, my beautiful idol;
Make less harsh, oh God,
The arrow that has wounded me.

Oh fate! Already I see
That dear face;
This loving soul
Has been granted mercy.
Oh instant of love!
Oh happy moment!
Oh sweet contentment
that has no equal!

“Lucky to Be Me” from On the Town
Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Leonard Bernstein is one of the most influential figures of American music. Remembered for being a conductor, composer, and for his educational series of “Young People’s Concerts” on CBS from 1958-1972. On the Town tells the story Gabey, Chip, and Ozzie, three sailors docked in the wonderful town of New York City for 24 hours. They split up in an attempt to find Ivy, a girl that Gabey sees on a billboard in the subway. He finds her and after they meet, Gabey and Ivy make plans to meet at Times Square later that night. He reflects on how perfect this moment of his life is in the song Lucky to Be Me. Afterward, he learns that Ivy is not coming, having been convinced not to waste her time with the sailor.
Tom Cipullo is a contemporary American composer who has written a number of works for solo voice with instrumental accompaniment. His compositions also include an opera entitled *Glory Denied* and a small number of instrumental works. He studied at Boston University and has worked with many esteemed composers, such as David Del Tredici. The texts for the entire song cycle are taken from poems by Billy Collins. Collins was a United States Poet Laureate from 2001-2003 and remains a very relevant poet in America today. The title song from his collection *Another Reason Why I Don't Keep a Gun in the House* is simple and creative as poetry alone but becomes much more vivid with Cipullo's inspired music.
Acknowledgements

First and foremost, I would like to thank each and every one of you for taking the time out of your hectic lives to participate in the culmination of what has been a very wonderful and, at times, arduous journey here at Western Michigan University. While my next few steps are not yet entirely clear, I know that I can succeed with the kind of support you have shown me today.

I owe many thanks to my recital committee for their willingness to guide me in the creation of this recital. Dr. Dunn-Adams, in her short time here, has truly inspired me as a musician and I have yet to see any kind of boundary to her musical prowess. Dr. Ratner was my mentor for two years and I am grateful for the instruction I received from him in the beginning of my collegiate vocal study. It was with him that my eyes were really opened to the world of classical vocal music, which has kept me here today. I am also incredibly lucky to have an incredible mentor and pedagogue in my current teacher, Dr. Prewitt, who has helped me tremendously in my final years at Western. In only a few short semesters, he has entirely reshaped the way I think about singing.

I would be absolutely nothing without Gunta Laukmane. Her vast expanse of musical experience and knowledge astonishes me at every turn. She has been so much more than an accompanist to me, which I find incredibly important in such a close professional relationship as a singer and collaborator. We will both soon be enjoying a celebratory meal of sarkanvīns and līdedzināts kemūrites after this is all over.

The support of my family is tremendously important to me. Not everyone is as lucky as I am to have parents who are so understanding of their son going into a musical career. They have been there for almost every musical event I've been in (that was open to the public) in the last four years to show their support. Without them so close by, I can only hope I can bribe or blackmail others to come to my recitals and concerts in the future.

À Dr Viviane Ruellot, je tiens à vous exprimer ma gratitude de m'avoir aidé avec ces chansons. Avec votre enseignement ces dernières années, vous avez beaucoup cultivé en moi une passion pour le français (et les français!) et surtout la linguistique. J'ai hâte de travailler encore avec vous, malheureusement pour la dernière fois, ce semestre.

One person without whom I would definitely not be doing what I am today is Mrs. Rose Scheller, my high school choir director. Without her willingness to let some trumpet player from the band into her top choral ensemble, I would never have started singing in the first place. On top of that, it was at her rather strong encouragement that I initially auditioned for Western's voice program. If her enthusiasm and motivation had not been greater than my stubbornness, I would not be happily pursuing a career in vocal music.

Finally, thank you to all of my friends, old and new. I have met some incredible people over the course of my life and know there are many on whom I will always be able to rely. As I write this, I'm learning how many friends who I have barely seen in recent years have planned to attend my recital and it means the world to me. At the same time, I must thank those who have to deal with me on a daily basis, like my beautiful roommate Alexandria Sparkman, who for some reason still wanted to be here to support me today.

Sorry, I really didn't intend for that to be a whole page.