



Arizona State University

School of Music

GRADUATE RECITAL SERIES

DEANNA SHIPLEY PIANO

MIRANDA CRISPIN, MEZZO-SOPRANO

JAMES SEIFERT, BARITONE

REBECCA VALENTINO, VIOLIN

MONICA SAUER, FLUTE

AJAY PATEL, CELLO

KATZIN CONCERT HALL

Sunday, April 1, 2001 • 5:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

Sånger till Dikter av Ernest Josephson,

Yrjö Kilpinen
1892-1959

Opus 27 (pub. 1924)

Liten gosse

Vaggvisa

Fågelungarna

Blomman

Åvan och kardinalen

Miranda Crispin, mezzo- soprano

Piano Trio in F Major, Opus 42

Niels Gade
1817-1890

(1862-63)

Allegro animato

Allegro molto vivace

Andantino

Allegro con fuoco

Rebecca Valentino, violin

Ajay Patel, cello

There will be a 10-minute intermission

Sonata in C Major for flute and piano,

Friedrich Kuhlau
1786-1832

Opus 83, No. 2 (1827)

Adagio - Allegro

Larghetto

Allegro vivace

Monica Sauer, flute

Sechs Lieder, Opus 48 (1884-88)

Edvard Grieg
1843-1907

Gruss (Heine)

Dereinst, Gedanke mein (Geibel)

Lauf der Welt (Uhland)

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall (Walther von der Vogelweide)

Zur Rosenzeit (Goethe)

Ein Traum (Bodenstedt)

Judy May, mezzo-soprano

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This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree Masters of Music in piano accompanying.

Deanna Shipley is a student of Eckart Sellheim.

In respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn
all beepers, cell phones, watches to their silent mode. Thank you.

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ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

THE KATHERINE K. HERBERGER

COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS

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EVENTS INFORMATION
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Yrjö Kilpinen, a Finnish composer who studied in Helsinki, Vienna, and Berlin, was a composer of many song cycles as well as 750 other songs. His songs comprise settings of Finnish, Swedish, and German poets. Between the years 1922-1926, Kilpinen set mostly Swedish poets and the Opus 27 set comes from this period. These five songs are the first in a set of 15 settings of the poet Ernst Josephson.

Liten gosse
(Little Boy)

A little boy is now decorated with roses,
lilacs, ornaments, smooth grass, and moss.
Never again will he be woken up
with a kiss from his mother.

He ran from the cliffs, from his sister.
He didn't want to listen to her pleading.
Lingonberry, wildflowers captured his attention.
He had seen them from the field.
The little boy fell against a stone,
crashing down the hill.

Roses and moss cover his legs;
there he sleeps in the earth.

Vaggvisa
(Cradle Song)

Swish, swish birch and linden,
sigh little heart!
Weeping willow in the wind,
clear pearls spilling.

Under the hills' display of flowers,
Mommy, that once brought with her sleep,
cannot rock her child, cannot at her cradle sing.

But now I come to you,
and at your bed I will watch.
Maybe you will come to me yet as time passes.

Your cheeks were like roses,
your eyes were, as Daddy would say,
like yellow Forget-me-nots.

Kind mother, come tonight and kiss your girl
when I have said goodnight and rocked my doll,
and with your watch, forget-me-not!

And I shall promise to you that I will,
in time, gladly come to your star.

Fågelungarna
(Baby Birds)

The baby birds flew out of their nest
with their parents for the first time.
It was fun to fly between the trees
and listen to the songs.

It was a happy time,
and the first try went well.
No one thought about talons and hawks.
Then everyone returned to their nest.
Is there any neater fairy tale than that?

Blomman
(The Flower)

The flower stood in the sun,
beautiful and red,
Out of the chalice drank a golden animal.
When he had drunk enough,
in the summer's heat, through the leaves
he took himself a trip.

But the flower now shines more fascinated
by the golden animal's long-sucking kiss.

Älvan och kardinalen
(The Fairy and the Cardinal)

One beautiful day, the Cardinal was enjoying the morning.
Can you guess what he then saw?
A totally naked fairy!
She was nice and quick.
He covered his eyes with his hand
and said, "My God, this isn't clean!"

The little fairy smiled cheerfully and said,
"Look here, I advise you."
And after a while he took his hand from his eyes.
Yes, it was clean!

Then on his land, flowers began to bloom
because she was the delivery of the Spring.

*Special thanks to Camilla Borell for the English translation and coaching of the Swedish text.

Niels Wilhelm Gade, composer, conductor, violinist, and educator, was the most important figure in 19th-century Danish music. In the 1840's, he was given a grant from the government to study music in Leipzig, where he met Robert Schumann and Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. He became the assistant conductor of the Gewandhaus Orchestra under Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and later succeeded him as chief conductor. He returned to Copenhagen in 1848 and remained chiefly there until his death. The Piano Trio Opus 42 was published in Leipzig in 1863 and is one of his most important works.

Friedrich Kuhlau was a German-born Danish composer who studied in Hamburg with C.F.L. Schwenke, who in turn had been a student of C.P.E Bach. When, in 1810, Hamburg was invaded by Napoleon's troops, he fled to Copenhagen and remained there until his death. Although primarily known for his piano works, Kuhlau also wrote many works for flute and piano, solo flute, and flute ensemble. There are seven flute sonatas and three of them comprise Opus 83 which were written in 1827 and published in Bonn. Kuhlau drew his inspiration from the Viennese Classical composers and his work influenced later Danish music throughout the 19th century.

Edvard Grieg, perhaps the best-known Scandinavian composer, was a prolific composer of songs. He once remarked to his biographer, "When I write songs, my principal goal is not to compose *music* but to do justice to the *poet's* most intimate intentions. My task is to allow the text to speak." In the Opus 48 set, Grieg sets German poetry instead of Norwegian, something he had not done since his Opus 4 songs in 1864. The set was written between 1884 and 1889 and was published in Leipzig in 1889. Grieg said in a letter in 1900 that his wife, Nina, was the only true interpreter of his songs and that all of them were written for her.

Gruß

(Greeting)
op. 48, no. 1 (1884)
Heinrich Heine

Gently moves through my spirit
a lovely pealing sound;
ring out, little spring song,
ring out into the distance.

Go out, up to the house,
where the violets bud;
if you see a rose,
say, I send her my greeting.

Dereinst, Gedanke mein

(One day, my thought)
op. 48 no. 2 (1884)
Emanuel Geibel

One day, my thought,
you will find peace.
If love's passion
will not let you rest,
in the cool earth,
there you will sleep soundly,
there without love or pain
you will find peace.

What in life
you did not find,
when it has vanished,
it will be given to you;
then without wounds
and without pain
you will find peace.

Lauf der Welt

(The Way of the World)
op. 48, no. 3 (1889)
Ludwig Uhland

Every evening I go out,
up the meadow path.
She is looking out from her summer house,
it stands just beside the way.
We have never yet introduced ourselves—
that is just the way of the world.

I do not know how it happened,
but for a long time I have been kissing her,
I do not ask, she does not say yes,
but neither does she ever say no.
When lips gladly rest on lips,
we do not prevent it, it seems good to us.

The breeze plays with the rose,
it does not ask, "Do you love me?"
The little rose cools itself in the dew,
it does not say, "Give!"
I love her, she loves me,
but neither one says, "I love you!"

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall
(The Secretive Nightingale)
op. 48, no. 4 (1889)
after Walther von der Vogelweide

Under the lime trees by the heath
where I sat with my beloved,
there you may find,
how we two
broke the flowers and the grass.
Before the wood with a sweet sound,
Tandaradei!
the nightingale sang in the valley.

I came walking to the pasture,
my beloved came before me there.
I was received as a noble lady,
and so I shall always be happy.
Did he offer me kisses?
Tandaradei!
See, how red my mouth is!

How I rested there,
if anyone should know,
God forbid, I would be ashamed.
How my darling embraced me,
no one may know, but he and I;
and a little bird,
Tandaradei!
who had better keep the secret.

Zur Rosenzeit
(The Time of Roses)
op. 48, no. 5 (1889)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

You are fading, sweet roses,
my love did not deceive you;
ah, you bloomed for the hopeless one,
whose soul is torn by affliction!

Sorrowfully I think of those days,
when I, angel, set my heart on you,
and looking out for the first little bud,
went early in the morning to my garden;

carried all the blossoms, all the fruits
to your very feet, and before your face,
hope was beating in my heart.

You are fading, sweet roses,
my love did not deceive you;
ah, you bloomed for the hopeless one,
whose soul is torn by affliction!

Ein Traum
(A Dream)
op. 48, no. 6 (1889)
Friedrich von Bodenstedt

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
a blond maiden loved me,
it was in the green woodland glade,
it was in the warm springtime:

the buds were blooming, the brook was swelling,
from the village far away churchbells were chiming--
we were completely filled with joy,
engulfed in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than that dream,
it happened in reality:
it was in the green woodland glade,
it was in the warm springtime;

the brook was swelling, the buds were blooming,
churchbells were chiming from the village--
I held you tight, I held you long
and now will never let you go!

O vernal woodland glade,
you will live in me for all time!
There reality became a dream,
there the dream became reality!

*English translation by Dr. David Fanning