



Arizona State University

# School of Music

DOCTORAL RECITAL SERIES

## CATHERINE HAUAN

### SOPRANO

Miriam Yutzy, piano  
Quincy Dobbs, organ

assisted by

Brenda Rossow, flute  
Rodolfo Murillo flute  
Karen Koger, cello

ORGAN HALL  
Tuesday, March 30, 1999 • 7:30 p.m.



PROGRAM

**Blute nur, du liebes Herz** J.S. Bach  
from *St. Matthew Passion* 1685-1750

**Von waldebekränzter Höhe** Johannes Brahms  
**Wir wandelten** 1833-1897  
**Während des Regens**  
**An die Nachtigall**  
**Die Mainacht**  
**Meine Liebe ist grün**

**Lia's Recitative and Aria** Claude Debussy  
from *L'enfant prodigue* 1862-1918

\*\*\**There will be a 10-minute intermission*\*\*\*

**Magnificat for Soprano and Organ** Willy Burkhard  
1900-1955

**Vögguljod** Christine Bjornson Hughes  
b. 1928

**Svanasöngur à heidi** Sigvaldi Kaldalons  
1881-1946

**Nu legg jeg augun aftur** Björgvin Gudmundsson  
1891-1961

**Draumalandid** Sigfus Einarsson  
1877-1939

**Moonfall** Rupert Holmes  
from *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* b. 1947

**Is It Really Me?** Harvey Schmidt  
**Old Maid** b. 1929

from *110° in the Shade*

\*\*\*\*\*

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the performance requirements  
for the degree Doctor of Musical Arts in solo performance.

Catherine Hauan is a student of Jerry Doan.



## PROGRAM NOTES

The St. Matthew Passion was written for the Good Friday service in 1729, and performed in the Thomaskirche of Leipzig. The "weeping" motif commonly heard in Baroque music is heard here in the flutes. This aria follows a recitative in which Judas Iscariot agrees to betray Jesus to the Romans for thirty pieces of silver.

### Blute nur, du liebes Herz - Break, thou loving heart

Break, thou loving heart! Ah, a child that you raised, that you took to your bosom, threatened to murder his guardian, and has become a serpent.

\* \* \* \* \*

Brahms published 196 songs for solo voice and piano. Although many of his songs are masterpieces of the repertoire, music historians agree that he was drawn to set mostly second-rate poetry. Brahms said that the poems of Goethe and Heine were so perfect that they didn't need any musical enhancement. However, his soaring melodies and beautiful piano accompaniments elevate the poetry he chose to set.

### Von waldbekrönter Höhe - From the forest-crowned height

From the forest-crowned height I cast the hot gaze of my love-moistened eyes back to the meadow that grows green around you, back to the meadow that grows green around you. I lower it to the stream; ah, if only I could be a wave and flow along with it back to you, to you, my friend, back, my friend, to you, to you! I direct my gaze to the processions of the clouds above me; ah, if I could fly their flights, back to you, to you, my friend, back, my friend, to you, to you! How I would enmesh you, my well-being and my sorrow, my well-being and my sorrow; I belong to you with my lips and eyes,

with my breast, heart, and soul, I belong to you with breast,  
heart, and soul!

#### Wir wandelten - We strolled

We strolled, we two together, I was so still and you were so still. I would give much if I could know what you were thinking at that time. What I was thinking, let it remain unspoken! Only this one thing will I say: all that I thought was so beautiful, so heavenly joyous was it all...the thoughts that dwelled within my mind were ringing out like little chimes; so wondrously sweet and lovely is no other sound in the world.

#### Während des Regens - During the rain

It is dripping more heavily, more forcefully, around the roof there, drops of sweet rainshowers; my darling's lovely kisses increase in number as more of you drops fall, as more fall! When you drip, I'm allowed to hug her; if you stop, she'll send me away, she'll send me away. Sky, please don't grow brighter, drops, drip more and more heavily, more and more, more and more heavily, more heavily, more heavily!

#### An die Nachtigall - To the nightingale

Pour not so loudly the high sound of songs, burning with love, down from the appletree's blossoming branch, oh, nightingale! With your sweet throat you waken love in me, for the depth of my soul is even now shaken by your melting "oh". Then sleep will flee this couch anew, and I shall stare, with tearful eyes and pale as death, and haggard, at the heavens above. Fly, nightingale, into the green darkness, into the sylvan bush, and in your nest then kiss your faithful mate, fly away, fly away!

#### Die Mainacht - The Maynight

When the silvery moon beams through the shrubs, and over the lawn scatters its slumbering light, and the nightingale sings, I walk sadly through the woods. Shrouded by foliage,



a pair of doves coo their delight to me; but I turn away seeking darker shadows, and a lonely tear flows. When, oh smiling image, that like dawn shines upon my soul, when shall I find you on earth? And the lonely tear flows trembling, burning down my cheek.

### Meine Liebe ist grün - My love is green

My love is green like the lilac bush, and my beloved is fair like the sun! It shines upon the lilac bush and fills it with fragrance and delight. My soul has wings of the nightingale and floats in the blossoming lilac, and shouts and sings, overcome by the fragrance, many songs that are drunk with love.

\* \* \* \* \*

Debussy composed *L'enfant prodigue* (The Prodigal Son) in 1884, and the first performance was June 27, 1884, at the Paris Conservatoire. The cantata was awarded the Prix de Rome that year, but the compositional style is not similar to Debussy's mature style. Lia's aria has been compared to the music of Massenet or Lalo, and although Debussy later scorned it as "theatrical, amateurish, and boring", it has remained a popular piece in the soprano repertoire.

### Lia's Recitative and Aria

Year after year passes in vain! At each returning season their games and diversions sadden me against my will: they reopen my wound and my sorrow deepens . . . I seek the solitary shore . . . involuntary grief! Idle exertions! Lia ever laments the child she has no more! Azael! Azael! Why have you forsaken me? Your image has remained in my maternal heart. Azael! Azael! Why have your forsaken me? How calm the evenings were on the elm-studded plain, when, burdened with the harvest, the large red oxen were guided home. When the toil was over, children, old people and

servants, workers in the fields or shepherds, praised the blessed hand of the Lord; and so the days followed each other, and in the devout family, the youth and the maiden exchanged vows of chaste love. Others do not feel the weight of old age, finding happiness in their children, they watch the years pass by, without regret and without sadness . . . how heavily time weighs on disconsolate hearts! Azael! Why have you forsaken me?

\* \* \* \* \*

Willy Burkhard (1900-1955) was a Swiss composer. He used J.S. Bach as a model for form, creating a contrapuntal, imitative style that is somewhat similar to Hindemith and Bartok. His harmony is based on church modes and chromaticism, 4ths and 5ths are evident, and there is a strong relationship between harmony and melody. According to Fritz Muggler (New Grove), Burkhard's music is at its most profound in settings of religious texts. The Magnificat is the joy proclaimed by the Virgin Mary when she is informed by the angel Gabriel that she will bear the child Jesus.

### Magnificat

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in the Lord my Saviour, for He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden. Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed, for He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit. Amen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Iceland is a country rich in literature and music. The ancient sagas provided inspiration for Wagner's operas, and poetry was the art form that was most accessible to this remote land. Icelanders are fiercely proud of their country, and it is



reflected in their poetry. Art song did not develop until the mid-19th century, but since then several thousand songs have been composed.

Sigvaldi Kaldalons is often referred to as the "Icelandic Schubert". He composed over 300 songs that are noteworthy for their beautiful melodies. Sigfus Einarsson wrote only 30 songs, but among them is "Draumalandið", the most famous art song in Iceland. Christine Bjornson Hughes is not really an Icelandic composer, but an American of Icelandic descent who grew up in a home where Icelandic was spoken. This song was written for choir and transcribed for solo voice and piano. Incidentally, the composer is my mother and the translation is by my maternal grandmother, Gwen Bjornson.

### Vögguljóð - Lullaby

Sleep, my baby, sweetly slumber; angels hover over thee, all thy sorrows be forgotten, sleep, my darling, peacefully. Slumber, slumber, sleep my darling, dreams will gently take thy hand; angel wings thy spirit guiding, into sunny dreamland.

### Svanasöngur à heiði - Swansong on the moorlands

Alone, upon a summer's eve I rode the dreary moorlands. No more the way seemed bleak and long, for sudden strains of lovely song were borne across the moorlands. The mountains glowed with rosy light from far across the moorlands, and, like a sacred interlude, it fell upon my solitude; that song upon the moorlands. As in a dream I rode ahead, and knew not how the moments fled, with swansongs upon the moorlands.

### Nú legg jeg augun aftur - Now I close my eyes

Now I close my eyes. O God, may your power be near me to guard me through the night. When the darkness lowers, send angels without number, my light and my life! Lord, now

the heavens are dark; be Thou with me. Father, keep me, I trust in Thee alone.

Draimlandið - Dreamland

Oh, come with me to my land, with moor and heathered highland and summers sweet and long; a beautiful inland island alive with scent and song. No other place appeased me, each pretty charm that seized me with tender memories teems; it's all that ever pleased me. It is my land of dreams.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rupert Holmes wrote *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* because of his lifelong fascination with the unfinished Charles Dickens novel of the same name. The show opened in December of 1985 and had a run of 608 performances. Since Dickens never finished the novel, there were no clues as to Edwin Drood's murderer, and so Holmes decided to let the audience provide the show's ending by voting how it turns out. *Moonfall* is sung by Rosa, Edwin Drood's fiancée.

*110 in the Shade* was adapted by N. Richard Nash from his play *The Rainmaker*, with music by Harvey Schmidt and lyrics by Tom Jones. It received 330 performances on Broadway in 1963-64, and is the story of Lizzie, an aging unmarried woman who lives with her father and brothers on a drought-stricken ranch in the West. Starbuck, a transient "rainmaker" and con man, arrives at the ranch and dazzles Lizzie with his charisma. In spite of his attentions, she sees no future with Starbuck and settles down with a reliable local man.



**Performance Events Staff Manager**  
Paul W. Estes

**Assistant Performance Events Staff Manager**  
Gary Quamme

**Performance Events Staff**  
Andrey Astaiza, Steve Aubuchon  
Jennifer Cook, Christie Diershaw  
Jennifer Mills, Jessica Wood



ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

**College of Fine Arts**

School of Music

Main Campus, P.O. Box 870405, Tempe, AZ 85287-0405

**EVENTS HOTLINE**  
**CALL 965-TUNE (965-8863)**