

SENIOR RECITAL

Emma Page, voice

Student of Kirsten Gunlogson

with

Billy scharfenberger, piano

Eidson-Duckwall Recital Hall

Sunday, November 16, 2025 • 11:00 A.M.

Frondi Tenere...Ombra Mai Fù
From *Serse*

George Frederic Händel
(1685 – 1759)

Auf Dem Strom

Franz Schubert
(1797 – 1828)

Dani Lubienski, *horn*

Fêtes Galantes

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874 – 1947)

Haï Luli

Pauline Viardot
(1821 – 1910)

From *Frauenliebe und Leben*

Robert Schumann
(1810 – 1856)

I. Seit ich ihn gesehen

II. Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Brief Pause

La Regata Venezianna

Gioachino Rossini
(1792 – 1868)

I. Anzoleta avanti la regatta

II. Anzoleta co passa la regatta

III. Anzoleta dopo la regata

Of Gods and Cats

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

I. In the beginning

II. Once Upon a Universe

My True Love Hath My Heart

Jake Heggie

Emma Richards, *voice*
Ava Wiggins, *cello*

I Love a Piano

Irving Berlin
(1888 – 1989)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music degree in Music Education.*

Program Notes and Translations for Emma Page

Händel, “Fron di tenere...Ombra Mai Fù” from *Serse*

The recitative and aria “Fron di tenere...Ombra Mai Fù” from the opera *Serse* was composed by George Frederic Händel in 1738. The character Xerxes I of Persia sings this at the beginning of the Opera, describing the beautiful landscape and steady trees surrounding him. *Serse* was a commissioned opera seria for the Kings Theater in London, England in 1737 and failed, but in the 19th century, became one of Händel’s most remembered works.

Ombra Mai Fù

Recitative:

Fron di tenere e belle
Del mio platano amato,
Per voi resplenda il fato.
Tuoni, lampi e procelle
Non v’oltraggino mai la cara pace.
Nè giunga a profanarvi austro rapace!

Aria:

Ombra mai fù
Di vegetabile
Cara ed amabile
Soave più.

Never Was There a Shadow

Recitative:

Tender and beautiful branches
Of my beloved plain tree,
For you fate brightly shines.
Thunder, lightning and storms
Never disturb your majestic calm.
Rapacious winds do not reach out to defile you!

Aria:

Never was there a shadow
Of branches
Sweeter, more refreshing,
Or more gentle.

Schubert, “Auf Dem Strom”

This piece was first performed in March of 1828 at a concert dedicated for Franz Schubert to perform his works, a year after Beethoven’s death. Because of its unique instrumentation and range, this song is not often performed but is captivating in its story. Schubert set music to the lyrics written by Ludwig Rellstab, and pictured the story being Beethoven leaving his beloved behind on shore as he voyages out into the unknown. The music matches the lyrics in intensity throughout the piece but ends with a calming assurance that the stars will guide the voyager to shore.

Auf Dem Strom

Nimm die letzten Abschiedsküsse,
Und die wehenden, die Grüsse,
Die ich noch ans Ufer sende,
Eh’ Dein Fuss sich scheidend wende!
Schon wird von des Stromes Wogen
Rasch der Nachen fortgezogen,
Doch den tränendunklen Blick
Zieht die Sehnsucht stets zurück!

Und so trägt mich denn die Welle

On the River

Take these last farewell kisses,
and the wafted greetings
that I send to the shore,
before your foot turns to leave.
Already the boat is pulled away
by the waves’ rapid current;
but longing forever draws back
my gaze, clouded with tears.

And so the waves bear me away

Fort mit unerflehter Schnelle.
Ach, schon ist die Flur verschwunden,
Wo ich selig Sie gefunden!
Ewig hin, ihr Wonnetage!
Hoffnungsleer verhallt die Klage
Um das schöne Heimatland,
Wo ich ihre Liebe fand.

Sieh, wie flieht der Strand vorüber,
Und wie drängt es mich hinüber,
Zieht mit unnennbaren Banden,
An der Hütte dort zu landen,
In der Laube dort zu weilen;
Doch des Stromes Wellen eilen
Weiter ohne Rast und Ruh,
Führen mich dem Weltmeer zu!

Ach, vor jener dunklen Wüste,
Fern von jeder heitern Küste,
Wo kein Eiland zu erschauen,
O, wie fasst mich zitternd Grauen!
Wehmutstränen sanft zu bringen,
Kann kein Lied vom Ufer dringen;
Nur der Sturm weht kalt daher
Durch das grau gehobne Meer!

Kann des Auges sehnend Schweifen
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen,
Nun so schau' ich zu den Sternen
Auf in jenen heil'gen Fernen!
Ach, bei ihrem milden Scheine
Nannt' ich sie zuerst die Meine;
Dort vielleicht, o tröstend Glück!
Dort begegn' ich ihrem Blick.

with relentless speed.
Ah, already the meadows
where, overjoyed, I found her have disappeared.
Days of bliss, you are gone for ever!
Hopelessly my lament echoes
round the fair homeland
where I found her love.

See how the shore flies past,
and how mysterious ties
draw me across
to a land by yonder cottage,
to linger in yonder arbour.
But the river's waves rush onwards,
without respite,
bearing me on towards the ocean.

Ah, how I tremble with dread
at that dark wilderness,
far from every cheerful shore,
where no island can be seen!
No song can reach me from the shore
to bring forth tears of gentle sadness;
only the tempest blows cold
across the grey, angry sea.

If my wistful, roaming eyes
can no longer descry the shore,
I shall look up to the stars
there in the sacred distance.
Ah! By their gentle radiance
I first called her mine;
there, perhaps, O consoling fate,
there I shall meet her gaze.

Reynaldo Hahn, "Fêtes Galantes"

The lyrics of this song are based off the painting *Embarkation for Cythera* by Antoine Watteau, which was the painting that sparked the French genre of painting – Fêtes Galantes (courtship party). This poem by Paul Verlaine has been used by several French composers such as, Debussy and Fauré, and Reynaldo Hahn chose to put this text to music as well. The narrator of this poem describes a glamorous party and eventually joins into the party at the end of the piece.

Fêtes Galantes

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte

Courtship Party

The serenading swains
And the lovely ladies listening
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.

There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
And there the eternal Clitander,
And this is Damis, who for many cruel ladies

Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues.

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Fashions many tender verses.

Their short silken vests,
their long dresses with trains,
their elegance, their joy,
and their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandolin thrills
Amidst the quivering of the wind.

Pauline Viardot, "Haï Luli"

Pauline Viardot was a French composer, pianist, vocalist and teacher in the 19th century. She set music to the lyrics written by her friend, Xavier de Maistre. This piece is strophic in its form, but each recapitulation of the chorus has a slight change in the harmonic and melodic structure, highlighting Viardot's composition talent. This piece is extremely vulnerable in nature, as it is describing someone who is fearful of losing their lover. As the lyrics grow in intensity, so does the music.

Haï Luli!

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
Je ne sais plus que devenir.
Mon bon ami devait venir,
Et je l'attends ici seulette.
Haï luli! Où donc peut être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main...
Allons, je filerai demain;
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!
Haï luli! Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!

Si jamais il deviant volage,
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner
Le village n'a qu'à brûler,
Et moi-même avec le village!
Haï luli! A quoi bon vivre sans ami?

Hai Luli!

I am sad, I am anxious,
I no longer know what's to become of me.
My lover was to have come,
And I wait for him here alone.
Hai luli! Where can my lover be?

I sit down to spin my wool,
The thread snaps in my hand...
Well then, I shall spin tomorrow.
Today I am in too much pain.
Hai luli! How sad it is without my lover!

If he ever changes his mind,
If he ever abandoned me,
The whole village could burn down
And me with the village!
Hai luli! What good is it to live without my lover?

Robert Schumann, *Frauenliebe und Leben*

Robert Schumann wrote the music for the song cycle *Frauenliebe Und Leben* (Woman's Love and Life). The lyrics of this song cycle were written by Adelbert von Chamisso, which tell the love story of a woman, from the first time she meets him to when she experiences his death. Robert Schumann wrote the music to this around the same time he was trying to marry his wife, Clara Schumann. The first two pieces, "Seit ich in gesehen" and "Er, der Herrlichste von allen"

will be performed today. The first song is when the woman first meets the man she falls in love with, and the second song is her expressing how only the fairest woman would be loved by him.

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein,
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein.
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller, heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein,
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

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 deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedere 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?

Since first seeing him

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look,
Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters' games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

Him, the most wonderful of all

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,
So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know me, lowly as I am,
You noble star of splendor!

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice elate,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful shall I be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

Gioachino Rossini, *La Regatta Venezianna*

La Regatta Venezianna by Rossini is a song cycle of three songs that describe the experience of Angelina cheering on her boyfriend, Momolo, in a regatta in Venice. The text used in this song cycle was written by amateur poet, Count Carlo Pepoli, who wrote these in the Venetian dialect. The first song, “Anzoleta avanti la regatta” (Angelina before the regatta) is Angelina prepping Momolo for his big day and expressing how excited she is for him. The second song, “Anzoleta co passa la regatta” (Angelina during the regatta) is Angelina experiencing the race and feeling anxious while it is happening. The final song, “Anzoleta dopo la regatta” (Angelina after the regatta) is when Angelina is congratulating Momolo for winning the regatta. Rossini wrote this song cycle during his retirement and added it to his 150-song collection called *Péchés des vieillesse* (*Sins of an Old Age*).

Anzoleta avanti la regatta

Là su la machina xe la bandiera varda,
la vedistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

Va, voga d’anema la gondoleta
nè el primo premio te pol mancar,
va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar,
cori a svolar.

Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, vardeli,
povereti i ghe da drento,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l’acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov’elo?
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che smania! mi confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su coraggio, voga,
prima d’esser al paletto
se ti voghi, ghe scometo,
tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Caro, par che ei svola,

Angelina before the regatta

Over there on the machina the flag is flying,
Look, you can see it, now go for it.
Bring it back to me this evening,
Or else run away and hide.

Once in the boat, Momolo, do not be lost in wonder.

Row the gondola with heart and soul,
Then you cannot help but be first.
Go on, think of your Angelina
Watching you from this balcony.

Once in the boat, Momolo, do not be lost in wonder.
Once in the boat, Momolo, fly like the wind.

Angelina during the regatta

Here they come, here they come, look at them,
The poor things, they’re nearly done in,
Ah, the wind is against them,
But the tide’s in their favour.

My Momolo, where is he?
Ah, I see him, in second place.
Ah! the excitement’s too much for me,
I can feel my heart racing.

Come on, keep it up, row,
You must be first to the finish,
If you keep rowing, I’ll lay a bet,
You’ll leave all the others behind.

Dear boy, it’s as if he’s flying,

el li magna tutti quanti,
meza barca l'è andà avanti,
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo, de cuor;
qua destrachite che xe ora de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'ho visto co passando
su mi l'ocio ti a butà
e godito respitrando:
un bel premio el ciaparà...

Sì un bel premio in sta bandiera
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada de tragheto ti xe el megio barcarol.

And he's beating the lot of them,
He's gone half a length ahead,
Ah! Now I understand – he's seen me.

Angelina after the regatta

Take a kiss, another,
dear Momolo, from my heart;
here at your right hand is it time to dry your sweat.

Ah I have seen you in passing
by throwing my glance toward you
and enjoyed whispering:
he will catch a beautiful prize...

Yes this flag is a nice prize,
it is red;
of which all of Venice will talk,
you are declared the winner.

Take a kiss, no rower is more blessed than you,
yours is the best name among rowers of ferryboats.

Jake Heggie, *Of Gods and Cats*

Jake Heggie is a living American composer who is known for his operas and art songs. Heggie's *Of Gods and Cats* is a part of his song collection *The Faces of Love* in which he composed contemporary classical music for specific performers. This piece was commissioned by Viji Nadai and was first performed by Jennifer Larmore and Antoine Palloe. The poem for *Of Gods and Cats* was written by Gavin Geoffrey Dillard, and Heggie set it to music that reflects its humorous story.

In the beginning

In the beginning was the cat
And the cat was without purr,
The ethers stirred and there was milk,
And the cat saw that it was good;

A hand stretched forth across the milk
And scratched behind the cat's ears,
And it felt good;

Then the firmament shook
And there was produced a paper bag,
And the cat went forth,
Into the bag and seeing that it was good
She fell asleep, purring.

Once Upon a Universe

Once, when God was a little boy,

His mother caught him breaking his toys,
Then gluing them back together again
With prayers and incantations.

Don't play with your creation, she admonished him, (Amen).

But, he went right on, building temples
Only to destroy them with vast armies of ant-like peoples,
Creating new planets,
Then wiping them out with their own ignominious waste products.
(Allelu.)

At the end of eternity
His mother shook her cosmic finger
And insisted that he clean up his universe:
Or there'll be no bliss for you, young God!
(Amen.)

He swept the entire mess
Into the nearest black hole
And fell asleep sucking his divine Thumb.
(Allelu!) (Alleluia!)

Jake Heggie, "My True Love Hath My Heart"

Heggie's "My True Love Hath My Heart" is also a part of his song collection *The Faces of Love*. The poem written by Sir Phillip Sidney is used as lyrics in this piece, and Heggie beautifully reflects this love poem in the music.

My True Love Hath My Heart

My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange, one for the other given.
I hold his dear and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven.
My true love hath my heart and I have his.
His heart in me keeps me and him in one.
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides.
He loves my heart for one it was his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides
My true love hath my heart and I have his.

Irving Berlin "I Love a Piano"

Irving Berlin is a Russian born American composer, known for his large music contribution to the Great American Songbook. The song "I Love a Piano" is from Berlin's *Stop! Look! Listen!* performed in 1920. The singer describes their love for the piano and how they believe it is the best instrument. I chose this song to pay homage to the first instrument I ever learned, the piano!

I Love a Piano

As a child, I went wild when a band played.
How I ran to the man when his hand swayed.
Clarinets were my pets, and a slide trombone I thought was simply divine.
But today, when they play, I could hiss them.
Every bar is a jar to my system.
But there's one musical instrument, that I call mine.

I love a piano, I love a piano,
I love to hear somebody play
On a piano, a grand piano,
It simply carries me away.
I know a fine way to treat a Steinway,
I love to run my fingers o'er the keys, the ivories.
And with the pedal I love to meddle.
Not only music from Broadway.
I'm so delighted if I'm invited
To hear that long haired genius play.
So you can keep your fiddle and your bow.
Give me a p-i-a-n-o, oh, oh,
I love to stop right beside an upright,
Or a high toned baby grand.

When a green tetrazine starts to warble,
I grow cold as an old piece of marble.
I allude to the crude little party singer,
Who don't know when to pause.
At her best I detest the soprano,
But I run to the one at the piano.
I always love the accompaniment and that's because,