

# DEPAUW *Music*

Sophomore Proficiency Exam

**Emily Scharf, Soprano**  
**Tony Weinstein**

Friday, May 13, 2022 • 10 a.m.  
Thompson Recital Hall

*Gloria RV 589*

“Domine Deus”

Antonio Vivaldi  
(1678-1741)

*Ascanio in Alba*

“Si, ma d’un altro amore”

W. A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

*Drei Gesänge von Goethe, op. 83*

“Wonne der Wehmut”

“Mit einem gemalten band”

Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

L’anneau d’argent

Cécile Chaminade  
(1857-1944)

Willow Song

Samuel Coleridge Taylor  
(1875-1912)

*Five Fairy Ballads*

Sweet Baby Butterfly

2021-2021  
137<sup>th</sup> Concert Season  
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## NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

“Domine Deus” from *Gloria* RV 589  
by Antonio Vivaldi ((1678-1741)

Domine Deus,  
Rex caelestis,  
Deus Pater omnipotens.

Lord God,  
Heavenly King,  
God almighty Father.

“Domine Deus” is the sixth movement from Vivaldi’s *Gloria*. The song is joyous and the song exudes the emotion through long athletic melismas that soar and end with agility. Vivaldi set the text from “Domine Deus” at least 3 times. It was originally composed for solo soprano and orchestra. The composition follows late baroque stylistic patterns, which is evident in the use of sequential melodic patterns heard in voice and piano.

“Si, m’a d’un altro amore” from *Ascanio in Alba*  
Libretto by Guiseppe Parini (1729-1799)  
W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Anzi, qual Nume,  
O Padre, lo rispetto e l’onoro.  
I pregi suoi tutti ho fissi nell’Alma  
Ognun favella di sue virtù.  
Chi caro a Marte il chiama,  
Chi diletto d’Urania,  
E chi l’appella de le Muse il sostegno:  
Chi n’esalta la mano,  
e chi l’ingegno.  
Del suo gran Padre in lui  
Il magnanimo cor chi dice impresso;  
Chi de la Dea celeste  
L’immensa carità trasfusa in esso.

Indeed, as a god, o father,  
I respect and honor him.  
I have all his merits fixed on my soul.  
Everyone speaks of his virtues.  
calling him “dear to Mars,”  
“beloved of Urania,”  
and also call him the “support of the  
Muses”, who exalts their hand their  
ingenuity.  
It is said that he has inherited the  
magnanimous heart of his father;  
and that the immense love of the  
heavenly goddess is transfused in him.

Si, ma d’un altro amore  
Sento la fiamma in petto.  
E l’innocente affetto  
Solo a regnar non è.

Yes, but of another love  
I feel a flame in my heart.  
it is not innocent affection  
alone which reigns.

*Ascanio in Alba* is one of Mozart’s Pastoral operas (operas known for depicting simple, rural life. Many pastoral operas feature Hellenistic storylines and

myths of Greek nature). In the opera, Sylvia, a young nymph, finds out that she has been betrothed to Ascanio, the son of Aeneas and Creusa and is destined to become king of Alba Longa. However, she has never met him. She has only seen his face in her dreams.

Venus decides she wants to test Sylvia's fidelity. She commands her son to go down to her disguised as a foreigner. Aceste, a priest descended from a river god, tells Sylvia of her arranged marriage. She is saddened, because she does not realize that the man she has fallen in love with is the same man that Venus foretold. When Ascanio arrives in Alba, Sylvia recognizes him as the man from her dreams. However, she is taken back to town out of the fields, and is convinced that the foreigner was not actually Ascanio. Pleased with her fidelity, Venus allows the lovers to reunite, and Sylvia finally learns that the lover in her dreams was in fact the same man she was destined to marry.

In this aria, she laments that she has to marry someone other than the man she saw in her dreams. She wants to accept her fate with dignity, but explains that she can not love another.

“Wonne der Wehmut” (Bliss of Melancholy)

Poetry by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,  
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!  
Ach, nur dem halbtrockneten Auge  
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm  
erscheint!  
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,  
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

Do not grow dry, do not grow dry,  
tears of eternal love!  
Ah, even when the eye is but half dry  
how desolate, how dead the world  
appears!  
Do not grow dry, do not grow dry,  
tears of unhappy love!

In this piece, the narrator laments on her tears, begging them not to stop. Although her world is sad and desolate in her sadness, she loves the lovesick pain that she experiences, and would rather have those than no other emotion.

“Mit einem gemalten Band” (With A Painted Band)

Poetry by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter  
Streuen mir mit leichter Hand  
Gute, junge Frühlings-Götter

Little leaves and flowers are being  
strewn  
By gods of spring, so young and fair,

Tändelnd auf ein luftig Band.  
 Zephir, nimm's auf deine Flügel,  
 Schling's um meiner Liebsten Kleid;  
 Und so tritt sie vor den Spiegel  
 All in ihrer Munterkeit.  
 Sieht mit Rosen sich umgeben,  
 Selbst wie eine Rose jung.  
 Einen Blick, geliebtes Leben!  
 Und ich bin belohnt genug.  
 Fühle, was dies Herz empfindet,  
 Reiche frei mir deine Hand,  
 Und das Band, das uns verbindet,  
 Sei kein schwaches Rosenband!

Playfully, delicately,  
 On a ribbon light as air.  
 Zephyr, take it on your wings,  
 Wind it about my dearest's dress.  
 Then she'll step up to her mirror,  
 There in all her sprightliness.  
 And with roses all about her,  
 She'll look young as any rose.  
 Grant me just one glance, my dearest,  
 Reward enough, as Heaven knows!  
 Feel just what this heart is feeling,  
 Freely offer me your hand,  
 See the bond that binds us  
 More than a ribbon will withstand.

“Mit einem gemalten band” describes love so strong and beautiful that even a symbolic ring isn't enough to hold all the love inside. The narrator explains how their love is limitless, and can not be bound. The narrator thinks of his love, who he imagines being decorated with little flowers and spring petals, and proclaims to be the most beautiful. He hopes that she will freely offer him her hand, most likely in love or marriage, and proclaims that their bond is stronger than any “ribbon”. “Ribbon” was a common alternative word for wedding bands, as when rings were not in fashion, couples would hold hands and have them bound with ribbon as part of the marriage ceremony. “Zephir” references the Greek god of the western wind, who is associated with springtime and warmer weather.

#### “L'anneau D'argent”

Poetry by Louise-Rose Gérard (1866 - 1953)

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)

Le cher anneau d'argent que vous  
 m'avez donné,  
 Garde en son cercle étroit nos  
 promesses encloses;  
 De tant de souvenirs recéleur obstiné,  
 Lui seul m'a consolée en mes heures  
 moroses,  
 Lui seul m'a consolée en mes heures  
 moroses.

The silver ring so dear that once thou  
 gavest me,  
 Guarded in its tiny circlet our promises  
 yet enclosed;  
 The confidant of many fond mem'ries  
 of thee,  
 Alone in hours of sorrow my heart it  
 composes,  
 Alone in hours of sorrow my heart is  
 composes.

Tel un ruban qu'on mit autour de

fleurs écloses

Tient encor le bouquet alors qu'il est  
fané,  
Tel l'humble anneau d'argent que vous  
m'avez donné,  
Garde en son cercle étroit nos  
promesses encloses.

Aussi,  
Lorsque viendra l'oubli de toutes  
choses,  
Dans le cercueil,  
De blanc satin capitonné,  
Lorsque je dormirai,  
Très pâle sur des roses,  
Je veux qu'il brille encor à mon doigt  
décharné,  
Le cher anneau d'argent que vous  
m'avez donné.

A ribbon such as binds a nosegay  
sweet of roses,  
Still the flowers entwines,  
Tho' faded they may be;  
So this poor silver ring,  
That once thou gavest me,  
Fast in its tiny circlet our vows yet  
encloses.

So when forgetting all,  
My heart at length reposes,  
In the last home,  
That nevermore mine eye shall see,  
When I shall lie asleep all pale amid  
the roses,  
I will that on my withering finger there  
be  
The silver ring so dear that once thou  
gavest me.

“L'anneau D'argent” is a song of love that is kept safe within the circle of a ring. Although the nature of the ring is never explicitly mentioned, it is safe to assume that the ring was either that of an engagement or a wedding band. The narrator reflects on the beauty of the simple silver band, and how it comforts her in moments of sadness. She finally closes her thoughts with the hope that even in her death, she will still have her ring. This is in contrast to the Mozart piece, which proclaims that love is stronger than any ring.

“Willow Song”

Poetry by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Samuel Coleridge Taylor (1875-1912)

The poor soul sat sighing by a Sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow, willow, willow:  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans;  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
Her salt tears fell from her and softened the stones;  
Sing willow, willow, willow;

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.  
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve.  
I called my love false love; but what said he then?  
Sing willow, willow, willow.

This piece was inspired by Shakespeare's *Othello*. In the original text, Desdemona, Othello's young wife, is sung this by her nursemaid as she prepares for bed. In this setting, Desdemona is singing it herself. She is confused by Othello's frustration in her, because she does not understand that he is being manipulated by a friend into thinking that she was unfaithful to him. As the play goes, Desdemona eventually dies when Othello suffocates her in their marriage bed, shortly after Desdemona is sung the sad lullaby.

In Shakespeare's texts, willow trees are very symbolic for female characters, because trees and plants were often used as an allegory for feminine fertility in Elizabethan poetry. It is notable that a willow tree was mentioned, as another iconic Shakespearean woman, Ophelia (*Hamlet*), died after falling from a willow tree into a river, and then drowning. The willow tree became a representation for her wild madness, and drowning as a symbol for the "wet" humors that women were thought to have (as opposed to the dry ones that men had) in Shakespearian-era texts.

In an odd way, the poetry in the song represents both of the women, despite the poetry originating in *Othello*.

### "Sweet Baby Butterfly"

Poetry by Kathleen Mary Easmon Simango (1891-1924)

Samuel Coleridge Taylor (1875-1912)

Sweet baby butterfly,  
I love to see you flutter by  
High o'er my head;  
With soft white wings outspread, with soft white wings outspread.  
I love to chase you roundabout,  
Which is great fun without a doubt.  
And I know you do not mind, I know you do not mind.  
For I am just a baby too,  
And so you see t'would never do for me to be unkind.  
And shall I whisper this to you?  
The laughing wind doth chase me too,  
To make me run,  
While flow'rs enjoy the fun,  
While flow'rs enjoy the fun.

Sweet baby butterfly,  
They love to see us flutter by,  
butterfly,  
flutter by...  
They love to see us flutter by!

“Sweet Baby Butterfly” details the moments of sweet youth, as experienced by a young narrator as they explore the world around them through carefree play. Marveling in the beauty of the flowers and of nature, the narrator expresses how joyous it is to be with the butterflies, who are youthful and playful just like them. As the narrator plays, they comment on how the flowers and wind around them play along, enjoying the fun and participating in a game of chase.