

Emily Scharf and Grant Jackson
Junior Degree Recital Program Notes

“Quia fecit mihi magna” from *Magnificat*

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

The text from the *Magnificat*, Mary's song of praise, is taken from the first chapter of the Gospel according to Luke verses 46-55. This is only a small part of the entire prayer, the text of which is distributed through the entirety of Bach's *Magnificat*. Its traditional place in the Liturgy is within the service of Vespers, as was the case in Lutheran Leipzig in Bach's day, closing with the doxology. On the High feast days, however, it was performed in the fugal style, that is polyphonically and accompanied by instruments. This is performed with harpsichord and cello in the original style of Basso Continuo.

Original Latin:

Quia fecit mihi magna,
qui potens est, et sanctum nomen eius

English Translation:

For the Mighty One has done great things for
me, and holy is His name.

“Lascia ch'io pianga” from *Rinaldo*

G.F. Handel (1685-1759)

Giacomo Rossi (active between 1710-1729)

Rinaldo tells the story of one of the crusades on Jerusalem. In the story, a young knight by the name of Rinaldo is given Almirena, the daughter of the general Goffredo, to marry, provided that Jerusalem falls. The problem is, the powerful Armida, both queen of Damascus and a sorceress, has foreseen that the only chance of victory and protecting Jerusalem from Goffredo's army is in vanquishing Rinaldo, who is the strongest of Goffredo's men. Armida kidnaps Almirena, as she and Rinaldo are celebrating their love. It is there, trapped and imprisoned in Armida's lair, that Almirena sings this aria about her pain and longing for freedom. Luckily, later in the opera, she is rescued by Rinaldo's friends. After many magical illusions and rather confusing love triangles, Almirena and Rinaldo are reunited, the war is won, and everything is good.

This aria reveals the intense pain and longing that Almirena experiences while entrapped. It is revealed both textually and musically, as the music paints the emotions revealed by the words. In particular, the piece features a distinct modulation from the major key to the relative minor, symbolic of Almirena's sorrow. In addition, the breaks in between words, such as pian-ga and cru-da symbolize that her sadness is so deep that she can not form full words for want of weeping.

Historically, *Rinaldo* was the first one of Handel's operas to be an Italian opera *specifically* written and intended to be performed on a London stage. It first premiered on the Queen's Stage in London on the 24th of February, 1711. It was very popular, yet it was revised multiple times.

Armida dispietata!
Colla forza d'abisso
Rapirmi al caro ciel
De' miei contenti!
E qui con duolo eterno
Viva mi tieni
In tormentoso inferno.
Signor deh!
Per pieta,
Lasciami piangere.

Armida (name of character) cruel!
Cruel fortune with a power inhuman
Withdraw my heart from heaven
And my contentment!
And here with grief eternal
Living it holds me
In torment most infernal.
Lord, oh!
For mercy,
Let me cry.

Lascia ch'io pianga
Mia cruda sorte,
E che sospiri la liberta'.
Il duolo in franga
Queste ritorte,
De' miei martiri
Sol per pieta.

Let me weep
My cruel fate,
And that I should have freedom.
The duel infringes
Within these twisted places
Of my martyrs
I pray for mercy.

"Non più andrai" from *Le nozze di Figaro*

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

An aria from the end of the first act of *The Marriage of Figaro*, 1786, this aria sung by Figaro warns Cherubino, a young man, that his type of behavior will not be tolerated once he goes to join the military. He does so in an authoritative, yet playful manner.

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
Notte e giorno d'intorno girando;
Delle belle turbando il riposo
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.
Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,
Quel cappello leggero e galante,
Quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,

No more, you lovely butterfly,
Will you go fluttering round by night and day,
Disturbing the peace of every maid,
You pocket Narcissus, you Adonis of love.
No more will you have those fine feathers,
That light and dashing cap,
Those curls, those airs and graces,

Quel vermiglio donnesco color.
Tra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco.
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,
Collo dritto, muso franco,
Un gran casco, o un gran turbante,
Molto onor, poco contante!

Ed invece del fandango,
Una marcia per il fango.
Per montagne, per valloni,
Con le nevi ei sollioni.
Al concerto di tromboni,
Di bombarde, di cannoni,
Che le palle in tutti i tuoni
All'orecchio fan fischiar.
Cherubino alla vittoria:
Alla gloria militar!

That roseate womanish color.
You'll be among warriors, by Bacchus!
Long mustaches, knapsack tightly on,
Musket on your shoulder, saber at your side,
Head erect and bold of visage,
A great helmet or a headdress,
Lots of honor, little money,

And instead of the fandango,
Marching through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
In snow and days of listless heat,
To the sound of blunderbusses,
Shells and cannons
Whose shots make your ears sing
On every note.
Cherubino, on to victory,
On to military glory!

“Il core vi dono”, from *Così Fan Tutte*

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Così Fan Tutte is one of Mozart's comic operas that mainly focuses on a “wife swap” plot. In the story there are two sisters, Dorabella and Fiordiligi, who are betrothed to Ferrando and Guglielmo, respectively. Ferrando and Guglielmo, both officers, come into a bet about whether or not their betrothed were like all other women, or would remain faithful to them if given the opportunity to cheat. The men decide to fake going on a military deployment, thus giving Dorabella and Fiordiligi a chance to be unfaithful, and then return swapped and in disguise.

The men leave and return disguised as Albanian men and attempt to seduce the women. Guglielmo, although betrothed to Fiordiligi, attempts to woo Dorabella. Although Dorabella had been able to resist his advances before, she doesn't resist any longer. In this scene, Guglielmo is disguised as a handsome Albanian man, and is attempting to seduce Dorabella by exchanging a heart pendant with his image inside. Dorabella does not put up much of a fight, only casually mentioning that she was taken. Ultimately, Guglielmo succeeds and Dorabella falls in love with him. Ferrando realizes that his betrothed was not as faithful as he thought.

Guglielmo

Il core vi dono, bell'idolo mio;

This heart I give you, my adored one

Ma il vostro vo' anch'io, via datelo a me.

But I want yours in return, come give it to me.

Dorabella

Mel date lo prendo, ma il mio non vi rendo,
Invan mel chiedete, più meco ei non è

You've given it and I take it, but mine I
cannot give,
In vain you ask it of me, it is no longer mine.

G

Se teco non l'hai perchè batte qui?

If you no longer own it, why does it beat
here?

D

Se a me tu lo dai che mai balza li?

If you gave me it, what is still beating there?

G

Perchè batte batte batte qui?

Why does it beat here?

D

Che mai balza balza balza li?

What is still beating there?

Together

È il mio coricino che più non è meco,
Che più non è meco, ei venne a star teco,
ei batte così, ei batte così

It is my own dear heart that is no longer mine
It's come to lodge with you
And that's what's beating so.

G

Qui lascia che il metta

Let me put it here.

D

Ei qui non può star.

There it cannot stay.

G

T'intendo, furbetta.

I understand, you little rogue.

D

Che fai?

What are you doing?

G

Non guardar.

You're not to look.

D

Nel petto un Vesuvio, d'avere mi par.

I feel I have a volcano in my chest (bosom).

G

Ferrando meschino! Possibil non par.

Poor Ferrando, it doesn't seem possible!

G

L'occhietto a megira.

D
Che brami?

Now turn your pretty eyes on me.

G
Rimira, rimira, se meglio può andar.

What do you want?

Together
Oh cambio felice di corie e d'affetti!
Che nuovi diletta, che dolce penar.

See, doesn't it look better?

Oh happy exchange of hearts and affections!
What new delights, what sweet pains.

“Ferne” from 12 Lieder, Opus 9, No. 9

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

“Ferne” by Felix Mendelssohn, comes from his work *12 Lieder*, in which Mendelssohn composed with his sister, Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (she composed the 7th, 10th, and 12th songs in the set). The poem, which has been attributed to Johann Gustav Droysen (1808-1884), creates a beautiful image of the dwelling place of the speaker's lover. The poetic persona dreams of all these natural wonders there, including glaciers and ripening figs against a pastoral, yet mountainous background. The poetic persona thinks to herself how she will continue to secretly love her lover, while she waits for him to return home.

Felix Mendelssohn has captured the beauty of the poetry and the scenery the poetic persona speaks of through the use of a simple melody that gently moves. Through the use of dynamic contrasts, he has captured the echoing of the vast mountainous landscape, thus using word painting to auditorily create an image of echoing mountain ranges. In addition, the singer is often singing in harmony with the piano, sometimes taking the melody and other times creating a harmonic part. The simplicity of the melodic structure has made the piece easy to harmonize with, and as a result, the piece has been arranged for choir several times.

At the end of the piece, the poetic persona expresses how they will continue to love their lover when they return. Felix Mendelssohn has captured this dramatic intensity by changing the structure of the lines, adding more extreme dynamics of fortissimo and pianissimo and adding a ritardando to stretch time. Then, in the final phrase, the singer transitions back to a soft pianissimo before floating up to the last pitch. This creates an echoing effect, as if Mendelssohn wanted the words to carry from the location of the poetic persona all the way over the hills to the lover.

In weite Fernen will ich träumen, da,
wo Du weilst!
Wo aus den schneeig-hellen Räumen die
Bäche in die See-enschäumen, da,
wo Du weilst, da, wo Du weilst!

I wish to dream into the far distance,
There where you tarry,
Where from the snowy, bright expanses,
The brooks flow foamingly into the lakes,
There where you tarry!

Will mit Dir durch die Berge streifen, da,
wo Du weilst,
wo auf dem Eisfeld Gemsen schweifen,

I wish to wander through the mountains with
you,
There where you tarry,

im warmen Thale Feigen reifen,
da wo Du weilst, da wo Du weilst!

Und heimlich will ich weiter denken,
wenn Du heimkehrst,
es mag die Zeit mich nicht betrüben,
wir sind dieselben noch geblieben,
wenn Du heimkehrst,
wenn Du heimkehrst.

Where the mountain goats ramble on the
glaciers,
Where the figs ripen in warm valleys,
There where you tarry!

I shall secretly continue to love,
When you return home,
The passing of time shall not sadden me,
We have remained unchanged,
When you return home,
When you return home.

“Nachtlied” from Opus 71, No. 6

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

“Nachtlied” (“Night-song”) describes the scenery of a beautiful night. The poetic persona begins softly, mentioning how the daylight has faded and people have become drowsy, falling asleep even if they want to. The poetic persona wishes that someone would stay awake with them to experience the night. Realizing that no one will be awake, the poetic persona takes up company with the nightingale.

Mendelssohn expertly weaves together the softness and tenderness of nocturne music. He builds from a softness that expresses wonder and longing to a celebration and praise to God. The main melody repeats twice before climbing up to a higher register, before gently settling down to the tonic, re-establishing a sleepy peace.

Vergangen ist der lichte Tag,
Von ferne kommt der Glocken Schlag;
So reist die Zeit die ganze Nacht,
Nimmt manchen mit,
Der's nicht gedacht.

Wo ist nun hin die bunte Lust,
Des Freundes Trost und treue Brust,
Der Liebsten süßer Augenschein?
Will keiner, keiner mit mir munter sein?

Frisch auf denn,
Liebe Nachtigall,
Du Wasserfall mit hellem Schall,
Gott loben wollen wir vereint,
Bis dass der lichte Morgen scheint!

Daylight has departed,
The sound of bells comes from afar;
Thus time moves on throughout the night,
Taking many an unwitting soul.

Where now is all the garish joy,
The comforting breast of a faithful friend,
The sweet light of the loved one's eyes?
Will no one stay awake with me?

Strike up then,
Dear nightingale,
You cascade of bright sound!
Together we shall praise God!
Until the light of morning dawns!

“Neue Liebe” from Opus 19, No. 4

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

“Neue Liebe” by Felix Mendelssohn tells the exciting tale of a person who witnesses elves in the moonlit forest. Hearing the sound of bells, the poetic persona sees the elves as they ride in a storm of white horses with golden horns. They also see the queen, and then become frightened, wondering if the sights they witnessed are a sign of new love to come, or their untimely demise.

Felix Mendelssohn perfectly catches the excitement and energy of the riding elves with the fast-paced tempo and note values in the piece. The song consists mostly of eighth and sixteenth note patterns and moves forward with never ceasing energy. The music has an abrupt ritardando as the poetic persona begins to feel uncertain of their fate, before resuming tempo symbolizing the elves riding past and into the depths of the forest.

In dem Mondenschein im Walde
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten,
Ihre Hörner hört ich klingen,
Ihre Glöcklein hört ich läuten.

Ihre weißen Rösslein trugen
Goldnes Hirschgeweih' und flogen
Rasch dahin wie wilde Schwäne
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir di Kön'gin,
Lächelnd im Vorüberreiten.
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe?
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

In the moonlight in the forest
I recently saw the elves riding,
Their horns I heard sounding,
Their little bells I heard ringing.

Their little white horses bore
Golden stags' antlers and flew
Quickly away like wild swans
Traveling through the air.

The queen smiled and nodded to me,
Smiled as she rode past.
Did she think of my new love?
Or does it mean death?

“Herr Oluf”

Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

Composed in 1821, this Lied has three main sections, telling the tragedy of Herr Oluf and his ride through the forest on his horse, involving an encounter with an elf and a series of temptations from her.

Original German:

Herr Oluf reitet spät und weit,
Zu bieten auf seine Hochzeitleit.
Da tanzten die Elfen auf grünem Strand,
Erlkönigs Tochter reicht ihm die Hand:
„Willkommen, Herr Oluf, komm tanze mit mir,
Zwei göldene Sporen schenke ich dir.“
„Ich darf nicht tanzen, nicht tanzen ich mag,
Denn morgen ist mein Hochzeitstag.“
„Tritt näher, Herr Oluf, komm tanze mit mir,
Ein Hemd von Seiden schenke ich dir,
Ein Hemd von Seiden so weiss und fein,
Meine Mutter bleicht's mit Mondenschein.“
„Ich darf nicht tanzen, nicht tanzen ich mag,
Denn morgen ist mein Hochzeitstag.“
„Tritt näher, Herr Oluf, komm tanze mit mir,
Einen Haufen Goldes schenke ich dir.“
„Einen Haufen Goldes nähme ich wohl,
Doch tanzen ich nicht darf noch soll.“
„Und willst du, Herr Oluf, nicht tanzen mit mir,
Soll Seuch' und Krankheit folgen dir.“
Sie tät ihm geben einen Schlag aufs Herz,
Sein Lebtag fühlt er nicht solchen Schmerz.
Drauf tät sie ihn heben auf sein Pferd:
„Reit hin zu deinem Fräulein wert!“
Und als er kam vor Hauses Tür,
Seine Mutter zitternd stand dafür.
„Sag an, mein Sohn, und sag mir gleich,
Wovon du bist so blass und bleich?“
„Und sollt ich nicht sein blass und bleich?
Ich kam in Erlenkönigs Reich.“
„Sag an, mein Sohn, so lieb und traut,
Was soll ich sagen deiner Braut?“
„Sagt ihr, ich ritt in den Wald zur Stund,
Zu proben allda mein Ross und Hund.“

English Translation:

Sir Oluf rode far through the night
Inviting his friends to his wedding;
Elves were dancing on the green shore
Elf king's daughter holds out her hand.
'Welcome, Sir Oluf, come, dance with me,
Two golden spurs I'll give to thee.'

'I must not dance, I will not dance,
For tomorrow is my wedding day.'

'Come closer, Sir Oluf, come dance with me,
A silken shirt I'll give to thee,
A silken shirt so white and fine,
My mother bleached it with moonshine.'

'I must not dance, I will not dance,
For tomorrow is my wedding day.'

'Come closer, Sir Oluf, come dance with me,
A heap of gold I'll give to thee.'

'I'd gladly take a heap of gold,
But I may not and must not dance.'

'And if, Sir Oluf, you'll not dance with me,
Disease and sickness shall follow thee.'
She struck her hand across his heart,
Never in his life did he feel such pain.
She lifted him up onto his steed:

'Ride back to your worthy bride!'

And when at last he reached his home, His

Früh Morgens, als der Tag kaum war,
Da kam die Braut mit der Hochzeitschar.
Sie schenkten Met, sie schenkten Wein:
„Wo ist Herr Oluf, der Bräutigam mein?“
„Herr Oluf ritt in den Wald zur Stund,
Zu proben allda sein Ross und Hund.“
Die Braut hob auf den Scharlach rot,
Da lag Herr Oluf und war tot.

mother stood trembling outside the door. ‘Tell
me, my son, tell me at once,
Why are you so pale and wan?’

‘And should I not be pale and wan?
I set foot in the Elf king’s realm.’
‘Tell me, my son, so beloved and dear,
What shall I say to your bride-to-be?’ ‘Tell
her I rode just now to the wood,
There to try my horse and hound.’

At early morn, when day had scarce dawned,
His bride arrived with the wedding throng.
They poured the mead, they poured the wine,
‘Where is Oluf, my husband-to-be?’
‘Sir Oluf rode just now to the wood,
There to try his horse and hound.’
The bride raised up the scarlet cloth,

There lay Sir Oluf, and was dead.

"Bei Männern" from Die Zauberflöte

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

The Magic Flute is a comedic opera full of magic and lore, and tells the story of Pamina, Papageno, Papagena, Tamino, Sarastro, and Monostatos.

Prince Tamino has fallen in love with Pamina, the daughter of the Queen of the Night. However, Pamina has been kidnapped by an evil demon of a man, Sarastro. The Queen of the Night promises Tamino that he can be wedded to Pamina if he successfully rescues Pamina from her captor. Pamina tries to escape from Sarastro's palace, but is recaptured by Monostatos, Sarastro's slave keeper. He orders her to be tied up, and so Pamina waits in the palace for her rescue. In the end, Pamina is rescued by Tamino with the aid of his birdcatcher friend, Papageno.

Shortly after Pamina is returned to her home, Monastatos falls in love with her. Meanwhile, Pamina is planning to leave her home to follow Tamino as his wife as he seeks to find enlightenment by joining a temple order. The Queen of the Night dislikes that Pamina wants to leave, so she instead claims that Pamina is going to become Monastatos's wife. When this evil plan is revealed, a magical force casts the Queen of the Night and Monastatos into an eternal night. Pamina is reunited with Tamino, Papageno falls in love with Papagena, and Sarastro is revealed to be a benevolent man.

"Bei Männern" is the 7th song in the first act of *Die Zauberflöte (The Magic Flute)* by W.A. Mozart, and takes place when Papageno discovers Pamina locked inside Sarastro's palace. The two sing of their hope of finding love, and how love is the most important thing in the world. Pamina sings, most likely about her love Tamino. Papageno sings of hoping to find love, and eventually will. After the duet is concluded, Papageno goes to Tamino, who is looking for Pamina at Sarastro's temple, to notify him of Pamina's true location.

Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen,
fehlt auch ein gutes Herze nicht.

Men who feel the call of love
Do not lack a gentle heart.

Die süßen Triebe mitzufühlen,
ist dann der Weiber erste Pflicht.

To share these sweet desires
Is women's first duty.

Wir wollen uns der Liebe freun,
wir leben durch die Lieb allein.

We shall rejoice in love,
We live for love alone.

Die Lieb versüßet jede Plage,
ihr opfert jede Kreatur.

Love sweetens every sorrow,
All creatures pay it homage.

Sie würzet unsre Lebens tage,
sie wirkt im Kreise der Natur.

Love adds spice to our days on earth,
Love is at work throughout all nature.

Ihrs hoher Zweck seight deutlich an,
nichts Edlers sei als Weib und Mann.

Its exalted goal is manifest:
Nothing is more noble than man and wife.

Mann und Weib, und Weib und Mann,
reichen an die Gottheit an.

Man and wife, and wife and man,
Attain divinity.

“Plaisir d'amour”

Johann-Paul Martini (1741-1816)

This *romance* was a pioneer of style in 1784. Martini, a German composer who moved to France in 1760, wrote this as the first song with piano accompaniment of the voice rather than continuo. The romance evolved from earlier French poetic-vocal forms such as from troubadours. Eighteenth Century romance were strophic in form and the vocal line was performed without affectation.

Original French:

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

J'ai tout quitté pour l'ingrate Sylvie,
Elle me quitte, et prend un autre amant.
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

Tant que cette eau coulera doucement
Vers ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie,
Je t'aimerai, me répétait Sylvie.
L'eau coule encore ; elle a changé pourtant,
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

English Translation

The Pleasures of love last but a moment
The sorrows of love last all life through.
I have given up everything for the ungrateful
Sylvie.
She left me and took another lover.
The Pleasure of love last but a moment, the
sorrows of love last all life through.

As long as this water runs gently

Towards the brook that borders the meadow.
I shall love you, Sylvia told me.
The stream still flows, but she has changed.
The pleasures of Love last but a moment, the
sorrows of love last all life through.

“Certain rat” from *La damnation de Faust*

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

This Chanson is originally from the opera *Damnation de Faust*, the character singing this is a student Brander. This is a drinking song which he sings to himself and some fellow students at an Alehouse. In the plot of the story, the text of this drinking song is meant to reflect the situation in which the main character, Faust, finds himself; having to go out of his way in order to satisfy his carnal desires with Margareta.

Certain rat dans une cuisine
Avait pris place; et le frater
S'y traita si bien, que sa mine
Eût fait envie au gros Luther.
Mais un beau jour, le pauvre diable,
Empoisonné, sauta dehors,
Aussi triste, aussi misérable
Que s'il eût eu l'amour au corps.

Il courait devant et derrière,
Il grattait, reniflait, mordait,
Parcourait la maison entière,
Où de douleur il se tordait...
Au point qu'à le voir en délire
Perdre ses cris et ses efforts,
Les mauvais plaisants pouvaient dire:

Dans le fourneau le pauvre sire
Crut enfin se cacher très-bien,
Mais il se trompait; et le pire,
C'est qu'il y creva comme un chien.
La servante, méchante fille,
De son malheur rit bien alors.
« Ah ! disait-elle, comme il grille!
Il a vraiment l'amour au corps! »

A certain rat, in a kitchen
Living, like a true friar,
Did so well that his appearance
Would have made fat Luther envy him.
But one fine day the poor devil,
poisoned, jumped out
As sad, as wretched
As if it had been on heat.

It ran backwards and forwards;
It scratched, sniffed, bit,
Ran through the whole house;
Anger added to its troubles
Until at the sight of the frenzy
That drained all its efforts,
Evil jokers could have said:
This rat is really on heat.

In the stove the poor animal
Thought it could hide;
But it was wrong, and worse,
In the end it was roasted,
The servant, wicked girl,
Laughed then at its misfortune.
Ah!, she said, how it roasts!
It really is on heat.

“Chanson d’Amour”

Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)

“Chanson d’Amour” is a beautiful ode to love. The piece follows a chorus-verse-chorus and ABAB’A patterns where melody is gently exchanged between the piano and voice. The piano line gently flows and is picked up by the singer before lightly floating up in register, where the piano gently sets the melody back down. The piece builds in intensity as the poetic persona describes the beautiful attributes of their loved one before the music dissipates via melodic text painting on the phrase “where my kisses shall dissolve”.

J’aime tes yeux, j’aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J’aime tes yeux, j’aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s’épuiseront.

J’aime ta voix, j’aime l’étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J’aime tes yeux, j’aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J’aime tes yeux, j’aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s’épuiseront.

J’aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu’à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle

J’aime tes yeux, j’aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J’aime tes yeux, j’aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s’épuiseront.

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, o my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve (exhaust
themselves).

I love your voice, I love the strange
Charm of all you say,
O my rebel, o my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise!

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, o my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.

I love all that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you the object of all my vows,
O my wild one, o my rebel.

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, o my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.

“Au bord de l’eau”

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Gabriel Fauré’s “Au bord de l’eau” perfectly captures the essence of nature and love’s beauty in a mysterious and cloudy tune. The music is very subtle and relies on alternating stress patterns in music and text, and hemiola. The piece begins with a soft stillness before blossoming into a sweet melodic line that hovers in the mezzo piano and piano dynamic levels before climaxing around the fourth poetic stanza. The music then returns to the stillness and softness of the music before.

The mood of the music perfectly captures the poetic meaning of the text, where the poetic persona imagines a serene night-time scene by the river. There, at the edge of the water, the

poetic persona enjoys the sweetness of the cool night air, and savors the scene with their lover.

S'asseoir tous deux au bord du flot qui passe,
Le voir passer,
Tous deux s'il glisse un nuage en l'espace,
Le voir glisser,
A l'horizon s'il fume un toit de chaume
Le voir fumer,
Aux alentours si quel que fleur embaume
S'en embaumer.

Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau murmure
L'eau murmure,
Ne passant tant que ce rêve dure
Le temps durer,
Mais n'apportant de passion profonde
Qu'à s'adorer.

Sans nul souci des querelles du monde
Les ignorer;
Et seuls tous deux devant tout ce qui lasse
Sans se lasser.

Sentir l'amour devant tout ce qui passe
Ne point passer,
Sentir l'amour devant tout ce qui passe
Ne point passer!

To sit together on the bank of a flowing
stream,
To watch it flow,
Together, if a cloud glides by,
To watch it glide,
On the horizon, if smoke rises from thatch,
To watch it rise,
If a nearby flower smells sweet,
To savor its sweetness.

To listen at the foot of the willow where water
murmurs,
To the murmuring water,
Not to feel, while this dream passes,
The passing of time,
But feeling no deep passion,
Except to adore each other.

With no cares for the quarrels of the world,
To know nothing of them;
And alone together, seeing all that tires,
Not to tire of each other.

To feel that love, in the face of all that passes,
Shall never pass.
To feel that love, in the face of all that passes,
Shall never pass!

“I Bought Me a Cat” from *Old American Songs*

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

This is originally a childrens song from the Western United States which Copland arranged for voice and piano. It is a cumulative strophic song, which means that each verse builds and repeats parts of the previous verses.

1. I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me,
I fed my cat under yonder tree.
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

2. I bought me a duck, my duck pleased me,
I fed my duck under yonder tree.
My duck says, “Quaa, quaa”,
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

3. I bought me a goose, my goose pleased me,
I fed my goose under yonder tree.
My goose says, “Quaw, quaw”,
My duck says. . .

4. I bought me a hen, my hen pleased me.
I fed my hen under yonder tree.
My hen says, Shimmy shack, shimmy shack”,
My goose says. . .

5. I bought me a pig, my pig pleased me.
I fed my pig under yonder tree.
My pig says, “Griffey, griffey”.
My hen says. . .

6. I bought me a cow, my cow pleased me.
I fed my cow under yonder tree.
My cow says “Moo, moo”,
my pig says . . .

7. I bought me a horse, my horse pleased me.
I fed my horse under yonder tree.
My horse says, “Neigh, neigh”,
My cow says. . .

8. I bought me a wife, my wife pleased me.
I fed my wife under yonder tree.
My wife says, “Honey, honey”,
My horse says “Neigh, neigh”. . .

“The Dodger” from *Old American Songs*

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

This folk song originally had up to eight verses, Copland arranged this song for only three. Traditionally this would be performed with a banjo , which has influenced Copeland's arrangement of the piano part. The word Dodger is used to mean a person who is a trickster, a hustler, or dishonest.

Yes, the candidate's a dodger, yes, a well
known dodger
Yes, the candidate's a dodger, yes, and I'm a
dodger too
He'll meet you and treat you and ask you for
your vote

Yes, we're all dodgin' out away through the
world
Yes, the lover he's a dodger, yes, a well
known dodger
Yes, the lover he's a dodger, yes, and I'm a
dodger too

But look out boys: he's a dodgin' for a note,
Yes, we're all dodgin', a dodgin', dodgin',
dodgin'
Yes, we're all dodgin' out away
through the world
Yes, the preacher he's a dodger, yes, a well
known dodger
Yes, the preacher he's a dodger, yes, and I'm a
dodger too
He'll preach you a gospel and tell you of your
crimes
But look out boys: he's a dodgin' for your
dimes
Yes, we're all dodgin', a dodgin', dodgin',
dodgin'

He'll hug you and kiss you and call you his
bride
But look out girls: he's a tellin' you a lie.
Yes, we're all dodgin', a dodgin', dodgin',
dodgin'
Yes, we're all dodgin' out away
Through the world

"Ching a Ring Chaw" from *Old American Songs*

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

This song is sung from the perspective of a preacher who is asking a congregation to put money in the collection basket. It is very similar in theme to "You can't take it with you, Brother Will, Brother John " by Anthony Brown.

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Hoa dinga ding kum larkee,
Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Hoa ding kum larkee.

Brothers gather round,
Listen to this story,
'Bout the promised land,
An' the promised glory.

You don' need to fear,
If you have no money,
You don' need none there,
To buy you milk and honey.

When the mornin' come,
All in grand and spendour,
Stand out in the sun,
And hear the holy thunder.

There you'll ride in style,
Coach with four white horses,
There the evenin' meal,
Has one two three four courses.

Brothers hear me out,
The promised land's a-comin'
Dance and sing and shout,
I hear them harps a strummin'.

Nights we all will dance
To the harp and fiddle,
Waltz and jig and prance,
"Cast off down the middle!"

“Zion’s Walls” from *Old American Songs*

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

This hymn has been arranged as a solo, it originates from Christian camp revivalist movements, specifically in Georgia in 1855. The tune was originally part of the Southern and Appalachian shape note repertoire.

Come fathers and mothers,
Come sisters and brothers,
Come join us in singing the praises of Zion.
O fathers, don't you feel determined
To meet within the walls of Zion?
We'll shout and go round
The walls of Zion.

“Old Mother Hubbard” Set in the Manner of Handel

Victor Hely Hutchinson (1901-1947)

Originally set as a duet for two treble voices, “Old Mother Hubbard” by V.H. Hutchinson is a wonderful English art-song that pokes fun at the flourishes and styles of Handel’s Baroque compositions. Hutchinson sets the traditional children’s poem using melismas occurring in series, as well as repeating rhythmic motifs also in sequential pitch patterns. The song features frequent modulation between major and minor keys, meant to explore the sadness that the dog must have felt at the realization that he would have no bone. The end result of Hutchinson’s setting is a hilarious rendition of an oh-so-serious, most gorgeous, Baroque poem of the highest caliber. 😊

Old Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard
To fetch her poor dog a bone.
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog had none.