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SENIOR DEGREE RECITAL
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GREEN CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS
THOMPSON RECITAL HALL

NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

“Porgi amor” from *Le nozze di Figaro*

W. A. Mozart (1756–1791)

Le Nozze di Figaro tells the story of Figaro and his bride-to-be, Susanna, and the mischief that occurs surrounding their upcoming marriage. Figaro and Susanna work for the Count and Countess Almaviva, as a valet and maid respectively. Drama ensues when Count Almaviva attempts to seduce Susanna, claiming his right to “Prima Nocta,” thus leading to a dramatic ploy to expose him.

In this aria, Countess Almaviva is mourning the loss of her husband’s affection. She misses the days of their youth when they loved each other passionately. She is angry with him for his constant infidelity.

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro
Al mio duolo, a miei sospir
O mi rendi il mio tesoro
O mi laschia almen morir

Give, love,* some comfort
To my sorrow, to my sighs
Either give me back my treasure**
Or allow me at least to die

*Sometimes translated as Cupid, a mythological god (Roman) of desire, erotic love, desire, and affection. Greek counterpart is Eros.

**Sometimes translated as Beloved

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

“Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti”

Stefano Donaudy (1829–1925)

“Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti” paints a beautiful picture of stunning and simple nature scenes during the lushness of summer. It provides a beautiful background for the narrator’s anguish. They wish for a better time, still beautiful and summery, when at last their longing and sadness is understood by the person of their desires.

The art song itself is highly motivic, with multiple musical phrases repeating. The quick and energetic song ebbs and flows just like the river mentioned in the poetry.

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,
Rimanete sempre in fior;
Che l’estate non vi sementi,
Che l’autunno non vi travolga,
Che la morta stagion non tolga
Tanto magico splendor.

Cool places, meadows fragrant,
Remain always in flower;
Let the summer not go to seed,
Let the autumn not overwhelm you,
Let the dead season not take away
So much magical splendor.

Voglio un dì vagar con lei
Fra sì verde soavità,
Quando alfin gli affanni miei
Lei d’intender mostrerà.

I want one day to walk with her
Amid such green softness,
When at last my anguish
She has finally become aware of.

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,
Rimanete sempre in fior;
Che nessuna stagion vi tolga
Tanto magico splendor.

Cool places, meadows fragrant,
Remain always in flower,
Let no season take away from you
So much magical splendor.

E voi pur, ruscelli chiari,
Che di già correte al mar,
Di vostr’acque no siate avari
Nelle tarde stagion dell’anno,
Non unite anche voi l’inganno
D’un sì breve prosperar.

And you then, streams clear,
Which are already running to the sea,
Do not let your waters run low
In the late season of the year,
Do not subscribe to the deception
Of the summer’s brief abundance.

Vo’ specchiarmi un dì con lei
Nelle vostre chiarità,
Quando alfin gli affanni miei
Lei d’intender mostrerà.

I want myself to be reflected one day with her
In your clarity,
When at last my anguish
She has finally become aware of.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

“Sento nel core”

Stefano Donaudy (1829–1925)

One of Donaudy's simpler songs, “Sento nel core,” tells the story of how uncertainty blossoms into love. The song consists of two distinct sections, both poetically and musically. Although the song appears to sit solidly in a minor key, the second verse tonicizes before finally modulating into a major key. This symbolizes that the narrator’s wishes do come true, and their heart is finally filled with love.

Sento nel core certo dolore,
Che la mia pace turbando va.
Splende una face che l'alma accende,
Se non è amore, amor sarà.

I feel in my heart a certain sorrow,
Which goes on disturbing my peace.
There shines a torch which inflames my soul,
If it is not love, it will be love soon.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

“Luoghi sereni e cari”

Stefano Donaudy (1829–1925)

“Luoghi sereni e cari” is another one of Donaudy's nature-inspired pieces. In this piece, an abandoned lover is reminded of their past lover by the beautiful nature around them. Unfortunately for them, although nature is the same as how it was when they were in love, their past lover did not love them with the same fervor and fidelity as the narrator had. Rather, they deceived them and left them behind. The narrator tried to move on, but unfortunately could not, because the strength of their love, as strong as prayer, was not returned in equal force.

Luoghi sereni e cari, io vi ritrovo
Guali ai bei dì lasciai di giovinezza!
Gli stessi amati aspetti
Ovunque il passo io muovo...
Sol non mi punge ancor
Che l'amarezza dei mesti giorni
In cui i tormenti d'un triste inganno
Insegnato m'hanno pei primi cosa
Al mondo è dolor!
Lungi da voi fuggito allor
Cercai di trovar pace al mio tradito core.
Andai fin oltre mare, ed altre donne amai...

Places serene and dear, I find you again
Just as I left you in the beautiful days of youth!
The same beloved views
Wherever I set my foot...
This alone does not sting me still
The bitterness of the mournful days
In which the torments of a sad deception
First taught me what
In the world is grief! Having
fled far from you
Then I tried to find peace for my betrayed heart.
I even went beyond the sea, and loved other women...

Ma nulla può lenire quel dolore
Ch'e piaga viva in ogni core d'amante
Che nell'amore aveva equal fede
Che pregando il Signor!

But nothing can soothe that pain
Which is a living wound in every heart of a
lover Who had as much faith in love
As in praying to the Lord!

Translated by Bard Suverkrop

“Fac ut portem” from *Stabat Mater*

G. B. Pergolesi (1710–1736)

“Fac ut portem” comes from the sacred oratorio, *Stabat Mater*. The oratorio is a collection of sacred Christian Latin texts and poems that tell the story of Christ’s crucifixion. The well-known song “Stabat Mater” comes from the same oratorio. In this piece, the narrator wishes to understand the pain that Christ experienced through suffering and wounds. Compositionally, the piece is very baroque and features melismatic patterns and ornamentation characteristic with the era.

Fac, ut portem
Christi mortem
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Allow me to bear
Christ’s death,
Allow me to share His suffering,
And to be mindful of His wounds.

Fac me plagis vulnerary,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Ob amorem filii

Allow me to suffer through His wounds,
And become intoxicated
Through the love of your Son.

Translated by Bard Suverkrop

“Nachtwanderer”

Fanny Mendelssohn (1805–1847)

Fanny Mendelssohn, the sister of Felix Mendelssohn, was a fantastic composer in her own right. She wrote dozens of songs in her lifetime, most of which were performed privately in her own home. After her marriage, Fanny Mendelssohn published fewer of her songs. “Nachtwanderer” tells the story of a troubled soul who seeks refuge and relief in the woods and through nature. She wishes to understand her thoughts and dreams, but the sounds of nature and her own song only contributes to her mental noise.

Ich wandre durch die stille Nacht,
Da schleicht der Mond so heimlich sacht Oft
aus der dunkeln Wolkenhülle,
Und hin und her im Tal,
Erwacht die Nachtigall
Dann wieder alles grau und stille.

I wander through the quiet night;
the moon floats so secretly and gently,

Often emerging from a dark cover of clouds.
And here and there in the valley
a nightingale awakens
but then all is gray and still again.

O wunderbarer Nachtgesang,
Von fern im Land der Ströme Gang,
Leis Schauern in den dunkeln Bäumen -- Irrst
die Gedanken mir,
Mein wirres Singen hier,
Ist wie ein Rufen nur aus Träumen.

O wonderful night-song
From distant parts - the rushing of a stream
And the soft shuddering in the dark trees
Confuse my thoughts.
My clamorous singing here
Is only like a cry from my dreams.

Translated by Bard Suverkrop

“Sehnsucht”

Fanny Mendelssohn (1805–1847)

“Sehnsucht,” like “Nachtwanderer,” also tells a story of a young person going into the woods to seek comfort. However, this time, the young person is struggling with youth and the blossoming of love. She longs to experience the joys of love, but is unaware of who she will love. She goes into the woods, farther away from the dancing in the distance, but love follows her.

Fanny Mendelssohn plays with the tension and uncertainty by opening with a chord that is not the tonic. In addition, the piece remains quiet and subdued for the duration.

Fern und ferner schallt der Reigen.*
Wohl mir! um mich her ist Schweigen
Auf der Flur;
Zu dem vollen Herzen nur
Will nicht Ruh' sich neigen.

Distant and more-distant sounds the dance-tune
Well to-me! Around me here is silence
On the land;
To the full heart only
Will not rest itself bow.

Horch! die Nacht schwebt durch die Räume.
Ihr Gewand durchrauscht die Bäume
Lispelnd leis.
Ach, so schweiften liebeheiß
Meine Wüsch' und Träume.

Hark! The night soars through the spaces.
Its robe through-rushes the trees
Murmuring softly,
Ah, thus roam love-hot,
My wishes and dreams.

*A Reigen is a dance form for a round dance

*Translation from 24 Mendelssohn–24 Songs,
edited by John Glenn Paton*

“An Chloë”

W. A. Mozart (1756–1791)

In addition to being very well known for operas, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart also composed a large collection of art songs during his lifetime. “An Chloë” is one of those art songs and is a great example of pastoral tradition.

Mozart used a poem written by Johann Georg Jacobi that he found in a book titled *Göttinger Musenalmanach*. However, he only used the first four stanzas of the poem. The first four stanzas discuss a pair of lovers basking in the height of their romantic pleasure, often referred to as “dying” or a “little death.” The remainder of the poem, not used in this setting, discusses how their romance was short-lived after a betrayal and a true, permanent death.

“An Chloë”

Wenn die Lieb’ aus deinen blauen, Hellen,
offnen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust, hineinzuschauen,
Mir’s im Herzen klopft und glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küsse Deine
Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm!

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

Den berauschten Blick umschattet
Eine düst’re Wolke mir;
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
Aber selig neben dir.

“To Chloe”*

When the love from your blue,
Bright, open eyes gazes,
And from the joy of gazing into them
My heart throbs and glows;

And I hold you and kiss
Your rosy-cheeks ardently,
Dear maiden, and I clasp
You trembling in my arms!

Maiden, maiden, and I press
You firmly to my breast,
In my arms which only at the very last moment
Of dying, will release you;

My enraptured gaze will then be overshadowed
By a dark cloud,
And I will sit, then exhausted,
But blissful, beside you.

*Chloe is a name often given to the shepherdess character in poetic pastoral settings.

Translated by Bard Suverkrop

“Must the winter come so soon” from *Vanessa*

Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

Vanessa is an English-language opera by composer Samuel Barber. It tells the story of Vanessa, an older and delusional woman, and her young niece Erika. Vanessa’s former lover has died, leaving behind his son, Anatol. Erika falls in love with Anatol. He seduces her and impregnates her. Vanessa, delusional with time and heartbreak, believes that he is actually her former lover. Anatol leaves Erika after she suffers a miscarriage and marries Vanessa instead.

“Must the winter come so soon” is an aria from Barber’s *Vanessa*. It is sung by Erika at the beginning of the opera as she observes the winter season creeping into the rural home she inhabits. The song foreshadows the loneliness that Erika will soon face, as she falls into darkness like her aunt once was, after the ultimate betrayal from Anatol.

“À Chloris”

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)

Reynaldo Hahn, born in Venezuela and raised in France, is one of the more prolific *mélodie* composers, having set over 100 songs. Interestingly, despite being active in a relatively modern compositional period, his pieces sound remarkably older.

“À Chloris” is a beautiful and simple French *mélodie* that explores themes of discovering requited love and the joys of its blossoming. The narrator, after discovering that Chloris loves him too, is overjoyed. He proclaims that he is happier than all the kinds in the world, and that even ambrosia, the mythical food of the gods, does not come close to occupying his mind like Chloris does.

S’il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m’aimes, Mais
j’entends que tu m’aimes bien,
Je ne crois pas que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.
Que la mort serait importune
À venir changer ma fortune
Pour la félicité des cieux!
Tout ce qu’on dit de l’ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des graces de tes yeux.

If it is true, Chloris, that you love me,
And I have heard that you love me well,
I do not believe that kings themselves
Can match such happiness as mine.
Even death would be powerless
To come and change my fortune
For all the joys of heaven!
All that is said of ambrosia
Does not touch my imagination
Like the grace of your eyes.

Based on the translation by Bard Suverkrop

“Offrande”

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)

“Offrande” is about more than just a small offering of gifts, rather, the offering of love. The narrator offers their heart and devotion to their lover, taking the time to wake early in the morning and travel to them, thus becoming covered in frost morning dew. Together, the two lovers embrace and bask in the comforts of quiet love.

“Offrande” is more tonally diverse than the other two pieces in the French set. It features dissonant chords in the piano as the vocalist sings non-chord tones. As the song develops, the piano and voice join together for a brief moment of major consonance, like how the two lovers join in a warm and sleepy embrace.

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles
et des branches
Et puis voici mon coeur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu’à vos yeux si beaux l’humble
present soit doux.

J’arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds repose
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s’apaiser de la bonne tempête
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves
and branches
And here too is my heart that beats only for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may this humble gift be sweet to
your lovely eyes.

I arrive covered with the dew
That the morning wind iced on my brow
Let my fatigue, resting here at your feet
Dream of the lovely moments that will refresh it.

On your young breast let me rest my head
Still ringing with you last kisses,
Let it be stilled after the sweet tempest
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.

*Translation from The Hal Leonard French
Song Anthology edited by Richard Walters
and Carol Kimba*

“Si mes vers avaient des ailes”

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)

“Si mes vers avaient des ailes” is another simple and lovely *mélodie*. In this song, the narrator is imagining what would happen if their verses, most likely words of love, had wings like cupid. The melody of the song gently rises and falls, just like cupid in flight.

“Si mes vers avaient des ailes”
Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre Jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l’oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l’esprit.

Près de vous, pur et fidèles,
Ils accourraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l’amour.

“If my verses had wings”
My verses would fly, fragile and gentle,
To your beautiful garden,
If my verses had wings
Like a bird!

They would fly like sparks,
To your cheery hearth,
If my verses had wings
Like my spirit.

Pure and faithful, to your side
They would hasten night and day
If my verses had wings
Like love*.

*Also translated as Cupid, a mythological god (Roman) of desire, erotic love, desire, and affection. Greek counterpart is Eros.

Translation from The Hal Leonard French Song Anthology edited by Richard Walters and Carol Kimball

“Bewitched” from *Pal Joey*

Richard Rodgers (1902–1979)

Richard Rodgers partnered with Lorenz Hart to compose and write the Broadway musical, *Pal Joey*. The musical is about a shady, pseudo-con man named Joey, and the odd situations he gets himself into. This song is sung by Vera, a married woman who is having an illicit affair with Joey. Vera has gone all out, including purchasing him a whole new wardrobe, a high-end apartment, and a night club of his own, because of how he makes her feel. Vera feels young and loved again and hopes to keep Joey around long enough for him to realize that he’s also enthralled with her.

“If music be the food”

Henry Purcell (1659–1695)

Henry Purcell is an early baroque composer, well known for various art songs and his operatic work, *Dido and Aeneas*. “If music be the food” takes inspiration from Shakespeare’s writing in his play *Twelfth Night*. It adapts the original text, spoken by Duke Orsino. He is trying to convince members of his court that although he doesn’t know what love truly feels like, because he knows that music fuels passion and he knows music, that he does understand love.

“Where the music comes from”

Lee Hoiby (1926–2011)

Lee Hoiby’s “Where the music comes from” is a celebration of music, intellectual, spiritual, and social growth. It is truly a coming-of-age song, as the narrator conveys their wishes to explore the world around them, to love, to grow, and to feel.

The piece is strophic. However, rather than the notes remaining exactly the same for each verse, each verse modulates up a whole step. As the notes get higher, so does the narrator’s excitement about life.

“When I have sung my songs”

Ernest Charles (1895–1984)

Ernest Charles wrote dozens of songs in his lifetime, and uniquely, often wrote both the poetry and the music. “When I Have Sung My Songs” is one of those occasions. This piece is a confession of deep love. The narrator would rather die than create new dreams with a different person. Their love and time spent with their real lover is so sacred to them that spending time and sharing their dreams with another would be a sacrilege, and therefore a serious offense.

This song is through-composed. The phrasing is informed by the poetry, and therefore the music speeds and slows in time with the spoken meter of the text.

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This recital would not have been possible without Professor Martin, my amazing voice teacher, and Professor Nunez, a wonderful and very talented pianist.

Much love to my mother and father, to my brother, and all my family and friends,
both near and far.
And to Grant, my beloved person.

Cheers to the residents of 107 Hannah!

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Nick Brooks

And all the other music educators who have made a difference in my life.
With love and in memory of Bill Nittler, my first musicianship teacher.

Please join us across the hallway for a small reception.