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Senior Recital

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CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY

Hall-Musco
Conservatory of Music

presents a

Senior Recital

Janet Orsi, mezzo soprano

Janet Kao, piano

May 17, 2014 ■ 8:00 P.M.

Salmon Recital Hall

Program

I

Les Couronnes

Les Papillons

Le Colibri

Ernest Chausson

(1855-1899)

II

Wasserfahrt

Lebens-Genuss

Liebhabers Ständchen

Felix Mendelssohn

(1809-1847)

Ludwig van Beethoven

(1770-1827)

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

Jerry Bartucciotto, Tenor

III

Se Romeo t'uccise un figlio

from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*

Vincenzo Bellini

(1801-1835)

IV

Au bord de l'eau

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

To Be Sung on the Water

Gabriel Fauré

(1845-1924)

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Samuel Barber

(1910-1981)

Tiana Franzetti, Soprano

Duke Kim, Tenor

Elliott Wulff, Baritone

V

Regenlied

Wir wandelten

Meerfahrt

Johannes Brahms

(1833-1897)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance and Music Education degrees. Janet Orsi is a student of Dr. Kristina Driskill.

The Senior Recital of

Janet Orsi

Program Notes & Translations

Forward: The program presented to you this evening is a collection of pieces found in and around the Romantic Era. This was an era of self expression and deep emotional connection through literature, art and music. Thus, a beautiful and vast variety can be found within the music of this time period. From Beethoven, whose work pioneered the idea of using music as a vehicle for self expression, to Schubert, Schumann and Mendelssohn who defined the genre of German Lied. From Faure and Chausson, lovers of beauty and impressionism, to Bellini, a master of the operatic genre. From Brahms, who would define the direction of music to come to composers in the post-Romantic era such as Samuel Barber, who created new musical textures to express emotion. The works of all these composers exhibit different qualities and characteristics, just as each composer had a unique life story and view of the world.

I.

Ernest Chausson: According to Jean-Pierre Barricelli, Ernest Chausson's contributions to the musical repertoire were vast and varied, including orchestral and chamber works, sacred music, opera, and art song or *mélodie*. He was a large contributor to this last genre. Author and scholar Carol Kimball stresses his passion for finding a balance between accurate portrayal of the text and musical beauty. In her book *Song*, she provides a quote from Chausson himself: "I believe firmly in the reality of expressed thoughts, and a thought can only be considered expressed when it is dressed in a sufficiently beautiful form." (Kimball, 177)

The music and text of "Les Couronnes" are much more obscure than the other two pieces in this set, possibly because it is quite short and contains little drama. It is part of a collection entitled *Trois Lieder de Camille Maclair* and is the final piece in the collection. Camille Maclair, who was a "fervent admirer of the Impressionist painters" (Meister, 221), shared Chausson's appreciation for artistic beauty, though his interest was more manifested in the relationship between visual art and text. Despite its brevity, Chausson exhibits his mastery in this piece with the lush harmony and unresolved, lonely feeling of its conclusion, which matches the melancholy poetry.

From the very outset of "Les Papillons", the text-painting in this short piece is very clear. Its rapid obstinato motifs in the high register of the accompaniment paint a very apt picture of a swarm of shimmering butterflies. The vocal line is longer and more legato, but still has elements of this frenetic energy. The listener can hear the moment when the swarm of butterflies flies away in the postlude.

Of the beautiful and unique composition "Le Colibri", scholar Jean-Pierre Barricelli wrote: "*Le Colibri*, with its unusual 5/4 rhythm and its almost Italian feeling for the voice, has become one of [Chausson's] best-known songs." (Barricelli, 127) Its poem tells the story of a hummingbird, who drinks himself to death on the sweet nectar of a flower. Only at the end of the song is it revealed that this tale is an analogy for the feelings of the poet regarding a lover. The sweeping arpeggiations in the piano depict the hummingbird's flight and descent onto the flower. However, the beautiful accompaniment also features minor harmonies and unexpected resolutions that lend a sense of lonely longing to the piece.

Les Couronnes

C'est la fillette aux yeux cernés,
Avec son air étonné
Et ses trois frères couronnes:
L'une de fraîche pimprenelle,
L'autre de vigne en dentelle,
Dans la troisième une rose d'automne.

La pimprenelle est pour son âme,
La vigne est pour l'amuser,
La rose à qui voudra l'aimer.
Beau chevalier! Beau chevalier!
Mais il ne passe plus personne,
Et la fillette aux yeux cernés
A laissé tomber les couronnes.

The Crowns

It is the maiden with the darkly circled eyes,
With her astonished air
And her three fragile crowns:
One of fresh burnet,
Another of lacy vine,
In the third an autumn rose.

The burnet is for her soul,
The vine is to amuse her,
The rose for whoever wishes to lover her.
Handsome chevalier! Handsome chevalier!
But no one else passes by,
And the maiden with the darkly circled eyes
Has let the crowns fall.

Les Papillons

Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaims sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me [pouvaient]¹ prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
À travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

by Pierre-Jules-Théophile Gautier

Le Colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

The Butterflies

The snow colored butterflies
fly in swarms over the sea.
Beautiful white butterflies, when could I
take the blue way of the air?

Do you know, o fairest of the fair,
my dancing girl with jet-black eyes
if they would grant me their wings,
Do you know where I would go?

Without taking one kiss from the roses,
across vales and forests,
I would alight on your half closed lips
flower of my soul, and there I would die.

translation by Peter Low

The Hummingbird

The hummingbird, green prince of the heights,
feeling the dew and seeing the sun's clear light
shining into his nest of woven grass,
shoots up in the air like a gleaming dart.

Hurriedly he flies to the nearby marsh
where the waves of bamboo rustle and bend,
and the red hibiscus with the heavenly scent
opens to show its moist and glistening heart.

Down to the flower he flies, alights from above,
and from the rosy cup drinks so much love
that he dies, not knowing if he could drink it
dry.

Even so, my darling, on your pure lips
my soul and senses would have wished to die
on contact with that first full-fragrant kiss.

translation by Peter Low

II.

Drei Duette (Three Duets)

In the world of vocal art music, so much emphasis is placed on art song for the solo voice. But there is also a wealth of literature for two voices, particularly from the German composers of the Romantic Era. The duets in this set are by Felix Mendelssohn, Ludwig van Beethoven and Robert Schumann. While Beethoven is technically a transitional composer of the classical era, his influence on Romantic literature and composers is so great that his connection to these composers is undeniable.

Felix Mendelssohn is credited with an incredible output of music across many genres. However, much of his music remained unpublished during his lifetime and is seldom performed. (Loomis, George) Among these scarce performed pieces is "Wasserfahrt", the texture of which is reminiscent of the galloping waves of a storm. The text is about a lover sailing away from his/her homeland with a melancholy heart. Though the piece is strophic, one can hear subtle dynamic and color differences between the verses that correlate with the text.

Beethoven's "Lebens-Genuss" is almost Mozartian in style, with its sweet accompaniment and memorable, ornamented melody. It is from a set of pieces called *Vier Arien und ein Duett mit Italienischem Text*. (op. 82). According to Robert Cummings, "It is generally believed that this song collection, which features German titles in three of the five items but Italian text in all, comes from 1809. Yet it appears there is a strong possibility they may have roots dating back to 1801 or were even finished at that time but set aside. The latter year is a plausible date of composition since that was the period the composer was testing his skills in setting Italian text under the guidance of Antonio Salieri." The simplicity and sheer classicism of this duet indicates Salieri's influence and represents the early work of Beethoven. While many of Beethoven's compositions are brooding and deeply emotional, he also produced works like this one, shimmering, innocent and sweet.

The poetry of Robert Schumann's *Liebhabers Ständchen*, is by a Scottish poet, Robert Burns. The original poem's title is not "Lover's Serenade" (as translated from the German) but "O let me in this ae night", the refrain of the poem. It is originally in a slang form of English that comes from a mixture of English and Scotch Gaelic. The translation in this program is a more direct English translation. This is a dialogue between a young man and a young woman in which he begs her to let him in the door, just for a night. She, in turn, refuses his many advances even though the idea of letting him in excites her. Many things were modified in translating this text from Scotch to German to English, but the original text, with its Scottish slang and repetitive stanzas gives an idea of the playful, very Scottish nature of this "lover's serenade."

Wasserfahrt

Ich stand gelehnet an den Mast,
und zälte jede Welle.
A de mein schönes Vaterland!
Mein Schiff das segelt schnelle.

Ich kam schön Liebchens Haus vorbei
die Fensterschieben blinken;
ich seh mir fast die Augen aus,
doch will mir niemand winken.

Ihr Tränen bleibt mir aus dem Aug
daß ich nicht dunkel sehe.
Du armes Herze brich mir nicht.
vor allzu großem Wehe!

by Heinrich Heine

Water Journey

I stood leaning against the mast,
and counted every wave.
Fairwell, my fair fatherland!
My ship it sails so swiftly!

I passed my fair sweetheart's house,
the windowpanes flashing;
I almost stared my eyes out
but no one waved to me.

You tears, stay away from my eyes,
for you make it too dark to see.
My sick heart, do not break
from this overwhelming grief.

translation by Emily Ezust

Lebens-Genuss

Odi l'aura che dolce sospira;
mentre fugge scuotendo le fronde;
se l'intendi, ti parla d'amor.

Senti l'onda che rauca s'aggira,
mentre geme radendo le sponde;
se l'intendi, si lagna d'amor.

Quell'affetto chi sente nel petto
sa per prova se nuoce, se giova,
se diletto produce, o dolor!

by Pietro Metastasio

Hear the breeze in flight
Sigh sweetly through the stirring fronds;
Know, it speaks to you of love.

Hear the wave caress the shore,
Gruffly moaning as it ebbs;
Know, it complains to you of love.

This sensation in your heart, known from before
As bringing hurt or bringing joy,
makes for sheer delight, or pain!

translation by Uri Liebrecht

Liebhabs Ständchen

Wachst Du noch, Liebchen? Gruß und Kuß!
Dein Liebster naht im Regenguß.
Ihm lähmet Liebe Hand und Fuß;
Er möchte so gern zu seinem Schatz.

*Wenn's draußen noch so stürmisch ist,
ich kenne junger Burschen List.
Geh hin, woher du kommen bist.
Ich lasse dich nicht ein.*

O lass mich ein die eine Nacht,
Die eine, die eine Nacht,
Die Liebe ist's, die glücklich macht!

Horch, wie die Wetterfahnen wehn!
Sieh, wie die Sternlein untergehn!
Laß mich nicht hier im Regen stehn,
mach auf, mach auf dein Kämmerlein!

*Der Sturm nicht, der in Nächten droht,
bringt irrem Wanderer größre Not,
als einem Mädchen jung und rot.
der Männer süße Schmeichelei'n.*

Wehrest du, Liebchen, mir solche Huld,
so tötet mich die Ungeduld,
und meines frühen Todes Schuld
trifft dich allein, ja dich allein.

*Das Vöglein auch, das singt und fliegt,
von Vogelstellers List besiegt,
zuletzt in böse Schlingen fällt,
ruft: o traue nicht dem Schein!*

*Nein, nein, nein, nein, ich öffne nicht!
Wenn's draussen noch so stürmisch ist,
Ich sag' es dir, die eine Nacht,
Ich lasse dich nicht ein.*

by Robert Burns
German text by Wilhelm Gerhard

Lover's Serenade

Are you still awake, darling? Greetings and kisses!
Your lover draws near in the downpour.
Love makes him lame in hand and foot;
He so longs to be with his sweetheart.

*Even if it is still so stormy outside,
I know the cunning of young lads.
Go back, from where you have come.
I am not letting you in.*

O let me in, just for a night.
Just for one night,
It is love that makes you happy!

Hark, how the weather-vanes flutter!
See, how the little stars are setting!
Don't let me stand here in the rain,
Open up, open up your chamber!

*The storm, which looms at night,
Does not bring a greater problem to the crazy wanderer
Than that which to a young and blushing girl
Does the sweet flatteries of men.*

You deny me, darling, such a favor,
So that impatience will be the death of me,
And the blame for my early death
Will be yours alone, yes, yours alone.

*Just as the little bird that sings and flies,
Overcome by the cunning of the fowler,
In the end falls into the evil snare,
Cries: O trust not the appearance!*

*No, no, no, no, I will not open up!
Even if it is so stormy outside,
I tell you, this one night,
I will not let you in.*

translation by David K Smythe
edited by Janet Orsi

III.

Vincenzo Bellini: Vincenzo Bellini showed musical promise early on as a child. He, “like many musicians...was precocious, but not so strikingly as Mozart.” (Rosselli, 14) Bellini’s father and grandfather were both musicians, though Vincenzo would eclipse them both by following in the emerging Romantic musical tradition of self expression. His operatic works have become immortalized as gems of the genre, including among them *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, *I Puritani*, and *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*.

I Capuleti e i Montecchi tells the classic tale of Romeo and Juliet in an Italian setting, first performed in 1830. This aria comes at the very beginning of the opera, where Romeo comes to Tebaldo Capuleti (Giulietta’s father) to sue for peace between their two families. He offers his marriage to Giulietta as terms for peace. Tebaldo already has trepidation because Romeo has previously killed his son in battle. Capellio (known as Paris in the Shakespearean version) convinces Tebaldo to reject these terms, so he can marry Giulietta himself. (Ricordi, 3)

As indicated from its title, this aria is composed in two separate parts. The first, slower section is Romeo’s plea to make peace with the Capulets. The second part comes after Tebaldo’s rejection of the offer, after which Romeo tells Tebaldo that the blood which will be shed between their houses shall be on his hands.

Se Romeo t’uccise un figlio/la tremenda ultrice spada

Ascolta!

Se Romeo t’uccise un figlio
In battaglia a lui diè morte;
Incolpar ne dèi la sorte;
Ei ne pianse e piange ancor.
Deh! ti placa, e un altro figlio
Troverai nel mio signor.

La tremenda ultrice spada
A brandir Romeo s’appresta,
E qual’ folgore funesta
Mille morti apporrà.
Ma v’accusi al ciel’ irato
Tanto sangue invan versato;
Ma su voi ricada il sangue
Che alla patria costerà.

by Felice Romani

If Romeo killed your son/Let Romeo prepare to brandish

Listen!

If Romeo killed your son
it was in battle that he killed him;
You must blame fate for it
He wept about it and is still weeping.
Alas! may it please you that you will find
another son in my lord.

Let Romeo prepare to brandish
the terrible avenging sword,
and like a deadly lightning flash I stand
and will bring a thousand deaths.
But may an angry heaven accuse you
for so much blood unnecessarily spilt;
and may the blood which will cost
our homeland fall on you.

translation by Evelyn Woolston

IV.

Upon the Water: This set contains pieces in different languages by different composers, tied together by their titles and text. Faure's song translates to "At the Water's Edge" and the other two are both called "To Be Sung on the Water" one of which is in German. With different colors and textures, each of these pieces describes a serene water scene and is connected with the concept of time. These concepts are ones with which humans have been fascinated throughout history. Countless musicians, artists, and poets have tried to describe the varied representations of water and time.

Faure's beautiful song "Au bord de l'eau" is among his more popular compositions. He discovered Sully Prudhomme's poem in a newspaper and was instantly inspired to set it to music. It has been speculated that this song's popularity is because of its sound world. It is very typical of Faure's music and is "attractive to those who do not admire the later songs of the composer, and equally attractive to those who do." (Johnson, 99) The musical texture Faure sets gives the impression of constant flowing water as time slowly slips away.

Franz Schubert lived a very short life, but his vast musical works are immortalized as some of the finest pieces of Romantic literature, particularly in the genre of song. He contracted venereal disease in 1822 and died just six years later in 1828. This affliction caused Franz Schubert much pain and depression, though it also spouted "an unprecedented intensification and concentration of his creative powers." (Fischer-Diskau, 167) "Auf dem Wasser zu singen" was composed during this period, in 1823. The poet, Friedrich Stolberg, dedicated this profound poem to his late wife, Agnes. (Ringer, 45) Schubert's setting this piece in the last years of his life gives added power to the poetic depth of this text about the passage of life and the substance of eternity.

"To Be Sung on the Water" by Samuel Barber is traditionally a choral work, performed by choirs of more than just four voices. Its text and musical setting are full of water-themed symbolism, with a shifting constancy that evokes images of gentle, lapping waves and the rocking of a small boat. It is dedicated to Florence Kimball, an acquaintance of Barber's from Juilliard who introduced him to Leontyne Price, the star of his opera, *Anthony and Cleopatra*. He considered including "To Be Sung on the Water" in that opera, though eventually decided against it. (Cannon, Gary D.) The poetry was written by American author Louise Bogan, who worked as an editor for *The New Yorker*. Her inspiration for this poem is unknown, though many link it to a love affair she had at sea, of which she later wrote: "He is just a ripple on time's stream, really." (Kreiling, 2)

Au bord de l'eau

S'asseoir tous deux au bord d'un 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 quelque fleur embaume,
S'en embaumer;
Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau murmure
L'eau murmurer;
Ne pas sentir 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 heureux devant tout ce qui lasse,
Sans se lasser,
Sentir l'amour devant tout ce qui passe,
Ne point passer!

by René-François-Arman (Sully) Prudhomme

At the water's edge

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 savour its sweetness;
To listen at the foot of the willow, where water
murmurs, to listen to it murmuring;
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!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn:
Ach, auf der Freude sanftschimmernden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Atmet die Seel im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit;
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

by Friedrich Leopold zu Stolberg

To Be Sung on the Water

In the midst of the shimmering waves
Glides, as swans do, the wavering boat;
Ah, on joy's soft shimmering waves
Glides the soul along like the boat;
Then from Heaven down onto the waves
Dances the sunset all around the boat.

Over the treetops of the western grove
Waves, in a friendly way, the reddish gleam;
Under the branches of the eastern grove
Murmur the reeds in the reddish light;
Joy of Heaven and the peace of the grove
Is breathed by the soul in the reddening light.

Ah, time vanishes on dewy wing
for me, on the rocking waves;
Tomorrow time will vanish on shimmering
wings. Again, as yesterday and today,
Until I, on higher and more radiant wing,
Myself vanish to the changing time.

Translation by Lynn Thompson

To Be Sung on the Water

Beautiful, my delight,
Pass, as we pass the wave.
Pass, as the mottled night
Leaves what it cannot save,
Scattering dark and bright,
Beautiful, pass and be
Less than the guiltless shade
To which our vows were said
Beautiful, my delight
Less than the sound of the oar
To which our vows were made,

Less than the sound of its blade
Dipping the stream once more
My delight
Beautiful, my delight,
Pass, as we pass the wave.
Pass, as the mottled night
Leaves what it cannot save,
Less than the sound of its blade
Dipping the stream once more
Once more.

by Louise Bogan

V.

Johannes Brahms: "Johannes Brahms's place as one of the great composers of the nineteenth century and one of the major German song composers is undisputed." (Kimball, 103) Brahms was a true musical visionary, ahead of his time in terms of harmony and musical devices. Composer Arnold Schoenberg labelled him "Brahms the Progressive" and his music stood apart, defining the new direction of Romantic music. This forward thinking attitude toward music was coupled with an ardent patriotic pride for Germany and a strong devotion to German Lutheranism (Beller-McKenna, 3-4). Many are drawn to Johannes Brahms' music for its lushness or its unexpected harmonic language, yet there is also some undefined quality in his music that resonates with the human soul.

In "Regenlied", Brahms uses the textures of both the voice and piano to emulate raindrops falling. Shifts between the major and minor modes also enhance the poetry, which clearly exhibit the emotional shifts in the piece. Interestingly, Brahms set another poem with this same title, though its text and musical texture stand in great contrast to this setting.

Brahms fell in love with "Wir wandelten" by Georg Friedrich Daumer, which he found in a collection called *Polydora*. The original poem, however, is in Hungarian, which Daumer later translated into German. (Grimshaw, Jeremy) The text is lovely and simple; while the words themselves don't say that much, they create the most beautiful picture of true and affectionate love.

Meaning "Sea Journey", "Meerfahrt" and its setting seem to give mixed messages as to the overall character of the poem. The poem, by Heinrich Heine, describes two lovers in a boat as they pass a "Spirit Island" and sail past it. The piano's texture is dark and brooding in the beginning and ending sections and the vocal line goes through a variety of shifts. While the opening and final sections are similar, there is no repeated musical material throughout the song, with each section having its own character and color. These changing textures give one cause to contemplate the meaning and nature of the mysterious, ghostly island.

Regenlied

Regen tropfen aus dem Bäumen
fallen in das grüne Gras,
Tränen meiner trüben Augen
Machen mir die Wange naß.

Scheint die Sonne wieder helle,
wird der Rasen doppelt grün:
doppelt wird auf meinen Wangen
mir die heiße Träne glühn.

by Klaus Groth

Wir wandelten

Wir wandelten, wir zwei zusammen,
ich war so still und du so stille,
ich gäbe viel, um zu erfahren,
was du gedacht in jenem Fall.

Was ich gedacht, unausgesprochen verbleibe das!
Nur Eines sag' ich:
So schön war alles, was ich dachte,
so himmlisch heiter war es all'.

In meinem Haupte die Gedanken,
sie läuteten, wie gold'ne Glöckchen:
so wunderschön, so wunderlieblich
ist in der Welt kein and'rer Hall.

by Georg Friedrich Daumer

Meerfahrt

Mein Liebchen, wir saßen beisammen,
Traulich im leichten Kahn.
Die Nacht war still, und wir schwammen
Auf weiter Wasserbahn.

Die Geisterinsel, die schöne,
Lag dämmrig im Mondenglanz;
Dort klangen liebe Töne,
Und wogte der Nebeltanz.

Dort klang es lieb und lieber
Und wogt' es hin und her;
Wir aber schwammen vorüber,
Trostlos auf weitem Meer.

by Heinrich Heine

Rain Song

Raindrops from the trees
Fall in the green grass,
Tears from my gloomy eyes
Make my cheeks wet.

When the sun again shines,
The grass will be twice as green:
And on my cheeks, twice as much
will my hot tears glow.

Translation by Emily Ezust

We Wandered

We wandered together, the two of us,
I was so quiet and you so still,
I would give much to know
What you were thinking at that moment.

What I was thinking, let it remain unuttered!
Only one thing will I say:
So lovely was all that I thought -
So heavenly and fine was it all.

The thoughts in my head
Rang like little golden bells:
So marvelously sweet and lovely
That in the world there is no other echo.

translation by Emily Ezust

Sea Journey

My darling, we sat together,
We two in our frail boat;
The night was calm o'er the wide sea
Whereon we were afloat.

The Spectre-Island, the lovely,
Lay dim in the moon's mild glance;
There sounded sweetest music,
There waved the shadowy dance.

It sounded sweet and sweeter,
It waved there to and fro;
But we slid past forlornly
Upon the great sea-flow.

translation by James Thompson

Program Notes by Janet Orsi

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