Halley Bailey, mezzo-soprano

with Matty Poon, piano
and
Crystal Yang, flute

characteristically of Ives, the emotional high point of the song gradually obscures the tonality as the rhythms in the piano disassemble and contradict the vocal line with perplexing tone clusters. Though dated at 1921, this song is probably in remembrance of Ives’s wife’s traumatic miscarriage in 1909.

Ned Rorem is a famously prolific composer of art song. One of the most honored American composers of all time, he has received numerous awards for his orchestral, chamber and operatic works, including the Pulitzer Prize in 1971. Little Elegy was composed in 1949. Short and simplistic, Little Elegy, although written on a much smaller scale than many of Rorem’s vocal pieces, is no less significant. Catullus: On the Burial of His Brother is based on a text by Roman poet Gaius Valerius Catullus. Grief-stricken over the death of his brother, Catullus addresses the poems to his brother’s mute ashes. The last words of the poem, ‘Hail and farewell,’ are perhaps the poet’s most famous words, and Rorem’s setting of the text is marvelous in its reflection of Catullus’s despair.

Long Time Ago is the third song in a set entitled Old American Songs by Aaron Copland. Copland arranged a first set of American tunes in 1950, followed by a second set in 1952. Like all of the songs in the two sets, Long Time Ago is nostalgically and inherently American in sound. Amusingly, the first set was premiered in England. On a trip to the U.S, composer Benjamin Britten and tenor Peter Pears visited Copland and heard the first set of Old American Songs. They requested that Copland send them copies after their return to England, and the pieces were premiered there at the Aldeburgh Festival in 1950. The first set was not premiered in the U.S until the following year.

Halley Bailey is from the class of Ms. Susan Young.

This recital is presented as part of the requirements for the Master of Music in Performance program.

Monday, February 20th, 2012, 8:00 p.m.
Phillip T. Young Recital Hall
MacLaurin Building, University of Victoria
Free Admission
poems by his friend, Guillaume Apollinaire. Poulenc met Apollinaire in 1917, and was immediately taken with his poetry. Though Apollinaire died less than a year later in the Spanish flu epidemic of 1918, Poulenc continued setting music to Apollinaire’s poetry throughout the remaining course of his life. Credited with coining the term ‘surrealism’, Guillaume Apollinaire’s poetry is often comically non sequitur in nature, which Poulenc has translated into his musical settings. In Quatre Poèmes de Guillaume Apollinaire, though the poetry is a veritable “kaleidoscope of words”, as Poulenc asserts, the music must be communicated “without irony.”

Rachmaninov, though more prominent as a composer of piano music, wrote some seventy songs between 1893 and 1916. Of his earlier songs, In the Silence of Secret Night is arguably his most popular, displaying hints of his eventual style of accompaniment, which was just shy of a stand-alone existence, as well as displaying true counterpoint between the voice and piano parts. Everyone Loves You So and A Dream are two of Rachmaninov’s lesser-known songs possibly because, atypically, both exhibit a strong association between vocal and piano lines. The piano accompaniment is less of a separate entity than in In the Silence of Secret Night. Spring Waters is perhaps Rachmaninov’s most beloved song. The text’s proclamation of the coming of spring, and the composer’s corresponding musical enthusiasm easily sweep the listener up in impassioned sound.

Charles Ives’s Immortality is somewhat of a departure from his usual style of composition. More commonly associated with his extensive work with quarter tones, polyrhythms, and polytonality, Ives both begins and ends the song securely in C Major, a rarity in his music, and he wrote the text himself. More

**Program**

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In the Silence of Secret Night  
Sergei Rachmaninoff  
(1873-1943)

Everyone Loves You So  
Rachmaninov

A Dream  
Rachmaninov

Spring Waters  
Rachmaninov

Immortality  
Charles Ives  
(1874-1954)

Little Elegy  
Ned Rorem  
(b. 1923)

Catullus: On the Burial of His Brother  
Rorem

Long Time Ago  
Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

from Old American Songs: Set 1

Crystal Yang, flute

when she describes her remembrance of his kiss. Overcome Gretchen stops spinning, and we hear the rhythmic figures in the piano coda, then resume, at first gradual before becoming steady once more. Gretchen am Spinnrade, lauded by critics of the time for its innovative use of accompaniment and musical interpretation of Gretchen’s fragile psyche, exhibits a mastery of the connection between text and music hitherto unseen.

Albert Roussel’s 1924 setting of two poems by Pierre de Ronsard were one of many commemorative tributes to the poet’s four hundredth anniversary of birth. Although he was rather less well known than his contemporaries, Ravel and Debussy, Roussel nevertheless became an important figure in French music. Composing during the period of transition from Romantic to 20th century music, his music reflected the rising tension between traditionalism and experimentation during this time, and displayed remarkable balance between the two divisive forces. By the time Deux Poèmes de Ronsard was premiered, Roussel’s contemporary importance had been recognized by fellow composers such as Francis Poulenc and Arthur Honegger, both of whom wrote pieces in honor of Roussel’s sixtieth birthday.

Ch’io mi scordi di te?...Non temer, amato bene was composed for Nancy Storace, originator of the role of Susanna in Le nozze di Figaro (1786), in 1786. This concert aria was one of two settings, both by Mozart, of the same text by librettist Giambattista Veresco, and was taken from Mozart’s opera Idomeneo (1781). Never intended as a replacement aria for Idomeneo, the piece was premiered by Storace in 1787, and is considered one of Mozart’s greatest of the genre.

In Quatre Poèmes de Guillaume Apollinaire, Poulenc sets four
Program Notes

It is rare in vocal music that we see a narration that encompasses both genders. In *Von ewiger Liebe*, Brahms has highlighted the masculine fervor and the passionate femininity of the characters, combining them at the climax into a musical representation of eternal love. This song, which numbers among the finest of all German art song, is also among the most loved of Brahms’s works. Even Brahms’s outspoken opponent, Hugo Wolf, himself a master composer of Lieder, admitted an admiration for this song.

*Der Nußbaum* is the third song from a cycle of twenty-six entitled *Myrthen*. Myrthen, or myrtles, are European evergreen shrubs with flowers traditionally used in bridal wreaths. Robert Schumann composed this cycle as a wedding gift in 1840 for his bride Clara. Unlike his others song cycles, the twenty-six songs of *Myrthen* include texts by various poets, chosen for their ruminations on the numerous attributes of love and marriage. In the same year, Clara Schumann composed *Am Strande*, with text taken from Robert Burns’s poem ‘Musing on a Roaring Ocean’, as a Christmas gift for her husband.

*Gretchen am Spinnrade* marked not only the beginning of Schubert’s penchant for setting Johann Wolfgang von Goethe’s texts, but also his fame as a composer of song. A setting of Gretchen’s monologue in Goethe’s *Faust*, Schubert’s song produced a plot expressed equally between both voice and piano in accordance – a completely original approach to storytelling in song. As Gretchen speaks of her fear of Faust’s rejection, we hear

Translations

**Von ewiger Liebe**
Of Eternal Love

*Dark, how dark in wood and field!*
*Evening it is, now silent the world.*
*Nowhere a light still, nowhere smoke,*
*yes, and the lark is now silent too.*

*Out of the village comes the boy,*
*walking his beloved home,*
*he leads her past the willow copse,*
*talking much and of many things:*

‘If you suffer insult and are troubled,*
suffer insult from others for my sake,*
let our love be sundered so swiftly,*
so swiftly as earlier we were united;*
*with rain depart, with wind depart,*
as quickly as earlier we were united.’

*Says the maiden, the maiden says:*
*‘Out love won’t be sundered!*
*Steel is strong, and iron is, very –*  
*even stronger is our love.*

*Iron and steel may be forged anew –*  
*our love, who can change it?*  
*Iron and steel, they may melt –*  
*our love must endure forever!’
**Am Strande**  
On the Shore

Sadly I gaze from the cliff  
on the tide which separated us,  
and with ardor my lips implore,  
spare him, Elements!

Fear is my soul's master,  
alas, and hope shrinks away;  
only in dreams do spirits bring  
tidings from my Beloved to me.

Which you, happy companions -  
golden days of joy and pain,  
tears of grief never forgotten,  
alas, - you know not my pain!

Be kind to me, o nightly hours  
may rest descend upon my eyes,  
gracious spirits, whisper tidings  
from my Beloved then to me.

**Der Nußbaum**  
The Walnut Tree

Green before the house a walnut stands,  
spreading, fragrant, airy, it’s leafy  
branches.

Many lovely blossoms it bears;  
gentle winds visit them with loving embrace.

**Spring Waters**

In the fields snow still lies,  
but torrents resound with the joy of spring,  
they surge and awaken the sleeping shore,  
flowing, sparkling, proclaiming,  
Proclaiming to all ends of the earth:

‘Spring comes, spring comes,  
We are heralds of spring,  
We are sent forth to say:  
Spring comes, spring comes!’

And the quiet, warm days of May  
In a rosy, bright round dance,  
Crowd joyfully in spring's steps.
And then in rapture, against all reason,
With your cherished name awaken the
Darkness of the night.
O, long will I, in the quiet of the secret night
With your cherished name awaken the
Darkness of the night

**Everyone Loves You So**

You are so loved by all; you quiet look
Warms everyone and reconciles with life;
But you are sad, in you there is a hidden torment,
And in your soul you hear a condemnation;
Why is your tender gaze so timid,
Your eyes so sad and beg forgiveness,
As if the light of sun and flowers in the spring,
And shade in midday heat and whispering woods,
And even the very air you breath
All seem to you an undeserved gift?

**A Dream**

I, too, had a home,
A beautiful one!
There a fir tree swayed...
But it was only a dream!

A family of friends
Surrounded me
With words of love...
But it was only a dream!

Paired together, they whisper,
gracefully inclining delicate heads to kiss.

Whisper of a maiden who
night and day pondered, ah, and knew not what.
Whisper – who can understand so
soft a song? – of a husband-to-be, of next year.

The maiden listens, the tree
rustles;
yearning, hoping, she sinks, smiling
into sleeps and dreams.

**Gretchen am Spinnrade**
Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel

My peace is gone,
my heart is sore,
never shall I find peace ever more.

Where he is not,
there is my grave,
all the world
to me is gall.

My poor head
is crazed,
my poor wits
destroyed.

Only for him I gaze
from the window,
only for him I go
from the house.

His superior walk,
his noble air,
his smiling mouth,
his compelling eyes.

And his words –
their magic flow,
the press of his hand,
and ah, his kiss!

My heart craves
for him,
oh, to clasp
and to hold,

and kiss him,
just as I liked,
and in his kisses,
pass away!

**Rossignol, mon mignon...**
Fair nightingale...

*Fair nightingale, flitting as you will*
soul swoon
down beneath her long fingers in the shade a scale
is dying
at the piano which whimpers like a poor woman.

Avant le Cinéma
Before the cinema

And then this evening we’ll go
to the cinema

But who are these Artistes
no longer those who cultivate the Fine Arts
Nor those concerned with Art
the art of poetry or even music
the Artistes are actors and actresses
If we were Artistes
we would not say the cinema
we would say the ciné

But if we were old professors from the
provinces
we would say neither ciné nor cinema
but cinematograph

My word we must have taste and how

1904

In 1904, I went to Strasbourg
for the Monday before Lent.
In the hotel, I sat by the fireside I beg you, sky, air, winds, mountains

from branch to branch of the willows, alone,
singing as I would that I could sing
what is always in my mouth.

We both sigh. Your sweet voice tries
to sound the love of one who loves you so,
and I sadly regret the beauty
who has so wounded my heart.

There is one difference between us, nightingale,
although we both have the same music.
You are loved, and I am not.

Your love yields before the sweet sounds you make,
but mine scorns my songs and covers her ears
so as not to hear them.

Ciel, aer, et vens...
Sky, air, and winds...

Sky, air and winds, naked hills and plains,
vine-covered mounds and green forests,
twisting banks and flowing springs,
fallen thickets, green woods,
mossy caves half-concealed,
fields, buds, flowers, warming grasses,
viney slopes and pale beaches,
Marshes, dormouse, and you, my sad verses:

Because when parting, full of care and anger,
I could not say adieu to this fair eye
which stirs me whether near or far,
I beg you, sky, air, winds, mountains and plains,
thickets, forests, banks and springs,
caves, fields, flowers,
tell her for me.

Ch’io mi scordi di te?...Non temer, amato bene
Shall I forget you?...Do not fear, my best beloved

Shall I forget you?
You advise me to give myself to him?
And you wish that in life... Ah, no!
Such a life would be worse than death.

Let death come; I await it fearlessly.
But that I could warm to another flame,
give my affections to another object,
how could I attempt it? I would die of sorrow.

Do not fear, my best beloved,
my heart will always be yours.
I can no longer suffer such distress,
my spirit fails me.

You sigh? O mournful sorrow!
Just think what a moment this is!
O God, I cannot say what I feel.

Do not fear...

Cruel stars, pitiless stars!
Why are you so stern?

Lovely souls, who look upon
my distress in such a moment,
tell me, can such torment
be borne by a faithful heart?

L’Anguille
The Eel

Jeanne Houhou the very demure
died between the whitest of sheets
not alone Bebert alias the Eel
Narcissus and Hubert the whiting
played manille close by her side

and the swanky Clichy woman
with the vomit-red eyes
throws up my Vichy water
goes in the Black Maria
haha without a fuss

eyes dancing like angels
she laughed she laughed
her eyes very blue her teeth very white
if only you knew if only you knew
just what we’ll do on Sunday

Carte-Postale
Postcard

Lo, the shade of the sweetest being is here evoked,
indolent and playing a doleful air too:
nocturne or lied in the minor key making her