I would like to thank all the people who helped to bring this program together, and without whom this performance would not have been possible. Braden Young and Anna Cal were both indispensable in the musical preparation of these works. I am forever grateful to my family, who are both my greatest supporters and my biggest fans. And to Ben Butterfield, my friend, teacher, safety net, and dancing partner, it is impossible to express how much I appreciate everything you do. Thank you.

Thank you all for coming. Please join us for a short reception following the program.
PROGRAM

‘In quali ecessi, o Numi!...mi tradì’
W.A. Mozart (1756 – 1791)
Don Giovanni

Les Nuits d’Été
Hector Berlioz (1803 – 1869)
Le spectre de la rose
Sur les lagunes
Absence
Au cimetière
L’île inconnue

–INTERMISSION–

Oh, never sing to me again
My child! Like a flower you are perfect
The Muse
Summer Nights

Rückert Lieder
Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder
Ich atmet’ einen linden Duft
Um Mitternacht
Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
Liebst du um Schönheit

W.A. Mozart (1756 – 1791)

DON GIOVANNI

If you love for beauty
If you love for beauty,
oh do not love me!
Love the sun,
she has golden hair!

If you love for youth,
oh do not love me!
Love the Spring,
it is young every year!

If you love for treasure,
oh do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
she has many clear pearls.

If you love for love,
oh yes, love me!
Love me ever,
I’ll love you ever more!

I am lost to the world
I am lost to the world,
with which I used to waste so much time;
It has heard nothing from me for so long,
it may believe that I am dead!

It is of no consequence to me,
whether it thinks me dead,
I can not deny it,
for I really am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world’s tumult,
and I rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my Heaven,
in my love, in my song.

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
I am lost to the world,
mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben;

Sie hat so lange nichts von mir
vernommen,
sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
ob sie mich für gestorben hält.
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
und ruh’in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb’allein in meinem Himmel,
in meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

Gustav Mahler (1860 - 1911)
Um Mitternacht

At Midnight

Um Mitternacht

At midnight
I awoke
and gazed up to Heaven;
no star in the entire mass
did smile down on me
at midnight.

At midnight
I projected my thoughts
out past the dark barriers.
No thought of light
brought me comfort
at midnight.

At midnight
I paid close attention
to the beating of my heart!
One single pulse of agony
flared up
at midnight.

At midnight
I fought the battle,
oh mankind, of your suffering.
I could not decide it
with my strength
at midnight.

At midnight
I surrendered my strength
into your hands!
Lord! Over death and life
you keep watch
at midnight!

Um Mitternacht

‘In quali eccessi...mi tradi’

In quali ecessi, O Numi,
in quai misfatti orribili, tremendi
è avvolto il sciagurato!
Ah no! non puote tardar l'ira del cielo,
là giustizia tardar.
Sentir già parmi la fatale saetta,
chi gli piomba sul capo!
Aperto veggio il baratro mortal!...

Misera Elvira! che contrasto d'affetti
in sen ti nasce!
Perchè questi sospiri?
e quest'ambascie?
Mi tradì quell'alma ingrata,
Infelice, o Dio!, mi fa.
Ma tradita e abbandonata,
Provo ancor per lui pietà.
Quando sento il mio tormento,
Di vendetta il cor favella;
Ma, se guardo il suo cimento,
Palpitando il cor mi va.

Um Mitternacht

Nahm ich in Acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens!
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War angefacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht

Kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden.
Nicht könnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht

Hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben!
Herr über Tod und Leben
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht!

“Neither a lofty degree of intelligence nor imagination nor both together go to the making of genius. Love, love, love, that is the soul of genius.”

- Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born on January 27, 1756, in Salzburg, Austria. Showing prodigious ability from his earliest childhood, he began composing at the age of five. Mozart composed over 600 works, many acknowledged as pinnacles of their genre. The recitative and aria ‘In quali ecessi...mi tradi’ comes from the second act of Don Giovanni, after Donna Elvira has been repeatedly betrayed by Giovanni. She is torn between wanting to punish him, and wanting him to love her. A complex character with thoroughly mixed motives, Elvira reveals her humanity through her fluctuation between love and shame.

‘In quali ecessi...mi tradi’

In what excesses, O Heavens,
in what horrible, terrible crimes
the wretch has involved himself!
Ah no! The wrath of Heaven cannot
delay, justice cannot delay.
I already sense the fatal bolt
which is falling on his head!
I see the mortal abyss open!

Unhappy Elvira! what a conflict of
feelings
is born in your breast!
Why these sighs?
And these pains?

Mi tradi quell'alma ingrata,
Infelice, o Dio!, mi fa.
Ma tradita e abbandonata,
Provo ancor per lui pietà.
Quando sento il mio tormento,
Di vendetta il cor favella;
Ma, se guardo il suo cimento,
Palpitando il cor mi va.

That ungrateful soul betrayed me,
o God, how unhappy he made me!
But, though betrayed and abandoned,
I still know pity for him.
When I feel my suffering,
my heart speaks of vengeance;
but when I see the danger he's in,
my heart beats for him.
"Love or music -- which power can uplift man to the sublimest heights? It is a large question...Love cannot give an idea of music; music can give an idea of love. But why separate them? They are the two wings of the soul."

- Hector Berlioz

Hector Berlioz’s ‘Les Nuits’ d’Ete’ was published originally in 1841 for voice and piano, and again sixteen years later for a different set of voices and orchestra. The cycle of six songs uses the poetry of Théophile Gautier, and each of the songs is dedicated to a different singer from various German courts.

‘Villanelle,’ the first song in the cycle, is a sprightly song evoking the innocent Spring scene of lovers going hand-in-hand into the woods to pluck lilies, pick strawberries, and speak of their love. ‘Le Spectre de la Rose’ epitomizes Romantic woman-worship, in which the poet’s soul, represented by a rose, is happy to expire upon the breast of his beloved. The accompaniment of rippling arpeggios suggests the party to which the woman wore her rose, and the song rises in ecstasy through the second stanza of the poetry only to relax into a serenely sad elegy at its close. ‘Sur les Lagunes’ is a lament in the style of a barcarolle, telling of a lover left alone in the dark night, lamenting the death of his beloved. He speaks of her beauty, and of his love for her, and how, without her, he is left to float alone upon the sea. ‘Absence’ tells the tale of two lovers separated by great distance. The poet begs his beloved to return, for without her he is like a flower yearning for the sun. ‘Au cimetière’ tells of a poet who goes to a graveyard to listen to the sad song of a dove, but regrets his choice when his own memory creates a spectre that reaches out to him and predicts his return to the cemetery. ‘L’Île Inconnue’ completes the cycle with a spirited barcarole. The poet offers to take his love anywhere she would like to go, enticing her with fantastical images of exotic locations. When she asks to go to the land where love lasts forever, he replies that, sadly, no such land exists, but offers to take her wherever (else) she would like to go.

Les Nuits d’Été

T. Gautier

Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
quand auront disparu les froids, 
tous les deux, nous irons, ma belle, 
pour cueillir le muguet aux bois; 
sous nos pieds égrénant les perles 
que l’on voit, au matin trembler, 
nous irons écouter les merles siffler.

Country Song

When the new season comes, 
when the frosts have gone, 
you and I, my dearest, 
will go picking lily of the valley in the woods; 
our feet will scatter the dewdrops 
that tremble in the morning light. 
we’ll listen to the blackbird’s call.

Les Nuits d’Été

Lieder Nach Texten von Friedrich Rückert

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag’ ich nieder, 
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat! 
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen, 
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen! 
Deine Neugier ist Verrath!

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen, 
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen, 
Schauen selber auch nicht zu! 
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben 
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben, 
Dann vor allen nasche du!

Ich atmet’ einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand 
Ein Zweig der Linde, 
Ein Angebinde 
Von lieber Hand.

Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!

Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft! 
Das Lindenreis 
Brachst du gelinde! 
Ich atme leis 
Im Duft der Linde 
Der Liebe linden Duft.

Look not into my songs!
My eyes I lower, 
as if I’ve been caught in an evil deed! 
I can’t even trust myself 
to watch them grow! 
Your curiosity is a betrayal!

Bees, when they build their cells, 
also do not let anyone observe them, 
even themselves! 
When the rich honeycombs 
are brought out to the light of day, 
then you shall taste them before 
everyone else!

I breathed a gentle fragrance!
In the room stood 
a sprig of linden, 
a gift 
from a dear hand.

How lovely was the fragrance of 
linden! 
How lovely is the fragrance of linden! 
That twig of linden 
you broke off so gently! 
I breathe in softly 
the fragrance of linden, 
the gentle fragrance of love.
Эти летние ночи прекрасные,   
Ярким светом луны озарённые,   
Порождают тревоги неясные,   
Пробуждают порывы влюбленные.

Забывается скорь необъятная,   
Что даруется жизнью унылою,   
И блаженства края благодатные   
Раскрываются тайною силою...

И открыли друг другу невластные   
Над собою сердцами влюблённые,   
В эти летние ночи прекрасные,   
светом ярким луны озарённые.

D. Rathaus

“Если композитор мог бы сказать в словах то, что он хотел бы сказать в музыке.” — Gustav Mahler

Gustav Mahler, born on July 7, 1860, in Kalisch, Bohemia, was a late-Romantic Austrian composer and one of the leading conductors of his generation. For much of his life, Mahler composed in his free time, earning his living and reputation as a conductor. Mahler composed almost exclusively in the genres of song and symphony, with a close and complex interrelationship between the two.

‘Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder’ explores the wish of a composer to not have his works viewed before their completion, a theme which was very suitable for Mahler. ‘Ich atmet’ einen linden Duft’ evokes the fragrance of a lime tree, with which the poet associates his love. ‘Um Mitternacht’ moves from the brightest day to the darkest night. The poet sends his thoughts upward into the dark sky and finds no answer to life’s struggles and sorrows, leading him to give his strength to God’s hands. ‘Liebst du um Schönheit’ is the most traditional of the songs, composed in strict strophic form. Love must be for its own sake, not for beauty, youth, or treasure. ‘Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen’ is one of Mahler’s most beautiful and moving songs, and evokes the peace achieved through the poet’s withdrawal from the everyday turmoil of the world and his absorption in the most meaningful and central aspects of his life: his heaven, his life, and his song.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;   
c'est le mois des amants bénis;   
et l'oiseau, sattinant son aile,   
dit des vers au rebord du nid.   
Oh ! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse   
pour parler de vos beaux amours,   
et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:   
toujours !

Loin, bien loin égarant nos courses,   
faisons fuir le lapin caché,   
et le daim au miroir des sources   
admiring son grand bois penché ;

Puis chez nous tout joyeux, tout aises,   
en paniers, enlaçant nos doigts,   
revenons rapportant des fraises   
des bois.

Le Spectre de la Rose

Ouvre ta paupière close   
qu'effleure un songe virginal;   
je suis le spectre d'une rose   
que tu portais hier au bal.   
Tu me pris encore emperlée   
des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,

et, parmi la fête étoilée,   
tu me promenas tout le soir.

Ô toi qui de ma mort fus cause,   
sans que tu puisses le chasser,   
toute la nuit mon spectre rose   
ton chevet viendra danser.

Mais ne crains rien, je ne reclame   
ni messe ni de profundis;

c'est mon âme,   
j’arrive du du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie,   
et, pour avoir un sort si beau,   
plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,

Spring has come, my dearest   
the month adored by lovers   
and the bird, as it preens its feathers   
sings poetry on the edge of its nest.   
Oh, come to this mossy bank   
to talk about our beautiful love,   
and say in your soft voice,   
forever!

As we wander far, far away,   
let’s scare away the lurking rabbit   
and the buck, mirrored in the brook   
admiring its great antlers;   
Then let’s go back home, all happiness,   
and at ease   
in baskets, our fingers entwined,   
carry the strawberries   
of the wood.

The Ghost of the Rose

Open those eyelids   
lost in girlish dreams;   
I am the ghost of a rose   
you wore to the ball.   
You picked me still sparkling   
with silver tears from watering   
and you paraded me at the glittering   
fête all evening long.

Oh you, who caused my death,   
you will not be able to chase me away;   
every night my rose ghost   
will come and dance at your bedside,   
But have no fear, I ask for   
neither a Mass nor a funeral service;   
this soft perfume is my soul and I   
come from Paradise.

My fate was enviable;   
and, to have such a beautiful end,   
many would have given their lives,
car j’ai ta gorge pour tombeau,
et sur l’albâtre où je repose
un poète avec un baisers
écrit: Ci-gît une rose
que tous les rois vont jalouser.

**Sur Les Lagunes**

Ma belle amie est morte,
je pleurerai toujours;
sous la tombe elle emporte
mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m’attendre,
elle s’en retourna;
L’ange qui l’emmena
ne voulut pas me prendre
Que mon sort es amer!
Ah! sans amour, s’en aller sur la mer!

La blanche créature
est couchée au cercueil.
Comme dans la nature,
tout me paraît en deuil!
la colombe oubliée
pleure et songe à l’absent;
Mon âme pleure et sent
qu’elle est dépareillée.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s’en aller sur la mer!

Sur moi la nuit immense
s’étend comme un linceul;
Je chante ma romance
que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! comme elle était belle,
et comme je l’aimais!
Je n’aimerai jamais
une femme autant qu’elle.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s’en aller sur la mer!

---

for my grave is on your breast
and on the pure whiteness where I rest,
which all kings would envy.

**Over the Lagoon**

My beautiful love is dead,
I’ll weep for ever;
beneath the grave she has taken
my soul and my love.
To heaven, without waiting for me,
she has returned;
The angel that took her
left me behind.
How bitter is my fate!
Ah, left to sail away loveless on the
sea!

The fair creature
lies in her coffin.
As in nature itself,
everything seems to be mourning:
the abandoned dove
weeps and dreams about her lost one.
My soul weeps
and feels no longer whole.
How bitter is my fate!
Ah, left to sail away loveless on the
sea!

The immensity of night
covers me like a shroud.
I sing my song,
but only the sky can hear it.
Oh, how beautiful she was,
and how much I loved her!
I will never love a woman
as much as her.
How bitter is my fate!
Ah, left to sail away loveless on the
sea!

---

**Муза**

В младенчестве моё м она меня любила
И семиствольную цевницу мне вручила;
Она внимала мне с улыбкой, и слегка
По звонким скважинам пустого тростника
Уже наигрывал я слабыми перстами,
И гимны важные, внущенные богами,
И песни мирных фригийских пастухов.
С утра до вечера в немой тени дубов
Прилежно я внимал урокам девы тайной;
И радуя меня наградою случайной,
Откинув локоны от милого чела,
Тростник был оживлен божественным
дыханьем
И сердце наполнял святым очарованьем.

Ah! left to sail away loveless on the
sea!

**The Muse**

In my childhood she loved me
and gave me a seven-piped flute;
she listened to me with a smile,
and gently,
upon the resonant pipes of
hollow cane
already I played with weak,
inexperienced fingers,
both majestic hymns inspired by
 gods,
and peaceful Phrygian shepherd
 songs.

From morn ‘til evening, in the
silent shade of forests
I diligently listened to her
lessons of the secret maiden;
and, gladdening me with a
chance reward,
brushing away the locks from
her lovely brow,
she, herself, would take the
reedpipe from my hands.
the reed would be brought to life
by her divine breath
and my heart was filled with
sacred enchantment.

A. Pushkin
Не пой, красавица, при мне
Ты песен Грузии печальной:
Напоминают мне оне
Другую жизнь и берег дальний.

О, никогда не пой, милая дочь,
Ты песен Грузии печальной
Они напоминают мне о
Другой жизни и берегах дальнем.

А. Пушкин

Дитя! Как цветок ты прекрасна
Дитя, как цветок ты прекрасна,
Светла, и чиста, и мила.
Смотри на тебя, и любовь,
И снова душа ожила...

Охотно б тебе на головку
Я руки свои возложил;
Просьба, чтобы Бог тебя вечно
Прекрасной и чистой хранил.

A. Плечетчевь

Absence

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée !
Come back, come back, my beloved!
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
Like a flower deprived of the sun,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée,
the flower of my life has faded
Loin de ton sourire vermeil.
for lack of your golden smile.

Entre nos coeurs quelle distance !
What a distance between our hearts,
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers !
what an abyss between our kisses!
Ô sort amer! Ô dure absence !
O bitter fate, o painful absence,
Ô grands désirs inapaisés !
O immense unrequited longing!

D'ici là-bas que de campagnes,
Between here and there nothing but
Que de villes et de hameaux,
open country,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
nothing but towns and villages,
À lasser le pied des chevaux !
extremely long and mountains,
enough to tire the horses’ feet!

Au Cimetière

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Do you know the white tomb
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
where the yew’s shadow
L’ombre d’un if ?
waves with a plaintive sound?
Sur l’if une pâle colombe,
In the yew’s branches a pale dove,
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,
sad and lonely, as evening falls,
Chante son chant.
sings its song.

Un air maladivement tendre,
A melody sickly and tender,
À la fois charmant et fatal,
both alluring and deadly,
Qui vous fait mal,
it will harm you,
Et qu’on voudrait toujours entendre ;
though you always want to hear it.
Un air, comme en soupir aux cieux
A melody, like a sigh to heaven
L’ange amoureux.
from a lovelorn angel.

On dirait que l’âme éveillée
You would think an awakened
Pleure sous terre à l’unisson
soul
De la chanson,
with the song,
Et du malheur d’être oubliée
and at the misery of being abandoned
Se plaint dans un roucoulement
was sobbing
Bien douceur.
with the softest cooing.
Sur les ailes de la musique
on sent lentement revenir
un souvenir;
une ombre une forme angélique,
passe dans un rayon tremblant,
en voile blanc.

Les belles-de-nuit demi-closes,
jettent leur parfum faible et doux
autour de vous,
et le fantôme aux molles poses
murmure en vous tendant les bras:
Tu reviendras!

Oh! jamais plus, près de la tombe,
jede les êtres doux et tendres
au manteau sombre,
écouter la pâle colombe
chanter sur la pointe de l’if
son chant plaintif!

L’Île Inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle,
où voulez-vous aller?
la voile enfle son aile,
la brise va souffler!

L’aviron est d’ivoire,
le pavillon est de soie,
le gouvernail est d’or fin;
j’ai pour lest une orange,
pour voile une aile d’ange,
pour mousse un séraphin.

Est-ce dans la Baltique,
dans la mer Pacifique,
dans l’île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
cueillir la fleur de neige,
où la fleur d’Angsoka?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
là la rive fidèle
où l’on aime toujours.
Cette rivière, ma chère,
on ne la connaîtra guère
daus pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?
la brise va souffler!

L’Île Inconnue

Tell me, my young beauty,
where would you like to go?
The wind fills the sails
and the breeze will blow!

The oar is made of ivory,
the flag of silk,
the rudder is of fine gold.
My ballast is an orange,
my sail is an angel’s wing,
my cabin-boy is a seraph.

Is it on the Baltic?
In the Pacific?
On the island of Java?
Or perhaps in Norway,
to pick snowdrops,
or the flower of Angsoka?

Music is enough for a lifetime, but a lifetime is not enough for music.”
-Sergei Rachmaninoff

Sergei Rachmaninoff, born on April 2, 1873, in Novgorod, Russia, was a composer, pianist, and conductor. Rachmaninoff is widely considered one of the greatest pianists of his day and, as a composer, one of the last great representatives of Romanticism in Russian classical music. His compositional idiom includes a pronounced lyricism, expressive breadth, and a tonal palette of rich distinctive orchestral colours.

‘O, never sing to me again’ is the fourth song in Rachmaninoff’s Six Songs, Op. 4, believed to have been completed in early 1893. One of Rachmaninoff’s most well-known songs, it is dedicated to his wife, Natalya Satina. The poetry, by Pushkin, begs a young girl not to sing songs from Georgia as they hold unhappy memories for him of a life and love now gone forever. The piano introduction outlines a counterfeit Georgian melody, and the vocal line opens with a cry of appeal to his love. After a climax and another appeal, the vocal line sinks into the depths of misery, leaving the piano to take over, muttering in its lowest register. ‘O Child, like a flower you are perfect’ comes from Rachmaninoff’s Six Songs, Op. 8, written in 1893. Written for Rachmaninoff’s friend, baritone Mikhail Slonov, the song is a simple blessing of a young child. ‘The Muse’ is the first of Rachmaninoff’s Fourteen Songs, Op. 34, written in 1912. The song is dedicated to “Re,” the pseudonym of Marietta Shaginyan, a poetess with whom the composer corresponded. The poetry of Pushkin tells of a musician taught in childhood by a muse to play and write music. The opening of the piece echoes the sound of the pipes the musician is learning to play. Beginning in calm contemplation, the song builds to a rapturous climax as the muse herself plays the pipes, filling the musician with ecstasy.

‘Summer Nights,’ the fifth of Twelve Songs, Op. 14, is based on the poetry of Rathaus and dedicated to Rachmaninoff’s publisher, Gutheil. Telling of the ecstasy and restless desire stirred in the heart by summer nights; this excitement is underlined by the alternating and uncertain tonality of the piano accompaniment.

—INTERMISSION—