Stefano Donaudy’s *O del mio amato ben* depicts the narrator in a deep depression because of the loss of the person they love. The narrator is in such despair that the only comfort found is to weep for their loss, and even though there is the occasional hope that they may once again find another, that hope is crushed.

The following piece comes from the Requiem in D minor written by Gabriel Fauré. *Pie Jesu* replaced the full sequence Dies irae in the typical Requiem setting, and was originally written with boy treble singers in mind. The peacefulness of the vocal line embodies the sacred text, and the idea of “eternal rest.” The third and fourth pieces of this set are by Mozart, the first being a stand-alone piece and the second coming from his opera *Cosi fan tutte*. Mozart’s *Ridente la calma* is written in ABA form with a melodic line that technically challenges the singer in terms of tone, placement, and breath.

The final piece *Una donna a quindici anni* is sung by Despina who is the maid of young sisters Dorabella and Fiordilig. Bets have been made to prove that the two ladies are not faithful to their men, so in this aria, Despina is working hard to convince the young sisters to take a chance on other lovers, as to entertain themselves through flirtation while their men are away at “war.”

One of Schubert’s most well-known art songs, *An die Musik* is an ode to music and the beauty it can offer to the performer and the audience. The simplicity and beauty of the melody line are strong attributes to its popularity, and the song can be described as soothing yet driving and full of intense emotion. *Allerseelen* was written by Richard Strauss when he was just 21 years old, and it is the final piece of the eight lieder work *Acht Gedichte aus Letzte Blätter*. The text conveys the longing of the singer’s relationship with their lover who has either left them or has passed away. Completing the German set and the first half of the program is Brahms’ *Botschaft*, the first piece in the five-song cycle *Fünf Lieder*. This piece describes the narrator talking to nature about his love, telling nature to remind his love of his presence. Because she is so far away and he cannot be with her, his pain is unending and almost unbearable, so the only thing saving him is the fact that she is thinking of him. The piano has consistent eighth notes throughout which moves the piece along, but also acts as the wind character, travelling to tell his love how he feels about her.
Beginning the second half with Francis Poulenc’s song cycle *Fiançailles pour rire*, the first song in the cycle titled *La Dame d’André* is about the man André coming to the realization that he does not know the faithfulness of the woman he is about to marry. The song explores André’s lady and the adventures she goes on, with André second-guessing her faithfulness in the future. In contrast, the cycle closes with *Fleurs*, which speaks metaphorically of a love through flowers in the winter. The narrator talks of a flower at the beginning of winter, and as the weather changes the flower can no longer stand, paralleling the story of a love that once was, and cannot continue. Chausson’s *La cigale* is the final song in his collection *4 Mélodies*, and this selection talks of the cicada bug and its beautiful immortality, living oblivious to all and like a god.

The final set begins with a world premiere written by a close friend of mine. The concept of this piece written by Nick Hovey partially started as a joke. He and I were facetimeing, and I was saying how jealous I was that he had written one of our friends a piece for her recital, and that I wanted one too. Ten minutes later he plays me the first page of *Messy Ballad*, and the song was born. This song was written for me, about me, and I am very excited to be premiering it. The second piece, *My luve is like a red, red rose*, is a Scottish folk song originally written by Robert Burns. It is said that Burns set the text to music from a poet, who was so struck by the lyrics a country girl originally sang to him that he wrote them down. The arrangement I will be performing is by George McPhee who is an organ recitalist and choral conductor throughout the UK, and is currently the organist and master of Choristers at Paisley Abbey. The following piece comes from the opera *The Ballad of Baby Doe* by Douglas Moore which is based on the lives of historical figures Horace, Elizabeth “Baby” Doe, and Augusta Tabor. This story follows how Baby Doe and Horace meet, but Baby has a husband in another city and Horace is married to Augusta. In the aria *Dearest Mama*, Baby is writing to her mother of her divorce to her husband and her knowingly wrong love for Horace. Horace ends up leaving Augusta and marries Baby Doe, but after financial and political disasters, Horace in a depressed state hallucinates people of his past and dies in Baby’s arms. The final piece hails from Menotti’s *The Medium*. In this aria, Monica (the daughter Madame Flora) and Toby (a mute servant boy of the house) are giving a puppet show for each other, and their affection for each other becomes
This aria is interesting because Monica speaks on behalf of herself and Toby, so she sings from her perspective and from the perspective of the boy as well.

**O del mio amato ben**

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre lo cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è si caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

**Oh of my dearly beloved**

Oh lost enchantment of my dearly beloved!
Far from my sight is the one who was for me glory and pride!
Now throughout the silent rooms always I seek him and call out with my heart full of hopes
But I seek in vain, I call out in vain!
And weeping is to me so dear,
that with weeping only do I nourish my heart.

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lui, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

**Pie Jesu**

Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis requiem
Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis requiem sempiternam.

**Blessed Jesus**

Blessed Jesus, Lord, give them rest.
Blessed Jesus, Lord, give them eternal rest.

**Ridente la calma**

Ridente la calma nell'alma si desti;
Né resti più segno di sdegno e timor.

**May a happy calm arise**

May a happy calm arise in my soul
and may neither a bit of anger nor fear survive in it.
Tu vieni, frattanto, a stringer mio bene, Le dolce catene sì grate al mio cor.

Le dolce catene sì grate al mio cor.

A woman of fifteen years
Translation by Naomi Gurt Lind

Una donna a quindici anni
A woman of fifteen years
Translation by Naomi Gurt Lind

Una donna a quindici anni
Must know all the good methods,
Where the devil keeps his tail,
What's good and what's bad.
She must know the little malices
That enamour lovers:
To feign laughter, to feign tears,
And invent good reasons.

De'e in un momento dar retta a cento
She must pay attention to a hundred at a time
Speak through her eyes with a thousand
Give hope to all, be they handsome or ugly,
Know how to obfuscate without getting confused
And know how to lie without blushing.
And this queen from her high throne
Can make them obey with, "I can,“ and "I want."
(Par ch’abbian gusto di tal dottrina,
(It seems they like this doctrine,
Long live Despina, who knows how to serve!)

Viva Despina che sa servir!)

An die Musik
Translation by Martha Gerhart

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
You lovely art, in how many gloomy hours,
when life’s fierce orbit entangled me,

Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
have you kindled my heart to warmer love,

Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
have you carried me away to a better world.

Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt.

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Often has a sign, flown from your harp
Ein süsser, heiliger Akkord von dir,
a sweet, holy chord from you
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir erschlossen, unlocked for me the heaven of better times.
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür, You lovely art, I thank you for this,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir. You lovely art, I thank you.

Acht Gedichte aus Letzte Blätter, Op. 10

VIII. Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden, Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei, Bring in the last red asters,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden, And let us talk of love again
Wie einst im Mai. As once in May.
Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke, Give me your hand to press in secret,
Und wenn man’s sieht, mir ist es einerlei, And if people see, I do not care,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke, Give me but one of your sweet glances
Wie einst im Mai. As once in May.
Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe, Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei, One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe, Come to my heart and so be mine again,
Wie einst im Mai. As once in May.

Fünf Lieder, Op. 47

I. Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich Blow breeze, gently and sweetly
Um die Wange der Geliebten, About the cheek of my beloved,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke, Play softly with her tresses,
Eile nicht, hinweg zufliehn! Make no haste to fly away!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage, Then if she should chance to ask
Wie es um mich Armen stehe, How things are with wretched me,
Sprich: “Unendlich war sein Wehe, Say: “His sorrow’s been unending,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage; His condition most grave;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen But now he can hope
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben, To revel in life once more,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn.” For you, fair one, think of him.”
Fiançailles pour rire

I. La Dame d’André

André ne connaît pas la dame
Qu’il prend aujourd’hui par la main.
A-t-elle un cœur à lendemains,
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

Au retour d’un bal campagnard
S’en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans les meules la bague
Des fiançailles du hasard?

A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,
Guettée par les ombres d’hier,
Dans son jardin, lorsque l’hiver
Entrait par la grande avenue?

Il l’a aimée pour sa couleur,
Pour sa bonne humeur de dimanche.
Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps meilleurs?

VI. Fleurs

Fleur promises,
fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties
des parenthèses d’un pas,
Qui t’apportait ces fleurs l’hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers,
fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre
et dans la cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes

Betrothal for Laughs

Translation of cycle by Christopher Goldsack

André’s Lady

André doesn't know the lady
he is taking today by the hand.
Has she a heart for tomorrows,
and, for the evening, has she a soul?

Returning from a country ball
was she leaving in a flowing dress
to search in the haystacks for the ring
of the betrothal of chance?

Had she been frightened, when, night having come,
watched by yesterday's shadows,
in her garden, as winter
was entering by the wide avenue?

He had loved her for her colour,
for her good Sunday disposition.
Will she fade upon the white pages
of his album of better days?

Promised flowers,
flowers held in your arms,
Flowers sprouting
from the parenthesis* of a step,
who brought you these flowers in winter
dusted with the sands of the seas?
Sands of your kisses,
flowers of withered loves
the beautiful eyes are of cinder
and in the chimney
a heart wrapped in the ribbons of laments
4 Mélodies, Op. 13

IV. La cigale

O cigale, née avec les beaux jours,
Sur les verts rameaux dès l’aube posée,
Contente de boire un peu de rosée,
Et, telle qu’un roi, tu chantes toujours!
Innocente à tous,
paisible et sans ruses,
Le gai laboureur, du chêne abrité,
T’écoute de loin annoncer l’été.
Apollon t’honore autant que les Muses,
Et Zeus t’a donné l’immortalité!
Salut, sage enfant de la terre antique,
Dont le chant invite à clore les yeux,
Et qui, sous l’ardeur du soleil attique,
N’ayant chair ni sang,
vis semblable aux dieux!

4 Melodies

The cicada

O cicada, born with the days of fine weather,
from the green branches, once dawn has settled,
content to drink a little dew,
and, like a king, you sing forever!
Oblivious to everything,
peaceful and without malice,
the gay labourer, sheltered oak by the oak,
listens to you from afar calling the arrival of Summer.
Apollo honours you as much as the Muses,
and Zeus gave you immortality!
Hail, wise child of the earth of antiquity,
whose song invites eyes to blossom,
and which, beneath the heat of the Attic sun,
having neither flesh nor blood,
lives like the gods!