Program Notes & Translations
Faculty Recital, Karisa L. Templeton, soprano
Featuring Tyler Wottrich, piano
Saturday, May 1, 2021 at 4:00 PM, Beckwith Recital Hall

DVOŘÁK
Czech composer Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904) is best known for his many chamber, choral, and symphonic works, especially his “New World Symphony” No. 9. Dvořák also wrote 8 operas, of which Rusalka has become part of the operatic canon. Based on the Hans Christian Anderson fairy tale The Little Mermaid, this 1901 Czech opera uses elements of folklore and supernatural powers to tell the story of the water nymph Rusalka and her desire to leave the water to pursue a prince’s love. In contrast to other settings of The Little Mermaid, Rusalka’s ending features the darker elements of Anderson’s original folk story. The music is hauntingly beautiful, both Romantic and impressionistic with strong Czech stylistic elements.

In ‘Song to the Moon,” Rusalka, a water nymph, is saddened that she is separated from her beloved Prince who lives on land. In this Act I opening aria, she looks into the night sky and begs the moon to carry her words of love through its beams of light. While Rusalka is separated from her beloved, she is comforted that the same moonlight that touches her equally shines down on her love. REminiscent of the moonlight rippling across the waters of her home towards the Prince, an arpeggiated “rippling” motif, originally scored for harp, is present in the piano accompaniment throughout the piece.

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém
Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém
Swětlo tvé daleko vidí,
Po světě bloudí šírokém,
Díváš se v příblytky lidí.
Měsíčku, postůj chvíli
Řekni mi, kde je můj milý
Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá ráme,
aby si alespoň chviličku vzpomenul ve snění na mě.
Zasviť mu do dáleka,
řekni mu, řekni mu, kdo tu naň čeká!
O mne-li duše lidská sní,
at’ se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

Song to the Moon:
Moon up in the deep sky,
Your light sees into faraway places,
You wander around the wide world,
Peering into human dwellings.
Moon, stand still for a while,
Tell me where is my beloved!
Tell him, silver moon,
That my arms are embracing him.
So that he would, at least for a while,
Think of me in his dreams.
Shine for him a long way,
Tell him, tell him who awaits him here!
If this human soul is dreaming of me,
May this remembrance awaken him!
Moonlight, don’t disappear, don’t disappear!

REICHARDT
German composer and conductor Louise Reichardt (1779-1826) wrote more than 100 Lieder during her lifetime. Both her mother and father were composers, and while Reichardt did not receive a formal education, her family home was a haven for German literary giants of the day including Goethe, Brentano, von Arnim, and Eichendorff. When choosing text for her Lieder, Reichardt set the poetry of esteemed contemporary writers including the Italian poet and librettist Pietro Metastasio, well-known for his libretti for the operas of Mozart and Gluck. In her lifetime, Reichardt was engaged to marry twice, but both engagements ended prematurely with the tragic deaths of her fiancées. This dramatic, quasi-operatic song, ’Se non piange un’infelice,’ expresses the pain of lost love.

Se non piange un’ infelice (Pietro Metastasio)
Da viventi separata,
Dallo sposo abbandonata,
Dimmi, oh Dio, chi piangerà?
Chi può dir ch’io piango attorno,
Se nè men sperar mi lice
Questo misero conforto
D’ottener l’ altrui pietà?

If an unhappy woman does not weep
Separated from other living beings,
When her bridegroom has abandoned her,
Tell me, oh God, who will weep?
Who can say that I weep for no reason,
If at least I hope for happiness
This miserable comfort done
To gain the pity of others?
Spanish opera singer Isabella Colbran (1785-1845) is best known for her collaboration with opera composer Gioachino Rossini. Born the daughter of a court musician in Madrid, she studied singing in Paris and became widely famous across Europe on the opera stage by the age of twenty. She moved to Naples to continue her performing career and there met Rossini. Rossini wrote roles specifically for her in eighteen of his operas between 1815 and 1823. In 1822, Rossini and Colbran married.

Colbran composed four song collections and dedicated each set to an important influence in her life. 'La speranza al cor mi dice' is the first in her collection dedicated to Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia. The text speaks of hope that transforms sorrow into joy and transcends all fears.

\[ \text{La speranza al cor mi dice (Pietro Metastasio)} \]
Che sarò felice ancor.
Ma la speme inganna trice
Poi mi dice il mio timor.

\[ \text{Hope tells my heart} \]
That I will know joy again.
But love's deceit appears, and with it, fears.
Yet hope comes again and foretells joy to come.

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944) was a child musical prodigy, pianist, and prolific French composer. Nearly all 400 of her works were published during her lifetime, and of these compositions, nearly 125 of them were French mélodies. Into the early twentieth century, she toured British and American concert stages, partnering with Queen Victoria as well as the Philadelphia Orchestra. Public interest in the performance of her late-Romantic compositions lessened significantly after her death in 1944.

This beautiful song, \textit{Viens mon bien aimé} (1894), takes the listener through the emotional journey of longing, excitement, and the ecstasy of soon being reunited with a distant love. While the text is full of the bright, lively imagery of spring and daytime, it is clear that hope has not yet been fully realized.

\[ \text{Viens, mon bien-aimé! (Armand Lafrière)} \]
Les beaux jours vont enfin renaître,
Le voici, l'avril embaumé!
Un frisson d'amour me pénètre,
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Ils ont fui, les longs soirs moroses,
Déjà le jardin parfumé
Se remplit d'oiseaux et de roses:
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Soleil, de ta brûlante ivresse,
J'ai senti mon coeur enflammé,
Plus enivrante est ta caresse,
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Tout se tait, de millions d'étoiles
Le ciel profond est parsemé,
Quand sur nous la nuit met ses voiles:
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

\[ \text{Come, my beloved!} \]
Fair days will at last soon be with us again,
Now that scented April is here!
An amorous frisson pierces my frame,
Come, my beloved!

The long, gloomy evening now has fled,
The fragrant garden already teems
With birds and roses:
Come, my beloved!

Sun, I feel your intoxicating glow
Ignite my heart;
Your caress is more passionate still,
Come, my beloved!

All falls silent, the deep sky
Is scattered with millions of stars,
When night folds us in her veils:
Come, my beloved!

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910) was a French opera singer and voice pedagogue. Her range in language and style is essentially strophic, Viardot skillfully varies the music of the refrain. With each subsequent iteration of 'Hai Luli,' the melody culminates one half step higher than the preceding proclamation, building to a dramatic emotional climax at the end of the song.

\[ \text{Hai Luli (Pietro Metastasio)} \]
J'ai senti mon coeur enflammé,
Plus enivrante est ta caresse,
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

\[ \text{Come, my beloved!} \]
Fair days will at last soon be with us again,
Now that scented April is here!
An amorous frisson pierces my frame,
Come, my beloved!

The long, gloomy evening now has fled,
The fragrant garden already teems
With birds and roses:
Come, my beloved!

Sun, I feel your intoxicating glow
Ignite my heart;
Your caress is more passionate still,
Come, my beloved!

All falls silent, the deep sky
Is scattered with millions of stars,
When night folds us in her veils:
Come, my beloved!
Soon after, the spirit returned to that place to seek revenge on all men, including a peasant causing them to crash into the rocky cliffs.

Beyond this extensive solo piano works, Liszt wrote about 70 songs for voice and some instrumental pieces as his commanding stage presence and for the sheer awe of his musical abilities, Liszt is remembered for his commanding stage presence and obsessive fans, many who reportedly fought after performances for memorabilia such as a piece of his clothing, a strand of his long hair, a broken piano string, or a half-used cigar. Poet Heinrich Heine satirically dubbed these decades as the ‘Era of Lisztomania,’ and some historians today have since branded Liszt as the first musical “rockstar.”

Beyond his extensive solo piano works, Liszt wrote about 70 songs for voice in a variety of languages, including French and German. Today, only about a dozen of his songs are performed regularly.

Written from one of Heinrich Heine’s (1797-1856) ballad poems, Die Lorelei is the tragic folk narrative of the German legend of the Lorelei. According to myth, the Lorelei was a mystical maiden on the River Rhine whose siren song lured sailors to their deaths by causing them to crash into the rocky cliffs. There are many Lorelei origin stories. Prominent among them is the story of a young peasant who waited for her lover by the River Rhine’s edge. When he did not return, she jumped off the rock’s edge to her death. Soon after, her spirit returned to that place to seek revenge on all men for the scorn of her unfaithful lover. Liszt’s setting here is evocatively beautiful, yet also musically displays the power of the storm and the waves.

**LISZT**
Franz Liszt (1811-1886) was a prolific Hungarian composer and virtuosic pianist. Beyond his musical abilities, Liszt is remembered for his commanding stage presence and obsessive fans, many who reportedly fought after performances for memorabilia such as a piece of his clothing, a strand of his long hair, a broken piano string, or a half-used cigar.

Ah, alas! Where indeed can my beloved be?

I sit down to spin my wool,

The thread – it breaks in my hand.

There – I will spin tomorrow;

Today, I am in too much pain.

Ah, alas! How sad it is without my beloved.

If he ever becomes unfaithful,

If one day he abandons me,

The only thing is for the village to burn

And I myself with the village.

Ah, alas! For what good is it to live without my beloved?

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**Die Lorelei** (Heinrich Heine)
Ich weiß nicht, was soll’s bedeuten
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und sing' ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewalt'ge Melodie.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
ergreift es mit wildem Weh,
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

**The Lorelei**
I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
And the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountain glitters
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song the while;
It has an awe-inspiring
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain'
He does not see the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat;
And that, with her singing,
The Lorelei has done.

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**Hai luli!** (Xavier de Maistre)
Je suis triste, je m’inquiète,
Je ne sais plus que devenir.
Mon bon ami devait venir,
Et je l’attends ici seulette.
Hai luli, Où donc peut être mon ami ?

Je m’assiéds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main :
Allons ! je ferai demain,
Aujourd’hui je suis trop en peine.
Hai luli, Qu’il fait triste sans mon ami !

Si jamais il devient volage,
S’il doit un jour m’abandonner,
Le village n’a qu’à brûler
Et moi-même avec le village !
Hai luli, À quoi bon vivre sans ami?

Ah, alas!
I am sad, I worry.
I do not know what will happen.
My beloved ought to come,
And I wait for him here alone.
Ah, alas! Where indeed can my beloved be?

If he ever becomes unfaithful,
If one day he abandons me,
The only thing is for the village to burn
And I myself with the village.
Ah, alas! For what good is it to live without my beloved?

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Hai luli!
Ah, alas!
Hai luli, Où donc peut être mon ami ?
Je m’assiéds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main :
Allons ! je ferai demain,
Aujourd’hui je suis trop en peine.
Hai luli, Qu’il fait triste sans mon ami !

Si jamais il devient volage,
S’il doit un jour m’abandonner,
Le village n’a qu’à brûler
Et moi-même avec le village !
Hai luli, À quoi bon vivre sans ami?

Ah, alas!
I am sad, I worry.
I do not know what will happen.
My beloved ought to come,
And I wait for him here alone.
Ah, alas! Where indeed can my beloved be?

If he ever becomes unfaithful,
If one day he abandons me,
The only thing is for the village to burn
And I myself with the village.
Ah, alas! For what good is it to live without my beloved?
ZELMINSKY
The music of Austrian composer and conductor Alexander Zemlinsky (1871-1942) is known for bridging the gap between late-nineteenth century Romanticism and early twentieth-century modern approaches to tonal harmony. A friend of both Gustav Mahler (Zemlinsky was in love with Alma Schindler who instead chose to marry Gustav) and Arnold Schoenberg (Zemlinsky became Schoenberg’s brother-in-law), he collaborated with both men as conductor and composer on symphonic and operatic repertoire in Prague and Vienna. Zemlinsky was drawn to both the drama of Wagnerian opera and also Brahms’ Lieder with its more traditional approach to form and tonality. Although he primarily composed in large-scale forms, Zemlinsky’s Lieder reflect a level of musical and dramatic nuance that captivates audiences.

Zemlinsky originally composed ‘Waldesgespräch’ for voice and piano at the age of 19. He returned to his composition six years later, rewriting it as a dramatic ballad for soprano and small orchestra featuring harp and two horns. The version performed tonight is orchestral version, reduced for piano. The source material for Eichendorff’s text is the same Lorelei myth as Liszt’s Heine setting, but the story evolves differently. Zemlinsky also approaches the text even more dramatically than Schumann’s earlier and more well-known setting of the same Eichendorff text.

In the woods not too far from the River Rhine, a hunter (horn motif) comes upon the beautiful Lorelei (harp arpeggios and lyrical violin motif) but does not recognize her immediately. The hunter’s words alternate with the Lorelei’s response, and as she tells her sad story of betrayal, the realization of her identity dawns on him. The orchestra reveals the dramatic moment of the hunter’s demise, and the song resolves hauntingly to major after the Lorelei’s exclamation that the hunter shall never leave the forest alive.

**Waldesgespräch (Joseph von Eichendorff)**

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Was reit’st du einsam durch den Wald?  
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,  
Du schöne Braut! Ich füh’r dich heim!

“Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,  
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,  
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,  
O flieh! Du weissst nicht, wer ich bin.”

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,  
So wunderschön der junge Leib,  
Jetzt kenn’ ich dich—Gott steh’ mir bei!  
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

“Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein  
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.  
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!”

**A Forest Dialogue**

It is already late, already cold,  
Why ride lonely through the forest?  
The forest is long you are alone,  
You lovely bride I’ll lead you home!

‘Great is the deceit and cunning of men,  
My heart is broken with grief,  
The hunting horn echoes here and there,  
O flee! You do not know who I am.’

So richly adorned are steed and lady,  
So wondrous fair her youthful form,  
Now I know you—may God protect me!  
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

“You know me well—from its towering rock  
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.  
It is already late, already cold,  
You shall never leave this forest again!”

H.T. BURLEIGH
H.T. Burleigh (1866-1949) was an African-American composer, arranger, voice teacher, music editor, and baritone soloist. When Burleigh studied at the National Conservatory, he was mentored by Antonín Dvořák, who greatly encouraged him to include vernacular music in his compositions. In the years that followed, Burleigh became one of the first composers to arrange and perform African-American spirituals for the recital stage. Today, Burleigh’s vocal arrangement of spirituals are widely performed.

Burleigh’s song cycle *5 Songs of Laurence Hope* is less well-known than his arrangements of spirituals. The cycle is full of beautiful poetry and neo-Romantic melodic and harmonic elements. *Till I Wake* speaks of love in the midst of difficult times, particularly at life’s end. The song doesn’t predominantly focus on death, but rather on the hope of a second awakening and the comfort found in a loved one’s touch.

**Till I Wake (Laurence Hope)**

When I am dying lean over me tenderly, softly...  
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop  
In the wind from the south;  
So I may when I wake - if there be an awakening -  
Keep what lulled me to sleep -  
The touch of your lips on my mouth.
FLORENCE PRICE
Florence Price (1857-1953) was the first African-American female composer to be recognized for her symphonic music. Her music was less known until 2009 when a large quantity of musical manuscripts, personal papers, and books were discovered in an abandoned house in the outskirts of Chicago which turned out to be her summer home. Many Price scores, once thought lost, were among the materials recovered. In the last decade, researchers and performers have brought her music to life again with renewed scholarship and performance of much of her symphonic, piano, and vocal music.

Much of Price’s vocal music celebrates the voices of African-American poets of the Harlem Renaissance, and her songs often center around race and gender. While the gender identity of the narrator in 'Songs to the dark virgin’ is unclear, Price’s music invokes the sense of a prayer to the beautiful Black Madonna. She utilizes a sweeping piano line and text painting to portray images of dark and light wrapped around each other.

Songs to the dark virgin (Langston Hughes)
Would that I were a jewel, a shattered jewel,
That all my shining brilliants might fall at thy feet,
Thou dark one.

Would that I were a garment, A shimmering silken garment
That all my folds might wrap about thy body,
Absorb thy body, hold and hide thy body,
Thou dark one.

Would that I were a flame, but one sharp, leaping flame
To annihilate thy body,
Thou dark one.

RICKY IAN GORDON
Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956) is a modern American composer. His songs are often lyrical, with flowing melodies. Many of his compositions blur genre lines as he mixes classical, cabaret, folk, spiritual, jazz, and pop idioms into his writing.

‘Wild Swans’ and ‘Blessing the boats’ evoke a sense of hope for both the immediate anxieties of life and worries of the unknown future. The textual images and musical responses reveal the constancy of nature as wild birds migrate overhead and the ever-consistent tide and strong wind carry the boat where they may. Although the recent years 2020-2021 have been full of uncertainties and anxieties, these songs are a comforting reminder that we can and will prevail.

Wild Swans (Edna St. Vincent Millay)
I looked in my heart while the wild swans went over.
And what did I see I had not seen before?
Only a question less or a question more;
Nothing to match the flight of wild birds flying.
Tiresome heart, forever living and dying.
House without air, I leave you and lock your door.
Wild swans, come over the town, come over
The town again, trailing your legs and crying!

Blessing the Boats (Lucille Clifton)
may the tide
that is entering even now
the lip of our understanding
carry you out
beyond the face of fear
may you kiss
the wind then turn from it
certain that it will
love your back may you
open your eyes to water
water waving forever
and may you in your innocence
sail through this to that
LEE HOIBY

Lee Hoiby (1926-2011) was an American art songs composer and classical pianist known for championing lyricism. Many of his vocal works were premiered by soprano Leontyne Price. These two dramatic settings of Emily Dickinson poetry have complex piano parts paired with chromatic vocal lines, portraying the turbulent emotions of the protagonist and the resiliency of the world to abide in the midst of hardships. Hoiby utilizes significant text painting in these settings. Tonally, rhythmically, and dynamically, he creates a contrast between the cacophony of layered sounds in the terrorizing storms and the final tonally-centered release as life triumphs over adversity.

Wild Nights (Emily Dickinson)
Wild nights - Wild nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!
Futile - the winds –
To a Heart in port –

There Came a Wind Like a Bugle (Emily Dickinson)
There came a Wind like a Bugle –
It quivered through the Grass
And a Green Chill upon the Heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the Windows and the Doors
As from an Emerald Ghost –
The Doom’s electric Moccasin
That very instant passed –

Done with the Chart –
Rowing in Eden –
Might I but moor - tonight –

On Music (Ben Moore)
When the winter rushes in and darkness reigns,
Or while basking in a gleaming sun,
There is music to attend both joys and pains
For both a lover and a loveless one.
Fill your days with music, with tender, joyful song.
You’ll help your dreams along.
Makes no difference who you are or where you’re from,
There will always be a song to sing.
Sing the clamor of the city with its ceaseless hum,
Sing the coming of another spring.

BEN MOORE

Ben Moore (b. 1960) is an American composer of art song, opera, and musical theater. His songs range from lyrical settings of poetry to satirical parodies of classical music for opera singers. I had the pleasure of direct coachings with Ben Moore on his own songs in the summer of 2014 at the Opera on the Avalon Festival in St. John, Canada.

'On Music' celebrates the power of music to speak into any situation, whether joyous or difficult. For me personally, the comfort and healing power of music has been very tangible. As a child, when I felt anxious, I would play the piano. Several years ago when I was recovering in the ICU after a large surgery, it was a night nurse and an internet playlist of classical music from a hospital computer that brought a renewed sense of hope and the power to persevere. The uncertainties of this past year have been many, but I’m so glad for the music of friends, colleagues, and students that unceasingly moves and uplifts me.

On Music (Ben Moore)
When the winter rushes in and darkness reigns,
Or while basking in a gleaming sun,
There is music to attend both joys and pains
For both a lover and a loveless one.
Fill your days with music, with clear and powerful song.
You’ll find you can’t go wrong.
For there within a simple anthem,
A glimpse of life beyond our eyes.
Like water mirroring the skies.
So let the melody start,
Let music fill your heart.

Program Translations