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April 10, 2017

Honors Voice Recital

by

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2017

Honors Voice Recital

By

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An abstract of
a thesis submitted to the Faculty of Emory College of Arts and Sciences
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Department of Music

2017

Abstract

Honors Voice Recital

By Morgan Rubin

I prepared and performed a full solo recital, with 60 minutes of music, accompanied by Patricia Dinkins-Matthews on Piano. The recital took place in the Performing Arts Studio on March 25, 2017. My program follows:

<i>Gloria</i> <i>Domine Deus</i> <i>Laudamus te</i>	Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)
Selection of Mozart's German art songs <i>An Chloë</i> <i>Trennungslied</i> <i>Das Veilchen</i>	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
"Oh! quante volte" from <i>I Capuleti e i Montecchi</i>	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
<i>Canciones Classicas Españoles</i> 1. <i>La mi sola Laureola</i> 2. <i>Al amor</i> 3. <i>Corazon, porque pasais...</i> 4. <i>El majo celoso</i> 5. <i>Con amores la mi madre</i> 6. <i>Del cabello más sutil</i> 7. <i>Chiquitita la novia</i>	Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
<i>Deux poèmes de Louis Aragon</i> I. <i>C</i> II. <i>Fêtes galantes</i>	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Selections from "12 Poems of Emily Dickinson" II. <i>There came a wind like a bugle</i> III. <i>Why do they shut me out of heaven?</i> V. <i>Heart, we will forget him</i> VII. <i>When they come back</i> XII. <i>The chariot</i>	Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
<i>La Zingara</i>	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Honors Voice Recital

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I would like to thank my voice teacher, Abigail Santos Villalobos, for helping me improve vocally and musically over the past four years, for constantly pushing me to my fullest potential, and for being an incredible mentor and role model to me throughout my time at Emory.

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I would like to thank Benito Thompson for collaborating with me on violin and for contributing his time and incredible talent to my recital.

I would like to extend my thanks to my honors adviser, Professor Bradley Howard, and committee member, Dr. Jessica Barber, for their time, flexibility, and constant support.

Lastly, I would like to thank my family and friends who have given me constant love and support throughout my time at Emory, and for traveling distances to see me perform.

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SEASON
MUSIC
AT EMORY UNIVERSITY

MORGAN RUBIN, SOPRANO
SENIOR HONORS RECITAL

PATRICIA DINKINS-MATTHEWS, PIANO
ABIGAIL SANTOS VILLALOBOS, SOPRANO
BENITO THOMPSON, VIOLIN

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 2017, 3:30 P.M.



EMORY

arts

PERFORMING ARTS STUDIO
1804 NORTH DECATUR ROAD

PROGRAM

Gloria in D, RV 589 Antonio Vivaldi
(1678–1741)
Domine Deus
Laudamus te

Abigail Santos Villalobos, soprano
 Benito Thompson, violin

Selection of Mozart's German art songs Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)
An Chloë
Trennungslied
Das Veilchen

"Eccomi in lieta vesta . . . Oh! quante volte"
 from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* Vincenzo Bellini
(1801–1835)

—INTERMISSION—

Canciones Classicas Españoles Fernando Obradors
(1897–1945)

1. *La mi sola Laureola*
2. *Al amor*
3. *Corazon, porque pasais...*
4. *El majo celoso*
5. *Con amores la mi madre*
6. *Del cabello más sutil*
7. *Chiquitita la novia*

Deux poèmes de Louis Aragon Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

- I. *C*
- II. *Fêtes galantes*

Selections from *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson* Aaron Copland
(1900–1990)

- II. *There came a wind like a bugle*
- III. *Why do they shut me out of heaven?*
- V. *Heart, we will forget him*
- VII. *When they come back*
- XII. *The chariot*

La Zingara Gaetano Donizetti
(1797–1848)

PERFORMER BIOGRAPHIES

Morgan Rubin, soprano, is senior at Emory, where she double majors in music and psychology. She is a member of Emory's Concert Choir and Mastersingers, where she has helped out with public relations efforts. She is also the music director of the Gathering A Cappella, Emory's all female a cappella group. This is her third year as a member of the Emory StageWorks cast, where she has played various roles including Gretel in scenes from *Hänsel and Gretel*, Belinda in *Dido and Aeneas*, and Madame Silberklang in *Der Schauspieldirektor*. She is a member of Phi Beta Kappa honor society for academic achievement in the liberal arts and of Psi Chi International Honor Society in Psychology. In summer 2016, she studied voice abroad in Italy, at the Amalfi Coast Music Festival and OperaViva!. She has been studying choral conducting with the help of Eric Nelson, and hopes to pursue a master's degree in the field. She is incredibly grateful to her voice teacher, Abigail Santos, and her collaborative pianist, Patricia Dinkins-Matthews, for all of the wisdom and encouragement they have given her in preparation for her recital. She is also thankful to have all of her friends and family here to support her today.

Patricia Dinkins-Matthews joined the faculty of Emory in 1998, where she is a lecturer in piano, vocal coaching, piano skills, and collaborative piano. She has been on the piano faculties at the University of Florida, Baylor University, the American Institute of Music Studies (Graz, Austria), and McLennan College. A native of Knoxville, Tennessee, Dinkins-Matthews has an undergraduate degree from the University of Tennessee and both a master of music degree in piano performance and a doctor of musical arts degree in piano pedagogy and performance from the University of Colorado. She is an active solo and chamber musician and has performed recitals in the United States, England, France, Austria, Belgium, and Germany. Dinkins-Matthews has been the pianist for the Florida Arts Trio and the American Chamber Winds; appeared as soloist with the Colorado Symphony, the University of Tennessee Orchestra, and the Florida Symphony Orchestra; and performed with Larry Combs, principal clarinetist of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, among others. She is the pianist for the Aevia Trio and the associate pianist for the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra Chorus. She is also an approved adjudicator for the National Federation of Music Clubs and the Music Teachers National Association.

Puerto Rican soprano **Abigail Santos Villalobos** continues to thrill audiences with her pure, satiny, and lustrous sound in both operatic and concert appearances. Santos began her professional singing career under the batons of world-renowned conductors such as John Nelson, Steven Fox, Robert Tweten, Mark Gibson, Guillermo Figueroa, James Bagwell, and David Hanhlon. Deeply committed to education, Santos has served as an artist affiliate at Emory since 2014, and she is thrilled to join the voice faculty at the summer festival "Poco a poco" in Streator, Illinois. A graduate of the University of Cincinnati—College-

Conservatory of Music, Santos's honors include finalist of the 2014 MONC Southeast region, 2013 promising artist of the Santa Fe Opera apprentice program, 2010 Italo Tajo Memorial Award recipient, and 2010 Metropolitan Opera National semifinalist.

Professionally, Santos has performed at the Santa Fe Opera Apprentice Program covering "Susanna" in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the San Francisco Opera Merola Program as "Giannetta" in *L'elisir d'amore*, and with the Cincinnati Opera as "Fanny" in a workshop of a new opera by Ricky Ian Gordon (*Morning Star*). Highlights of her operatic career have been her recent debuts at the Lyric Opera of Chicago, Opera Unlimited, San Diego Opera, and Houston Grand Opera, in the leading role of "Amorita" in the world premier of *El pasado nunca se termina*, with music by José "Pepe" Martínez and libretto by Leonard Foglia.

Benito Thompson graduated from Emory with a bachelor of arts degree in music performance and a bachelor of science degree in physics. He studied violin with Jessica Wu of the Vega String Quartet. He has served as music director of Emory's all-male a cappella group, No Strings Attached; associate concert master of the Emory University Symphony Orchestra (EUSO); and a bass in the Emory Concert Choir, and he was the winner of the 2012–2013 EUSO Concerto and Aria Competition. In summer 2016 he received a master's degree in medical physics from Georgia Tech. In his free time, Thompson likes to dance, sing, and play piano.

Program Notes

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)

Gloria in D, RV589 (1715)

Domine Deus

Laudamus te

Antonio Vivaldi was an Italian composer, priest, and virtuoso violinist. He was the most prolific composer of Baroque orchestral music; his vast output includes over five hundred concertos, a variety of sacred music, and approximately forty operas. Vivaldi's music is known for its light, playful texture. His music incorporates concise themes, clarity of form, and rhythmic vitality, as well as a progressive use of dissonance and harmonies. Vivaldi is remembered for his impact on the classical concerto form. He introduced ritornello form, in which recurrent statements of a refrain alternate with solo instrumental passages, into his music. Through the use of this form, Vivaldi was able to create interplay between the solo and orchestral sections. He used this juxtaposition to create dramatic effects, not only between players, but between speed and dynamic levels as well. This new form also allowed for new opportunities for virtuosic display in the concerto's solo sections.

In 1703, Vivaldi was appointed as *maestro di violin* at the Pio Ospedale della Pietà, an orphanage and school for girls in Venice that specialized in musical training. During his nearly thirty years working at the Pietà, Vivaldi composed much of his sacred vocal and instrumental music, including three different settings to the *Gloria* text. RV 589 is the best-known version, often referred to as "*the Gloria*" due to its outstanding popularity. The *Gloria* is a joyful hymn of praise, divided into twelve movements. Although these movements exhibit great range and contrast, Vivaldi was able to maintain a cohesive structure throughout the work as a whole. For instance, the work begins with a recognizable motive of octave intervals that is alluded to throughout the various movements.

Domine Deus is one of Vivaldi's most popular vocal movements. It is written for solo soprano, in the radiant key of C major. It is composed in a Siciliana style, consisting of a simple melody, direct

harmonies, and a slow, compound meter with dotted rhythms. The melody includes slow melismas that give the piece a pastoral feeling. This melody is passed between the voice and violin solo throughout the piece. The basso continuo consists of an octave pattern that references the work's opening octave motive.

Laudamus te is an energetic duet between two sopranos. The duet consists of imitative passages that overlap in parallel thirds. Vivaldi creates patterns of dissonances and resolutions through the use of chains of suspensions. The vocal duet is accompanied by strings, and features a violin that imitates the sopranos' thematic material.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Selection of Mozart's German art songs

An Chloë (1787)

Trennungslied (1787)

Das Veilchen (1785)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was likely the most universal composer in the history of Western music. In his short lifetime, he made a lasting impact on almost every genre of music, including symphony, opera, solo concerto, string quartet, and piano sonata. Mozart was gifted from a young age; he began composing at the age of five, wrote his first symphony at the age of eight, and completed his first opera by the age of eleven.

Mozart was always fond of writing for the voice. He made significant contributions to opera, abandoning the use of highly embellished Baroque aria forms in favor of simpler, more genuinely expressive melodies. He also worked to create a seamless flow between aria, recitative, and ensemble in his operas, which allowed for quick-moving plots, and often-humorous drama. Although Mozart's German art songs are among the least known of his works, the best of them still exhibit the seamless blend between drama and music present in his operatic compositions. Many scholars even argue that Mozart's late art songs represent the beginning of German *Lieder*. By the 1780s, Mozart's art songs

were mostly through composed and multidimensional. The three songs on this recital were written in this later period, and exemplify the way Mozart utilized a combination of vocal, instrumental, and textual elements to create a miniature drama.

An Chloë is a charming and lighthearted melody written in rondo form. The piece's opening refrain alternates with contrasting material, as the lover's excitement draws the melodic line upward. The original poem is thirteen stanzas long, and ends in a tragic death that separates the two lovers, but Mozart chose to use only the poem's amusing parts. In this cheerful context, it is likely the word *sterbend* does not refer to literal death, but rather to the height of passion in which lovers release their embrace. Mozart, aware of this double entendre, plays innocent by setting the suggestive text to a pleasant folksong-like melody and utilizing all of the sigh motives and dramatic pauses present in operatic love scenes. The piece ends the way it begins, as Mozart reinstates the cheerful opening piano accompaniment.

Trennungslied is written in the key of F minor, a key that, at the time, was associated with the most passionate of feelings. It is often used as a prime example when arguing Mozart's contributions to the beginning of German Lieder because of its tendency toward sentimental melancholy. The song's text describes the narrator's separation from his beloved Luisa, and his fear that she will forget him. Mozart's strophic treatment of the first four verses highlights this fear of forgetting. The repeated opening melody is full of appoggiaturas, dotted rhythms, and striking vocal leaps that convey the narrator's distress, and become etched in the listener's ear. The song's fifth and sixth verses depart from this established pattern, and Mozart introduces new melodies that enter new harmonic territories. In the final verse, the original melody returns, but is altered slightly. This return of the opening material allows the listeners to fully feel the impact of these repetitions, which reflect the narrator's fears of forgetting.

Das Veilchen is Mozart's most well known art song. The text, written by Goethe, tells the tale of a young woman who carelessly tramples a poor violet, a satirical representation of a woman who crushes a man's genuine affections. As the story unfolds, Mozart's musical treatment of both the voice and piano highlights this dramatic scene. He represents the tripping gait of the shepherdess with uneven rhythm and quick sixteenth rests, writes flowing lyric lines to express the violet's longing, utilizes a sudden switch to a minor key accompanied by aggressive piano chords to mimic the trampling of the violet, and uses a descending chromatic vocal line to portray the violet's death. These subtle changes of articulation and modality bring out the tragic irony of Goethe's seemingly simple poem, and create the type of psychological drama for which Mozart was so well known. At the end of the piece, Mozart adds a restatement of the line "The poor little violet, it was a dear little violet," in recitative style for dramatic effect. This addition is a fitting end to the satirical mini-drama that Mozart creates.

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

"Eccomi in lieta vèsta...Oh! quante volte" from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* (1830)

Vincenzo Bellini was an Italian opera composer known for his long-flowing vocal lines. His music is associated with the bel canto style of singing, which focuses on legato production and vocal agility. He composed with an elegant simplicity that earned him the nickname "the swan of Cantina." Bellini's music was also influenced by the sentiment and emotion of the Romantic Era. His operas gravitate toward the soft, melancholy feeling of yearning that was so prevalent in Romantic music of the time. In his recitatives, Bellini paid close attention to textual accents and moments of intense emotional expression. He utilized the orchestra as a way to add dramatic intention to both aria and recitative. In addition to his significant influence on Italian opera, Bellini's musical style also impacted the music of the instrumental composers of the time, including Chopin and Liszt.

I Capuleti e i Montecchi premiered in Venice in 1830. Bellini composed the opera in just six weeks by recycling much of the musical material from his previous unsuccessful opera, *Zaira*. The libretto, by Felice Romani, is based on the story of Romeo and Juliet, however the opera's primary influences came from Bandella's *Le novella* (1550) rather than from Shakespeare's later reworking. *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* is still performed occasionally, however certain scenes stand out from the rest and are often performed on their own.

One of the opera's most well-known scenes is Giulietta's opening aria, "Eccomi in lieta vesta...Oh! quante volte." She is introduced alone in her room as she grieves about her situation: it is her wedding day to her cousin Tybalt, but she is secretly in love with Romeo, who is from the family at war with her own. In the aria's recitative, Giulietta notes the irony of her festive wedding attire on a day where she feels like mourning instead of celebrating.

Throughout the aria, Bellini uses musical imagery and text painting to demonstrate Giulietta's grief and vulnerability. The aria's recitative is introduced by a slow syncopated rhythm, which imitates the distant sound of wedding bells. After this introduction, the voice enters unaccompanied, creating a sense of vulnerability that mimics Giulietta's. In the aria, Bellini uses long, chromatic vocal lines to imitate Giulietta's sighs of grief. For instance, in the line, "ti chiedo al chel piangendo" (In tears, I have begged heaven for you) Bellini places rests after the words "chiedo" and "chel" that interrupt the phrase's legato line, and mimic Giulietta's sobs, and adds suspensions on these words to create further musical tension.

Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

Canciones Clásicas Españolas, vol. 1 (1921)

1. *La mi sola Laureola*
2. *El Amor*
3. *Corazon, porque pasais...*
4. *El majo celoso*
5. *Con amores la mi madre*

6. *Dos cantares populares*

7. *Copas de cueros dulces*

Fernando Obradors was a Spanish composer, pianist, and conductor born in Barcelona. He studied piano with his mother at the Municipal School of Music, and was primarily self-taught in harmony, counterpoint, and composition. Obradors completed his musical training in Paris, after which he became a regular orchestral conductor at the Teatro del Liceo in Barcelona, the Symphonic Orchestra of Barcelona, and the Philharmonic Orchestra of Gran Canaria. Although he did experiment with writing a few orchestral works, Obradors is better known for his vocal compositions.

Canciones Classicas Españoles consists of four volumes of Spanish art songs composed between the years 1921 and 1941. Volume 1, composed in 1921, is the most well-known and frequently performed. It consists of a cycle of seven songs composed to poems about love, both past and present. The poems' texts range from fifteenth century verses to popular poetry of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In his songs, Obradors employed a neo-classical style of composition, combining classical art song form with Spanish folk influences. The songs feature smooth and quickly moving melodic lines, dotted rhythms, and mixed meters. These compositional choices reflect the influences of Spanish guitar, traditional dance rhythms, flamenco vocalism, and local color.

The cycle's first song, *La mi sola Laureola*, is based on a Solmization Villancico, a type of old Spanish song in which the words correspond to the solfege syllables of the musical scale. Obradors opens the piece with a sixteenth-century melody, which he then expands in a fugal piano interlude.

Al Amor is playful and dance-like. The song's melody consists of hemiola and chromatic melismas. Accents are placed on beats one and three of the piano accompaniment, creating a heart-beat-like rhythm. Additionally, the end of the piece is marked pianissimo and *affrettando*, "hurrying," providing a sense of the excitement and urgency reminiscent of young love.

¿Corazon, porque pasais... consists of dissonances, minor second intervals, and mixed meters, which represent the subject's uncertainty and restlessness, as she lies awake at night.

El majo celoso features a smooth, mostly stepwise melody over an unsettlingly chromatic piano accompaniment that features shifting tonalities, intertwined staccato and legato lines, and trills. This contrast between the voice and piano is reminiscent of the subject's attempt to soothe her lover's worried jealousy.

Con amores la mi madre features an expressively modulating melodic line. The piano accompaniment consists of a bass line that evenly alternates between tonic and dominant, mimicking the rocking of a baby to sleep. The song is a lullaby, but it is the child that is rocking her mother to sleep.

Del cabello más sutil is a setting of a traditional folk song. The folk melody is set to long, legato, Italian-like phrases and an arpeggiated piano accompaniment. This slow, legato feel mimics the poem's imagery of pulling a loved one close by a chain of her hair.

Chiquitita la novia begins and ends with a flashy melismatic passage, which is based on a traditional *cante jondo* style flamenco vocal cadenza. The piece's piano accompaniment is marked *quassi guitarra* (like a guitar), a marking that is occasionally given to pizzicato string instruments, but is very unusual for piano.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

***Deux poèmes de Louis Aragon* (1944)**

I. C

II. *Fêtes galantes*

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) was a multifaceted French composer, whose compositions ranged from *French mélodies* and solo piano works to chamber music, choral pieces, operas and ballets. He was a member of *Les Six*, a group of French composers whose music broke away from the influences of

German formality and French impressionism, and instead focused on a direct and simple style of composition. In his *mélodies*, Poulenc attempted to say more with less. He desired to emulate the sense of pure line that he admired so much in Matisse's paintings. Poulenc was also an avid reader of poetry, and sought to match his musical style to a poet's. He wrote, "One must translate into music not merely the literary meaning of the words, but also everything that is written between the lines...each, poetry and music, should evoke the other."

In 1934, Poulenc began collaborating with baritone Pierre Bernac, who advised him in vocal writing. During this time, Poulenc composed 90 *mélodies*, which they performed together in joint recitals across Europe. *Deux Poems de Louis Aragon* was written for Bernac as a part of this collaboration. The set was published in 1944, and consists of two songs, composed to poems by Louis Aragon. Aragon, a French surrealist poet, was a member of the Academic Resistance during the Nazi Occupation, and wrote these poems on the horrors and tragedies of World War II.

The first song of the set, *C*, is one of Poulenc's most poignant songs. Poulenc included *C* in his recitals with Bernac during the Nazi Occupation, and the piece became a symbol of French resistance. Bernac recalled how at the end of their recitals, their French audiences would rise silently, leaving the Germans in the room confused. The title refers to the bridge of Cé near Angers, which has been the site of many bloody battles throughout history. Aragon's poem recalls the tragic days of May 1940, when a large part of the French population fled from invading armies. Aragon himself crossed the Loire on *les ponts de Cé*, which he found crowded with overturned vehicles and discarded weapons. The poem, reminiscent of an old ballad, describes what he saw. Each line of the poem ends with the syllable [se], pronounced like the name of the bridge.

Poulenc's musical choices bring to life the tragedies described in Aragon's poem. The song's opening phrases are arc-shaped, both in the accompaniment and vocal line, representing the curve of a bridge. Poulenc plays with changes in tonality and dynamics to match the poet's changes in thought.

The piece is written in A-flat minor, but switches to C-flat major at important moments in the piece, creating tension between the use of C-flat and C-natural throughout the piece. The effect is yet another play on the song's title, and is reminiscent of the tension and sorrow that occurred at this site. The piece ends with an emotional climax; the phrase crescendos to a sudden pianissimo high note.

The second piece, *Fêtes gallantes*, is a bitter parody of a music hall patter song. In the poem, Aragon ironically applies the term *Fêtes gallantes*, which Watteau used in painting and Verlaine in poetry. While these artists used the term to describe beauty and harmony, Aragon instead used it to describe the ugliness of the Occupation. Every line of the poem is a "miniature portrait" of horror after horror.

Poulenc confronts the horrors of the time period with the ordinary sound of a low cabaret. His tempo markings are *incroyablement vite* (unbelievably fast), contributing to the song's feeling of chaos. The song's musical texture escalates towards hysteria as the usual low cabaret sound is replaced with a higher, more disjointed melodic line. Many critics argue that *Fêtes gallantes* ruins the hypnotic elegance of *C* and that the two songs are better performed separately, however together the two pieces emphasize both the tragedy and hysteria that occurred during the war.

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Selections from **12 Poems of Emily Dickinson** (1950)

- II. There came a wind like a bugle*
- III. Why do they shut me out of heaven?*
- V. Heart, we will forget him*
- VII. When they come back*
- XII. The chariot*

Aaron Copland (1900-1990) is often regarded as the quintessential American composer. His music exhibits a fresh, direct style that captures the openness of spirit embodied by America's landscapes. Copland worked to create a distinctly American musical style by incorporating melodies

from American folksongs, jazz rhythms from the popular music of the time, and aggressive dissonances from the urban life that surrounded him.

Twelve Songs of Emily Dickinson was one of Copland's most pivotal works. It was his first major vocal composition, and the beginning of a brief period in which he composed vocal music almost exclusively. Unlike his mostly commissioned works, these songs were spontaneous and inspired by inner creativity and interest. The songs do not center upon any one theme, but are linked together by a group of topics that were important to Dickinson: nature, life, death, and eternity. Over time, the set has been criticized for its "cruelty" toward the singer. The cycle is filled with vocal leaps, which are not easy or graceful for a singer to accomplish, and the cycle sits low in a soprano's vocal range. It has been argued, for similar reasons, that Dickinson was not a graceful poet, especially for her time. Her poems are filled with irregular meters and stanzas, and contain many unconventional devices, including frequent dashes and capitalizations. Copland's disjointed melodies, changing meters, dissonances, and extreme dynamics therefore bring Dickinson's unique poetic voice to life.

There came a wind like a bugle can be described as an "anti-pastorale." The song is intense, if not violent, consisting of a rapid tempo and harsh dissonances. Copland includes repetitive and sequential figures to mimic wind and rain, and makes use of clashing chromaticism, fortissimo dynamics, and sudden accents to evoke the sounds of thunder and lightning. Throughout the piece, the piano tends to establish the thematic material before the poetry describes it. The piano's tendency to lead the voice suggests humans' powerlessness against nature.

Why do they shut me out of Heaven? is written in the style of a recitative, which allows the singer to deliver a dramatic internal monologue. Although salvation was an important subject for Dickinson, Copland's setting of her poem suggests an almost ironic reading. Copland alters the poem's ending to reinstate its opening question. The last phrase, "Did I sing too loud?" ends on a high A-flat, marked fortissimo, the highest and loudest note of the piece. This ending provides a sense of defiance;

the singer chooses to sing as loud as she pleases, despite any consequences. Despite this bold ending, however, the piano accompaniment ends without a sense resolution, evoking feelings of uncertainty and doubt at the prospect of salvation.

Heart, we will forget him is one of Dickinson's most "conventional" poems. Copland matches her style by composing in a common AABA form. These external conventionalities reflect the poet or singer's forced attempts to regain "normalcy" after her loss. Unlike many songs in the cycle, the piece never changes meter, and exhibits a steady pulse of 60 beats per minute, which mimics a resting heartbeat. The piece's piano accompaniment exhibits a smooth, linear character that makes the song sound almost like a vocal duet, between the singer and her heart. Often, the song's phrases fall short of resolution, as the singer struggles to forget her loss. At the end of the piece, the final phrase resolves, but is paired with the words, "I may remember him," suggesting that in order to gain normalcy or closure, one must accept remembrance.

When they come back consists of a two-part imitative texture between the right hand of the piano and the voice. This imitation, paired with the piano's rhythmic consistency, evokes a cyclic feeling that mimics the poem's theme of return.

The Chariot centers on the subject of death, however there is no musical indication of any sort of external or internal struggle. The tempo is marked "with quiet grace," and everything in the music is calculated and consistent. Copland includes a dotted rhythmic motive to represent the singer's carriage journey, which he varies freely throughout the piece for different expressive effects. It is fitting that *The Chariot* is the final song in the cycle, as it is the first one Copland composed, and is the poem that sparked his interest in the work.

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)***La Zingara* (1842)**

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848) is remembered primarily for his many contributions to the Italian opera repertoire. He composed over 70 operas throughout the course of his lifetime, and was equally successful in both the serious and comic genres. Many of his operas, including *L'elisir d'amore*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Lucia di Lammermoore*, are still performed frequently today. Donizetti was a leading composer of the bel canto opera style, but unlike Bellini, who was known for his long-flowing vocal lines, Donizetti contributed an energetic and dramatic vibrancy to the genre. He utilized coloratura vocal lines and a wide range of dynamics to enhance theatrical effects. Donizetti was also known for the speed at which he could compose; he had a reputation for being able to finish an opera in just ten days.

Although Donizetti is primarily known for his operatic music, he also wrote a number of *composizione da camera*, songs that were a mix of folksong and opera aria styles intended for private performance in more intimate settings. *La Zingara* is one of these songs. It is part of a collection of vocal pieces, titled *Inspirazioni viennesi* (Viennese Inspirations), which Donizetti jokingly referred to as "a little musical album (to pay for the trip)." *La Zingara* is an arietta, which portrays a gypsy girl as she describes her travels, adventures, and first love. The piece demonstrates Donizetti's vibrant style of composition; its showy and dramatic nature matches the virtuosity found in Donizetti's operatic arias on a smaller scale. The piece consists of multiple sections, each characterized by a distinct vocal style, which bring to life the adventures described by the gypsy girl. The opening section is monologue-like, as she describes the day she was born. The next section is upbeat and playful, as the gypsy girl recalls her days growing up as a palm-reader, learning of people's secrets. As she talks about her first love, the music changes again to become more sentimental and legato. In the last section, the music once again becomes playful and lively, reminiscent of the gypsy's dancing.

Texts and Translations

Domine Deus

Domine Deus, Rex coelestis
Deus Pater, omnipotens

Lord God, heavenly King
God the almighty Father

Laudamus Te

Laudamus te
Benedicimus te
Adoramus te
Glorificamus te

We praise you
We bless you
We adore you
We glorify you

An Chloë

Wenn die Liep aus deinen blauen,
hellen, offnen Augen sieht,
und vor lust hinein zu schauen
mir's im Herzen klopft unt glüht;

When love gazes from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and from the joy of looking into them,
my heart throbs and glows;

und ich halte dich und küsse
deine Rosenwangen warm,
liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
zitternd dich in meinem Arm!

and I hold you and kiss
your rosy, warm cheeks,
dear maiden, and I clasp you
trembling in my arms!

Mädchen, mädchen und ich drücke,
dich an meinen Busen fest,
der im letzten Augenblicke
sterbend nur dich von sich last:

Maiden, maiden, and I press you
firmly to my breast,
only in the last moments
of dying will I let you go:

den berauschten Blick umschattet
eine duster Wolke mir
unt ich sitze dann ermattet
aber selig neben dir.
- Johann Georg Jacobi

then my enraptured gaze will be overshadowed
by a dark cloud
and I will sit then weary,
but blissful beside you.

Trennungslied

Die Engel Gottes weinen,
wo Liebende sich trennen,

The angels of God weep
when lovers part,

wie werd ich leben können,
o Mädchen, ohne dich?
Ein Fremdling allen Freuden,
lep ich fortan dem Leiden!
Und du? und du?
Villeicht auf ewig vergißt Luisa mich!

how will I be able to live,
oh maiden, without you?
A stranger to all joys,
I live from now on in sorrow!
And you? and you?
Perhaps Luisa will forget me forever!

Im Wachen und im Traume,
werd ich Luisa nennen;
den Namen zu bekennen,
sei Gottesdienst für mich;
ihn nennen und ihn loben
werd ich vor Gott noch droben.
Und du? und du?
Villeicht auf ewig vergißt Luisa mich!

In waking and in dreaming,
I will call Luisa's name;
to speak her name
is a holy service for me;
I will speak and praise her name
to God above.
And you? and you?
Perhaps Luisa will forget me forever!

Ich kann sie nicht vergessen,
dies Herz, von ihr geschnitten,
scheint seufzend mich zu bitten:
O Freund, gedenk an mich!
Ach dein will ich gedenken,
bis sie ins Grap mich senken.
Und du? und du?
Villeicht auf ewig vergißt Luisa mich!

I cannot forget her,
my heart, cut off from her,
sighing, begs me,
Oh friend, think of me!"
Ah, I will think of her
until they lower me into the grave.
And you? and you?
Perhaps Luisa will forget me forever!

Vergessen raubt in Stunden,
was Liebe jahrlang spendet.
Wie eine Hand sich wendet,
so wenden Herzen sich.
Wenn neue Huldigungen,
mein Bild bei ihr verdrungen, O Gott!
Villeicht auf ewig vergißt Luisa mich!

Forgetting robs in hours
what love bestowed for years.
Like the turn of a hand,
such is the turn of a heart.
When new loves
have driven my image from her, oh God!
Perhaps Luisa will forget me forever!

Ach denk an unser Scheiden!
Dies tränenlose Schweigen,
dies Auf-und Niedersteigen,
dies Herzens drücke dich
wie schweres Geist-Erscheinen,
wirst du wen anders meinen,
wirst du mich einst vergessen,
vergessen Gott und dich.

Ah, think of our parting!
The tearless silence,
the ups and downs
of the heart may weigh you down
like a heavy ghostly-appearance,
will you love someone else,
will you forget me,
forget God and yourself?

Ach denk an unser Scheiden!
Dies Denkmal, unter Küssen

Ah, think of our parting!
This mark, that through kisses

auf meinen Mund gebissen,
 das richte mich und dich!
 Dies Denkmal auf dem Munde,
 komm ich zur Geisterstunde,
 mich warnend anzuzeigen,
 vergißt Luisa, Luisa mich!
 vergißt sie mich!
 -Klamer Eberhard Karl Schmidt

was left on my mouth,
 will judge me and you!
 This mark on my mouth,
 will come at the watching hour
 to warn me,
 that Luisa forgets me!
 she forgets me!

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Weise stand,
 Gebückt in sich hunt unbekannt;
 Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
 Da kame in junge Shäferin
 Mit leichtem Schritt unt muntrem Sinn
 Daher, daher,
 Die Wiese her, und sang.

A little violet stood upon the meadow,
 modest and unknown;
 it was a dear little violet.
 Then came a young shepherdess,
 with light step and happy mood
 along, along,
 the meadow and sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
 Die schönste Blume der Natur
 Ach, nur ein Kleines Weilchen,
 Bis mich das Liebchen apgepflückt
 Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
 Ach nur, ach nur
 Ein viertelstündchen lang!

“Ah!” thinks the little violet, “were I but
 the fairest flower of nature
 ah, just a little while,
 until my beloved would pick me me
 And press me firmly to her breast!
 Ah just, ah just,
 a short quarter hour long!”

Ach! aber ach! das mädchen kam
 Unt nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm
 Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
 Es sank und starp und freut sich noch:
 Und sterb ich den, so sterb ich doch
 Durch sie, durch sie,
 Zu ihren Füßen doch.

Ah! but ah! the maiden came,
 and taking no notice of the little violet,
 Trod the poor little violet.
 It sank, and died, and rejoiced anyways:
 “Though I died, I shall have died
 through her, through her,
 at her feet.”

Das arme Veilchen!
 Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
 - Goethe

The poor little violet!
 It was a dear little violet.

Eccomi in lieta vesta...Oh! quante volte

Eccomi in lieta vesta...

Here I am, in festive attire...

Eccomi adorna come vittima all'ara.
 Oh! almen potessi qual vittima cader
 dell'ara al piede!
 O nuziali tede, abborite cosi, cosi fatali
 Siate per me faci ferali.
 Ardo...una vampa,
 un foco tutta mi struggle
 Un refrigerio ai venti io chiedo invano
 Ove sei tu, Romeo?
 In qual terra t'aggiri?
 Dove, dove inviarti i miei sospiri

Oh! quante volte,
 Oh! quante ti chiedo,
 al ciel piangendo.
 Con quale ardor t'attendo,
 è inganno il mio desir.
 Raggio del tuo sembiante
 Ah! parmil brillar del giorno.
 L'aura che spira intorno,
 mi sembra un tuo sospir.

La mi sola Laureola

La mi sola Laureola.
 La mi sola, sola, sola...
 Yo el cautivo Leriano,
 Aunque mucho estoy ufano
 Herido de aquella mano
 Que en el mundo es una sola.
 La mi sola Laureola.
 La mi sola, sola, sola...
 - Juan Ponce

Al amor

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento
 Asido de mis cabellos
 Y mil y ciento tras ellos
 y tras ellos mil y ciento
 y despues...de muchos millares ¡tres!
 y porque nadie lo sienta

Here I am, adorned like a victim of the altar.
 Oh, if only I could, like a victim fall
 at the feet of the altar.
 Oh wedding torches, hated so, so fateful
 you are to me the flames of death.
 I burn...a blaze,
 a fire that all of me consumes
 A refreshing wind I ask for in vain
 Where are you Romeo?
 In what lands do you wander?
 Where shall I send my sighs?

Oh! how many times,
 Oh! how often I have begged heaven for you
 in tears.
 With what passion I wait for you
 is in vain, my desire.
 The radiance of your countenance
 To me, is like the brilliance of the day.
 The air that swirls around me
 reminds me of your sighs.

She's my only Laureola.
 My one and only...
 I am the captive Leriano,
 although I am very proud
 I am wounded by her hand,
 that in the world is unique.
 She's my only Laureola.
 My one and only...

Give me, love, kisses without number
 as many as the hairs on my head
 and a thousand and a hundred after that
 and after that a thousand and a hundred
 And after that...many thousands, give me three!
 And so that nobody feels bad,

desbaratemos la cuenta
y...contemos al revés.
-Cristóbal de Castillejo

Let us tear up the count
And...count backwards.

¿Corazón porqué pasais...?

¿Corazón porqué pasais
Las noches de amor despierto
Si vuestro dueño descansa
En los brazos de otro dueño?

Heart why do you spend
the nights of love awake
when your owner rests
in the arms of another?

El majo celoso

Del majo que me enamora
he aprendido la queja
que una y mil veces suspira
noche tras noche en mi reja:
lindezas me muero
de amor loco y fiero,
¡quisiera olvidarte
mas quiero y no puedo!

From the man that loves me,
I have learned the complaint
that he sighs a thousand and one times
night after night by my window:
Pretty girl, I die
of a crazy, fiery love,
I want to forget you,
but although I want to I cannot!

Le han dicho que en la Pradera
me han visto con un chispero
desos de malla de seda
y chupa de terciopelo
Majezas, te quiero,
no creas que muero
de amores perdida
por ese chispero.

They have told him that in the meadow
they have seen me with a chispero,
in clothes of mesh silk
and waistcoat of velvet.
Well-dressed one, I love you,
don't believe that I die
of lost love
for that chispero.

Con amores, la mi madre...

Con amores, la mi madre,
con amores me dormí.
Asi dormida soñaba
lo que el corazón velaba,
que el amor me consolaba
con mas bien que merecí.
Adormicióme el favor
que amore me dió con amor.

With love, my mother,
with love I slept.
While asleep, I dreamed
of what my heart left concealed,
the love consoling me
with more than I deserved.
I fell asleep with the kindness,
that love gave me with love.

Dió descanso a mi dolor.
 La fe con que le serví.
 Con amores, la mi madre,
 Con amores me dormí.
 -Juan Anchieta

It gave rest to my pain,
 the faith with which I served you.
 With love, my mother,
 with love, I slept.

Del cabello más sutil

Del cabello más sutil
 que tienes en tu trenzada,
 he de hacer una cadena
 para traerte a mi lado.

From the most delicate hair
 that you have in your braid,
 I would make a chain
 so that I may bring you to my side.

Una alcarraza en tu casa
 chiquilla, qui sierra ser
 para besarte en la boca
 cuando fueras a beber.

A pitcher in your house,
 little one, I would like to be
 so that I may kiss you
 every time you take a drink.

Chiquitita la novia

Chiquitita la novia,
 Chiquitito el novio,
 Chiquitita la sala,
 Y el dormitorio.
 Por eso yo quiero
 Chiquitita la cama
 Y el mosquitero.
 - Curro Dulce

A tiny bride,
 a tiny groom,
 a tiny living room,
 and bedroom.
 That is why I want
 a tiny bed
 and mosquito net.

C

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé,
 C'est là que tout a commencé
 Une chanson du temps passé
 Parle d'un chevalier blessé
 D'une rose sur la chaussee,
 Et d'un corsage délacé
 Du château d'un duc insanse,
 Et des cygnes dans ses fosses
 De la prairie où vient danse
 Une éternelle fiancée

I have crossed the bridges of Cé,
 It is here that it all began
 A song of bygone days
 Tells the tale of a wounded knight
 Of a rose upon the road
 And an unlaced bodice
 Of the castle of a mad duke
 And the swans on its moats
 Of the meadow where comes dancing
 An eternal fiancée

Et j'ai bu comme un lait glace,
 Le long des laïcs de gloires fausses
 La Loire emporte mes pensées
 Avec des voitures versés
 Et les armes désamorçées
 Et les larmes mal effacée
 Oh ma France, ô mon delacee
 J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé.

And I drank like chilled milk
 The long lay of false glories
 The Loire carries my thoughts away
 Along with the overturned cars
 And the diffused weapons
 And the tears barely wiped away
 Oh my France, oh my forsaken one
 I have crossed the bridges of Cé.

Fetes Galantes

On voit des marquis sur des bicyclettes
 On voit des marlous en cheval-jupon
 On voit des morveux avec des voilettes
 On voit les pompiers brûler les pompons

You see noblemen on bicycles
 You see pimps in kilts
 You see snooty-people with veils
 You see firemen burning their tassles

On voit des mots jetés à la voirie
 On voit des mots élevés au pavois
 On voit les pieds des enfants de Marie
 On voit le dos des diseuses à voix

You see words thrown on the garbage heap
 You see words elevated in praise
 You see the feet of orphans
 You see the backs of cabaret singers

On voit des voitures à gazogène
 On voit aussi des voitures à bras
 On voit des lascars que les longs nez gênent
 On voit des coïons de dix-huit carats

You see cars that run on gasolene
 You also see handcarts
 You see sly fellows hindered by their long noses
 You see eighteen-carat fools

On voit ici ce que l'on voit ailleurs
 On voit des demoiselles dévoyées
 On voit des foyous On voit des voyeurs
 On voit sous les ponts passer des noyés

You see here what you see everywhere
 You see girls who are led astray
 You see guttersnipes, you see Peeping Toms
 You see drowned corpses float beneath bridges

On voit chômer les marchands de chaussures
 On voit mourir d'ennui les mireurs d'oeufs
 On voit périlcliter les valeurs sûres
 Et fuir la vie à la six-quatre-deux.

You see out-of-work shoemakers
 You see egg-candlers bored to death
 You see securities decline in value
 And life rushing pell-mell by.

There came a wind like a bugle

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.
 On a strange mob of panting trees,
 And fences fled away,
 And rivers where the houses ran
 The living looked—that Day—
 The bell within the steeple wild
 The flying tidings whirled.
 How much can come
 And much can go,
 And yet abide the world!

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?

Why—do they shut Me out of Heaven?
 Did I sing—too loud?
 But—I can sing a little “Minor,”
 Timid as a Bird!

Wouldn't the Angels try me—
 Just—once—more—
 Just—see—if I troubled them—
 But don't—shut the door!

Oh, if I—were the Gentlemen
 In the “White Robes”
 And they—were the little Hand—that knocked
 Could—I—forbid?

Why—do they shut Me out of Heaven?
 Did I sing—too loud?

Heart, we will forget him

Heart, we will forget him!
 You and I—tonight!
 You may forget the warmth he gave—
 I will forget the light!

When you have done, pray tell me,
 That I my thoughts may dim;
 Haste! lest while you're lagging,
 I may remember him!

When they come back

When they come back—if Blossoms do—
 I always feel a doubt
 If Blossoms can be born again
 When once the Art is out—

When they begin, if Robins do,
 I always had a fear
 I did not tell, it was their last Experiment
 Last Year,

When it is May, if May return,
 Has nobody a pang
 That on a Face so beautiful
 We might not look again?

If I am there—One does not know
 What Party—One may be
 Tomorrow, but if I am there
 I take back all I say—

The Chariot

Because I would not stop for Death—
 He kindly stopped for me—
 The Carriage held but just Ourselves—
 And Immortality.

We slowly drove—He knew no haste
 And I had put away
 My labor and my leisure too,
 For His Civility—

We passed the School, where Children played
 Their lessons—scarcely done—
 We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain—

We passed the Setting Sun—

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground—
The Roof was scarcely visible—
The Cornice—but a Mound—

Since then—'tis Centuries—but each
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity—

La Zingara

La zingara!
Fra l'erbe cosparse di rorido gelo,
coperta del solo gran manto del cielo,
mia madre esultando la vita mi diè!

Fancuilla, sui greppi le capre emulai
per ville e cittadi, cresciuta, danzai,
le dame lor palme distesero a me.

Io loro predissi le cose non note,
ne feci dolenti, ne feci beate,
segreti conobbi di sdegno d'amor.

Un giorno, la mano mi porse un donzello;
mai visto non fummi garzone piu pello:
oh s'ei nella destra leggestimi il cor!

The gypsy girl!
On the grass, sprinkled with frozen dew,
covered by only the large mantle of the sky,
My mother, rejoicing, gave life to me!

As a girl, I emulated the goats on the cliffs;
as I grew up, I danced through towns and cities,
and the women extended their palms to me.

I would predict for them the things not noticed;
some I made sad, some I made happy,
I knew secrets of disdain and of love.

One day, a boy offered me his hand;
I had never seen a more handsome boy:
oh, if only he could take my hand and read the
secrets of my heart!