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A Culmination

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An abstract of
A thesis submitted to the Faculty of Emory College of Arts and Sciences
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2010

Abstract

A Culmination

By Nathaniel S. Kaplan

This is a collection of the materials that were given to audience members at my Senior Honors Voice Recital, which took place on March 27th, 2010 at 3:30 in Emory's Performing Arts Studio at the Burlington Road Building. I sang five sets, one each by Claudio Monteverdi, Franz Schubert, Gaetano Donizetti, Maurice Ravel, and Lee Hoiby. Included in this document is the program itself, as well as the program notes and translations for the music that I presented. The audio file of my recital, listed as Kaplan_3-27-10, can be accessed at the Emory University's Woodruff Library.

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Nathaniel Kaplan, tenor

Senior Honors Recital

Patricia Dinkins-Matthews, piano

Smitha Johnson, soprano

Performing Arts Studio

1804 N. Decatur Road

Saturday, March 27, 2010, 3:30 P.M.

Program

I.

5 Scherzi Musicali

Claudio Monteverdi

Maledetto sia l'aspetto

(1567–1643)

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

Eri già tutta mia

Ecco di dolci raggi

II.

Die Schönmüllerin (Müller)

Franz Schubert

Das Wandern

(1797–1828)

Halt!

Des Müllers Blumen

Mein!

III.

L'Elisir d'Amore

excerpt from scenes VIII and IX

Gaetano Donizetti

(1797–1848)

—Pause—

IV.

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (Morand)

Chanson Romanesque

Chanson épique

Chanson á boire

Maurice Ravel

(1875–1937)

V.

An Immorality (Pound)

What if . . . (Coleridge)

Jabberwocky (Carroll)

Where the Music Comes From (Hoiby)

Lee Hoiby

(b. 1962)

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643) is widely recognized as an extremely powerful figure in music history. He was prolific up to the year before his death, producing numerous operas and madrigals, three masses, and over 350 individual works, both sacred and secular. After studying under the *maestro di cappella* at Cremona Cathedral, he moved to Mantua in 1591 to serve in the court of Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga as a string player. He returned to Cremona in 1608, but was not able to secure a release from the Gonzaga family until 1612. It was in 1613 that he took up the post for which he is most well-known, *maestro di cappella* at St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice. His last published work, the opera *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*, was composed in 1642, and is thought by many to be not only his greatest masterpiece, but also the finest opera of the seventeenth century. Along this journey and through to the end of his life, Monteverdi's music is thought to have helped pave the way toward modern usage of harmony and text expression.¹

These 5 *Scherzi Musicali* were composed in 1632, almost 50 years into his career as a composer, but still ten years before his final published work. They are the second of two sets of *Scherzi Musicali* that he composed- the first set was composed in 1607. *Scherzi Musicali* translates to 'musical jokes,' and they are likened to madrigals in terms of form and length.² The texts of the *scherzi musicali* display the literary style of the period, which is often referred to as the Baroque. As in other art forms such as

¹ "Monteverdi Claudio (Giovanni Antonio)." *The Grove Concise Dictionary of Music*. Macmillan Publishers Ltd, 1988. available from <http://www.wqxr.com/cgi-bin/iowa/cla/learning/grove.html?record=6151>; Internet; accessed 22 July 2009

² Michael Kennedy and Joyce Bourn, "Scherzi Musicali." *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music*. available from <http://www.encyclopedia.com>; Internet; accessed 9 Aug 2009

architecture and music, the term Baroque connotes a sense of the heavily ornate, and these poems hold true to this characterization. The style was to use flowery words and descriptors to ornament the underlying concept, which otherwise could be said in a much more concise manner.

Cursed be the look

Maledetto sia l'aspetto

Maledetto sia l'aspetto che m'arde,

tristo me;

poi ch'io sento rio tormento,

poi ch'io moro ne ristoro

ha mia fé sol per te.

Maledetto sia l'aspetto che m'arde,

tristo me.

Cursed be the look that burns me,

poor me;

because I feel this averse torment

because I am dying, neither does my faith in

you give me reprieve.

Cursed be the look that burns me,

poor me.

Cursed be the arrow that wounded me

Maledetta la saetta ch'impiegó,

ne morró.

Cosí vuole il mio sole,

cosí brama chi disama quanto puó;

I will die of it.

So wills my sun,

so wills she, who intensely ceases to love;

che faró?

Maledetta la saetta ch'impiegó,

ne morró.

I will die of it.

Donna ria, morte mia vuol cosí,

Cruel woman who wishes such a death to

chi ferí.

whom she wounded.

Prende gioco del mio foco

She mocks my fire,

Vuol ch'io peni, che mi sveni,

she wishes that I suffer, that I faint,

morró quí,

I will die here,

fiero dí.

cruel day.

Donna ria, morte mia vuol cosí,

Cruel woman who wishes such a death to

chi ferí.

whom she wounded.

Ecco di dolci raggi

Here with sweet rays

Ecco di dolci raggi il Sol armato

Here with sweet rays the armed sun

del verno saettar la stagion florida;

of winter shoots arrows at the flowering season;

di dolcissim'amor inebriato

inebriated with sweet love

what shall I do?

dorme tacito vento in sen di Clorida;

Cursed be the arrow that wounded me,

tal'hor però lascivo e odorato

ondeggiar, tremolar fa l'herba florida;

it makes the florid grass sway and quiver;

l'aria, la terra, il ciel spiran amore,

the air, the earth, the sky are dying in love.

arda dunque d'amor, arda ogni core.

May it therefore burn of love, may every heart
burn.

Io ch'armato sin hor d'un duro gelo

May I be armed now with a hard cold

Degli assalti d'amor potei difendermi,

so that I can defend myself from the assaults of

ne l'infocato suo pungente telo

love, may its inflamed and pungent cloak not

puote l'alma passar o'l petto offendermi?

pass to my soul or my chest to hurt me?

Hor che il tutto si cangia al novo cielo,

Now that everything is changing to a new sky

a due begli occhi ancor non dovea arrendermi?

should I not surrender to two beautiful eyes?

Sí, sí disarmi il solito rigore,

Yes, yes, may I be disarmed of the typical

arda dunque d'amor, arda il mio core.

rigidness, may my heart burn therefore with
love.

wind sleeps silently in the bosom of Florida*;

* nymph of the wind

at times, however, lively and perfumed,

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

Prima Parte

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto,

lucente e minaccioso,

quel dardo velenoso

vola a ferirmi il petto.

Bellezze ond'io tutt'ardo

e son da me diviso,

piagatemi col sguardo,

sanatemi col riso.

Seconda Parte

Armatevi pupille

d'asprissimo rigore,

versatemi su'l core

un nembo di faville,

ma'l labro non sia tardo

a ravvivarmi ucciso.

That playfully disdainful gaze

First Part

That playfully disdainful gaze,

sparkling and threatening,

that poisonous dart

flies and wounds me in the chest.

Beauties by which I am completely consumed

and are separated from me,

hurt me with your gaze,

heal me with your laughter.

Second Part

Arm yourselves, eyes,

with very harsh rigor,

pour onto my heart

this constellation of stars,

but may the lips not be delayed

in reviving my dead self.

Feriscami quel sguardo,

ma sanimi quel riso.

Terza Parte

Begl'occhi a l'armi,
 io vi preparo il seno,
 gioite di piagarmi
 in fin ch'io venga meno;
 e se da vostri dardi
 io resteró conquiso,
 ferischino quel sguardi
 ma sanimi quel riso.

Eri già tutta mia

Eri già tutta mia,
 mia quell'alma e quel core.
 Chi da me ti desvia,
 May that gaze wound me,
 may that laughter heal me.

Third Part

Beautiful eyes, take arms,
 I have bared my breast,
 take joy in hurting me
 so that I can die;
 And if by your darts
 I remain conquered,
 may your gazes wound me,
 may your laughter heal me.

You were all mine

You were all mine,
 that soul and that heart.
 He who is taking you away from me,
 novo laccio d'amore.
 O bellezza, o valore,

o mirabil constanza,

oh admirable constance,

dove sei tu?

where are you?

Eri già tutta mia

You were all mine

hor non sei piú, non piú,

Now you are no longer, no longer,

ah, che mia non sei piú.

ah, that you are mine no longer.

Sol per me gl'occhi belli

Only for me the beautiful eyes

rivolgevi ridenti,

Turning, laughing,

per me d'oro i capelli

for me the golden hair

si spiegavan a i venti.

was unfolding in the winds.

O fugaci contenti,

Oh joys that come to an end,

o fermezza d'un core,

Oh constance of a heart,

dove sei tu?

where are you?

Eri già tutta mia

You were all mine

hor non sei piú, non piú,

Now you are no longer, no longer,

ah, che mia non sei piú

ah, that you are mine no longer

new bond of love.

Il gioir nel mio viso,

Oh beauty, oh valor,

ah, che piú non rimiri,

il mio canto il mio riso	ah, that you no longer see,
è converso in martiri,	my song, my laughter
o dispersi sospiri,	is now the converse, pain in martyrdom,
o sparita pietate,	oh lost sighs,
dove sei tu?	oh vanished mercy,
Eri già tutta mia	where are you?
hor non sei piú, non piú,	You were all mine
ah, che mia non sei piú.	now you are no longer, no longer,
	ah, now you are mine no longer.

The joy on my face,

Franz Schubert is an extremely important figure in the history of western music. Despite the fact that his music was perhaps not fully appreciated until after his death,

Schubert is seen as a link that bridges that gap stretching from the first Viennese school of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven to composers such as Mahler, Bruckner, and the second Viennese school of Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern. He lived a life cut short by disease, from 1797 to 1828, but he was incredibly prolific as a composer during the latter half of his life, and did garner some success while he was alive. He spent most of his life in Vienna, and was fortunate enough to attend the Stadtkonvikt, a highly regarded boarding school, on the strength of his extraordinary musical abilities. This was a wonderful opportunity for him, as Vienna was at that point the capital of western music, and one of his tutors at the Stadtkonvikt was Salieri, Mozart's contemporary. Schubert's first compositions date back to his time at that school, his first song, "Hagars Klage," having been composed at the age of fourteen.

He composed in many musical genres, but is best known for his lieder, or German art songs. In 1814 he composed what some believe to be his first masterpiece, "Gretchen am Spinnrade," and in the year following composed 150 songs, including the famous "Erlkönig," a setting of the poem by Goethe. In 1817 Schubert was able to popularize his work after he met baritone Johann Michael Vogl, and the two traveled around performing Schubert's lieder, Vogl singing and Schubert accompanying him. Performances by Baron von Schönstein helped to popularize his work even more, although he never lived to see the extent of the respect his music would receive. His "unfinished symphony" is his most popular non-vocal piece, of which two movements exist, and he began composing that in 1822.

Sadly, in the same year he became ill from syphilis, and that carried into 1823. He spent an extended period of time in the general hospital in Vienna, and it was there that

he began *Die Schöne Müllerin*, the source of today's offerings. Though the disease never fully passed, he continued to produce great work, such as his well-known "Ave Maria," and the song cycle *Die Winterreise*. In 1827 he was honored as a representative to the Vienna Philharmonic, and then in 1828, despite poor health, he enjoyed one of his greatest years of composition, completing his C major symphony, his final three piano sonatas, and the song cycle *Schwanengesang*. He died of typhoid, and years after his death music historians began to recognize the importance of his work. Today his works are frequently performed, and he holds a distinguished place in the history of western music.³

Die Schöne Müllerin is a 20-song cycle of settings of poems by Wilhelm Müller. Müller is famous for little else other than these poems, due in large part to Schubert's song cycle. The poems are the first part of a collection entitled *Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen Papieren eines reisenden Waldhornisten*, or "Poems from the posthumous papers of a traveling horn player," but Schubert does not include the entire *Die Schöne Müllerin* section of poems. He omits a prologue, an epilogue, and three poems, and did so intentionally to achieve a particular musical goal. The cycle follows a mill-lad, who goes off in search of the lovely Mill-mistress, the title of the cycle, and along the way his emotions range from joy to despair amid his wanderings. The theme of wandering, and a longing for distant places, can be seen not only in this cycle but in much of the rest of Schubert's work as well.

³ Charles Osborne, ed., *The Dictionary of Composers* (New York: Taplinger Publishing Company, 1977), 298-303.

Musically, the song cycle does not have any songs that necessarily stand out from the rest. Rather, it is a cohesive whole, and Schubert achieves this in part by staying within the middle two octaves of the piano. In his day, pianos had thin upper tones, such that he generally avoided the upper register of the instrument, and the only main exception to the middle two octaves is his musical representation of the brook, which appears consistently in the bass register.⁴ Today's offerings are songs one, three, nine, and eleven, and together they capture the essence of the entire cycle. In these pieces we see the mill-lad naïve and excited at the prospect of simply wandering through nature, arriving at the mill, and being overcome with emotions, good and bad, upon encountering *Die Schöne Müllerin*.

⁴ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, *Schubert's Songs: A Biographical Study* (New York: Limelight, 1984), 174-182.

Das Wandern

Das wandern ist des Müllers Lust, das

Wandern!

Das muss ein schlechter Müller sein,

dem niemals fiel das Wandern nein,

das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt, vom Wasser!

Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,

ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,

das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab, den Rädern!

Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,

die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn,

die Räder.

Wandering

Wandering is the miller's delight, wandering!

He would be a bad miller,

who never thought of wandering,

wandering.

From the water have we learned it, from the

water!

It has no rest at day or night,

it always thinks of wandering,

the water.

We see it also in the mill-wheels, the mill-

wheels! They do not like to stand still,

they turn all day without tiring,

the mill-wheels.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind, die
Steine!

The mill-stones, they are so heavy, the mill-
stones!

Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reih'n
und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
die Steine.

They join the joyful dance
and want to move still faster,
the mill-stones.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust, o Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
lasst mich in Frieden weiterzieh'n,
und wandern.

Oh wandering, wandering, my delight, oh
wandering!
Master and Mistress,
let me move on in peace,
and wander.

Halt!

Eine Mühle sehe ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Halt!

I see a mill gleaming
Out from among the trees,
Through rushing and singing
Breaks the roar of the mill-wheels.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,

Oh welcome, welcome,

Süsser Mühlengesang!

Sweet mill-song!

Und das Haus, wie so traulich!

And the house looks so cozy!

Und die Fenster, wie blank!

And the windows so bright!

Und die Sonne, wie helle

And the sun, how clearly

Vom himmel sie scheint!

From heaven she shines!

Ei Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,

Hey, brook, dear brook,

War es also gemeint?

Is this what was meant?

Des Müllers Blumen

The Miller's Flowers

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehn,

Beside the brook many small flowers grow,

Aus hellen, blauen Augen sehn;

Gazing with bright blue eyes;

Der Bach, der ist des Müllers Freund,

The brook is the miller's friend,

Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint,

and my darling's eyes shine bright blue,

Drum sind es meine Blumen.

Therefore they are my flowers.

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein,	Right under her window,
Da will ich pflanzen die Blumen ein;	I will plant the flowers;
Da ruft ihr zu, wenn Alles schweigt,	There you shall call to her when all is silent,
Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum Schlummer neigt,	When she lays her head down to slumber,
Ihr wisst ja, was ich meine.	For you know what I wish to say.
Und wenn sie tät die Äuglein zu,	And when she closes her eyes,
Und schläft in süsser, süsser Ruh,	And sleeps in sweet, sweet repose,
Dann lispelt als ein Traumgesicht ihr zu:	Then whisper to her as a dream:
Vergiss, vergiss mein nicht!	Forget, forget me not!
Das ist es, was ich meine.	That is what I wish to say.
Und schliesst sie früh die Laden auf,	And when, at dawn, she opens the shutters,
Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf:	Then, look up with loving glance:
Der Tau in euren Äugelein	The dew in your eyes
Das sollen meine Tränen sein	Shall be the tears
Die will ich auf euch weinen.	That I will weep upon you.

Mein

Bächlein, lass dein Rauschen sein!

Räder, stellt eur Brausen ein!

All ihr muntern Waldvögelein,

Gross und klein,

Endet eure Melodein!

Durch den Hain aus und ein

Schalle heut ein Reim allein,

Die geliebte Müllerin

Ist mein, ist mein!

Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?

Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?

Ach, so muss ich ganz allein,

Mit dem seligen Worte mein,

Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein.

Mine

Brook, rush no more!

Mill-wheels, Stop your rumblings!

All you merry woodland birds,

Great and small,

sing no more!

Through the woodland, to and fro

Let one rhyme alone be heard,

the beloved maid of the mill

is mine, is mine!

Spring, are these all of your flowers?

Sun, have you no brighter light?

Ah, then must I remain all alone,

with that blessed word of mine,

misunderstood in the whole of creation.

The duet presented today is a selection from scenes VIII and XI of Act II of *L'elisir D'amore*. This opera was composed by Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848) and premiered in 1832. It is set in Basque country, where Nemorino, a young man of the village, is in love with Adina, a wealthy farm-owner. He believes that he has nothing to offer her, unlike Sergeant Belcore, a conceited, up-and-coming official in the army. Belcore asks for Adina's hand in marriage, and she replies that she must think it over. After Belcore leaves, Nemorino confesses his love to Adina who tells him to take care of his sick uncle, as she is too fickle to be pursued. Desperate, Nemorino encounters Dr. Dulcamara, a traveling salesman, and asks him if he has any love potions. Dulcamara replies that of course he has love potions, and proceeds to deceive Nemorino and sell him a bottle of cheap red wine. It costs Nemorino everything he has, but he purchases the "love potion" and proceeds to drink it rapidly, understandably making him a bit tipsy. Adina enters, and because he thinks he has taken a love potion, Nemorino is now quite sure that she will fall in love with him, so much so that he acts uninterested. Adina responds by flirting with Belcore, who then persuades her to marry him that day.

Act II opens at the pre-wedding supper, after which Adina and Belcore go off to sign the marriage contract. Nemorino finds Dulcamara again and begs him for another bottle of "potion," but unfortunately he does not have enough money to buy it. Belcore enters, explaining that the wedding has been postponed until later, and he asks Nemorino why he is so upset. After hearing of his money troubles, Belcore tells Nemorino that he can get some money by enlisting in the army. Nemorino does so, and then uses the money to buy more elixir. Meanwhile, unbeknownst to him, Nemorino's uncle has died and left him a large sum of money. The girls of the village have heard this news, which

makes Nemorino the town's latest eligible bachelor in their eyes. When he encounters the village girls Nemorino is sure that the reason for their attention is that the potion has taken effect. Adina sees him with the girls all around him, and then learns of what Belcore made him do to get money. Nemorino sees a tear on Adina's cheek from afar that reassures him that she is now in love with him, and that is where today's offering begins. Enjoy!

Scene VIII

Aria

Una furtiva lagrima

negl'occhi suoi spuntó:

quelle festose giovani

invidiar sembró:

che piú cercando io vo'?

M'ama, si m'ama,

lo vedo, lo vedo.

Un solo istante i palpiti

del suo bel cor sentir!

Scene VIII

Aria

A furtive tear

that rose in her eye:

that festive youth

seemed to envy...

What more searching can I do?

She loves me, yes she loves me,

I see it, I see it.

To feel for just one instant the throbbing

of her beautiful heart!

i miei sospir confondere

My sighs being confused

per poco a' suoi sospir!

momentarily with her sighs!

I palpiti i palpiti sentir!

To feel the heart throbs!

Confondere i miei co' suoi sospir!

Confusing mine with her sighs!

Cielo, si può morir;

Heaven, if I should die;

di piú non chiedo, non chiedo, ah!

I ask nothing more, nothing more, ah!

Recitativo

Recitative

Eccola... Oh! Qual le accresce beltá

There she is... Oh, how the budding love

l'amor nascente!

heightens her beauty!

A farl'indifferente si seguiti cosi,

I will continue to seem indifferent,

fin ché non viene ella a spiegarsi.

so that she comes out and unfurls herself.

Scene IX

Scene IX

Nemorino! Ebbene?

Nemorino, how are you?

Non so piú dove io sia:

I don't know where I am:

giovani e vecchie, belle e brutte mi voglion

young and old, beautiful and ugly, they all

per marito.

want me for a husband.

E tu?

A verun partito appigliarmi non posso:

attendo ancora... la mia felicità...

(ch'è pur vicina.)

Odimi.

(Ah! Ci siamo.) Io v'odo, Adina.

Dimmi: perché partire, perché farti soldato

hai risoluto?

Perché? Perché ho voluto tentar se con tal

mezzo il mio destino io potea migliorar.

La tua persona... la tua vita ci è cara... lo

ricomprai il fatale contratto da Belcore.

Voi stessa?! (È naturale: opra è d'amore.)

Aria

Prendi, per me sei libero:

resta nel suol natio;

non v'ha destin si rio,

And you?

Being divided, I can't get hold of myself:

I am still waiting for... my bliss...

(which is so close)

Listen to me.

(Ah, here we go.) I'm listening, Adina.

Tell me: Why leave, why make yourself a

resolute soldier?

Why? Because I want to know if in this way

I can improve my destiny.

Your person... your life is precious to us... I

redeemed the fatal agreement from Belcore.

You did that?! (It's natural: the potion is of

love.)

Aria

Take it, because you are free of me:

stay on your native soil,

there is no destiny so bitter for you

che non si cangi un di. Resta!

that will not change one day. Stay!

Qui dove tutti t'amaro,

Here where everyone loves you,

saggio, amoroso, onesto,

wise, loving, honest,

sempre scontento e mesto

always unhappy and miserable;

No, non sarai così.

No, you will not always be that way.

(Or, or si spiega.)

Oh, oh she explains it.

Addio.

Goodbye.

Che?! Mi lasciate?

What?! You are leaving me?

Lo... sì.

Well... yes.

Null'altro a dirmi avete?

You have nothing more to tell me?

Null'altro.

No, nothing.

Ebben, tenete.

Alright, run.

Poiché non sono amato, voglio morir

Since I am not loved, I shall die a soldier;

soldato; non v'ha per me piú pace, se

you don't have more peace for me, if the

m'ingannó il dottor, io vo' morir soldato.

doctor deceived me, I shall die a soldier.

Ah, fu conte verace, se presti fede al cor.

Ah, it was certainly true, if you gave

Sappilo al fin, sappilo, tu mi sei caro.

credence to your heart. Hear it at last, hear
it, you are my darling.

Io!	I!
Si, mi sei caro e t'amo.	Yes, you are my darling and I love you.
Tu m'ami?	You love me?
Si, t'amo.	Yes, I love you.
Oh gioja inesprimibile!	Oh inexpressible joy!
Quanto ti fei già misero,	How miserable I've already made you,
farti felice or bramo.	I long to make you happy.
Tu m'ami? Non m'ingannó il dottor.	You love me? The doctor didn't deceive me.
Oh gioja inesprimibile!	Oh inexpressible joy!
Farti felice or bramo, lo bramo.	I long to make you happy, I do.
Oh gioja!	Oh joy!
Il mio rigor dimentica; ti giuro eterno amore,	Forget my severity; I swear to you eternal
sí farti felice io bramo, ti giuro eterno amor.	love, yes I long to make you happy I swear
	to you eternal love.
Cara, non m'ingannó il dottor.	Darling, the doctor didn't deceive me.
No.	No.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) is one of the most highly regarded composers of French art song, known as *mélodie*, in this time period. He was a contemporary of Claude Debussy and these two are often compared, although their styles are quite different. It seems that both drew inspiration from the other, despite a rather unfriendly relationship. While Debussy is considered to be one of music's greatest innovators in terms of approach to harmony, Ravel is known best for his ability to draw on previous material and develop it into something interesting and new, placing it within the realm of his unique musical palette. Some of his unpublished work with folk songs took familiar melodies and colored them with new accompaniments, creating a fresh expression of an older idea.⁵ The song cycle *Shéhérazade*, one of Ravel's most highly regarded works, is clearly inspired by Debussy,⁶ but is unquestionably and distinctly Ravel's from a stylistic standpoint.

Ravel's final work, a three-song set entitled *Don Quichotte a Dulcinée*, is thematically centered around Spanish culture's most famous story, Don Quijote de la Mancha, by Cervantes. The songs are sung from the point of view of Don Quijote himself, the somewhat delusional hero, who is desperately in love with his damsel, the lovely Dulcinea. Folklore such as the legend of Don Quijote was close to Ravel, as he had some Basque blood in his family, and he shows his respect for its place in culture in these pieces. Each song possesses a particular Spanish dance rhythm. The first, *Chanson romanesque*, alternates between 3/4 and 6/8 in the rhythmic style of a *guajira*

⁵ Graham Johnson and Richard Stokes. *A French Song Companion* (New York: Oxford University Press Inc., 2000), 399-410.

⁶ Pierre Bernac. *The Interpretation of French Song* (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1978), 241-242.

guantanamera, helping to capture the passionate, romantic character of the Don. Second is *Chanson épique*, placed in the 5/4 meter of the *zorzica*, a traditionally Basque rhythm. The measures seem slightly longer than what normally hits the ear, and this creates a more austere setting evoking the depth of Don Quijote's religious fervor. Finally, *Chanson á boire* breaks the austere mood with the *jota*, a fast-moving 3/4 that in many ways matches and mimics the theme of the song: drinking.⁷ Taken as a set, Ravel provides a glimpse into the storied Spanish legend of Don Quijote.

⁷ Johnson and Stokes, 409.

Chanson Romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre

A tant tourner vous offensa,

Je lui dépêcherais Pança:

Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui

Vous vient de ciel trop fleuri d'astres,

Déchirant les divins cadastres,

Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace

Ainsi vidé ne vous plait point,

Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing,

J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang

Est plus a moi qu'a vous, ma dame,

Romanesque Song

If you told me that the earth

offended you with such turning,

I would quickly send Panza:

You would see it motionless and silent.

If you told me that you were tired

of the sky so adorned with stars,

destroying the divine order,

I would sweep them from the night.

If you told me that space

thus emptied did not please you,

God-Knight, lance in hand,

I would stud the passing wind with stars.

But if you told me that my blood

was more mine than yours, my lady,

Je blemirais dessous le blâme

I would pale under the blame

Et je mourais vous benissant.

and I would die blessing you.

O Dulcinée.

Oh, Dulcinea.

Chanson Épique

Epic Song

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir

Good Saint Michael who gives me liberty

De voir ma dame et de l'entendre,

to see my lady and to hear her,

Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir

good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me

Pour lui complaire et la defender,

to please her and to defend her,

Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre

good Saint Michael I pray you descend

Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel

with Saint George upon the altar

De la Madone au bleu mantel.

of the Madonna of the blue mantle.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame

With a beam from heaven bless my sword

Et son égale en pureté

and its equal in purity

Et son égale en piété

and its equal in piety

Comme en pudeur et chasteté :

as in modesty and chastity:

Ma dame.

my lady.

(O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)

(Oh great Saint George and Saint Michael)

L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,

the angel who watches over my watching,

Ma douce dame si pareille

my sweet lady so resembles

A vous, Madone au bleu mantel.

you, Madonna of the blue mantle.

Amen.

Amen.

Chanson a Boire

Drinking Song

Foin du bâtard, illustre dame,

Hay of the bastard, illustrious lady,

Qui pour me perdre á vos doux yeux,

who to lose myself in your sweet eyes,

Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux

says that love and old wine

Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme !

will put in mourning my heart, my soul!

Je bois á la joie !

I drink to joy!

La joie est le seul but

Joy is the one goal

Où je vais droit...

to which I go straight...

Lorsque j'ai bu !

when I am drunk!

Je bois á la joie !

I drink to joy!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,

Hay of the jealous, dark-haired mistress,

Qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment

who whines, who weeps and makes false vows

D'être toujours ce pâle amant

always being this pallid lover

Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse !

who drowns his drunkenness in water!

Lee Hoiby (born, 1926) is one of twentieth century America's most successful, prolific composers. His works are varied, including operas, songs, choral works, and instrumental works. After beginning his serious musical endeavors with the intention of being a concert pianist, he gave that up when afforded the opportunity to study composition with Gian Carlo Menotti at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. Characteristic of his work is the usage of well-known, highly respected texts for his vocal works, both solo and choral. He has set texts by Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman, and even Martin Luther King Jr., from the "Free at Last" speech.⁸ Three of this afternoon's four offerings feature distinguished texts as well, coming from Ezra Pound, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Lewis Carroll. Hoiby himself composed the text for the fourth piece.

Ezra Pound (1885-1972), along with Yeats, Joyce, and Eliot was one of the great American modernist writers in the first half of the twentieth century. Like all artistic movements termed "modernism," literary modernism represented breaking from tradition in the name of what the writers deemed to be an advancement of the art form. In terms of poetry, Pound's work exemplifies this notion. He believed that poetry was being too rigidly boxed into the rhyming, metered forms of the past, and as such he wrote in a style that is now known most commonly as "free verse." Pound believed in the interplay of image, music, and meaning, and thought that every single word should contribute to the meaning of the poetry. Therefore he typically did not feel the need to fit his lines into a

⁸ "Lee Hoiby," *G. Schirmer Inc.*; available from http://www.schirmer.com/default.aspx?TabId=2419&State_2872=2&ComposerId_2872=699; Internet; accessed 14 Sep 2009.

regular meter and rhyme. He viewed that as a way in which meaning could get diluted in favor of other less important aspects of the poem.

Other characteristics of Pound's modernist poetry are that the speakers in his poems were not always meant to be him, opening the door for satire and sarcasm. Oftentimes he would create a character through which the poem was spoken, although he would only sometimes share the character's opinions or ideas. He also made frequent references to history, and at times used quotes from other languages, leaving them untranslated, thereby creating a new kind of texture. His innovation stretched even to how he laid his poems out on the page, breaking from the norm of flush left alignment.⁹

"An Immorality" was published in 1912, in *Ripostes*,¹⁰ and it can be interpreted in different ways. Many see it as a beautiful tribute to the power of love, and how it should be placed above all else, even doing "high deeds in Hungary." The text of the poetry alone certainly can be read as such, but the title must be considered, as well as Pound's tendency to write through a character in order to create a satirical piece. Perhaps the "immorality" is preferring love over doing a great deed, and Pound actually disagrees with this speaker. If this is the case, Pound may be taking a jab at society, but there are of course many ways to read this poem. In any case, Lee Hoiby's setting of the poem is quite sensitive to the poetry, moving from key to unexpected key as quickly as the speaker moves from image to deeply emotional image. He is perhaps mimicking the

⁹ Charles Bernstein, "Introduction to Ezra Pound," in *Poetry Speaks*, edited by Elise Paschen and Rebekah Presson Mosby (Sourcebooks, 2001); available from <http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/essays/pound.html>; Internet; accessed 15 Sep 2009.

¹⁰ "An Immorality," *The Lied and Art Song Texts Page*; available from http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=12965; Internet; accessed 15 Sep 2009.

unexpected motion of the speaker's train of thought, which finally returns to the original key upon finishing the assertion.

An Immorality

Sing we for love and idleness,

Naught else is worth the having.

Though I have been in many a land,

There is naught else in living.

And I would rather have my sweet,

Though rose-leaves die of grieving,

Than do high deeds in Hungary

To pass all men's believing.

----Ezra Pound

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) was an English Romantic poet, best known for his “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner” and “Kubla Khan.”¹¹ Well-respected and known as an intellectual, he became friends with fellow poet William Wordsworth, and they collaborated on a collection called *Lyrical Ballads*, published in 1798. In 1802, his piece “Dejection: An Ode,” discusses his sadness at what he perceived to be the loss of his creative powers. Perhaps he was a bit hard on himself, because although he was first published eleven years prior in 1791, he continued writing until the year of his death.¹² Unfortunately, the poem Hoiby has set, known originally as “What if you slept?” has not been assigned exact publication dates, therefore it is not known where it falls in terms of his career and life. Certainly it draws on his creative inspiration, asking question after question, delving deeper, and finally asking if maybe we cannot even fully understand our own imagination, nor find the line where it crosses into reality.

What If...

What if you slept?

And what if in your sleep you dreamed?

And what if in your dream you went to heaven

¹¹ Glenn Everett, “Samuel Taylor Coleridge: A Brief Biography,” *Victorian Web*; available from <http://www.victorianweb.org/previctorian/stc/bio.html>; Internet; accessed 14 Sep 2009.

¹² “Samuel Taylor Coleridge- Poems,” *University of Virginia Library, Electronic Text Center*; available from http://etext.lib.virginia.edu/stc/Coleridge/poems/poems_links.html; Internet; accessed 14 Sep 2009.

And there plucked a strange and beautiful flow'r?

And what if when you awoke, you had the flower in your hand?

Ah, what then?

-----Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832-1898) is the highly regarded author of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass, which were published, as were all of his works, under the pen name "Lewis Carroll." Perhaps surprising to most, he worked as a lecturer in mathematics at Oxford University, was quite adept at logic, and was skilled in what was then a new artistic field, photography. Writing was just one of his many talents, and it provided an outlet for what is possibly one of the world's greatest imaginations to run free.¹³ Although much speculation has surfaced regarding alleged drug use, stemming from ambiguous, potentially drug-related imagery throughout his works, there is no proof that he used recreational drugs to enhance his creative mind.¹⁴

Jabberwocky is a poem best-known for its appearance in chapter VI of Through the Looking-Glass, when Alice comes across it in a book. Affectionately deemed a

¹³ "Lewis Carroll's Life," *The Lewis Carroll Society*; available from <http://lewiscarrollsociety.org.uk/pages/lewiscarroll/lifefamily.htm>; Internet; accessed 15 Sep 2009.

¹⁴ "Lewis Carroll/Alice in Popular Culture," *LewisCarroll.org*; available from <http://www.lewiscarroll.org/pop.html>; Internet; accessed 15 September 2009.

“nonsense poem” by scholars, it uses words created by Lewis Carroll to evoke quite vivid imagery, depicting an encounter with the feared “Jabberwocky,” apparently a frightening beast of the wild. Interestingly, the opening stanza appeared first in *Misch-Masch*, one of a series of “periodicals” that Carroll wrote to himself, dated 1855. It is titled “Stanza of Anglo-Saxon Poetry,” and is identical to the version found in Through the Looking-Glass, except for some spelling alterations. It was accompanied by an illustrations and an explanation for some of the words. Humpty Dumpty, in the book, also provides explanations for some of the words, and they are mostly similar:

<u>Word</u>	<u><i>Misch-Masch</i></u>	<u>Humpty Dumpty</u>
Brillig	the time of broiling dinner	same
Slithy	compound of slimy and lithe	same
Gyre	to scratch like a dog	to go round and round, like a gyroscope

All of the words from the first stanza are explained, except ‘mome,’ ‘raths,’ and ‘outgrabe,’ which only appear in Humpty Dumpty’s explanation.¹⁵ What makes the poem so wonderful is how evocative the nonsense words are, such that every reader can enjoy and interpret them in a different way. Hoiby’s setting is quite stunning as well, matching the action of the poem with the melody and piano accompaniment. For example, he

¹⁵ “Jabberwocky,” *Lewis Carroll’s Jabberwocky*; available from <http://webpages.math.luc.edu/~vande/jabberwocky.html>; Internet; accessed 15 Sep 2009.

employs a *portamento* on the word ‘slithy,’ allowing the singer to slide from one note to the next, perhaps the musical equivalent of Carroll’s definition for the word. It is impossible to know exactly how Hoiby interpreted the language, but the drama was not lost on him, as evidenced by his dynamic, emotional musical setting.

Jabberwocky

‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!

The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun

the frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand:

Long time the manxome foe he sought-

So rested he by the Tumtum tree,

And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,

The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,

Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,

And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through

The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!

He left it dead, and with its head

He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?

Come to my arms, my beamish boy!

O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”

He chortled in his joy.

‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.

-----Lewis Carroll

“Where the Music Comes From” is unique in this set, as well as in the grand scheme of art song, in that it is a setting of the composer’s own text. Not riddled with hidden meanings or obscure comparisons, the text conveys Hoiby’s pure joy that comes from music and creative expression. Everyone should know the sensation of the “clock stopping” at the experience of hearing new music that moves you, whether it is music that you hear in your head and write down, or music that you simply hear in the world and enjoy. Hoiby’s setting of the text modulates up with each verse, suggesting a sense of the uncontrollable emotions that bubble up and overflow when we are truly taken by a piece of music. I have been so fortunate in my seven years of vocal study to have known this feeling many times, and on a personal level, the final phrase of the final verse in this piece represents this recital, the culmination of my studies to this point. I can only hope that some of the music you have heard today moves you in such a way that you understand Hoiby’s feelings behind this piece, and that you leave today thinking about “where the music comes from.”

Where the Music Comes From

I want to be where the music comes from,

Where the clock stops, where it's now.

I want to be with the friends around me

Who have found me, who show me how

I want to sing to the early morning,

See the sunlight melt the snow;

And oh, I want to grow.

I want to wake to the living spirit

Here inside me where it lies.

I want to listen till I can hear it,

Let it guide me and realize

That I can go with the flow unending

That is blending, that is real;

And oh, I want to feel.

I want to walk in the earthly garden,

Far from cities, far from fear.

I want to talk to the growing garden,

To the devas* to the deer,

And to be one with the river flowing,

Breezes blowing, sky above;

And oh, I want to love.

*pronounced day-vas (nature spirits)

---Lee Hoiby

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