



Junior Recital

I Remember...

Reese Hunter, Soprano

Program Notes, Text, & Translations

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) was a prolific song composer of the Romantic era. He was a pianist, composer, and highly regarded music critic. The songs of Robert Schumann exemplify voice and piano being full participants with one another. He married Clara Wieck in 1840 and composed 138 songs that year, which was given the name *Liederjahr* (the year of song). The song cycles *Liederkreis*, *Dichterliebe* and *Frauenliebe und Leben* were apart of this output. **Du Ring an meinem Finger** is the fourth song in the song cycle *Frauenliebe und Leben*. The song cycle tells the story of a young women's love for her partner throughout her life. Schumann wrote this cycle as a wedding gift to his wife Clara. He composed most of his lieder with her as his muse.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Text by: Adelbert von Chamisso

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringlein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringlein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Your ring on my finger

Translation by: Richard Stokes

Your ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

I had finished dreaming
Childhood's peaceful dream,
I found myself alone, forlorn
In boundless desolation.

Your ring on my finger,
You first taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.

I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him wholly,
Yield to him and find
Myself transfigured in his light.

Your ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) was an early romantic composer who wrote approximately 600 vocal pieces. He set the texts of approximately ninety poets. Schubert, at the age of sixteen, composed *Gretchen am Spinnrade* which is credited as his first masterpiece. His lieder displays a vast range of musical styles. His song cycles, *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise* are considered the first great German song cycles and exemplify characterization through text and melody. Subsequent Romantic lied composers were inspired by his output. Published posthumously, *Ständchen* is number four out of the fourteen song cycle *Schwanengesang* (swan song). A title that is very fitting for his last cycle to be published.

Ständchen

Text by: Ludwig Rellstab

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! Sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßsen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

Serenade

Translation by: Richard Wigmore

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.

They understand the heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907) was a famous composer of the Romantic era who was greatly influenced by Schumann. Grieg's songs had a folk-like

quality and he used strophic form. His music has a refined lyrical sense using bold rhythms and harmonies. He had national pride and his music was based in Norwegian culture. Through his work he gave Norwegian music international attention. **Solvieg's Song**, is from *Peer Gynt Op.23* the incidental music to Henrik Ibsen's 1867 play by the same name. This song depicts, Solvieg, a woman with undying faith and hope that her lover will return.

Solvieg's Song

Text by: Christian Morgenstern

Der Winter mag scheiden, der Frühling
vergehen,
der Sommer mag verwelken, das Jahr
verwehn,
Du kehrest mir zurück, gewiß, du wirst
mein,
ich hab es versprochen, ich harre treulich
dein.

Ah...

Gott helfe dir, wenn du die Sonne noch
siehst.
Gott segne dich, wenn du zu Füßen ihm
kniest.
Ich will deiner harren, bus du mir nah,
Und harrest du dort oben, so treffen wir
uns da!

Ah...

Solvieg's Song

Translation by: Arthur Westbrook

The winter may wane and the springtime
go by,
The summer too may vanish, the year
may die,
But one day you'll return, that in truth I
know,
And here I'll await you as I promised long
ago.

Ah...

May God guide your feet, if on earth still
you rove.
His blessed peace be yours, if in realms
above.
Faithfully I'll bide till again you draw near,
But if you wait in heaven, at last I'll meet
you there!

Ah...

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) was internationally recognized as a musical genius. He played many instruments and performed in public from the age of six. He composed symphonies, concertos, vocal works and operas. His operatic compositions exemplify his storytelling and

dramatic musical flair that can be found in all of his iconic operas. In 1875, Mozart first collaborated with the librettist Lorenzo Da Ponte and led to the second collaboration between Mozart and Da Ponte, *Don Giovanni*. *Don Giovanni* follows the famous womanizer to his lust-filled demise. This show deals with how women are treated in different socio-economic classes. The female character in this selection is a country girl, Zerlina, who is betrothed to the simpleton Masetto. A standout aria from this score is **Batti, batti, o bel Masetto**. Zerlina has returned to Masetto, her fiancé, after being accused of leaving him. She tries to appease his anger by explaining that no infidelity was committed. Zerlina knows Masetto would never beat her, but appears to play a submissive role to conform to the conventions of the time period.

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto

Text by: Lorenzo Da Ponte

Ma se colpa io non ho,
Ma se da lui inganata rimasi!
Eppoi, che temi?
Tranquillati, mia vita;
Non mi tocco la punta della dita.
Non me lo credi? Ingrato!
Vien qui, sfogati, ammazzami,
Fa tutto di me quel che ti piace,
Ma poi, Masetto mio,
Ma poi fa pace.

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,
La tua povera Zerlina;
Staro qui come agnellina
Le tue botte ad aspettar.
Lasciero straziarmi il crine
Lasciero cavarmi gliocchi,
E le care tue manine
Lieta poi sapro bacciar.

Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!
Pace, pace, o vita mia,
In contento ed allegria
Notte e di vogliam passar.

Beat Me, Hit me, Oh Dear Masetto

Translation by: Elizabeth Klesmith

But what if I was not at fault?
What if it was all his doing?
And then, what are you afraid of?
Calm yourself my dearest;
He didn't even touch the tip of my finger.
You don't believe me? Ingrate!
Come here, blow off steam, kill me,
Do all to me that which you please,
But then Masetto mine,
But then make peace.

Beat me, beat me, oh dear Masetto
Your poor Zerlina;
I will remain here as a little lamb
Your blows to await.
I will allow you to tear out my hair,
I will allow you to carve out my eyes,
And your dear hands
Happily then I will kiss.

Ah! I see you do not have the heart!
Peace, peace, oh my life,
In happiness and joy
Day and night we will spend.

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893) is arguably the most well renowned Russian composer of the late Romantic era. He is most celebrated for his ballets *The Nutcracker* and *Swan Lake*, but composed many vocal works throughout his life. **Sred shumnava bala** is a poem by Alexei Tolstoy that Tchaikovsky set to a sweeping melodic line. It tells the story of two strangers seeing each other across the room at a masked ball in St. Petersburg. The pair instantly falls in love. **Moj genij, moj angel, moj drug** with text written by Afanasy Fet is Tchaikovsky's earliest surviving song. This song was written when he was still a teenager. It is unclear what year it was published, but Tchaikovsky set it to the revised version of the poem by Fet in 1857. **Nyet tolko tot kto znal** which was adapted into Russian by Lev Mei, from Goethe's novel, *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. The song depicts young Mignon who has fallen in love with Wilhelm. She is devoted to him and yearns for him to return.

Sred shumnava bala

Text by: Alexei Tolstoy

Sred shumnovo bala, sluchaino,
V trevoge mirskoi suety,
Tebya ya uvidel, no taina
Tvoi pokryvala cherty.

Lish ochi pechalno glyadeli,
A golos tak divno zvuchal,
Kak zvon otdalyonnoi svireli,
Kak morya igrayushchyi val.

Amidst the din of the ball

Translation by: Philip Ross Bullock

Amidst the din of the ball, by chance,
In the commotion of worldly vanity,
I glimpsed you, but mystery
Covered your features.

Only your eyes looked sad,
But the divine sound of your voice
Was like the of far-off pipes,
Or the dancing waves of the sea.

Mne stan tvoji ponravilsa tonkyi
I ves tvoji zadumchivyi vid,
A smekh tvoy, i grustnyi, i zvonkyi,
S tekh por v moyom serdtse zvuchit.

V chasy odinokie nochi
Lyublyu ya, ustalyyi, prilech;
Ya vizhu pechalnye ochi,
Ya slyshu vesyoluyu rech,

I grustno ya, grustno tak zasypayu,
I v gryozakh nevedomykh splyu ...
Lyublyu li tebya, ya ne znayu,
No kazhetsa mne, chto lyublyu!

Moj genij, moj angel, moj drug

Text by: Afanasy A. Fet

Ne zdes' li ty ljogkoju ten'ju,
Moj genij, moj angel, moj drug,
Besedujesh' tikho so mnoju
I tikho letajesh' vokrug?

I robkim darish' vdokhnoven'em,
I sladkij vrachujesh' nedug,
I tikhim darish' snoviden'em,
Moj genij, moj angel, moj drug!

Nyet tolko tot kto znal

Text by: Lev A. Mey

Nyet, tol'ko tot,
kto znal svidan'ja, zhazhdu,
pojmjot, kak ja stradal
i kak ja strazhdu.

Gljazhu ja vdal'...

net sil, tusknejet oko...
Akh, kto menja ljubil
i znal - daleko!

I fell for your delicate form,
And all of your pensiveness,
And your laughter, both sad and sonorous
Still rings in my heart.

In the lonely hours of night,
I love to lie down, tired;
I see your sad eyes,
I hear your joyful words.

And wistful, so wistfully falling asleep,
I drift into mysterious dreams...
I don't know whether I love you,
But I think I probably do!

My genius, my angel, my friend

Translation by: Philip Ross Bullock

Are you not here, like some gentle shade,
My genius, my angel, my friend,
Are you not talking to me quietly,
And quietly circling around?

You bestow wary inspiration,
And heal my sweet ailment,
You tender a quiet dream,
My genius, my angel, my friend!

None but the lonely heart

Translation by: Philip Ross Bullock

No, only one who has known
What it is to long for one's beloved
Can know how I have suffered
And how I suffer still.

I gaze into the distant, but my strength
fails me
My sight grows dim...
Ah, the one who loved me
And knew me is far away now!

Akh, tol'ko tot,
kto znal svidan'ja zhazhdu,
pojnjot, kak ja stradal
i kak ja strazhdu.

fsa grud ga rit...

My breast is all aflame—whoever has
known
What it is to long for one's beloved
Can know how I have suffered
And how I suffer still.

Entire breast burns

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944) was a gifted female composer of the late 19th and early 20th century. She made the acquaintance of Georges Bizet and he called her his “little Mozart”. She gained public success with concerts throughout Europe and a United States tour in 1907. She was very well known for her piano pieces as well as her vocal works. She composed approximately 130 songs that were described as harmonically rich and graceful. Queen Victoria was one of her greatest supporters and frequently invited her to Windsor Castle. **La lune paresseuse** is an enchanting song that depicts the time before the moon illuminates the night sky. The woman is asking the moon to light the way for her betrothed to see her in its glow. She wants to be made more beautiful by the light of the moon for him.

La lune paresseuse

Text by: Charles de Bussy

Dans un rayon de crépuscule
S'endort la libellule;
Le rossignol s'est endormi
Sur la branche d'un chêne ami,

L'herbage est plein de lucioles,
Le ciel d'étoiles folles,
Et pourtant la lune qui luit
Laisse ses ombres à la nuit.

Mollement, Lune, tu reposes
Sous des nuages roses...
Oh! la paresseuse, pourquoi
Te jouer de mon tendre émoi?

Toujours voilée à l'heure douce

The Idle Moon

Translation by: Richard Stokes

In a ray of twilight
The dragonfly falls asleep;
The nightingale has fallen asleep
On the branch of a friendly oak,

The grass teems with glow-worms,
The sky with whirling stars,
And yet the shining moon
Permits the night its patches of darkness.

Quietly, O moon, you repose
Beneath pink clouds . . .
Oh! idle one, why
Do you toy with my tender feelings?

You are always hidden at the sweet hour

Où, glissant sur la mousse,
Les cigales chantent moins fort,
Tu ne te montres pas encor!

When the crickets, moving over the moss,
Sing less loudly,
And still you do not show yourself!

Lève-toi! brillante et sereine,
Viens éclairer la plaine!
Lune d'argent, Lune au front blanc,
Illumine mon bras tremblant!

Arise, brilliant and serene,
Light up the plain!
Silver moon, white-faced moon,
Illumine my trembling arm!

Frôle de ta lumière pure
L'or de ma chevelure:
Car c'est bientôt que va passer
Sur la route mon fiancé!...

Brush with your pure light
The gold of my tresses:
For it will not be long
Before my betrothed passes by! . . .

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899) once said, "I believe firmly in the reality of expressed thoughts, and a thought can only be considered expressed when it is dressed in a sufficiently beautiful form." Ernest was one of César Franck's well-known pupils and was inspired by Franck when he composed. He was a prolific composer for orchestra, voice, and choral music. Although he wrote music in multiple genres, art song was the best fit aesthetically for his melodies. Chausson had a gift of creating atmosphere with his melodies. **Les Papillons** comes from the song cycle *7 Mélodies* from 1880. Chausson brilliantly uses text painting throughout the accompaniment to portray the flapping of a butterfly's wings.

Les Papillons

The Butterflies

Text by: Théophile Gautier

Translation by: Christopher Goldsack

Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaim sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?

The butterflies, the colour of snow,
are flying in swarms over the sea;
beautiful white butterflies, when can I
take the blue path of the air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous, où j'irais?

Do you know, o fairest of the fair,
my bayadère with the jet black eyes,
if they would lend me their wings,
say, do you know where I would go?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,

Without taking a single kiss from the roses

A travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

through valleys and forests,
I would go to your half-closed lips,
flower of my soul, and I would die there.

Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021) was an award winning composer and lyricist of 20th century musical theatre. *Evening Primrose* was a made for TV musical adaptation of John Collier's short story, by the same name, for ABC Stage 67. Leading this avant-garde show was *Psycho*'s Anthony Perkins and *The Sound of Music*'s Charmian Carr. The story is about a secret society who hide in a department store by day and come out at night. Charles, a young poet, has decided to leave the world behind and live in this department store for inspiration to write his poems. He soon finds out he is not alone and is introduced to the leader of the group Mrs. Munday and her 19 year old maid, Ella Harkins. Ella was kidnapped at age 6 by Mrs. Munday when she got lost in the hat department. Charles immediately falls in love with Ella and is dumbfounded to find she has not been outside for years. Ella sings **I Remember** to Charles and shares the few memories she does have of the outside world. Ella warns Charles if they ever tried to escape the Dark Men who live at the mortuary down the street will come and turn them into mannequins. Eventually, Ella finds the courage to take the risk to leave and make a new life singing **Take Me To The World**.

I Remember

Text by: Stephen Sondheim

I remember sky
It was blue as ink
Or at least I think
I remember sky
I remember snow
Soft as feathers
Sharp as thumb tacks
Coming down like lint

And it made you squint
When the wind would blow
And ice like vinyl on the streets
Cold as silver, white as sheets
Rain like strings and changing things
Like leaves

I remember leaves
Green as spearmint
Crisp as paper
I remember trees
Bare as coat racks
Spread like broken umbrellas

And parks and bridges
Ponds and zoos
Ruddy faces, muddy shoes
Light and noise and bees and boys
And days

I remember days
Or at least I try
But as years go by
They're sort of haze
And the bluest ink
Isn't really sky
And at times I think
I would gladly die
For a day of sky

Take Me To The World

Text by: Stephen Sondheim

Let me see the world with clouds
Take me to the world
Out where I can push through crowds
Take me to the world

A world that smiles
With streets instead of aisles
Where I can walk for miles with you

Take me to the world that's real
Show me how it's done.
Teach me how to laugh, to feel
Move me to the sun.

Just hold my hand whenever we arrive.
Take me to a world where I can be alive!

Let me see the world that smiles,
Take me to the world.
Somewhere I can walk for miles,
Take me to the world.

With all around things growing in the
ground,
Where birds that make a sound are birds.

We shall see world come true.
We shall have the world.
I won't be afraid with you.
We shall have the world.

I'll hold your hand
And know I'm not alone.
We shall the world to keep,
Such a lovely world we'll weep.
We shall have the world forever
for our own.

